THE

WORKS

Of that

Famous Engliſh

POET,

Mr. Edmond Spenſer.

Viz. { The FAERY QUEEN,
The SHEPHERDS CALENDAR,
The HISTORY of IRELAND, &c.

Whereunto is added,

An ACCOUNT of his LIFE;

With other new ADDITIONS

Never before in PRINT.

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A SUMMARY OF THE LIFE OF Mr. Edmond Spenſer.

MR. *Spenſer* was born in *London*, (as his *Epitaph* ſays) in the Year of our Lord 1510, by his Parents liberally Educated, and ſent to the Univerſity of *Cambridge*, where he continued a Student in *Pembrook-Hall*; till upon the vacancy of a Fellowſhip, he ſtood in competition with Mr. *Andrews*, (afterwards *Lord Biſhop of Wincheſter*) in which he miſcarried; and thus defeated of his hopes, unable any longer to ſubſiſt in the *College*, he repair'd to ſome Friends of his in the North, where he ſtaid, fell in Love, and at laſt (prevail'd upon by the perſwaſions, and importunities of other Friends) came to *London*. His fame in the Art of *Poetry* ſoon made way to his acquaintance with thoſe that were that way enclin'd, by whoſe means he quickly inform'd himſelf who, in likelyhood, might give him Encouragement, and Patronage. Mr. *Sidney* (afterward Sir *Philip*) then in full glory at *Court*, was the Perſon, to whom he deſign'd the firſt Diſcovery of himſelf; and to that purpoſe took an occaſion to go one morning to *Leiceſter-Houſe*, furniſh't only with a modeſt confidence, and the Ninth *Canto* of the Firſt Book of his *Faëry Queen*: He waited not long, e're he found the lucky ſeaſon for an addreſs of the Paper to his hand; who having read the Twenty-eighth *Stanza of Deſpair*, (with ſome ſigns in his Countenance of being much affected, and ſurpris'd with what he had read) turns ſuddenly to his Servant, and commands him to give the Party that preſented the Verſes to him Fifty Pounds; the Steward ſtood ſpeechleſs, and unready, till his Maſter having paſt over another *Stanza*, bad him give him an Hundred Pound; the Servant ſomething ſtagger'd at the humour his Maſter was in, mutter'd to this purpoſe, That by the ſemblance of the Man that brought the Paper, Five Pounds would be a proper Reward; but Mr. *Sidney* having read the following *Stanza*, commands him to give Two Hundred Pounds, and that very ſpeedily, leaſt advancing his Reward, proportionably to the heigth of his Pleaſure in reading, he ſhould hold himſelf oblig'd to give him more than he had: Withal he ſent an invitation to the Poet, to ſee him at thoſe hours, in which he would be moſt at leaſure. After this Mr. *Spenſer*, by degrees, ſo far gain'd upon him, that he became not only his Patron, but his Friend too; entred him at *Court*, and obtain'd of the *Queen* the Grant of a Pention to him as *Poet Laureat*: But in this, his Fate was unkind; for it prov'd only a *Poetical Grant*, the payment, after a very ſhort time, being ſtopt by a *great Councellour*, who ſtudied more the Queen's Profit than her Diverſion, and told Her, 'twas beyond Example to give

ſo great a Pention to a *Ballad-maker*: Of This, the grieved Poet thus complains in his *Tears of the Muſes*:

O Grief of Griefs! O Gall of all good Hearts!
To ſee that Vertue ſhould deſpiſed be
Of ſuch, as firſt were rais'd for Vertue's parts,
And now broad-ſpreading, like an aged Tree,
Let none ſhoot up that nigh them planted be!
O let not thoſe of whom the Muſe is ſcorn'd,
Alive, nor Dead, be of the Muſe adorn'd!

How much deeper his reſentment wrought in *Mother Hubbard's Tale*, may appear to thoſe that liſt to read it with reflection.

He was in great eſteem, and good favour with many of the Nobility whom he Celebrates in his Honorary Verſes, and encourag'd by their kindneſs, he continued in Town, a Poet, a Lover, and a man of Buſineſs: A Poet indeed, without a Rival, but not ſo ſucceſsful a Lover, for tho' *Hobbinol* as a Gentleman, rather lov'd in Concert with him, than to his grievance, yet *Menalcas* put him to't, whoſe treachery, together with the Apoſtacy of his Miſtreſs, gave him occaſion bitterly to complain, and having eas'd himſelf that way, he apply'd himſelf to Buſineſs. Sir *Henry Sidney* had bin three times Deputy of *Ireland*, and after the third being recall'd, *Arthur Lord Grey of Wilton*, was choſen to that Employment, to whom Mr. *Spenſer* was recommended for *Secretary*. Shortly after, for his Services to the Crown he had beſtow'd upon him by *Queen Elizabeth* 3000 Acres of Land in the County of *Cork*: There he finiſht the latter part of his *Faëry Queen*, which was ſoon after unfortunately loſt by the diſorder, and abuſe of his Servant, whom he had ſent before him into *England*, being then (in the Rebellion of the *Earl of Deſmond*) *á rebellibus* (as *Camden*'s words are) *é Laribus ejectus, & bonis ſpoliatus*: His Houſe was in *Kincolman*, the River *Mulla*, ſo often celebrated by him, running through his Grounds. In this ill poſture of his Affairs he return'd into *England*, where he his loſſes redoubled by the loſs of his generous Friend Sir *Philip Sidney*; And thus, yielding to the impreſſions of a Fortune obſtinately adverſe to him, he died, without the help of any other Diſeaſe ſave a broken Heart; and was Buried in the Collegiate Church at *Weſtminſter*, near the renowned *Chaucer* (as himſelf deſired) at the Charge of the moſt Noble *Robert Earl of Eſſex*, in the year 1596.

His great-Grandchild *Hugolin Spenſer* was, after the *King's Return*, reſtor'd by the *Court of Claims*, to ſo much of the Lands as could be found to have bin his Anceſtors. The remainder of his Works were embezill'd when he was in *Ireland*; for (beſides his *Poems* in this Volume, The *View of the State of* Ireland, and ſome few Letters between himſelf and his intimate Friend Mr. *Harvey* which have bin Printed) many other excellent Pieces of his, highly valued by his learned Friends, are either wholly loſt, or unkindly conceal'd from the Publique by private hands: mongſt others theſe his *Nine Comedies*, ſo much eſteemed by Mr. *Harvey*. The *Canticles* paraphras'd. The *Eccleſiaſtes*, and *Hours of our Lord*. His *Seven Pſalms*. *The dying Pelican*. *The Sacrifice of a Sinner*. *Stemmata Dudleiana*, and *Purgatory*. *A Sennight's Slumber*. *Epithalamium Thameſis*. *The Hell of Lovers*.

He was a man of extraordinary Accompliſhments, excellently skill'd in all parts of Learning: of a profound Wit, copious Invention, and ſolid Judgment: of a temper ſtrangely tender, and amorous; as appears every where in his Writings, but particularly in his Laments on the Death of Sir *Philip Sidney*, and in his incomparable *Daphnaida*. He excelled all other Ancient and Modern Poets, in Greatneſs of Senſe, Decency of Expreſſion, Height of Imagination, Quickneſs of Conceit, Grandeur and Majeſty of Thought, and all the Glories of Verſe. Where he is paſſionate, he forces commiſeration and tears from his Readers; where pleaſant and airy a ſecret ſatisfaction and ſmile; and where Bold, and Heroique, he inflames their breaſts with Gallantry and Valour. His Deſcriptions are ſo eaſie and natural, that his

Pen

Pen ſeems to have a power of conveying *Idea's* to our mind, more juſt, and to the Life, than the exquiſite Pencils of *Titian*, or *Raphael*, to our eyes. He was, in a word, compleatly happy in every thing that might render him Glorious, and Inimitable to future Ages.

It may not be improper, at the end of this ſhort Accompt of Mr. *Spenſer*'s Life, to ſubjoyn the following Papers, as a Teſtimonial of his Familiarities with the moſt Ingenious and Learned men of thoſe Times; and a *Specimen* of what kind of Wit was then in Vogue amongſt them.

This following Letter of Mr. *Harvey* to Mr. *Spenſer*, gives an account of the Cauſes of *Earthquakes* according to *Ariſtotle*, and then proceeds by way of Satyr.

To my Loving Friend Mr. *Immerito.*

SIgnior Immerito, *After as many gentle good Morrows as your ſelf and your ſweet heart liſteth. May it pleaſe you to diſpenſe with a poor Oratour of yours for breaking one principle Rule of thoſe we count inviolable in Rhetorique, in ſhewing himſelf ſomewhat too pleaſantly diſpoſed in a ſad matter (of purpoſe to meet with a couple of new married Gentlewomen, that were more inquiſitive than capable of Nature's works) occaſion'd by the* Earthquake *you haveheard of; whereof I have undertaken, at the requeſt of a grave Gentleman, to give the Cauſes. Though truly I ſuppoſe he had need be an Excellent Philoſopher, a reaſonable good Hiſtorian, a Learned Divine, a Wiſe Man; ſuch a one as Dr.* Still, *or Dr.* Bing, *that ſhould ſhew himſelf in this Argument: I find nothing to the contrary, but that I may ſubſcribe to the judgment of* Picus Mirandula, *in the Sixth Chapter of his Book againſt* Aſtrologers, *and prefer it before all the frivolous conjectural Allegations, and Surmiſes that our counterfeit* Orphëi *oppoſe to the contrary. But* (Jeſu!) *what is all this to Mr.* Immerito? *Forſooth I know not by what chance theſe three-half-penny fellows came into my mind! Commend me to thine own good ſelf, and tell thy* dying Pellicane *and thy* Dreams *from me, I will no longer think of them till with theſe eyes I ſee them forth indeed; and I fear your* Magnificenza *will hold us in ſuſpence as long for your* Nine Engliſh Comedies, *and your* Stemmata Dudleyana. *Which two ſhall go for my money, eſpecially if you would beſtow one Sennights poliſhing of either, which I pray thee heartily do for my pleaſure, if not for thine own ſake and thine own profit. I beſeech you all this while, what news at* Cambridge? Tully *and* Demoſthenes *nothing ſo much ſtudied as they were wont:* Livy *and* Saluſt *perhaps more, rather than leſs:* Lucian *never ſo much:* Ariſtotle *much named, but little read:* Xenophon *and* Plato *reckoned amongſt diſcourſers, and conceited ſuperficial Fellows; much verbal and ſophiſtical Jangling; little ſubtle and effectual Diſputing.* Matchiavel *a great man:* Caſtilio *of no ſmall repute:* Petrarch *and* Boccace *in every mans mouth:* Galateo, *and* Guazzo *never ſo happy; but ſome acquainted with* Unico Aretino. *The* French *and* Italian *highly regarded; the* Latin, *and* Greek *but lightly. The* Queen Mother *at the beginning or end of every Conference: All inquiſitive after News; new Books, new Faſhions, new Laws, new Officers, and ſome after new Elements, ſome after new Heavens and Hells too:* Turkiſh *Affairs familiarly known. Caſtles built in the air; Much ado, and little help; In no age ſo little ſo much made of; every one highly in his own favour. Something made of nothing, in ſpight of Nature: Numbers made of Cyphers, in ſpight of Art. Oxen and Aſſes, notwithſtanding the abſurdity it ſeemed to* Plautus, *drawing in the ſame yoak: The Goſpel taught, not learnt; Charity cold; nothing good, but by Imputation; the Ceremonial Law in word abrogated, the judicial in effect diſanull'd, the Moral abandon'd,* the Light the Light *in every mans lips, but mark their eyes, and you will ſay they are rather like Owls, than Eagles. As of old Books, ſo of ancient Vertue, Honeſty, Fidelity, Equity, new Abridgments; every*

day ſpawns new Opinions: Hereſie in Divinity, in Philoſophy, in Humanity, in Manners, grounded upon hearſay; Doctors contemn'd; the Divel *not ſo hated as the* Pope; *many invectives, but no amendment. No more adoe about Caps and Surplices; Mr.* Cartwright *quite forgotten; the man you wot of conformable with a ſquare Cap on his round head. A number of our Preachers* Sybbe *to French Souldiers, at the firſt more than men, in the end leſs than women. Some of our pregnanteſt Wits of* Hermogenes *his mettal. Old Men and Counſellours amongſt Children; Children amongſt Counſellours and Old Men. Every yonker ſpeaks as politick as* Biſhop Gardner, *or* Doctor Wutton, *as if every man now adays having the framing of his own* horoſcope, *were born in* Decimo Cœli domicilio, *and had all the Wit, Wiſdom, and Worſhip at Command.* Sed heus tu in aurem, Meminiſtin', quod ait Varro, omnes videmus nobis eſſe belli, feſtivi, Saperdæ, cum ſumus Canopi. David, Ulyſſes, *and* Solon, *feigned themſelves fools and madmen; our fools and madmen feign themſelves* Davids, Uliſſes'es, *and* Solons. *It is pity fair weather ſhould do any hurt; but I know what peace and quietneſs hath done with ſome melancholy pickſtraws. And will you needs have my Teſtimonial of your old Controller's new behaviour? A buſie and dizzy head, a brazen forehead, a leaden brain, a wooden wit, a Copper face, a ſtony breaſt, a factious and elviſh heart, a founder of Novelties, a confounder of his own, and his friends good gifts; A morning book-worm, an afternoon maltworm, a right Jugler; as full of ſleights, wiles, fetches, caſts of Legerdemain, toyes to mock Apes with, odd ſhifts and knaviſh practiſes, as his skin can hold.*—— *But*

Vivendum eſt rectè, tum propter plurima, tum his
Præcipuè Cauſis, ut linguas Mancipiorum
Contemnas——

Another Letter of Mr. *Harvey's.*

To my very Friend Mr. *Immerito.*

SIgnior Immerito, *To paſs over your needleſs complaints with the reſidue of your preamble for the* Earthquake, *I ſuppoſe you have ere this received my goodly diſcourſe; and withal to let my late Engliſh Hexameters go as lightly as they came; I cannot chooſe but thank and honour the* good Angel *that put ſo good a motion into the heads of thoſe two excellent Gentlemen, Mr.* Sidney, *and Mr.* Dyer, *the two very Diamonds of* her Majeſties *Court, as to help forward our new Enterpriſe for the changing of bald Rhythms for artificial Verſes: ſomething I have attempted in that kind, and would commit to Mr.* Immerito's *cenſure, whom with thoſe two miraculous* Gemini, *I recount in the Catalogue of our principal* Ariſtarchi. *But ever and ever methinks your great* Catoes, *and our little ones, make ſuch a buzzing in my head, that I have little joy to animate you to go forward, unleſs you might make ſome certain account for your days work. As for my ſelf, however I have trifled heretofore, I am now taught to employ my time wholly on thoſe Studies that* carry (*as they ſay*) meat in their mouths, *having more their eye upon the title* de pane lucrando, *and their hand upon their halfpenny. But Mr.* Colin Clout *is not every body, but perhaps may live by his* dying Pellicane. Extra Jocum, *I like your* Dreams *paſſing well, and the rather, becauſe they ſavour of that extraordinary vein and invention, which I ever fancied moſt, and in a manner admired only in* Lucian, Petrarch, Aretine, Paſquil, *and all the moſt delicate conceited* Grecians *and* Italians (*for the* Romans *are but Cyphers in this kind*) *whoſe chiefeſt endeavour was to have nothing vulgar, but in ſome reſpect or other, and eſpecially in lively hyperbolical Amplifications, rare and odd, and above the reach of common Capacities. I have heard a* Divine *prefer* St. John's Revelation *before all the verieſt Metaphyſical Viſions, and jollieſt conceited Dreams, that ever were diviſed by one, or other, how admirable or ſuper-excellent otherwiſe they ſeemed to the world. And truly I am ſo confirmed in this opinion, that when I bethink me of the moſt notable and wonderful, prophetical, or poetical* Viſion *that ever I read or heard, meſeemeth the proportion is ſo unequal, that there hardly appeareth any ſemblance of Compariſon, no more, in a*

manner

manner (ſpecially for Poets) *than doth betweēn the incomprehenſible Wiſdom of* God *and the ſenſible wit of Man. But what needeth this digreſſion between you and me? I dare ſay you will hold your ſelf reaſonably ſatisfied if your Dreams be but as well eſteemed of in* England *as* Petrarch's Viſions *be in* Italy, *which I aſſure you is the very worſt I wiſh you. I am void of all judgment, if your* Nine Comedies, *whereunto, in imitation of* Herodotus, *you give the names of the* Nine Muſes, *come not as near* Arioſto's Comedies, *either for the fineneſs of plauſible Elocution, or the rareneſs of poetical, as the* Faëry Queen *doth to his* Orlando. *Beſides that you know, it hath bin the uſual practiſe of the most exquiſite and odd wits, in all Nations, and ſpecially in* Italy, *rather to ſhew and advance themſelves that way than any other; as namely thoſe three notorious diſcourſing heads,* Bibiena, Matchieval, *and* Aretine *did, to let* Bembo *and* Arioſto *paſs with the great admiration of the whole Country: being indeed matchable in all points both for conceipt of Wit and Eloquent Decyphering, with* Ariſtophanes, *and* Menander *in Greek, or with* Plautus *and* Terence *in Latine, or with any other in any other tongue.*

God help us, you and I are wiſely employ'd when our Pen and Ink, and Time and Wit, and all runneth away in this goodly Vein, as if the World had nothing elſe for us to do. Cujuſmodi tu nugis & nænijs niſi unà mecum (qui ſolenni jure jurando atq; voto obſtringor, relicto iſto amoris poculo, juris poculum primo quoq; tempore exhaurire) jam tandem valedicas (quod tamen unum tibi credo τῶν ἀδυνάτων videbitur. Vale E meo municipio.

POSTSCRIPT.

SEd Amabo te ad corculi tui delicatiſſimas literas propediem quam potero accuratiſſimè; tot enim iſtam exquiſitiſſimis ſalutibus & ſalutationibus impertias, quot habes in Capitulo Capillos-- quid quæris? per tuam Venerem altera *Roſalindula* eſt, eamq; non alter ſed idem Ille, tua ut ante bona cum gratia, copioſè amat *Hobbinolus*.

To my long approved and ſingular good Friend, Mr. *G. H.*

GOod Mr. Harvey, *I doubt not but you have ſome great important matter in hand, which at this time reſtraineth your Pen, and wonted readineſs, in provoking me unto that, wherein your ſelf are now faulty. If there be any ſuch thing in hatching, I pray you heartily let us know before the World ſee it; but if happily you dwell altogether in* Juſtinian's *Court, and give your ſelf to be devoured of ſecret Studies, as of all likelihood you do, yet at leaſt impart ſome of your old or new Latine or Engliſh eloquent and gallant Poeſies to us. Little News is here ſtirred, but that old great matter ſtill depending. His Honour never better. I think the Earthquake was alſo there with you (which I would gladly learn) as it was here with us, overthrowing divers old Buildings and pieces of Churches: ſure very ſtrange to be heard of in theſe Countrys, and yet I hear ſome ſay (I know not how truly) that they have known the like before in theſe days. I like your Engliſh Hexameters ſo well, that I alſo enure my Pen ſometimes in that kind, which I find indeed, as I have heard you often defend in word, neither ſo hard, nor ſo harſh, but that it will eaſily and fairly yield it ſelf to our Mother Tongue: for the only, and chiefeſt hardneſs which ſeemeth, is in the accent; which ſometimes gapeth, and as it were yawneth ill-favourdly, coming ſhort of that it ſhould, and ſometimes exceeding the meaſure of the number, as in* Carpenter, *the middle ſyllable being uſed ſhort in Speech, when it ſhould be read long in Verſe, ſeemeth like a lame Goſling that draweth one leg after her. And* Heaven *being uſed ſhort as one ſyllable, when it is in Verſe ſtretched with a* Diaſtole, *is like a lame Dog that holdeth up one leg: but it is to be won with cuſtom, and rough words muſt be ſubdued with uſe, for why (a God's name) may not we, as the Greeks, have the kingdom of our own Language, and meaſure our accents by the ſound, reſerving the quantity to the Verſe? I would heartily wiſh you would either ſend me the Rules or Principles of Art which you obſerve in quantities, or elſe follow thoſe which Mr.* Sidney *gave me, being the very ſame which Mr.* Drant *deviſed, but enlarged with Mr.* Sidney's *own judgment, and augmented with my obſervations, that we might both agree and accord in one, leſt we overthrow one another, and be overthrown of the reſt. To tell you the truth, I mind ſhortly to ſet forth a Book*

in

in this kind, which I entitle Epithalamion Thameſis, *which Book I dare undertake will be profitable for the knowledge, and new for the invention, and manner of handling. For in ſetting forth the Marriage of the* Thames, *I ſhew his beginning and off-ſpring, and all the Country he paſſeth through, and deſcribe all the Rivers throughout* England *which came to his Wedding. Now my* Dreams *and* Dying Pellicane *being fully finiſhed, and preſently to be Printed, I will in hand forthwith with my* Faëry Queen, *which I pray you heartily ſend me with all Expedition, and your friendly Letters and long expected Judgment withal, which let not be ſhort, but in all points ſuch as you ordinarily uſe and I extraordinarily deſire.* Multum Vale.

Quarto nonas Aprilis. 1580.

POSTSCRIPT.

I Take beſt my Dreams *ſhould come forth alone, being grown, by means of the* Gloſs, *full as great as my* Kalendar: *therein be many things excellently, and many things wittily diſcourſed of* E. K. *and the Pictures ſo ſet forth as if* M. Angelo *were there, he could not mend the beſt, nor reprehend the worſt. Of my* Stemmata Dudleyana, *and eſpecially of the ſundry* Apoſtrophes *therein, addreſſed you know to whom, muſt more adviſement be had, than ſo lightly to ſend them abroad. Now but truſt me, though I never do well, yet in my own fancy I never did better.*

To the Worſhipful his very ſingular good Friend, Mr. *G. H.* Fellow of *Trinity-Hall* in *Cambridge*.

GOod Mr. G. H. *I perceive, by your moſt courteous and friendly Letters, your good will to be no leſs indeed than I always eſteemed; In recompence whereof, think, I beſeech you, that I will ſpare neither Speech nor Writing, nor ought elſe, whenſoever and whereſover occaſion ſhall be offer'd me. Yea I will not ſtay till it be offered, but will ſeek it in all that poſſibly I may; and that you may perceive how much in all things your counſel prevaileth with me, and how altogether I am ruled and over-ruled thereby, I am now determined to alter my own former purpoſe, and to ſubſcribe to your adviſement; being notwithſtanding reſolved ſtill to abide your farther reſolution. My principal doubts were theſe: Firſt I was minded for a while to have intermitted the uttering of my Writings, leaſt by over-much cloying their noble ears I ſhould gather a contempt of my ſelf, or elſe ſeem rather for gain and commodity to do it, for ſome ſweetneſs that I have already taſted. Then alſo me ſeemeth the Work too baſe for his excellent* Lordſhip, *being made in honour of a private perſonage unknown; which by ſome ill-willers might be upbraided, not to be ſo worthy as you know* She *is, or the matter not ſo weighty that it ſhould be offered to ſo great a perſon, or the like. The ſelf former Title liketh me well enough, and your fine Addition no leſs: If theſe and the like doubts may be of importance in your ſeeming to fruſtrate any part of your advice, I beſeech you without the leaſt ſelf-love, of your own purpoſe counſel me for the beſt, and the rather do it faithfully aud carefully, for that in all things I attribute ſo much to your judgment, that I am evermore content to annihilate my own determinations in reſpect thereof; and indeed for your ſelf too, it ſitteth with you now to call your Wits and Senſes together (which are always at call) when occaſion is ſo fairly offered of Eſtimation and Preferment. Your deſire to hear of my late being with her* Majeſty, *muſt die of it ſelf: as for the two worthy Gentlemen, Mr.* Sidney *and Mr.* Dyer, *they have me, I thank them, in ſome uſe and familiarity, of whom and to whom, what Speech paſſeth to your credit and eſtimation, I leave your ſelf to conceive; having always ſo well conceived of my unfeigned affection, and zeal towards you. And now they have proclaimed in their* ἀρεσιωπάγῳ *a general ſurceaſing and ſilence of bald* Rymers, *and alſo of the very beſt too; inſtead whereof, they have by Authority of their whole* Senate, *preſcribed certain Rules and Laws of quantities of Engliſh Syllables for Engliſh Verſe; having had thereof already great practiſe, and*

almoſt

almoſt drawn me into their faction. New Books I hear of none, but only of One, that writing a certain Book called the School of Abuſe, *and dedicating it to Mr.* Sidney, *was for his labour ſcorned (if at leaſt it be in the goodneſs of that Nature to ſcorn ſuch folly) Is it not to regard before hand the inclination and quality of him to whom we dedicate our Books? ſuch might I happily incur, intitling my* Slumber, *and the other Pamphlets to his* Honour; *I meant them rather to Mr.* Dyer, *but I am more in love with Engliſh* verſifying *than with* ryming, *which I ſhould have done long ſince, if I would then have followed your counſel. Maſter* E.K. *heartily deſireth to be commended to your Worſhip; of whom what account he maketh, your ſelf ſhall hereafter perceive by his painful and dutiful Verſes of your ſelf. Thus much was written at* Weſtminſter *yeſternight, but coming this morning, being the ſixteenth of* October, *to Mrs.* Kerke's, *to have it deliver'd to the Carrier, I received your Letter ſent me the laſt week, whereby I perceive you continue your old exerciſe of verſifying in Engliſh; which glory I had now thought ſhould have bin ours at* London *and the* Court.

Ad Ornatiſsimum virum, multis jamdiu nominibus Clariſsimum G. H. *Immerito ſui mox in Gallias Navigaturi,* Ευτυχεῖν.

SIc malus Egregium, ſic non inimicus amicum,
Sicq; novus veterem jubet ipſe Poeta Poetam
Salvere; ac cœlo, poſt ſæcula multa ſecundo
Jam reducem, cœlo magè quàm nunc ipſe, ſecundo
Utier; Ecce Deus (modo ſit Deus ille, renixum
Qui vocet in ſcelus, & juratos perdat amores)
Ecce Deus mihi clara dedit modo ſigna Marinus,
Et ſua veligero Lenis parat æquora Ligno:
Mox ſulcanda ſuas etiam pater *Æolus* iras
Ponit, & ingentes animos Aquilonis——
Cuncta vijs ſic apta meis; ego ſolus ineptus.
Nam mihi neſcio quo mens ſaucia vulnere, dudum
Fluctuat ancipiti pelago, dum Navita proram
Invalidam validus rapit, huc Amor & rapit illuc;
Conſilijs Ratio melioribus uſa, decuſq;
Immortale levi diſtiſſa Cupidinis Arcu,
Angimur hoc dubio, & portu vexamur in ipſo.
Magne Pharetrati nunc tu contemptor Amoris
(Id tibi Dij nomen precor haud impune remittant)
Hos nodos exſolve, & eris mihi magnus *Apollo:*
Spiritus ad ſummos, ſcio te generoſus honores
Exſtimulat, majuſq; docet ſpirare Poëtam.
Quàm levis eſt Amor, & tamen haud levis eſt amor omnis!
Ergo nihil laudi reputas æquale perenni,
Præq; ſacro ſanctâ ſplendoris imagine, tanti
~~Cætera quæ vecors uti Numina vulgus adorat~~;
Prædia, Amicitias, Urbana peculia, Nummos,
Quæq; placent oculis Formas, Spectacula, Amores,
Conculcare ſoles ut humum, & ludibria ſensûs;
Digna meo certe *Harveyo*, ſententia digna
Oratore Amplo, & generoſo pectore, quam non
Stoica formidet veterum ſapientia, vinclis
Sancire æternis; ſapor haud tamen omnibus idem.
Dicitur effæti proles facunda *Laërtæ*,
Quamlibet ignoti jactata per æquora cœli,
Inq; procelloſo longum exſul gurgite, ponto
Præ tamen amplexu lachrymoſæ conjugis, Ortus
Cæleſtes, Divûmq; thoros ſpreviſſe beatos:
Tantúm Amor, & *Mulier*, vel amore potentior, Illum;
Tu tamen illudis (tua magnificentia tanta eſt)
Præq; ſubumbratâ ſplendoris imagine, tanti
Præq; illo, meritis famoſis, nomine parto;
Cætera quæ vecors uti Numina vulgus adorat,
Prædia, Amicitias, Armenta, Peculia, Nummos,
Quæq; placent oculis, Formas, Spectacula, Amores,
Quæq; placent ori, quæq; auribus, omnia temnis;
Næ tu grande ſapis (*ſapor at ſapientia non eſt*)
Omnis & in parvis bene qui ſcit deſipuiſſe,
Sæpe ſupercilijs palmam ſapientibus aufert;
Ludit *Ariſtippum* modo tetrica turba Sororûm;
Mitia purpureo moderantem verba tyranno,
Ludit *Ariſtippum*, dictamina vana Sophorum,
Quos levis emenſi male torquet culicis umbra.
Et quiſquis placuiſſe ſtudet *heroibus* actis
Deſipuiſſe ſtudet, ſic gratia creſcit ineptis.
Deniq; laurigeris quiſquis ſua tempora vittis
Inſignire volet, populoq; placere faventi,
Deſipere inſanus diſcit, turpemq; pudendæ
Stultitiæ laudem quærit Pater *Ennius* unus
Dictus, innumeris ſapiens; laudatur at ipſe
Carmina veſano fudiſſe loquentia vino:
Nec tu (pace tuâ) noſtri *Cato* maxime ſecli,
Nomen honorati ſacrum mereare *Poëtæ*,
Quantumvis illuſtre canas, & nobile carmen,
Ni ſtultire velis, ſic *ſtultorum omnia plena!*
Tuta ſed in medio ſupereſt via gurgite, nam Qui
Nec reliquis nimium vult deſipuiſſe videri,
Nec ſapuiſſe nimis, ſapientem dixeris; unum
Hinc te merſerit unda, illinc combuſſerit ignis;
Nec tu delicias nimis aſpernare fluentes,
Nec ſerò Dominam venientem in vota, nec auruni,
Si ſapis, oblatum: *Curijs* ea *Fabritijſq;*
Linque, viris miſeris miſeranda ſophiſmata quondam
Grande ſui decus ij, noſtri ſed dedecus ævi;
Nec ſectare nimis; res utraq; crimine plena.
Hoc bene qui callet (ſi quis tamen hoc bene callet)

Scribe

Scribe vel invito ſapientem hunc *Socrate*, ſolum.
Vis facit una pios; juſtos facit altera, & alt'ra
Egregie cordata, ac fortia pectora; verum
Omne tulit punctum qui miſcuit utile dulci.
Dij mihi dulce diu dederant, verùm utile nunquam;
Utilenunc etiam, ô utinam quoq; dulce dediſſent!
Dij mihi, quippe Dijs æquivalia maxima parvis,
Ni nimis invideant mortalibus eſſe beatis.
Dulce ſimul tribuiſſe queant, ſimul utile; tanta
Sed Fortuna tua eſt, pariter quæq; utile quæq;
Dulce da ad placitum: ſævo nos ſydere nati
Quæſitum imus eam per inhoſpita *Caucaſa longè*,
Perq; *Pyrenæos* montes, *Babylonáq*; turpem;
Quod ſi quæſitum nec ibi invenerimus, ingens
Æquor inexhauſtis permenſi erroribus ultra
Fluctibus in medijs ſocij quæremus *Uliſſis:*
Paſſibus inde Deam feſſis comitabimur ægram,
Nobile cui furtum quærenti defuit orbis:
Namq; ſinu pudet in Patrio, tenebriſq; pudendis
Non nimis ingenio Juvenem infœlice virentes
Officijs fruſtrà deperdere vilibus annos;
Frugibus & vacuas ſperatis cernere ſpicas;
Ibimus ergò ſtatim; (quis eunti fauſta precetur?)
Et pede Clivoſas feſſo calcabimus *Alpes.*
Quis dabit intereà conditas rore *Britanno*,
Quis tibi Literulas, quis carmen amore petulcum!
Muſa ſub *Oebalij* deſerta cacumine montis,
Flebit inexhauſto tam longa ſilentia planctu,
Lugebitq; ſacrum lacrymis *Helicona* tacentem:
Harveiuſq; bonus (charus licet omnibus idem)
Idq; ſuo merito prope ſuavior omnibus, unus
Angelus & *Gabriel* quamvis comitatus amicis
Innumeris, Geniûmq; choro ſtipatus amæno,
Immerito tamen unum abſentem ſæpé requiret;
Optabitq; Utinàm meus his *Edmundus* adeſſet,
Qui nova ſcripſiſſet, nec amores conticuiſſet
Ipſe ſuos, & ſæpe animo verbiſq; benignis
Fauſta precaretur, Deus illum aliquando reducat! &c.

POSTSCRIPT.

I Was minded with theſe to have ſent you alſo ſome Engliſh Verſes for a farewell; but by my troth I have no ſpare time in the World. I beſeech you by all your courteſies and graces let me be anſwered ere I go; which will be (I hope, I fear, I think) the next week, if I can be diſpatched of my Lord: *I go thither as ſent by him, and maintained (moſtwhat) of him; and there am to employ my time, my body, my mind, in his* Honour's *ſervice. Thus, with many ſuperhearty commendations, and recommendations to your ſelf, and all my Friends with you, I end my laſt farewell, not thinking any more to write to you before I go, and withall, committing to your faithful credence, the eternal memory of our everlaſting Friendſhip, the inviolable memory of our unſpotted Friendſhip, the ſacred memory of our vowed Friendſhip; which I beſeech you continue with uſual Writing, as you may; and, of all things, let me hear ſome News from you. As Gentle Mr.* Sidney (*I thank his good Worſhip*) *hath deſired of me; you may always ſend them ſafely to me by Mrs.* Kerke, *and by none other: So once again, and yet once more, Farewell moſt heartily, mine own good Mr.* Harvey; *and love me, as I love you, and think upon poor* Immerito, *as he thinketh on you.*

Leiceſter-houſe *this* 5th *of* Octob. 1579.

THE

THE

FIRST BOOK

OF THE

Fairy Queen:

CONTAINING

The Legend of the Knight of the Red Croſs, or of Holineſs.

1.

LO, I the man, whoſe Muſe whilom did mask,
As time her taught, in lowly Shepherds weeds,
Am now enforc't a far unfitter task,
For trumpets ſtern to change mine oaten reeds,
And ſing of Knights, and Ladies gentle deeds;
Whoſe praiſes having ſlept in ſilence long,
Me, all to mean, the ſacred Muſe areeds
To blazon 'broad, amongſt her learned throng:
Fierce Wars, and faithful Loves, ſhall moralize my ſong.

2.

Help then, O holy Virgin, chief of nine,
Thy weaker Novice to perform thy will:
Lay forth out of thine everlaſting ſcrine
The antique rolls which there lie hidden ſtill,
Of Fairy Knights, and faireſt *Tanaquil*,
Whom that moſt noble Briton Prince ſo long
Sought through the World, and ſuffered ſo much ill,
That I muſt rue his undeſerved wrong:
O! help thou my weak wit, and ſharpen my dull tongue.

3.

And thou moſt dreaded Imp of higheſt *Jove*,
Fair *Venus* ſon, that with thy cruel dart
At that good Knight ſo cunningly didſt rove,
That glorious fire it kindled in his heart,
Lay now thy deadly Heben bow apart,
And with thy mother mild come to mine aid:
Come both, and with you bring triumphant *Mart*,
In loves and gentle jollities arraid,
After his murdrous ſpoils and bloody rage allaid.

4.

And with them eke, O Goddeſs, heavenly bright,
Mirrour of grace and Majeſty divine,
Great Lady of the greateſt Iſle, whoſe light
Like *Phœbus* lamp throughout the World doth ſhine,
Shed thy fair beams into my feeble eyn,
And raiſe my thoughts, too humble, and too vile,
To think of that true glorious type of thine,
The argument of mine afflicted ſtile:
The which to hear, vouchſafe, O deareſt dread a-while.

CANTO I.

The Patron of true Holineſs,
foul Error doth defeat:
Hypocriſie, him to entrap,
doth to his home intreat.

1.

A Gentle Knight was pricking on the Plain,
Yclad in mighty Arms of ſilver ſhield,
Wherein old dints of deep wounds did remain,
The cruel marks of many a bloody field;
Yet Arms till that time did he never wield:
His angry ſteed did chide his foming bit;
As, much diſdaining to the curb to yield:
Full jolly Knight he ſeem'd, and fair did ſit,
As one for knightly Juſts and fierce encounters fit.

2.

But on his breaſt a bloody Croſs he bore,
The dear remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whoſe ſweet ſake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead (as living) ever him ador'd:
Upon his ſhield the like was alſo ſcor'd,
For ſovereign hope, which in his help he had:
Right faithful true he was in deed and word;
But of his cheer did ſeem too ſolemn ſad:
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.

3.

Upon a great adventure he was bond,
Which greateſt *Gloriana* to him gave,
That greateſt glorious Queen of *Fairy* lond,
To win him worſhip, and her grace to have,
Which of all earthly things he moſt did crave;
And ever as he rode, his heart did earn
To prove his puiſſance in battel brave
Upon his foe, and his new force to learn;
Upon his foe, a Dragon horrible and ſtearn.

4.

A lovely Lady rode him fair beſide,
Upon a lowly Aſs more white than ſnow;
Yet ſhe much whiter, but the ſame did hide
Under a vail, that wimpled was full low,
And over all a black ſtole ſhe did throw,
As one that inly mourn'd: ſo was ſhe ſad,
And heavy ſat upon her palfrey ſlow;
Seemed in heart ſome hidden care ſhe had,
And by her in a line a milk white Lamb ſhe lad.

5.

So pure an Innocent, as that ſame Lamb,
She was in life and every vertuous lore,
And by deſcent from Royal linage came
Of ancient Kings and Queens, that had of yore
Their Scepters ſtretcht from Eaſt to Weſtern ſhore,
And all the World in their ſubjection held;
Till that infernal fiend with foul up-rore
Forewaſted all their Land, and them expel'd:
Whom to avenge, ſhe had this Knight from far compel'd.

6.

Behind her far away a Dwarf did lag,
That lazy ſeem'd in being ever laſt,
Or wearied with bearing of her bag
Of needments at his back. Thus as they paſt,
The day with clouds was ſuddain overcaſt,
And angry *Jove* an hideous ſtorm of rain
Did pour into his Lemans lap ſo faſt,
That every wight to ſhroud it did conſtrain,
And this fair couple eke to ſhroud themſelves were fain.

7.

Enforc't to ſeek ſome covert nigh at hand,
A ſhady grove not far away they ſpi'd,
That promiſt aid the tempeſt to withſtand:
Whoſe lofty trees, yclad with ſummers pride,
Did ſpread ſo broad, that heavens light did hide,
Not pierceable with power of any ſtar:
And all within were paths and allys wide,
With footing worn, and leading inward far:
Fair harbour, that them ſeems; ſo in they entred are.

8.

And forth they paſs, with pleaſure forward led,
Joying to hear the birds ſweet harmony,
Which therein ſhrouded from the tempeſts dred,
Seem'd in their ſong to ſcorn the cruel ſky.
Much can they praiſe the trees ſo ſtraight and high,
The ſailing Pine, the Cedar proud and tall,
The vine-prop Elm, the Poplar never dry,
The builder Oak, ſole King of Forreſts all,
The Aſpine, good for ſtaves, the Cypreſs funeral.

9.

The Laurel, meed of mighty Conquerours
And Poets ſage, the Fir that weepeth ſtill,
The Willow, worn of forlorn Paramours,
The Eugh, obedient to the benders will,
The Birch for ſhafts, the Sallow for the mill,
The Myrrh ſweet, bleeding in the bitter wound,
The warlike Beech, the Aſh for nothing ill,
The fruitful Olive, and the Plantane round,
The carver Holm, the Maple ſeldom inward ſound.

10.

Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,
Until the bluſtring ſtorm is over-blown:
When, weening to return whence they did ſtray,
They cannot find that path which firſt was ſhown,
But wander to and fro in ways unknown,
Furtheſt from end then, when they neareſt ween,
That makes them doubt their wits be not their own:
So many paths, ſo many turnings ſeen,
That which of them to take, in diverſe doubt they been.

11.

At laſt, reſolving forward ſtill to fare,
Till that ſome end they find, or in or out,
That path they take, that beaten ſeem'd moſt bare,
And like to lead the labyrinth about;
Which when by tract they hunted had throughout,
At length it brought them to a hollow Cave
Amid the thickeſt woods. The Champion ſtout
Eftſoons diſmounted from his courſer brave,
And to the Dwarf a while his needleſs Spear he gave.

12.

Be well aware, quoth then that Lady mild,
Leaſt ſuddain miſchief yee too raſh provoke:
The danger hid, the place unknown and wild,
Breeds dreadful doubts: oft fire is without ſmoke,
And peril without ſhow: therefore your hardy ſtroke,
Sir Knight with-hold, till further trial made.
Ah Lady (ſaid he) ſhame were to revoke
The forward footing for an hidden ſhade:
Vertue gives her ſelf light, through darkneſs for to wade.

13.

Yea, but (quoth ſhe) the peril of this place
I better wot than you: though now too late
To wiſh you back return with foul diſgrace;
Yet wiſdom warns, whilſt foot is in the gate,
To ſtay the ſtep, e're forced to retrate.
This is the wandring wood, this *Errours* den;
A Monſter vile, whom God and man does hate:
Therefore, I read beware. Fly, fly, (quoth then
The fearful Dwarf:) this is no place for living men.

14.

But full of fire and greedy hardiment,
The youthful Knight could not for ought be ſtaid;
But forth unto the darkſome hole he went,
And looked in: his gliſtring Armour made
A little glooming light, much like a ſhade,
By which he ſaw the ugly Monſter plain,
Half like a Serpent horribly diſplaid:
But th'other half did Womans ſhape retain,
Moſt lothſome, filthy, foul, and full of vile diſdain.

15.

And, as ſhe lay upon the dirty ground,
Her huge long tail her den all overſpred,
Yet was in knots and many bouts upwound,
Pointed with mortal ſting. Of her there bred
A thouſand young ones, which ſhe daily fed,
Sucking upon her poiſonous dugs, each one
Of ſundry ſhape, yet all ill favoured:
Soon as that uncouth light upon her ſhone,
Into her mouth they crept, and ſuddain all were gone.

Their

16.

Their dam upſtart, out of her den effraid,
And ruſhed forth, hurling her hideous tail
About her curſed head, whoſe folds diſplaid
Were ſtretcht now forth at length without entrail.
She lookt about, and ſeeing one in mail
Armed to point, ſought back to turn again;
For, light ſhe hated as the deadly bale,
Ay wont in deſert darkneſs to remain,
Where plain none might her ſee, nor ſhe ſee any plain.

17.

Which when the valiant Elf perceiv'd, he lept
As Lyon fierce upon the flying pray,
And with his trench and blade her boldly kept
From turning back, and forced her to ſtay:
There-with enrag'd ſhe loudly gan to bray,
And turning fierce, her ſpeckled tail advaunſt,
Threatning her angry ſting, him to diſmay:
Who, nought agaſt, his mighty hand enhaunſt:
The ſtroke down from her head unto her ſhoulder glaunſt.

18.

Much daunted with that dint, her ſenſe was daz'd:
Yet kindling rage, her ſelf ſhe gather'd round,
And all at once her beaſtly body raiz'd
With doubled forces high above the ground:
Tho wrapping up her wreathed ſtern around,
Leapt fierce upon his ſhield, and her huge train
All ſuddainly about his body wound,
That hand or foot to ſtir he ſtrove in vain:
God help the man ſo wrapt in *Errours* endleſs train.

19.

His Lady, ſad to ſee his ſore conſtraint,
Cry'd out, Now, now, Sir Knight, ſhew what you bee,
Add faith unto your force, and be not faint:
Strangle her, elſe ſhe ſure will ſtrangle thee.
That when he heard, in great perplexitie,
His gall did grate for grief and high diſdain,
And knitting all his force got one hand free,
Where-with he grip't her gorge with ſo great pain,
That ſoon to looſe her wicked bands did her conſtrain.

20.

There-with ſhe ſpew'd out of her filthy maw
A flood of poyſon horrible and black,
Full of great lumps of fleſh and gobbets raw,
Which ſtunk ſo vilely, that it forc't him ſlack
His graſping hold, and from her turn him back:
Her vomit full of books and papers was,
With loathly frogs and toads, which eyes did lack,
And creeping, ſought way in the weedy graſs:
Her filthy parbreak all the place defiled has.

21.

As when old Father *Nilus* gins to ſwell
With timely Pride above the *Ægytian* vale,
His fatty-waves do fertile ſlime outwell,
And over-flow each Plain and lowly Dale:
But when his later Ebb gins to avale,
Huge heaps of mud he leaves, wherein there breed
Ten thouſand kinds of Creatures, partly Male,
And partly Female of his fruitful Seed;
Such ugly monſtrous ſhapes elſewhere may no Man reed.

22.

The ſame ſo ſore annoyed has the Knight,
That well-nigh choaked with the deadly ſtink,
His forces fail, ne can no longer fight,
Whoſe courage when the fiend perceiv'd to ſhrink,
She poured forth out of her helliſh ſink
Her fruitful curſed Spawn of Serpents ſmall,
Deformed Monſters, foul, and black as Ink;
Which ſwarming all about his Legs did crawl,
And him encombred ſore, but could not hurt at all.

23.

As gentle Shepherd in ſweet Even-tide,
When ruddy *Phœbus* gins to welk in Weſt,
High on an Hill, his Flock to viewen wide,
Marks which do bite their haſty ſupper beſt;
A cloud of combrous Gnats do him moleſt,
All ſtriving to infix their feeble ſtings,
That from their noyance he no where can reſt,
But with his clowniſh hands their tender wings
He bruſheth oft, and oft doth mar their murmurings.

24.

Thus ill-beſted, and fearful more of ſhame,
Than of the certain peril he ſtood in,
Half furious unto his foe he came,
Reſolv'd in mind all ſuddenly to win,
Or ſoon to loſe, before he once would lin;
And ſtrook at her with more than manly force,
That from her Body full of filthy Sin
He reft her hateful Head without remorſe;
A ſtream of coal-black Blood forth guſhed from her corſe.

25.

Her ſcattred Brood, ſoon as their Parent dear
They ſaw ſo rudely falling to the ground,
Groaning full deadly, all with troublous fear,
Gath'red themſelves about her Body round,
Weening their wonted entrance to have found
At her wide mouth: but, being there with-ſtood,
They flocked all about her bleeding wound,
And ſucked up their dying Mothers Blood;
Making her death their life, and eke her hurt their good.

26.

That deteſtable ſight him much amaz'd,
To ſee th'unkindly Imps of Heaven accurſt,
Devour their Dam; on whom while ſo he gaz'd,
Having all ſatisfy'd their bloody thirſt,
Their Bellies ſwoln he ſaw with fulneſs burſt,
And Bowels guſhing forth: well worthy end
Of ſuch as drunk her Life, the which them nurſt;
Now needeth him no longer labour ſpend: (tend.
His foes have ſlain themſelves, with whom he ſhould con-

27.

His Lady, ſeeing all that chaunc't from far,
Approch't in haſt to greet his victory;
And ſaid, Fair Knight, born under happy ſtar,
Who ſee your vanquiſht foes before you lie:
Well worthy be you of that Armory,
Wherein you have great glory won this day,
And prov'd your ſtrength on a ſtrong Enemy,
Your firſt adventure: many ſuch I pray,
And henceforth ever wiſh, that like ſucceed it may.

28.

Then mounted he upon his Steed again,
And with the Lady backward ſought to wend;
That path he kept, which beaten was moſt plain,
Ne ever would to any by-way bend,
But ſtill did follow one unto the end,
The which at laſt out of the wood them brought.
So forward on his way (with God to friend)
He paſſed forth, and new adventure ſought;
Long way he travelled before he heard of ought.

29

At length they chanc't to meet upon the way
An aged Sire, in long black weeds yclad,
His feet all bare, his beard all hoary gray,
And by his belt his book he hanging had;
Sober he ſeem'd, and very ſagely ſad,
And to the ground his eyes were lowly bent,
Simple in ſhew, and void of malice bad,
And all the way he prayed as he went,
And often knockt his breaſt, as one that did repent.

30.

He fair the Knight ſaluted, louting low;
Who fair him quited, as that courteous was:
And after asked him, if he did know
Of ſtrange adventures, which abroad did paſs.
Ah! my dear Son (quoth he) how ſhould, alaſs!
Silly old man, that lives in hidden Cell,
Bidding his Beads all day for his treſpaſs,
Tidings of War and worldly trouble tell?
With holy Father fits not with ſuch things to mell.

31.

But if of danger which hereby doth dwell,
And home-bred evil ye deſire to hear,
Of a ſtrange man I can you tidings tell,
That waſteth all this Countrey far and near.
Of ſuch (ſaid he) I chiefly do enquear,
And ſhall you well reward to ſhew the place,
In which that wicked wight his days doth wear:
For to all knighthood it is foul diſgrace,
That ſuch a curſed Creature lives ſo long a ſpace.

32.

Far hence (quoth he) in waſtful Wilderneſs
His dwelling is, by which no living wight
May ever paſs, but thorough great diſtreſs.
Now (ſaid the Lady) draweth toward night,
And well I wote, that of your later fight
Ye all forwearied be: for what ſo ſtrong,
But wanting reſt, will alſo want of might?
The Sun that meaſures Heaven all day long,
At night doth bait his ſteeds the *Ocean* waves among.

33.

Then with the Sun, take Sir your timely reſt,
And with new day new work at once begin:
Untroubled night (they ſay) gives Counſel beſt.
Right well Sir Knight ye have adviſed him
(Quoth then that aged man;) the way to winn
Is wiſely to adviſe: now day is ſpent;
Therefore with me ye may take up your Inn
For this ſame night. The Knight was well content;
So with that godly Father to his home they went.

34.

A little lowly Hermitage it was,
Down in a dale, hard by a Foreſts ſide,
Far from reſort of people, that did paſs
In travel to and fro: a little wide
There was an holy Chappel edifide,
Wherein the Hermit duly wont to ſay
His holy things each morn and even-tide:
Thereby a Cryſtal ſtream did gently play,
Which from a ſacred fountain welled forth alway.

35.

Arrived there, the little houſe they fill,
Ne look for entertainment, where none was:
Reſt is their feaſt, and all things at their will;
The nobleſt mind the beſt contentment has.
With fair diſcourſe the evening ſo they paſs:
For, that old man of pleaſing words had ſtore,
And well could file his tongue as ſmooth as glaſs;
He told of Saints and Popes, and evermore
He ſtrow'd an *Ave-mary* after and before.

36.

The drooping Night thus creepeth on them faſt,
And the ſad humour loading their eye-lids,
As meſſenger of *Morpheus* on them caſt
Sweet ſlumbring dew, the which to ſleep them bids.
Unto their lodgings then his gueſts he rids:
Where when all drown'd in deadly ſleep he finds,
He to his ſtudy goes, and there amids
His Magick books and arts of ſundry kinds,
He ſeeks out mighty charms, to trouble ſleepy minds.

37.

Then chuſing out few words moſt horrible,
(Let none them read) thereof did verſes frame,
With which, and other ſpells like terrible,
He bad awake black *Plutoe*'s griſly Dame,
And curſed Heaven, and ſpake reproachful ſhame
Of higheſt God, the Lord of life and light;
A bold bad man, that dar'd to call by name
Great *Gorgon*, Prince of darkneſs and dead night,
At which *Cocytus* quakes, and *Styx* is put to flight.

38.

And forth he call'd out of deep darkneſs dread
Legions of Sprights, the which like little flies
Fluttring about his ever damned head,
Await whereto their ſervice he applies,
To aid his friends, or fray his enemies:
Of thoſe he choſe out two, the falſeſt two,
And fitteſt for to forge true-ſeeming lyes;
The one of them he gave a meſſage to,
The other by himſelf ſtaid other work to do.

39.

He making ſpeedy way through ſperſed air,
And through the world of waters wide and deep,
To *Morpheus* houſe doth haſtily repair:
Amid the bowels of the earth full ſteep
And low, where dawning day doth never peep,
His dwelling is; there *Tethys* his wet bed
Doth ever waſh, and *Cynthia* ſtill doth ſteep
In ſilver dew his ever-drooping head,
Whiles ſad Night over him her mantle black doth ſpred.

Whoſe

40.

Whoſe double gates he findeth locked faſt,
The one fair fram'd of burniſht Ivory;
The other, all with ſilver overcaſt;
And wakeful dogs before them far do lie,
Watching to baniſh care their enemy,
Who oft is wont to trouble gentle ſleep.
By them the Spright doth paſs in quietly,
And unto *Morpheus* comes, whom drowned deep
In drowſie fit he finds: of nothing he takes keep.

41.

And more, to lull him in his ſlumber ſoft,
A trickling ſtream from high rock tumbling down,
And ever-drizling rain upon the loft,
Mixt with a murmuring wind, much like the ſown
Of ſwarming Bees, did caſt him in a ſwoun:
No other noiſe, nor peoples troublous cries,
As ſtill are wont t' annoy the walled Town,
Might there be heard: but careleſs Quiet lies,
Wrapt in eternal ſilence, far from enemies.

42.

The meſſenger approaching, to him ſpake;
But his waſt words return'd to him in vain:
So ſound he ſlept, that nought might him awake.
Then rudely he him thruſt, and puſht with pain,
Whereat he gan to ſtretch: but he again
Shook him ſo hard, that forced him to ſpeak.
As one then in a dream, whoſe drier brain
Is toſt with troubled ſights and fancies weak,
He mumbled ſoft, but would not all his ſilence break.

43.

The Spright then gan more boldly him to wake,
And threatned unto him the dreaded name,
Of *Hecate:* whereat he gan to quake,
And lifting up his lumpiſh head, with blame
Half angry, asked him for what he came.
Hither (quoth he) me *Archimago* ſent,
He that the ſtubborn Sprights can wiſely tame,
He bids thee to him ſend for his intent
A fit falſe dream, that can delude the ſleepers ſcent.

44.

The God obeyd, and calling forth ſtraight way
A diverſe dream out of his priſon dark,
Delivered it to him, and down did lay
His heavy head, devoid of careful cark,
Whoſe ſenſes all were ſtraight benumb'd and ſtark.
He, back returning by the Ivory door,
Remounted up as light as chearful Lark,
And on his little wings the dream he bore
In haſt unto his Lord, where he him left afore.

45.

Who all this while, with charms and hidden arts,
Had made a Lady of that other Spright,
And fram'd of liquid ayr her tender parts
So lively, and ſo like in all mens ſight,
That weaker ſenſe it could have raviſht quight:
The maker ſelf, for all his wondrous wit,
Was nigh beguiled with ſo goodly ſight:
Her all in white he clad, and over it
Caſt a black ſtole, moſt like to ſeem for *Una* fit.

46.

Now, when that idle dream was to him brought,
Unto that Elfin Knight he bad him fly,
Where he ſlept ſoundly, void of evil thought,
And with falſe ſhews abuſe his fantaſy,
In ſort as he him ſchooled privily:
And that new creature born without her due,
Full of the makers guile, with viſage ſly
He taught to imitate that Lady true,
Whoſe ſemblance ſhe did carry under feined hew.

47.

Thus well inſtructed, to their work they haſt:
And coming where the Knight in ſlumber lay,
The one upon his hardy head him plac't,
And made him dream of loves and luſtful play,
That nigh his manly heart did melt away,
Bathed in wanton bliſs and wicked joy:
Then ſeemed him his Lady by him lay,
And to him plain'd, how that falſe winged boy,
Her chaſt heart had ſubdew'd, to learn Dame Pleaſures toy.

48.

And ſhe her ſelf (of beauty ſoveraign Queen)
Fair *Venus*, ſeem'd unto his bed to bring
Her, whom he waking evermore did ween
To be the chaſteſt flower, that aye did ſpring
On earthly branch, the daughter of a King;
Now a looſe Leman to vile ſervice bound:
And eke the *Graces* ſeemed all to ſing,
Hymen io Hymen, dauncing all around,
Whilſt freſheſt *Flora* had her Yvie girlond crown'd.

49.

In this great paſſion of unwonted luſt,
Or wonted fear of doing ought amiſs,
He ſtarted up, as ſeeming to miſtruſt
Some ſecret ill, or hidden foe of his:
Lo, there before his face his Lady is,
Under black ſtole hiding her baited hook;
And as half bluſhing, offred him to kiſs,
With gentle blandiſhment and lovely look,
Moſt like that virgin true, which for her Knight him took.

50.

All clean diſmaid to ſee ſo uncouth ſight,
And half enraged at her ſhameleſs guiſe,
He thought t'have ſlain her in his fierce deſpight:
But haſty heat tempring with ſufferance wiſe,
He ſtaid his hand, and gan himſelf adviſe
To prove his ſenſe, and tempt her feined truth.
Wringing her hands in womens pittious wiſe,
Tho can ſhe weep, to ſtir up gentle ruth,
Both for her noble blood, and for her tender youth.

51.

And ſaid, Ah Sir, my liege Lord and my love,
Shall I accuſe the hidden cruel Fate,
And mighty cauſes wrought in heaven above,
Or the blind God, that doth me thus amate,
For hoped love to win me certain hate?
Yet thus perforce he bids me do, or die.
Die is my due: yet rue my wretched ſtate,
You, whom my hard avenging deſtinie
Hath made judge of my life or death indifferently.

Your

52.

Your own dear ſake forc't me at firſt to leave
My Fathers Kingdom; There ſhe ſtopt with tears:
Her ſwollen heart her ſpeech ſeem'd to bereave;
And then again begun, My weaker years
Captiv'd to fortune and frail worldly fears,
Fly to your faith for ſuccour and ſure aid:
Let me not dye in languor and long tears.
Why Dame (quoth he) what hath ye thus diſmaid?
What frays ye, that were wont to comfort me affraid?

53.

Love of your ſelf, ſhe ſaid, and dear conſtraint
Lets me not ſleep, but waſte the weary night
In ſecret anguiſh and unpitied plaint,
Whilſt you in careleſs ſleep are drowned quite.
Her doubtful words made that redoubted Knight
Suſpect her truth: yet ſith n'untruth he knew,
Her fawning love with foul diſdainful ſpight
He would not ſhend, but ſaid, Dear dame, I rew,
That for my ſake unknown ſuch grief unto you grew.

54.

Aſſure your ſelf it fell not all to ground;
For all ſo dear as life is to my heart,
I deem your love, and hold me to you bound;
Ne let vain fears procure your needleſs ſmart,
Where cauſe is none, but to your reſt depart.
Not all content, yet ſeem'd ſhe to appeaſe
Her mournful plaints, beguiled of her art,
And fed with words that could not chuſe but pleaſe;
So ſliding ſoftly forth, ſhe turn'd as to her eaſe.

55.

Long after lay he muſing at her mood,
Much griev'd to think that gentle Dame ſo light,
For whoſe defence he was to ſhed his blood.
At laſt dull wearineſs of former fight
Having yrockt aſleep his irkſom ſpright,
That troublous dream 'gan freſhly toſs his brain,
With bowrs, and beds, and Ladies dear delight:
But when he ſaw his labour all was vain,
With that misformed ſpright he back return'd again.

CANTO II.

The guileful great Enchanter parts
the Red-croſs Knight from Truth:
Into whoſe ſtead fair Falſhood ſteps,
and works him woful ruth.

1.

By this, the Nothern wagoner had ſet
His ſeven-fold teme behind the ſtedfaſt ſtar,
That was in Ocean waves yet never wet,
But firm is fixt, and ſendeth light from far
To all, that in the wide deep wandring are:
And cheerful Chaunticlere with his note ſhrill
Had warned once, that *Phœbus* fiery car
In haſte was climbing up the Eaſtern hill,
Full envious that night ſo long his room did fill.

2.

When thoſe accurſed meſſengers of hell,
That feinen dream, and that fair-forged Spright
Came to their wicked maſter, and 'gan tell
Their bootleſs pains, and ill ſucceeding night:
Who, all in rage to ſee his skilful might
Deluded ſo, gan threaten helliſh pain
And ſad *Proſerpines* wrath, them to affright:
But when he ſaw his threatning was but vain,
He caſt about, and ſearcht his baleful books again.

3.

Eftſoons he took that miſcreated fair,
And that falſe other Spright, on whom he ſpred
A ſeeming body of the ſubtile air,
Like a young Squire, in loves and luſty-hed
His wanton days that ever looſly led,
Without regard of arms and dreaded fight:
Thoſe two he took; and in a ſecret bed,
Cover'd with darkneſs and miſdeeming night,
Them both together laid, to joy in vain delight.

4.

Forth-with he runs with feigned faithful haſte
Unto his gueſt, who after troublous ſights
And dreams, gan now to take more ſound repaſt,
Whom ſuddenly he wakes with fearful frights,
As one agaſt with fiends or damned ſprights,
And to him calls, Riſe, riſe unhappy Swain,
That here wex old in ſleep, whiles wicked wights
Have knit themſelves in *Venus* ſhameful chain;
Come, ſee where your falſe Lady doth her honor ſtain.

5.

All in amaze he ſuddenly up ſtart
With ſword in hand, and with the old man went;
Who ſoon him brought into a ſecret part,
Where that falſe couple were full cloſely ment
In wanton luſt and lewd embracement:
Which when he ſaw, he burnt with jealous fire,
The eye of reaſon was with rage yblent,
And would have ſlain them in his furious ire;
But hardly was reſtrained of that aged Sire.

6.

Returning to his bed in torment great,
And bitter anguiſh of his guilty ſight,
He could not reſt, but did his ſtout heart eat,
And waſte his inward gall with deep deſpight,
Yrkſome of life and too long lingring night.
At laſt fair *Heſperus* in higheſt ſky
Had ſpent his lamp, and brought forth dawning light,
Then up he roſe, and clad him haſtily;
The Dwarf him brought his ſteed: ſo both away do fly.

7.

Now when the roſy-fingred Morning fair,
Weary of aged *Tithons* ſaffron bed,
Had ſpred her purple robe through dewy air,
And the high hills *Titan* diſcovered,
The royal Virgin ſhook off drowſy-hed,
And riſing forth out of her baſer bowr,
Lookt for her Knight, who far away was fled,
And for her Dwarf, that wont to wait each howr;
Then gan ſhe wail and weep, to ſee that woful ſtowr.

And

8.

And after him she rode with so much speed
As her slow beast could make; but all in vain:
For him so far had borne his light-foot steed,
Pricked with wrath and fiery fierce disdain,
That him to follow was but fruitless pain;
Yet she her weary limbs would never rest,
But every hill and dale, each Wood and Plain
Did search, sore grieved in her gentle brest,
He so ungently left her, whom she loved best.

9.

But subtile *Archimago*, when his guests
He saw divided into double parts,
And *Una* wandring in woods and forrests,
Th'end of his drift, he prais'd his divelish arts,
That had such might over true meaning hearts;
Yet rests not so, but other means doth make,
How he may work unto her further smarts:
For her he hated as the hissing snake,
And in her many troubles did most pleasure take.

10.

He then devis'd himself how to disguise;
For by his mighty Science he could take
As many forms and shapes in seeming wise,
As ever *Proteus* to himself could make:
Sometime a fowl, sometime a fish in lake,
Now like a fox, now like a dragon fell,
That of himself he oft for fear would quake,
And oft would fly away. O! who can tell
The hidden powers of Herbs, and might of Magick spell?

11.

But now seem'd best, the person to put on
Of that good Knight, his late beguiled guest:
In mighty Arms he was yclad anon,
And silver shield: upon his coward brest
A bloody cross; and on his craven crest
A bunch of hairs discolour'd diversly:
Full jolly Knight he seem'd, and well addrest,
And when he sate upon his courser free,
Saint *George* himself ye would have deemed him to be.

12.

But he, the Knight, whose semblance he did bear,
The true Saint *George*, was wandred far away,
Still flying from his thoughts and jealous fear;
Will was his guide, and grief led him astray.
At last him chanc't to meet upon the way
A faithless *Sarazin*, all arm'd to point,
In whose great shield was writ with letters gay
Sans Foy: full large of limb and every joynt
He was, and cared not for God or man a point.

13.

He had a fair companion of his way,
A goodly Lady, clad in scarlot red,
Purfled with gold and pearl of rich assay,
And like a *Persian* mitre on her head
She wore, with crowns and owches garnished,
The which her lavish lovers to her gave;
Her wanton palfrey all was overspred
With tinsell trappings, woven like a wave,
Whose bridle rung with golden bells, and bosses brave.

14.

With fair disport and courting dalliance
She entertain'd her lover all the way:
But when she saw the Knight his spear advance,
She soon left off her mirth and wanton play,
And bad her Knight address him to the fray:
His foe was nigh at hand. He, prickt with pride
And hope to win his Ladies heart that day,
Forth spurred fast: adown his coursers side
The red blood, trickling, stain'd the way as he did ride.

15.

The Knight of the *Red-cross* when him he spi'd
Spurring so hot with rage despighteous,
Gan fairly couch his spear, and towards ride:
Soon meet they both, both fell and furious;
That daunted with their forces hideous,
Their steeds do stagger, and amazed stand,
And eke themselves too rudely rigorous,
Astonied with the stroke of their own hand,
Do back rebut, and each to other yeelded land.

16.

As when two Rams, stir'd with ambitious pride,
Fight for the rule of the rich fleeced flock,
Their horned fronts so fierce on either side
Do meet, that with the terror of the shock
Astonied, both stand senseless as a block,
Forgetful of the hanging victory:
So stood these twain, unmoved as a rock,
Both staring fierce, and holding idlely
The broken reliques of their former cruelty.

17.

The *Sarazin* sore daunted with the buff,
Snatcheth his sword, and fiercely to him flies;
Who well it wards, and quiteth cuff with cuff:
Each others equal puissance envies,
And through their Iron sides with cruelties
Do seek to pierce: repining courage yields
No foot to foe. The flashing fire flies
As from a forge out of their burning shields,
And streams of purple blood new die the verdant fields.

18.

Curse on that Cross (quoth then the *Sarazin*)
That keeps thy body from the bitter fit;
Dead long ygo I wot thou haddest bin,
Had not that charm from thee forwarned it:
But yet I warn thee now assured sit,
And hide thy head. Therewith upon his crest
With rigour so outragious he smit,
That a large share it hew'd out of the rest,
And glancing down his shield, from blame him fairly blest.

19.

Who thereat wondrous wroth, the sleeping spark
Of native vertue 'gan eftsoons revive,
And at his haughty helmet making mark,
So hugely strook, that it the steel did rive,
And cleft his head. He, tumbling down alive,
With bloody mouth his mother earth did kiss,
Greeting his grave: his grudging ghost did strive
With the frail flesh; at last it flitted is,
Whither the souls do fly of men, that live amiss.

The

20.

The Lady when she saw her champion fall,
Like the old ruins of a broken towr,
Staid not to wail his woful funeral,
But from him fled away with all her powr;
Who after her as hastily 'gan scowr,
Bidding the Dwarf with him to bring away
The *Sarazins* shield, sign of the conquerour.
Her soon he over-took, and bad to stay;
For present cause was none of dread, her to dismay.

21.

She turning back with rueful countenance,
Cri'd, Mercy, mercy, Sir, vouchsafe to show
On silly Dame, subject to hard mischance,
And to your mighty will. Her humbless low,
In so rich weeds and seeming glorious show,
Did much emmove his stout heroick heart,
And said; Dear Dame, your suddain overthrow
Much rueth me: but now put fear apart,
And tell, both who ye be, and who that took your part.

22.

Melting in tears, then 'gan she thus lament;
The wretched woman, whom unhappy howr
Hath now made thrall to your commandement,
Before that angry heavens list to lowr,
And fortune false betraid me to your powr,
Was (O, what now availeth that I was!)
Born the sole daughter of an Emperour,
He that the wide West under his rule has,
And high hath set his throne, where *Tiberis* doth pass.

23.

He in the first flowr of my freshest age,
Betrothed me unto the only heir
Of a most mighty King, most rich and sage;
Was never Prince so faithful and so fair;
Was never Prince so meek and debonair:
But e're my hoped day of spousal shone,
My dearest Lord fell from high honours stair,
Into the hands of his accursed fone,
And cruelly was slain: that shall I ever mone.

24.

His blessed body, spoil'd of lively breath,
Was afterward, I know not how convey'd
And fro me hid: of whose most innocent death
When tidings came to me unhappy maid,
O, how great sorrow my sad soul assaid!
Then forth I went, his woeful corse to find;
And many years throughout the World I straid,
A virgin widow: whose deep wounded mind
With love, long time did languish as the striken hind.

25.

At last, it chanced this proud *Sarazin*
To meet me wandring: who perforce me led
With him away, but yet could never win
The Fort that Ladies hold in sovereign dread.
There lies he now with foul dishonour dead,
Who whilst he liv'd, was called proud *Sans foy*,
The eldest of three brethren, all three bred
Of one bad sire, whose youngest is *Sans joy*:
And 'twixt them both was born the bloody bold *Sans loy*.

26.

In this sad plight, friendless, unfortunate,
Now miserable I *Fidessa* dwell,
Craving of you in pity of my state,
To do none ill, if please ye not do well.
He in great passion all this while did dwell,
More busying his quick eyes, her face to view,
Than his dull ears, to hear what she did tell;
And said; Fair Lady, heart of flint would rew
The undeserved woes and sorrows which ye shew.

27.

Henceforth in safe assurance may ye rest,
Having both found a new friend you to aid,
And lost an old foe, that did you molest:
Better new friend than an old foe, is said.
With change of chear, the seeming simple maid
Let fall her eyen, as shamefac'd to the earth;
And yielding soft, in that she nought gain-said.
So forth they rode, he fayning seemly mirth,
And she coy looks: so, Dainty they say maketh dearth.

28.

Long time they thus together travelled;
Till weary of their way, they came at last,
Where grew two goodly trees, that fair did spred
Their arms abroad, with gray moss over-cast;
And their green leaves trembling with every blast,
Made a calm shadow far in compass round:
The fearful Shepherd often there agast
Under them never sat, ne wont there sound
His merry oaten pipe, but shun'd th'unlucky ground.

29.

But this good Knight, soon as he them 'gan spy,
For the cool shadow thither hast'ly got:
For, golden *Phœbus* now that mounted high,
From fiery wheels of his fair chariot,
Hurled his beam so scorching cruel hot,
That living creature mote it not abide;
And his new Lady it endured not.
There they alight, in hope themselves to hide
From the fierce heat, and rest their weary limbs a tide.

30.

Fair seemly pleasance each to other makes;
With goodly purposes there as they sit:
And in his falsed fancy he her takes
To be the fairest wight that lived yit;
Which to express, he bends his gentle wit:
And thinking of those branches green to frame
A garland for her dainty forehead fit,
He pluckt a bough: out of whose rift there came
Small drops of gory blood, that trickled down the same.

31.

Therewith a pitious yelling voice was heard,
Crying, O spare with guilty hands to tear
My tender sides in this rough rind embar'd:
But fly, ah fly far hence away, for fear
Lest to you hap, that hapned to me here,
And to this wretched Lady, my dear Love;
O too dear Love! Love bought with death too dear.
Astond he stood, and up his hair did hove,
And with that saddain horror could no member move.

At

32.

At last, when as the dreadful passion
Was over-past, and manhood well awake:
Yet musing at the strange occasion,
And doubting much his sense, he thus bespake;
What voice of damned Ghost from *Limbo* lake,
Or guileful spright wandring in empty ayre
(Both which frail men do oftentimes mistake)
Sends to my doubtful ears these speeches rare,
And rueful plaints, me bidding guiltless blood to spare?

33.

Then groning deep, Nor damned Ghost, quoth he,
Nor guiltful spright to thee these words doth speak;
But once a man, *Fradubio*, now a Tree:
Wretched man, wretched Tree; whose nature weak,
A cruel witch (her cursed will to wreak)
Hath thus transform'd, and plac't in open Plains,
Where *Boreas* doth blow full bitter bleak,
And scorching Sun does dry my secret vains:
For, though a Tree I seem, yet cold and heat me pains.

34.

Say on *Fradubio* then, or man, or Tree,
Quoth then the Knight, by whose mischievous arts
Art thou mishaped thus, as now I see?
He oft finds med'cine who his grief imparts;
But double griefs afflict concealing harts,
As raging flames who striveth to suppress.
The author then, said he, of all my smarts,
Is one *Duessa* a false sorceress,
That many errant Knights hath brought to wretchedness.

35.

In prime of youthly years, when courage hot
The fire of love and joy of chevalree
First kindled in my brest; it was my lot
To love this gentle Lady whom ye see,
Now not a Lady, but a seeming Tree;
With whom as once I rode accompanide,
Me chanced of a Knight encountred be,
That had a like fair Lady by his side;
Like a fair Lady, but did foul *Duessa* hide.

36.

Whose forged beauty he did take in hand,
All other Dames to have exceeded far:
I in defence of mine did likewise stand;
Mine, that did then shine as the Morning Star:
So, both to battle fierce arranged are:
In which his harder fortune was to fall
Under my spear: such is the dy of War:
His Lady, left as a prise martial,
Did yield her comely person, to be at my call.

37.

So doubly lov'd of Ladies unlike fair,
Th' one seeming such, the other such indeed,
One day in doubt I cast for to compare,
Whether in beauties glory did exceed;
A Rosie girlond was the Victors meed:
Both seem'd to win, and both seem'd won to be,
So hard the discord was to be agreed.
Frælissa was as fair, as fair mote be:
And ever false *Duessa* seem'd as fair as she.

38.

The wicked witch, now seeing all this while
The doubtful balance equally to sway,
What not by right, she cast to win by guile,
And by her hellish science rais'd straight way
A foggy mist, that over-cast the day,
And a dull blast, that breathing on her face,
Dimmed her former beauties shining ray,
And with foul ugly form did her disgrace:
Then was she fair alone, when none was fair in place.

39.

Then cryd she out, Fie, fie, deformed wight,
Whose borrowed beauty now appeareth plain
To have before bewitched all mens sight;
O leave her soon, or let her soon be slain.
Her loathly visage viewing with disdain,
Eftsoons I thought her such, as she me told,
And would have kil'd her; but, with feined pain,
The false witch did my wrathful hand with-hold:
So left her, where she now is turnd to treen mould.

40.

Thenceforth I took *Duessa* for my Dame,
And in the witch unweening joyd long time:
Ne ever wist, but that she was the same;
Till on a day (that day is every Prime,
When witches wont do penance for their crime)
I chanc't to see her in her proper hew,
Bathing her self in origane and thyme:
A filthy foul old woman I did view,
That ever to have toucht her, I did deadly rew.

41.

Her neather parts misshapen, monstruous,
Were hid in water, that I could not see:
But they did seem more foul and hideous,
Than womans shape man would believe to be:
Thenceforth from her most beastly company
I gan refrain, in mind to slip away,
Soon as appeard safe opportunity:
For, danger great, if not assur'd decay,
I saw before mine eyes, if I were known to stray.

42.

The divelish hag by changes of my chear
Perceiv'd my thought; and drownd in sleepy night;
With wicked herbs and oyntments did besmear
My body all, through charms and magick might;
That all my senses were bereaved quight:
Then brought she me into this desert vast,
And by my wretched Lovers side me pight;
Where now inclos'd in wooden walls full fast,
Banisht from living wights, our weary days we wast.

43.

But how long time, said then the Elfin Knight,
Are you in this misformed house to dwell?
We may not change, quoth he, this evil plight,
Till we be bathed in a living Well;
That is the term prescribed by the spell.
O! how, said he, mote I that Well out-find,
That may restore you to your wonted Well?
Time and suffised Fates to former kind
Shall us restore: none else from hence may us unbind

44.

The falſe *Dueſſa*, now *Fideſſa* hight,
Heard how in vain *Fradubio* did lament,
And knew well all was true. But the good Knight
Full of ſad fear and ghaſtly dreriment,
When all this ſpeech the living tree had ſpent,
The bleeding bough did thruſt into the ground,
That from the blood he might be innocent,
And with freſh clay did cloſe the wooden wound:
Then turning to his Lady, dead with fear her found.

45.

Her ſeeming dead he found with feigned fear,
As all unweeting of that well ſhe knew,
And pain'd himſelf with buſie care to rear
Her out of careleſs ſwoun. Her eye-lids blew
And dimmed ſight, with pale and deadly hew,
At laſt ſhe gan up-lift: with trembling chear
Her up he took, too ſimple and too true,
And oft her kiſt. At length, all paſſed fear,
He ſet her on her ſteed, and forward forth did bear.

CANTO III.

Forſaken Truth long ſeeks her love,
and makes the Lyon mild,
Marres blind Devotions mart, and falls
in hand of Leachour vild.

1.

NOught is their under Heav'ns wide holowneſs
That moves more dear compaſſion of mind,
Then beauty brought t'unworthy wretchedneſs
By Envy's ſnares, or Fortunes freaks unkind:
I, whether lately through her brightneſs blind,
Or through allegiance and faſt fealty,
Which I do owe unto all Woman-kind,
Feel my heart pierc't with ſo great agony,
When ſuch I ſee, that all for pity I could dye.

2.

And now it is impaſſioned ſo deep,
For fairеſt *Unaes* ſake, of whom I ſing,
That my frail eyes theſe lines with tears do ſteep,
To think how ſhe through guileful handling,
Though true as touch, though daughter of a King,
Though fair as ever-living wight was fair,
Though nor in word nor deed ill meriting,
Is from her Knight divorced in deſpair,
And her due Love's deriv'd to that vile wretches ſhare.

3.

Yet ſhe moſt faithful Lady all this while
Forſaken, woful ſolitary Maid
Far from all peoples praiſe, as in exile,
In wilderneſs and waſtful deſerts ſtraid,
To ſeek her Knight; who, ſubtilly betraid
Through that late viſion, which th'Enchanter wrought
Had her abandon'd. She of nought afraid,
Through woods and waſtneſs wide him daily ſought;
Yet wiſhed tydings none of him unto her brought.

4

One day, nigh weary of the irkſome way,
From her unhaſty beaſt ſhe did alight,
And on the graſs her dainty limbs did lay
In ſecret ſhadow, far from all mens ſight:
From her fair head her fillet ſhe undight,
And laid her ſtole aſide. Her Angels face
As the great eye of Heaven ſhined bright,
And made a Sun-ſhine in the ſhady place:
Did never mortal eye behold ſuch Heavenly grace.

5.

It fortuned out of the thickeſt wood
A ramping Lyon ruſhed ſuddainly,
Hunting full greedy after ſalvage blood;
Soon as the royal Virgin he did ſpy,
With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
To have at once devour'd her tender corſe:
But to the prey when as he drew more nigh,
His bloody rage aſſwaged with remorſe,
And with the ſight amaz'd, forgat his furious force.

6.

Inſtead thereof he kiſt her weary feet,
And lickt her lilly hands with fawning tongue,
As he her wronged Innocence did weet.
O! how can beauty maſter the moſt ſtrong,
And ſimple truth ſubdue avenging wrong!
Whoſe yielded pride, and proud ſubmiſſion,
Still dreading death, when ſhe had marked long,
Her heart gan melt in great compaſſion,
And driſling tears did ſhed for pure affection.

7.

The Lyon, Lord of every beaſt in field,
Quoth ſhe, his Princely puiſſance doth abate,
And mighty proud to humble weak does yield,
Forgetful of the hungry rage, which late
Him prickt, in pity of my ſad eſtate:
But he my Lyon, and my noble Lord,
How does he find in cruel heart to hate
Her that him lov'd, and ever moſt ador'd,
As the God of my life? why hath he me abhord?

8.

Redounding tears did choke th'end of her plaint,
Which ſoftly ecchoed from the neighbour wood;
And ſad to ſee her ſorrowful conſtraint,
The Kingly Beaſt upon her gazing ſtood;
With pity calm'd, down fell his angry mood:
At laſt, in cloſe heart ſhutting up her plaint,
Aroſe the Virgin born of Heavenly brood,
And to her ſnowy Palfrey got again,
To ſeek her ſtrayed Champion, if ſhe might attain.

9.

The Lyon would not leave her deſolate,
But with her went along, as a ſtrong guard
Of her chaſt perſon, and a faithful mate
Of her ſad troubles and misfortunes hard:
Still when ſhe ſlept, he kept both watch and ward;
And when ſhe wak't, he waited diligent,
With humble ſervice to her well prepar'd:
From her fair eyes he took commandement,
And ever by her looks conceived her intent.

Long

10.

Long ſhe thus travelled through deſerts wide, (paſs,
By which ſhe thought her wandring Knight ſhould
Yet never ſhew of living wight eſpide;
Till at the length ſhe found the troden graſs,
In which the tract of peoples footing was,
Under the ſteep foot of a mountain hore;
The ſame ſhe follows, till at laſt ſhe has
A Damzel ſpide, ſlow footing her before,
That on her ſhoulders ſad a pot of water bore.

11.

To whom approching, ſhe to her gan call,
To weet if dwelling place were nigh at hand;
But the rude wench her anſwer'd nought at all,
She could not hear, nor ſpeak, nor underſtand;
Till ſeeing by her ſide the Lyon ſtand,
With ſuddain fear her pitcher down ſhe threw,
And fled away: for never in that land
Face of fair Lady ſhe before did view,
And that dread Lyons look her caſt in deadly hew.

12.

Full faſt ſhe fled, ne ever lookt behind,
As if her life upon the wager lay;
And home ſhe came, where as her Mother blind
Sate in eternal night: nought could ſhe ſay;
But ſuddain catching hold, did her diſmay
With quaking hands, and other ſigns of fear:
Who, full of gaſtly fright and cold affray,
Gan ſhut the door. By this, arrived there
Dame *Una*, weary Dame, and entrance did requere.

13.

Which when none yielded, her unruly Page
With his rude claws the wicket open rent,
And let her in; where, of his cruel rage
Nigh dead with fear, and faint aſtoniſhment,
She found them both in darkſom corner pent;
Where that old Woman day and night did pray
Upon her Beads devoutly penitent;
Nine hundred *Pater Noſters* every day,
And thrice Nine hundred *Aves* ſhe was wont to ſay.

14.

And to augment her painful penance more,
Thrice every week in aſhes ſhe did ſit,
And next her wrinkled skin rough ſackcloth wore,
And thrice three times did faſt from any bit:
But now for fear her Beads ſhe did forget.
Whoſe needleſs dread for to remove away,
Fair *Una* framed words and count'nance fit:
Which hardly doen, at length ſhe gan them pray,
That in their Cotage ſmall, that night ſhe reſt her may.

15.

The day is ſpent, and cometh drowſie night,
When every creature ſhrowded is in ſleep;
Sad *Una* down her lays in weary plight,
And at her feet the Lyon watch doth keep:
In ſtead of reſt, ſhe does lament and weep
For the late loſs of her dear loved Knight,
And ſighs, and groans, and evermore does ſteep
Her tender breaſt in bitter tears all night:
All night ſhe thinks too long, and often looks for light.

16.

Now when *Aldeboran* was mounted hie
Above the ſhiny *Caſſiopeias* chair,
And all in deadly ſleep did drowned lye,
One knocked at the door, and in would fare;
He knocked faſt, and often curſt, and ſware,
That ready entrance was not at his call:
For on his back a heavy load he bare
Of nightly ſtelths, and pillage ſeveral,
Which he had got abroad by purchaſe criminal.

17.

He was to weet a ſtout and ſturdy thief,
Wont to rob Churches of their Ornaments,
And poor mens boxes of their due relief,
Which given was to them for good intents;
The holy Saints of their rich veſtiments
He did diſrobe, when all men careleſs ſlept,
And ſpoild the Prieſts of their habiliments:
Whiles none the holy things in ſafety kept,
Then he by cunning ſleights in at the window crept.

18.

And all that he by right or wrong could find,
Unto this houſe he brought, and did beſtow
Upon the Daughter of this Woman blind,
Abeſſa, Daughter of *Corceca* ſlow,
With whom he whoredom us'd, that few did know,
And fed her fat with feaſt of offerings,
And plenty, which in all the land did grow:
Ne ſpared he to give her Gold and Rings,
And now he to her brought part of his ſtollen things.

19.

Thus, long the door with rage and threats he bet,
Yet of thoſe fearful Women none durſt riſe:
The Lyon frayed them, him in to let.
He would no longer ſtay him to adviſe,
But open breaks the door in furious wiſe,
And entring is; when that diſdainful beaſt
Encountring fierce, him ſuddain doth ſurprize;
And ſeizing cruel clawes on trembling breſt,
Under his lordly foot him proudly hath ſuppreſt.

20.

Him booteth not reſiſt, nor ſuccour call,
His bleeding heart is in the vengers hand,
Who ſtraight him rent in thouſand pieces ſmall,
And quite diſmembred hath: the thirſty land
Drunk up his life; his corſe left on the ſtrand.
His fearful friends wear out the woful night,
Ne dare to weep, nor ſeem to underſtand
The heavy hap which on them is alight,
Affraid, leaſt to themſelves the like miſhappen might.

21.

Now, when broad day the world diſcovered has,
Up *Una* roſe, up roſe the Lyon eke,
And on their former journey forward paſs,
In wayes unknown, her wandring Knight to ſeek,
With pains far paſſing that long wandring *Greek*,
That for his love refuſed deitie;
Such were the labours of this Lady meek,
Still ſeeking him, that from her ſtill did fly,
Then furtheſt from her hope, when moſt ſhe weened nie.

22.

Soon as she parted thence, the fearful twain,
That blind old Woman and her Daughter dear,
Came forth, and finding *Kirkrapine* there slain,
For anguish great they gan to rend their hair,
And beat their breasts, and naked flesh to tear.
And when they both had wept and waild their fill,
Then forth they ran like two amazed Deer,
Half mad through malice, and revenging will,
To follow her, that was the causer of their ill.

23.

Whom overtaking, they gan loudly bray,
With hollow howling, and lamenting cry,
Shamefully at her rayling all the way,
And her accusing of dishonesty,
That was the flowre of faith and chastity;
And still amidst her rayling, she did pray,
That plagues, and mischiefs, and long misery
Might fall on her, and follow all the way,
And that in endless error she might ever stray.

24.

But when she saw her prayers nought prevail,
She back returned with some labour lost;
And in the way, as she did weep and wail,
A Knight her met in mighty arms embost,
Yet Knight was not for all his bragging bost,
But subtil *Archimag*, that *Una* sought
By trains into new troubles to have tost:
Of that old Woman tydings he besought,
If that of such a Lady she could tellen ought.

25.

There-with she gan her passion to renew,
And cry, and curse, and rail, and rend her hair,
Saying, that Harlot she too lately knew,
That caus'd her shed so many a bitter tear,
And so forth told the story of her fear.
Much seemed he to mone her hapless chance,
And after, for that Lady did inquire;
Which being taught, he forward did advance
His fair enchanted steed, and eke his charmed lance.

26.

Ere long he came where *Una* travell'd slow,
And that wild Champion waiting her beside:
Whom seeing such, for dread he durst not show
Himself too nigh at hand, but turned wide
Unto an hill; from whence when she him spide
By his like seeming shield, her Knight by name
Shee weend it was, and towards him gan ride:
Approaching nigh, she wist it was the same,
And with fair fearful humbless towards him she came.

27.

And weeping said, Ah my long lacked Lord,
Where have yee been thus long out of my sight?
Much feared I to have been quite abhord,
Or ought have done that ye displeasen might,
That should as death unto my dear heart light:
For since mine eye your joyous sight did miss,
My chearful day is turn'd to chearless night,
And eke my night of death the shadow is;
But welcome now my light, and shining Lamp of bliss.

28.

He thereto meeting, said, My dearest Dame,
Far be it from your thought, and fro my will,
To think that Knighthood I so much should shame,
As you to leave, that have me loved still,
And chose in Fairy Court of meer good will,
Where noblest Knights were to be found on Earth:
The Earth shall sooner leave her kindly skill
To bring forth fruit, and make eternal dearth,
Then I leave you, my life, yborn of Heavenly birth.

29.

But sooth to say, why I left you so long
Was for to seek adventure in strange place,
Where *Archimago* said a felon strong
To many Knights did daily work disgrace;
But Knight he now shall never more deface:
Good cause of mine excuse; that mote ye please
Well to accept, and evermore embrace
My faithful service, that by Land and Seas
Have vow'd you to defend, now then your plaint appease.

30.

His lovely words her seem'd due recompence
Of all her passed pains: one loving howre
For many years of sorrow can dispence:
A dram of sweet is worth a pound of sowre:
She had forgot, how many a woful stowre
For him she late endur'd; she speaks no more
Of past: true is, that true love hath no powre
To looken back; his eyes be fixt before.
Before her stands her Knight, for whom she toyld so sore.

31.

Much like, as when the beaten Mariner,
That long hath wandred in the Ocean wide,
Oft soust in swelling *Tethys* saltish tear,
And long time having tand his tawney hide
With blustring breath of Heaven, that none can bide,
And scorching flames of fierce *Orions* hound,
Soon as the the Port from far he has espide,
His chearful whistle merrily doth sound, (round.
And *Nereus* crowns with cups; his mates him pledge a-

32.

Such joy made *Una*, when her Knight she found;
And eke th' enchanter joyous seemd no less
Then the glad Merchant, that does view from ground
His Ship far come from watry wilderness:
He hurls out vows, and *Neptune* oft doth bless:
So forth they past, and all the way they spent
Discoursing of her dreadful late distress;
In which he askt her what the Lyon ment:
Who told him all that fell in journey as she went.

33.

They had not ridden far, when they might see
One pricking towards them with hasty heat,
Full strongly arm'd, and on a courser free
That through his fierceness fomed all with sweat,
And the sharp Iron did for anger eat,
When his hot rider spurr'd his chauffed side;
His look was stern, and seemed still to threat
Cruel revenge, which he in heart did hide,
And on his shield *Sans loy* in bloody lines was dide.

When

34.

When nigh he drew unto this gentle pair,
And saw the Red-cross which the Knight did bear,
He burnt in fire, and gan eft-soons prepare
Himself to battel with his couched spear.
Loth was that other, and did faint through fear
To taste th' untryed dint of deadly steel;
But yet his Lady did so well him chear,
That hope of new good hap he gan to feel;
So bent his spear, and spurnd his Horse with Iron heel.

35.

But that proud Paynim forward came so fierce,
And full of wrath, that with his sharp-head spear
Through vainly crossed shield he quite did pierce;
And had his staggering steed not shrunk for fear,
Through shield and body eke he should him bear:
Yet so great was the puissance of his push,
That from his Saddle quite he did him bear:
He tumbling rudely down to ground did rush,
And from his gored wound a well of blood did gush.

36.

Dismounting lightly from his lofty Steed,
He to him lept, in mind to reave his life,
And proudly said, Lo, there the worthy meed
Of him that slew *Sans foy* with bloody knife;
Hence forth his Ghost, freed from repining strife,
In peace may passen over *Lethe* Lake,
When mourning Altars, purg'd with enemies life,
The black infernal *Furies* doen aslake: (take.
Life from *Sans foy* thou tookst, *Sans loy* shall from thee

37.

Therewith in haste his Helmet gan unlace,
Till *Una* cryd, O hold that heavy hand,
Dear Sir, whatever that thou be in place:
Enough is, that thy foe doth vanquisht stand
Now at thy mercy: Mercy notwithstand:
For he is one the truest Knight alive,
Though conquer'd now he lye on lowly land,
And whilst him fortune favourd, fair did thrive
In bloody field: therefore of life him not deprive.

38.

Her pitious words might not abate his rage;
But rudely rending up his Helmet, would
Have slain him straight: but when he sees his age,
And hoary head of *Archimago* old,
His hasty hand he doth amazed hold,
And half ashamed, wondred at the sight:
For, the old man well knew he, though untold,
In charms and magick to have wondrous might,
Ne ever wont in field, ne in round lists to fight.

39.

And said, Why *Archimago*, luckless sire,
What do I see? what hard mishap is this,
That hath thee hither brought to taste mine ire?
Or thine the fault, or mine the error is,
In stead of foe, to wound my friend amiss?
He answered nought, but in a trance still lay,
And on those guileful dazed eyes of his
The cloud of death did sit. Which doen away,
He left him lying so, ne would no longer stay.

40.

But to the Virgin comes, who all this while
Amazed stands, her self so mockt to see
By him, who has the guerdon of his guile,
For so misfeigning her true Knight to be:
Yet is she now in more perplexity,
Left in the hand of that same Paynim bold,
From whom her booteth not at all to flye;
Who, by her cleanly garment catching hold,
Her from her Palfrey pluckt, her visage to behold.

41.

But her fierce servant, full of Kingly awe
And high disdain, when as his Soveraign Dame
So rudely handled by her foe he saw,
With gaping jawes full greedy at him came;
And ramping on his shield, did ween the same
Have reft away with his sharp rending clawes:
But he was stout, and lust did now inflame
His courage more, that from his griping pawes
He hath his shield redeem'd, and forth his Sword he draws.

42.

O then too weak and feeble was the force
Of salvage Beast, his puissance to withstand:
For, he was strong, and of so mighty corse,
As ever wielded spear in warlike hand,
And feats of Arms did wisely understand.
Eftsoons he pierced through his chaufed chest
With thrilling point of deadly Iron brand,
And launc't his lordly heart: with death oppress,
He roar'd aloud, whiles life forsook his stubborn brest.

43.

Who now is left to keep the forlorn Maid
From raging spoil of lawless victors will?
Her faithful gard remov'd, her hope dismaid,
Her self a yielded prey to save or spill.
He now Lord of the field, his pride to fill,
With foul reproches, and disdainful spight
Her vilely entertains, and (will or nill)
Bears her away upon his courser light:
Her prayers nought prevail; his rage is more of might.

44.

And all the way, with great lamenting pain,
And pitious plaints she filleth his dull ears,
That stony heart could riven have in twain;
And all the way she wets with flowing tears:
But he, enrag'd with rancor, nothing hears.
Her servile beast yet would not leave her so,
But follows her far off, ne ought he fears
To be partaker of her wandring woe;
More mild in beastly kind, then that her beastly foe.

CANTO. IV.

To sinful house of Pride, Duessa
guides the faithful Knight:
Where, Brothers death to wreak, Sans joy
doth chalenge him to fight.

1.

YOung Knight, whatever that dost arms profess,
And through long labors hunt'st after fame,
Beware of fraud, beware of fickleness
In choice, and change of thy dear loved Dame,
Least thou of her believe too lightly blame,
And rash misweening do thy heart remove:
For, unto Knight there is no greater shame,
Then lightness and inconstancy in love;
That doth this *Redcross* Knights ensample plainly prove.

2.

Who after that he had fair *Una* lorn,
Through light misdeeming of her Loyalty,
And false *Duessa* in her stead had born,
Called *Fidess'*, and so suppos'd to be;
Long with her travell'd, till at last they see
A goodly building, bravely garnished,
The house of mighty Prince it seem'd to be:
And towards it a broad high way that led,
All bare through peoples feet, which thither travelled.

3.

Great Troops of people travail'd thitherward
Both day and night, of each degree and place;
But few returned, having scaped hard,
With baleful beggery, or foul disgrace,
Which ever after in most wretched case,
Like loathsome lazars, by the hedges lay.
Thither *Duessa* bade him bend his pace:
For she is weary of the toilsom way,
And also nigh consumed is the lingring day.

4.

A stately Palace built of squared brick,
Which cunningly was without morter laid,
Whose walls were high, but nothing strong, nor thick,
And golden foil all over them displaid,
That purest skie with brightness they dismaid:
High lifted up were many lofty towres,
And goodly galleries far over-laid,
Full of fair windows and delightful bowres;
And on the top a Dyal told the timely hours.

5.

It was a goodly heap for to behold,
And spake the praises of the workmans wit;
But full great pity, that so fair a mold
Did on so weak foundation ever sit:
For on a sandy hill, that still did flit,
And fall away, it mounted was full hie,
That every breath of Heaven shaked it:
And all the hinder parts, that few could spy,
Were ruinous and old, but painted cunningly.

6.

Arrived there, they passed in forth-right;
For still, to all, the gate stood open wide;
Yet charge of them was to a Porter hight
Call'd *Malvenu*, who entrance none denide.
Thence to the hall, which was on every side
With rich array and costly Arras dight:
Infinite sorts of people did abide
There waiting long, to win the wished sight
Of her, that was the Lady of that Palace bright.

7.

By them they pass, all gazing on them round,
And to the presence mount; whose glorious view
Their frail amazed senses did confound:
In living Princes Court none ever knew
Such endless riches, and so sumptuous shew;
Ne *Persia* self, the nurse of pompous pride,
Like ever saw. And there a noble crew
Of Lords and Ladies stood on every side, (side.
Which with their presence fair, the place much beauti-

8.

High above all, a cloth of State was spred,
And a rich throne, as bright as sunny day;
On which there sate most brave embellished
With royal robes and gorgeous array,
A maiden Queen, that shone as *Titans* ray,
In glistring gold, and peerless pretious stone:
Yet her bright blazing beauty did assay
To dim the brightness of her glorious throne,
As envying her self, that too exceeding shone;

9.

Exceeding shone, like *Phœbus* fairest child,
That did presume his Fathers firy wain,
And flaming mouths of Steeds unwonted wild,
Through highest Heaven with weaker hand to rain:
Proud of such glory and advancement vain,
While flashing beams do daze his feeble eyen,
He leaves the welkin way most beaten plain,
And rapt with whirling wheels, enflames the skyen,
With fire not made to burn, but fairly for to shine.

10.

So proud she shined in her Princely state,
Looking to Heaven; for earth she did disdain,
And sitting high; for lowly she did hate:
Lo, underneath her scornful feet, was layn
A dreadful Dragon with an hideous train:
And in her hand she held a mirror bright,
Wherein her face she often viewed fain,
And in her self-lov'd semblance took delight;
For she was wondrous fair, as any living wight.

11.

Of grisly *Pluto* she the Daughter was,
And sad *Proserpina* the Queen of Hell;
Yet did she think her peerless worth to pass
That parentage, with pride so did she swell:
And thundring *Jove*, that high in Heaven doth dwell
And wield the world, she claimed for her Sire,
Or if that any else did *Jove* excell:
For, to the highest she did still aspire,
Or, if ought higher were then that, did it desire.

12.

And proud *Lucifera* men did her call,
That made her self a Queen, and crown'd to be:
Yet rightful Kingdom she had none at all,
Ne heritage of native soverainty,
But did usurp with wrong and Tyranny
Upon the Scepter which she now did hold:
Ne rul'd her Realms with Laws, but policy,
And strong advizement of six wisards old,
That with their counsels bad, her kingdom did uphold.

13.

Soon as the Elfin Knight in presence came,
And false *Duessa*, seeming Lady fair,
A gentle Husher, *Vanity* by name,
Made room, and passage for them did prepare:
So goodly brought them to the lowest stair
Of her high Throne; where they on humble knee
Making obeisance, did the cause declare,
Why they were come, her royal state to see,
To prove the wide report of her great Majesty.

14.

With lofty eyes, half loth to look so low,
She thanked them in her disdainful wise,
Ne other grace vouchsafed them to show
Of Princes worthy; scarce them bad arise.
Her Lords and Ladies all this while devise
Themselves to fetten forth to strangers sight:
Some frounce their curled hair in Courtly guise,
Some prank their ruffs, and others timely dight
Their gay attire: each others greater pride does spight.

15.

Goodly they all that Knight do entertain,
Right glad with him to have increast their crew:
But to *Dues*' each one himself did pain
All kindness and fair courtesie to shew;
For in that Court whilom her well they knew:
Yet the stout Fairy 'mongst the middest crowd,
Thought all their glory vain in Knightly view,
And that great Princes too exceeding proud,
That to strange Knight no better countenance allow'd.

16.

Suddain up-riseth from her stately place
The Royal Dame, and for her Coach doth call:
All hurlen forth, and she with Princely pace,
As fair *Aurora* in her purple pall,
Out of the East the dawning day doth call:
So forth she comes: her brightness broad doth blaze:
The heaps of people thronging in the Hall,
Do ride each other upon her to gaze:
Her glorious glitter and light doth all mens eyes amaze.

17.

So forth she comes, and to her Coach does clime,
Adorned all with gold and girlands gay,
That seem'd as fresh as *Flora* in her prime,
And strove to match, in royal rich array,
Great *Junoes* golden chair, the which they say
The Gods stand gazing on, when she does ride,
To *Jove*'s high house through heavens bras-paved way
Drawn of fair Peacocks, that excel in pride,
And full of *Argus* eyes their tails dispredden wide.

18.

But this was drawn of six unequal beasts,
On which her six sage Counsellors did ride,
Taught to obey their beastial beheasts,
With like conditions to their kinds apply'd:
Of which the first that all the rest did guide,
Was sluggish *Idleness*; the nurse of sin;
Upon a slothful Ass he chose to ride,
Arraid in habit black, and amis thin,
Like to an holy Monk, the service to begin.

19.

And in his hand his Portress still he bare,
That much was worn, but therein little red:
For, of devotion he had little care,
Still drown'd in sleep, and most of his days dead;
Scarce could he once uphold his heavy head,
To looken whether it were night or day.
May seem the Wain was very evil led,
When such an one had guiding of the way,
That knew not, whether right he went, or else astray.

20.

From worldly cares himself he did esloin,
And greatly shunned manly exercise:
For every work he chalenged essoine,
For contemplation sake, yet otherwise,
His life he led in lawless riotise;
By which he grew to grievous malady;
For, in his lustless limbs through evil guise
A shaking Feaver reign'd continually:
Such one was *Idleness*, first of this company.

21.

And by his side rode loathsome *Gluttony*,
Deformed creature, on a filthy swine,
His belly was up-blown with luxury,
And eke with fatness swollen were his eyne:
And like a Crane his neck was long and fine,
With which he swallow'd up excessive feast,
For want whereof poor people oft did pine;
And all the way most like a brutish beast,
He spewed up his gorge, that all did him detest.

22.

In green vine-leaves he was right fitly clad;
For other clothes he could not wear for heat,
And on his head an Ivy girland had,
From under which fast trickled down the sweat:
Still as he rode, he somewhat still did eat,
And in his hand did bear a bouzing can;
Of which he supt so oft, that on his seat
His drunken corse he scarce upholden can;
In shape and life, more like a monster than a man.

23.

Unfit he was for any worldly thing,
And eke unable once to stir or go,
Not meet to be of council to a King,
Whose mind in meat and drink was drowned so,
That from his Friend he seldom knew his foe:
Full of diseases was his carcass blew,
And a dry Dropsie through his flesh did flow;
Which by misdiet daily greater grew;
Such one was *Gluttony*, the second of that crew.

And

24.

And next to him rode luſtful *Lechery*,
Upon a bearded Goat, whoſe rugged hair
And whally eyes (the ſign of jealouſie)
Was like the perſon ſelf, whom he did bear:
Who rough, and black, and filthy did appear,
Unſeemly man to pleaſe fair Ladies eye;
Yet he, of Ladies oft was loved dear,
When fairer faces were bid ſtanden by:
O! who does know the bent of womens fantaſie.

25.

In a green gown he clothed was full fair,
Which underneath did hide his filthineſs;
And in his hand a burning hart he bare,
Full of vain follies, and new-fangleneſs:
For, he was falſe, and fraught with fickleneſs,
And learned had to love with ſecret looks,
And well could dance and ſing with ruefulneſs,
And fortunes tell, and read in loving books,
And thouſand other ways, to bait his fleſhly hooks.

26.

Inconſtant man, that loved all he ſaw,
And luſted after all that he did love,
Ne would his looſer life be ty'd to law,
But joy'd weak womens hearts to tempt and prove
If from their loyal loves he might them move;
Which lewdneſs fill'd him with reproachful pain
Of that foul evil which all men reprove;
That rots the marrow, and conſumes the Brain:
Such one was *Lechery* the third of all this train.

27.

And greedy *Avarice* by him did ride,
Upon a Camel loaden all with gold;
Two iron coffers hung on either ſide,
With precious metal, full as they might hold,
And in his lap an heap of coin he told;
For of his wicked pelf his God he made,
And unto Hell himſelf for mony ſold;
Accurſed Uſury was all his Trade,
And right and wrong ylike in equal balance way'd.

28.

His life was nigh unto deaths door yplac't,
And thred-bare coat, and cobbled ſhooes he ware,
Ne ſcarce good morſel all his life did taſte,
But both from back and belly ſtill did ſpare,
To fill his baggs, and riches to compare;
Yet Child ne Kinſman living had he none
To leave them to; but thorough daily care
To get, and nightly fear to loſe his own,
He led a wretched life unto himſelf unknown.

29.

Moſt wretched wight, whom nothing might ſuffice,
Whoſe greedy luſt did lack in greateſt ſtore,
Whoſe need had end, but no end covetiſe,
Whoſe wealth was want, whoſe plenty made him poor,
Who had enough, yet wiſhed evermore;
A vile diſeaſe, and eke in foot and hand
A grievous Gout tormented him full ſore,
That well he could not touch, nor go, nor ſtand:
Such one was *Avarice*, the fourth of this fair band.

30.

And next to him malicious *Envy* rode,
Upon a ravenous Wolf, and ſtill did chaw
Between his cankred teeth a venemous toad,
That all the poyſon ran about his Jaw;
But inwardly he chawed his own maw
At neighbours wealth, that made him ever ſad;
For death it was, when any good he ſaw,
And wept, that cauſe of weeping none he had:
But when he heard of harm, he wexed wondrous glad.

31.

All in a kirtle of diſcolour'd Say
He clothed was, ypainted full of eyes;
And in his boſom ſecretly there lay
An hateful Snake, the which his tail up ties
In many folds, and mortal ſting implies.
Still as he rode, he gnaſht his teeth, to ſee
Thoſe heaps of gold with griple Covetiſe,
And grudged at the great felicity
Of proud *Lucifera*, and his own company.

32.

He hated all good works and vertuous deeds,
And him no leſs, that any like did uſe:
And who with gracious bread the hungry feeds,
His alms for want of faith he doth accuſe;
So every good to bad he doth abuſe:
And eke the verſe of famous Poets wit
He does backbite, and ſpightfull poyſon ſpues
From leprous mouth on all that ever writ:
Such one vile *Envy* was, that firſt in row did ſit.

33.

And him beſides rides fierce revenging *Wrath*,
Upon a Lyon, loth for to be led;
And in his hand a burning brond he hath,
The which he brandiſheth about his head;
His eyes did hurl forth ſparkles fiery red,
And ſtared ſtern on all that him beheld,
As aſhes pale of hew, and ſeeming dead;
And on his dagger ſtill his hand he held,
Trembling through haſty rage, when choler in him ſweld.

34.

His ruffin raiment all was ſtain'd with blood
Which he had ſpilt, and all to rags yrent,
Through unadviſed raſhneſs woxen wood;
For of his hands he had no government,
Ne car'd for blood in his avengement:
But when the furious fit was over-paſt,
His cruel facts he often would repent;
Yet wilful Man he never would forecaſt,
How many miſchiefs ſhould enſue his heedleſs haſt.

35.

Full many miſchiefs follow cruel *Wrath*;
Abhorred bloodſhed, and tumultuous ſtrife,
Unmanly murder, and unthrifty ſcath,
Bitter deſpight, with rancours ruſty knife,
And fretting grief the enemy of life:
All theſe, and many evils moe haunt Ire,
The ſwelling Spleen, and Phrenzy raging rife,
The ſhaking Palſey, and Saint *Francis* fire:
Such one was *Wrath*, the laſt of this ungodly tire.

And

36.

And after all, upon the Wagon beam
Rode *Satan*, with a ſmarting whip in hand,
With which he forward laſht the lazie team,
So oft as *Sloth* ſtill in the mire did ſtand.
Huge routs of people did about them band,
Showting for joy, and ſtill before their way
A foggy miſt had covered all the land;
And underneath their feet, all ſcattered lay
Dead ſculs and bones of men, whoſe life had gone aſtray.

37.

So forth they marchen in this goodly ſort,
To take the ſolace of the open air,
And in freſh flowring fields themſelves to ſport;
Emongſt the reſt rode that falſe Lady fair,
The foul *Dueſſa*, next unto the chair
Of proud *Lucifera*, as one of the train:
But that good Knight would not ſo nigh repair,
Himſelf eſtranging from their joyance vain,
Whoſe fellowſhip ſeem'd far unfit for warlike ſwain.

38.

So having ſolaced themſelves a ſpace,
With pleaſance of the breathing fields yfed,
They back returned to the Princely place;
Whereas an errant Knight in arms ycled,
And heath'niſh ſhield, wherein with letters red
Was writ *Sans joy*, they new arrived find:
Enflam'd with fury and fierce hardy-head,
He ſeem'd in heart to harbor thoughts unkind,
And nouriſh bloody vengeance in his bitter mind.

39.

Who when the ſhamed ſhield of ſlain *Sans foy*
He ſpide with that ſame Fairy champions Page,
Bewraying him, that did of late deſtroy
His eldeſt Brother, burning all with rage
He to him leapt, and that ſame envious gage
Of Victors glory from him ſnacht away:
But th' Elfin Knight, which ought that warlike wage,
Diſdain'd to loſe the meed he won in fray,
And him re'ncountring fierce, reskew'd the noble prey.

40.

Therewith they gan to hurlen greedily,
Redoubted battail ready to darrain,
And claſh their ſhields, and ſhake their Swords on hie,
That with their ſtur they troubled all the train;
Till that great Queen upon eternal pain
Of high diſpleaſure, that enſewen might,
Commanded them their fury to refrain,
And if that either to that ſhield had right,
In equal liſts they ſhould the morrow next it fight.

41.

Ah deareſt Dame (quoth then the Paynim bold)
Pardon the error of enraged wight,
Whom great grief made forget the rains to hold
Of reaſons rule, to ſee this recreant Knight;
No Knight but treachour full of falſe deſpight
And ſhameful treaſon, who through guile hath ſlain
The proweſt Knight that ever field did fight,
Even ſtout *Sans foy* (O! who can then refrain?)
Whoſe ſhield he bears re'nverſt, the more to heap diſdain.

42.

And to augment the glory of his guile,
His deareſt love the fair *Fideſſa* loe
Is there poſſeſſed of the traytor vile,
Who reaps the harveſt ſowen by his foe,
Sowen in bloody field, and bought with woe:
That Brothers hand ſhall dearly well requight,
So be, O Queen, you equal favour ſhow.
Him little anſwer'd th' angry Elfin Knight;
He never meant with words, but ſwords, to plead his right.

43.

But threw his gauntlet, as a ſacred pledge
His cauſe in combat the next day to try:
So been they parted both, with hearts on edge,
To be aveng'd each on his enemy.
That night they paſs in joy and jollity,
Feaſting and courting both in bowre and hall;
For Steward was exceſſive *Gluttony*,
That of his plenty poured forth to all;
Which doen, the Chamberlain *Sloth* did to reſt them call.

44.

Now, when as darkſome night had all diſplaid
Her coal black curtain over brighteſt ſky,
The warlike youths on dainty couches laid,
Did chace away ſweet ſleep from ſluggiſh eye,
To muſe on means of hoped victory.
But when as *Morpheus* had with leaden maſe
Arreſted all that courtly company,
Up-roſe *Dueſſa* from her reſting place,
And to the Paynims lodging comes with ſilent paſe.

45.

Whom broad awake ſhe finds, in troublous fit,
Forecaſting how his foe he might annoy,
And him amoves with ſpeeches ſeeming fit:
Ah, dear *Sans joy*, next deareſt to *Sans foy*,
Cauſe of my new grief, cauſe of my new joy;
Ioyous, to ſee his Image in mine eye,
And griev'd, to think how foe did him deſtroy,
That was the flowre of grace and chevalry;
Lo, his *Fideſſa*, to thy ſecret faith I fly.

46.

With gentle words he gan her fairly greet,
And bad ſay on the ſecret of her heart.
Then ſighing ſoft, I learn that little ſweet
Oft tempted is (quoth ſhe) with muchell ſmart:
For, ſince my breſt was lanc't with lovely dart
Of dear *Sans foy*, I never joyed howre,
But in eternal woes my weaker heart
Have waſted, loving him with all my powre,
And for his ſake have felt full many an heavy ſtowre.

47.

At laſt, when perils all I weened paſt,
And hop't to reap the crop of all my care,
Into new woes unweeting I was caſt,
By this falſe faytor, who unworthy ware
His worthy ſhield, whom he with guileful ſnare
Entrapped ſlew, and brought to ſhameful grave.
Me ſilly maid away with him he bare,
And ever ſince hath kept in darkſom cave,
For that I would not yield, that to *Sans foy* I gave.

48.

But since fair Sun hath sperst that lowring clowd,
And to my loathed life now shews some light,
Under your beams I will me safely shrowd,
From dreaded storm of his disdainful spight:
To you th' inheritance belongs by right
Of Brothers praise, to you eke longs his love.
Let not his love, let not his restless spright
Be unreveng'd, that calls to you above
From wandring *Stygian* shores, where it doth endless move.

49.

Thereto said he, fair Dame be nought dismaid
For sorrows past; their grief is with them gone:
Ne yet of present peril be affraid;
For, needless fear did never vantage none:
And helpless hap it booteth not to mone.
Dead is *Sans foy*, his vital pains are past,
Though grieved Ghost for vengeance deep do grone:
He lives that shall him pay his duties last,
And guilty Elfin blood shall sacrifice in haste.

50.

O! but I fear the fickle freaks (quoth she)
Of Fortune false, and odds of arms in field.
Why Dame (quoth he) what odds can ever be,
Where both do fight alike, to win, or yield?
Yea, but (quoth she) he bears a charmed shield,
And eke enchaunted arms, that none can pierce,
Ne none can wound the man that does them wield.
Charm'd or enchaunted (answerd he then fierce)
I no whit reck, ne you the like need to rehearse.

51.

But fair *Fidessa*, sithence Fortunes guile,
Or enemies powre hath now captived you,
Return from whence ye came, and rest awhile
Till morrow next, that I the Elfe subdue,
And with *Sans foyes* dead dowry you endue.
Ay me, that is a double death (she said)
With proud foes sight my sorrow to renue:
Where ever yet I be, my secret ayd
Shall follow you. So passing forth, she him obayd.

CANTO V.

The faithful Knight in equal field
subdues his faithless foe:
Whom false Duessa *saves, and for*
his cure to Hell does goe.

1.

THe noble heart, that harbors vertuous thought,
And is with child of glorious great intent,
Can never rest, until it forth have brought
Th' eternal brood of glory excellent:
Such restless passion did all night torment
The flaming courage of that Fairy Knight,
Devising, how that doughty turnament
With greatest honour he atchieven might;
Still did he wake, and still did watch for dawning light.

2.

At last, the golden Oriental gate
Of greatest Heaven gan to open fair,
And *Phœbus* fresh, as bridegroom to his mate,
Came dauncing forth, shaking his deawie hair:
And hurls his glistring beams through gloomy air.
Which when the wakeful Elfe perceiv'd, straight way
He started up, and did himself prepare.
In Sun-bright arms, and battailous array:
For with that Pagan proud he combat will that day.

3.

And forth he comes into the common Hall,
Where early wait him many a gazing eye,
To wet what end to stranger Knights may fall.
There many Minstrales maken melody,
To drive away the dull melancholy;
And many Bardes, that to the trembling chord
Can tune their timely voices cunningly,
And many Chronicles, that can record
Old loves, and wars for Ladies doen by many a Lord.

4.

Soon after comes the cruel Sarazin,
In woven mail all armed warily,
And sternly looks at him, who not a pin
Does care for look of living creatures eye.
They bring them Wines of *Greece* and *Araby*,
And dainty spices fetcht from furthest *Ind*,
To kindle heat of courage privily:
And in the Wine a solemn oath they bind
T'observe the sacred laws of arms that are assign'd.

5.

At last, forth comes that far renowned Queen,
With royal pomp and Princely Majesty;
She is ybrought unto a paled Green,
And placed under stately Canapee,
The warlike feats of both those Knights to see.
On th' other side, in all mens open view
Duessa placed is, and on a Tree
Sans foy his shield is hang'd with bloody hew:
Both those the Lawrel girlonds to the victor dew.

6.

A shrilling Trumpet sounded from on hie,
And unto battail bad themselves address:
Their shining shields about their wrists they tye,
And burning blades about their heads do bless,
The instruments of wrath and heaviness:
With greedy force each other doth assail,
And strike so fiercely, that they do impress
Deep dinted furrows in the battred mail;
The Iron walls to ward their blows are weak and frail.

7.

The Sarazin was stout, and wondrous strong,
And heaped blows like Iron hammers great:
For, after blood and vengeance he did long.
The Knight was fierce, and full of youthly heat;
And doubled strokes, like dreaded thunders threat:
For, all for praise and honour he did fight.
Both striken strike, and beaten both do beat,
That from their shields forth flyeth fiery light,
And helmets, hewen deep, shew marks of either's might.

So

8.

So th' one for wrong, the other ſtrives for right:
As when a *Griffon*, ſeized of his prey,
A Dragon fierce encountreth in his flight,
Through wildeſt ayr making his idle way,
That would his rightful ravine rend away:
With hideous horror both together ſmite,
And ſouce ſo ſore, that they the Heav'ns affray:
The wiſe Sooth-ſayer, ſeeing ſo ſad ſight,
Th' amazed vulgar tells of Wars and mortal fight.

9.

So th' one for wrong, the other ſtrives for right,
And each to deadly ſhame would drive his foe:
The cruel ſteel ſo greedily doth bite
In tender fleſh, that ſtreams of blood down flow,
With which the arms, that earſt ſo bright did ſhow,
Into a pure Vermilion now are dy'd:
Great ruth in all the gazers h earts did grow,
Seeing the gored wounds to gape ſo wide,
That victory they dare not wiſh to either ſide.

10.

At laſt, the Paynim chanc't to caſt his eye,
His ſuddain eye, flaming with wrathful fire,
Upon his Brothers ſhield, which hung thereby:
Therewith redoubled was his raging ire,
And ſaid, Ah wretched Son of woful ſire,
Doſt thou ſit wayling by black *Stygian* lake,
Whil'ſt here thy ſhield is hang'd for victors hire,
And ſluggiſh German doſt thy Forces ſlake,
To after-ſend his foe, that him may overtake?

11.

Go caitive Elf, him quickly overtake,
And ſoon redeem from his long wandring woe.
Go guilty Ghoſt, to him my meſſage make,
That I his ſhield have quit from dying foe.
Therewith upon his creſt he ſtrook him ſo,
That twice he reeled, ready twice to fall.
End of the doubtful battle deemed tho
The lookers on, and loud to him gan call
The falſe *Dueſſa*, Thine the ſhield, and I, and all.

12.

Soon as the Fairy heard his Lady ſpeak,
Out of his ſwouning dream he gan awake,
And quickning faith, that earſt was woxen weak,
The creeping deadly cold away did ſhake:
Tho mov'd with wrath, and ſhame, and Ladies ſake,
Of all at once he caſt aveng'd to be,
And with ſo exceeding fury at him ſtrake,
That forced him to ſtoop upon his knee.
Had he not ſtooped ſo, he ſhould have cloven be.

13.

And to him ſaid, Go now proud Miſcreant,
Thy ſelf thy meſſage do to German dear;
Alone he wandring thee too long doth want:
Go, ſay thy foe thy ſhield with his doth bear.
Therewith his heavy hand he high gan rear,
Him to have ſlain; when loe, a darkſome cloud
Upon him fell: he no where doth appear,
But vaniſht is. The Elf him calls aloud,
But anſwer none receives: the darkneſs him do's ſhrowd.

14.

In haſte *Dueſſa* from her place aroſe,
And to him running ſaid, O proweſt Knight,
That ever Lady to her Love did choſe,
Let now abate the terror of your might,
And quench the flame of furious deſpight,
And bloody vengeance; Loe, th' infernal powres
Covering your foe with cloud of deadly night,
Have born him hence to *Plutoes* baleful bowres.
The conqueſt yours, I yours, the ſhield, and glory yours.

15.

Not all ſo ſatisfide, with greedy eye
He ſought, all round about, his thirſty blade
To bath in blood of faithleſs enemy;
Who all that while lay hid in ſecret ſhade:
He ſtands amazed, how he thence ſhould fade.
At laſt the Trumpets Triumph ſound on hie,
And running Heralds humble homage made,
Greeting him goodly with new victory,
And to him brought the ſhield, the cauſe of enmity.

16.

Wherewith he goeth to that ſoveraign Queen;
And falling her before on lowly knee,
To her makes preſent of his ſervice ſeen:
Which ſhe accepts, with thanks, and goodly gree,
Greatly advancing his gay chevalree;
So marcheth home, and by her takes the Knight,
Whom all the people follow with great glee,
Shouting, and clapping all their hands on hight,
That all the air it fills, and flyes to Heaven bright.

17.

Home is he brought, and laid in ſumptuous bed:
Where many skilful leaches him abide,
To ſalve his hurts, that yet ſtill freſhly bled.
In Wine and Oyl they waſhen his wounds wide,
And ſoftly can embalm on every ſide.
And all the while moſt Heavenly melody
About the bed ſweet muſick did divide,
Him to beguile of grief and agony:
And all the while *Dueſſa* wept full bitterly.

18.

As when a weary Traveller that ſtrayes
By muddy ſhore of broad ſeven-mouthed *Nile*,
Unweeting of the perillous wandring wayes,
Doth meet a cruel crafty Crocodile,
Which in falſe grief hiding his harmful guile,
Doth weep ful ſore, and ſheddeth tender tears:
The fooliſh man, that pities all this while
His mournful plight, is ſwallowed up unwares,
Forgetful of his own, that minds anothers cares.

19.

So wept *Dueſſa* until even-tide,
That ſhining Lamps in *Joves* high houſe were light
Then forth ſhe roſe, ne longer would abide,
But comes unto the place, where th' Heathen Knight
In ſlumbring ſwoun nigh void of vital ſpright,
Lay cover'd with inchaunted cloud all day:
Whom when ſhe found, as ſhe him left in plight,
To wail his woful caſe ſhe would not ſtay,
But to the Eaſtern coaſt of Heaven makes ſpeedy way.

20.

Where griesly *Night*, with visage deadly sad,
That *Phœbus* chearful face durst never view,
And in a foul black pitchie mantle clad,
She finds forth coming from her darksom mew,
Where she all day did hide her hated hew.
Before the door her Iron charet stood,
Already harnessed for journey new;
And coleblack Steeds yborn of hellish brood,
That on their rusty bits did champ, as they were wood.

21.

Who when she saw *Duessa* sunny bright,
Adorn'd with Gold and Jewels shining clear,
She greatly grew amazed at the sight,
And th' unacquainted light began to fear:
(For never did such brightness there appear)
And would have back retired to her Cave,
Until the Witches speech she gan to hear,
Saying, Yet oh thou dreaded Dame, I crave
Abide, till I have told the message which I have.

22.

She staid, and forth *Duessa* gan proceed,
O thou most ancient Grandmother of all,
More old than *Jove*, whom thou at first didst breed,
Or that great house of Gods celestial,
Which wast begot in *Dæmogorgons* hall,
And saw'st the secrets of the world unmade,
Why suffredst thou thy Nephews dear to fall
With Elfin Sword, most shamefully betrayd?
Lo, where the stout *Sans joy* doth sleep in deadly shade.

23.

And, I in before, I saw with bitter eyes
The bold *Sans joy* shrink underneath his spear;
And now the prey of Fowls in field he lyes,
Nor waild of friends, nor laid on groning bear,
That whilom was to me too dearly dear.
O! what of Gods then boots it to be born,
If old *Aveugles* Sons so evil hear?
Or who shall not great *Nights* drad children scorn,
When two of three her Nephews are so foul forlorn?

24.

Up then, up dreary Dame of darkness Queen,
Go gather up the reliques of thy race,
Or else go then avenge, and let be seen
That dreaded *Night* in brightest day hath place,
And can the children of fair *Light* deface.
Her feeling speeches some compassion moved
In heart, and change in that great Mothers face:
Yet pity in her heart was never proved
Till then: and evermore she hated, never loved.

25.

And said, Dear Daughter rightly may I rew
The fall of famous children born of me,
And good successes, which their foes ensue:
But who can turn the stream of destiny,
Or break the chain of strong necessity,
Which fast is tide to *Joves* eternal seat?
The Sons of *Day* he favoureth, I see,
And by my ruines thinks to make them great:
To make one great by others loss, is bad excheat.

26.

Yet shall they not escape so freely all;
For some shall pay the price of others guilt:
And he the man that made *Sans joy* to fall,
Shall with his own blood price that he hath spilt.
But what art thou, that tell'st of Nephews kilt?
I that do seem not I, *Duessa* am
(Quoth she) how ever now in garments gilt,
And gorgeous Gold arraid I to thee came;
Duessa I, the Daughter of Deceit and Shame.

27.

Then bowing down her aged back, she kist
The wicked Witch; saying, In that fair face,
The false resemblance of Deceit, I wist,
Did closely lurk; yet so true-seeming grace
It carried, that I scarce in darksome place
Could it discern, though I the Mother be
Of Falshood, and root of *Duessaes* race.
O welcome child, whom I have long'd to see,
And now have seen unwares. Lo, now I go with thee.

28.

Then to her Iron wagon she betakes,
And with her bears the foul welfavoured witch:
Through mirksome air her ready way she makes.
Her Twyfold Teme (of which, two black as pitch,
And two were brown, yet each to each unlich)
Did softly swim away, ne ever stamp,
Unless she chaunc't their stubborn mouths to twitch;
Then, soming tar, their bridles they would champ,
And trampling the fine element, would fiercely ramp.

29.

So well they sped, that they be come at length
Unto the place whereas the Paynim lay,
Devoyd of outward sense, and native strength,
Coverd with charmed clowd from view of day,
And sight of men, since his late luckless fray.
His cruel wounds with cruddy blood congealed,
They binden up so wisely as they may,
And handle softly, till they can be healed:
So lay him in her charet, close in night concealed.

30.

And all the while she stood upon the ground,
The wakeful dogs did never cease to bay;
As giving warning of th' unwonted sound,
With which her Iron wheels did them affray,
And her dark griesly look them much dismay;
The messenger of death, the ghastly Owl,
With dreary shrieks did also her bewray;
And hungry Wolves continually did howl,
At her abhorred face, so filthy and so foul.

31.

Thence turning back in silence soft they stole,
And brought the heavy corse with easie pase
To yawning gulf of deep *Avernus* hole.
By that same hole, on entrance, dark and base
With smoak and sulphure hiding all the place,
Descends to Hell: there creature never past,
That back returned without Heavenly grace;
But dreadful *Furies*, which their chains have brast,
And damned sprights sent forth to make ill men agast.

32.

By that ſame way the direful Dames do drive
Their mournful charet, fild with ruſty blood,
And down to *Plutoes* houſe are come bilive:
Which paſſing through, on every ſide them ſtood
The trembling Ghoſts with ſad amazed mood,
Chattring their Iron teeth, and ſtaring wide
With ſtony eyes; and all the helliſh brood
Of fiends internal flockt on every ſide,
To gaze on earthly wight, that with the Night durſt ride.

33.

They paſs the bitter waves of *Acheron*,
Where many Souls ſit wayling wofully;
And come to fiery flood of *Phlegeton*,
Whereas the damned Ghoſts in torments fry,
And with ſharp ſhrilling ſhrieks do bootleſs cry,
Curſing high *Jove*, the which them thither ſent.
The houſe of endleſs pain is built thereby,
In which, ten thouſand ſorts of puniſhment
The curſed creatures do eternally torment.

34.

Before the threſhold, dreadful *Cerberus*
His three deformed heads did lay along,
Curled with thouſand Adders venemous,
And lilled forth his bloody flaming tong:
At them he gan to rear his briſtles ſtrong,
And felly gnarre, until days enemy
Did him appeaſe; then down his tail he hong,
And ſuffered them to paſſen quietly:
For, ſhe in Hell and Heaven had power equally.

35.

There was *Ixion* turned on a wheel,
For daring tempt the Queen of Heaven to ſin;
And *Siſyphus* an huge round ſtone did reel
Againſt an hill, ne might from labour lin;
There thirſty *Tantalus* hung by the chin;
And *Tityus* fed a vulture on his maw;
Typhœus joynts were ſtretched on a gin,
Theſeus condemn'd to endleſs ſloth by Law,
And fifty Siſters water in leak veſſels draw.

36.

They all, beholding worldly wights in place,
Leave off their work, unmindful of their ſmart,
To gaze on them; who forth by them do paſe,
Till they be come unto the furtheſt part:
Where was a Cave ywrought by wondrous art,
Deep, dark, uneaſie, doleful, comfortleſs;
In which ſad *Aeſculapius* far apart
Empriſond was in chains remedileſs,
For that *Hippolytus* rent corſe he did redreſs.

37.

Hippolytus a jolly Huntſman was,
That wont in charet chace the foaming Bore;
He all his Peers in beauty did ſurpaſs,
But Ladies love, as loſs of time, forbore:
His wanton ſtep Dame loved him the more.
But when ſhe ſaw her offred ſweets refuſed,
Her love ſhe turn'd to hate, and him before
His Father fierce, of treaſon falſe accuſed,
And with her jealous tearms, his open ears abuſed.

38.

Who, all in rage, his Sea-god ſyre beſought
Some curſed vengeance on his Son to caſt:
From ſurging gulf two monſters ſtraight were brought,
With dread whereof his chaſing Steeds agaſt,
Both charet ſwift and Huntſman overcaſt.
His goodly corps on ragged clifts yrent,
Was quite diſmembred, and his members chaſt
Scattred on every mountain, as he went,
That of *Hippolytus* was left no moniment.

39.

His cruel ſtep Dame, ſeeing what was done,
Her wicked days with wretched knife did end,
In death avowing th' innocence of her Son.
Which hearing, his raſh Sire began to rend
His hair, and haſty tongue, that did offend:
Tho gathering up the reliques of his ſmart
By *Dianes* means, who was *Hippolyts* friend,
Them brought to *Aeſculape*, that by his art
Did heal them all again, and joyned every part.

40.

Such wondrous ſcience in mans wit to raign
When *Jove* aviz'd, that could the dead revive,
And fates expired could renue again,
Of endleſs life he might him not deprive,
But unto Hell did thruſt him down alive,
With flaſhing thunder bolt ywounded ſore:
Where long remaining, he did always ſtrive
Himſelf with ſalves to health for to reſtore,
And ſlake the Heavenly fire, that raged evermore.

41.

There ancient *Night* arriving, did alight
From her high weary wain, and in her arms
To *Aeſculapius* brought the wounded Knight:
Whom having ſoftly diſarraid of arms,
Tho gan to him diſcover all his harms,
Beſeeching him with prayer, and with praiſe,
If either ſalves, or oyls, or herbs, or charms
A foredone wight from door of death mote raiſe,
He would at her requeſt prolong her Nephews days.

42.

Ah Dame (quoth he) thou tempteſt me in vain,
To dare the thing which daily yet I rue,
And the old cauſe of my continued pain
With like attempt to like end to renue.
Is not enough, that thruſt from Heaven due
Here endleſs penance for one fault I pay,
But that redoubled crime with vengeance new
Thou biddeſt me to eke? Can *Night* defray (day.
The wrath of thundring *Jove*, that rules both night and

43.

Not ſo, quoth ſhe: but ſith that Heavens King
From hope of Heaven hath thee excluded quight,
Why feareſt thou, that canſt not hope for thing,
And feareſt not, that more thee hurten might,
Now in the powre of everlaſting *Night*?
Go to then, O thou far renowned Son
Of great *Apollo*, ſhew thy famous might
In medicine, that elſe hath to thee wone
Great pains, & greater praiſe, both never to be done.

Her

44.

Her words prevaild: And then the learned leach
His cunning hand gan to his wounds to lay,
And all things elſe, the which his art did teach:
Which having ſeen, from thence aroſe away
The Mother of dread darkneſs, and let ſtay
Aveugles Son there in the Leaches cure,
And back returning took her wonted way,
To run her timely race, whilſt *Phœbus* pure
In Weſtern waves his weary wagon did recure.

45.

The falſe *Dueſſa*, leaving noyous *Night*,
Return'd to ſtately palace of Dame Pride;
Where when ſhe came, ſhe found the Fairy Knight
Departed thence, albe his woundez wide,
Nor throughly heal'd, unready were to ride.
Good cauſe he had to haſten thence away;
For on a day his wary Dwarf had ſpide,
Where in a Dungeon deep huge numbers lay
Of caitive wretched thrals, that wailed night and day.

46.

A rueful ſight, as could be ſeen with eye;
Of whom he learned had in ſecret wiſe
The hidden cauſe of their captivity,
How mortgaging their lives to *Covetiſe*,
Through waſtful Pride, and wanton Riotiſe,
They were by Law of that proud Tyranneſs
Provokt with *Wrath*, and *Envies* falſe ſurmiſe,
Condemned to that Dungeon mercileſs,
Where they ſhould live in woe, and dye in wretchedneſs.

47.

There was that great proud King of *Babylon*,
That would compel all Nations to adore,
And him as only God to call upon,
Till through celeſtial doom thrown out of door,
Into an Oxe he was transform'd of yore.
There alſo was King *Cræſus*, that enhaunſt
His heart too high through his great riches ſtore;
And proud *Antiochus*, the which advanct
His curſed hand gainſt God, and on his altars danct.

48.

And them long time before, great *Nimrod* was,
That firſt the world with Sword and fire warraid;
And after him, old *Ninus* far did paſs
In Princely pomp, of all the world obayd:
There alſo was that mighty Monarch layd
Low under all, yet above all in pride,
That name of native ſire did foul up-braid,
And would as *Ammons* Son be magnifide.
Till ſcorn'd of God and man a ſhameful death he dy'd.

49.

All theſe together in one heap were thrown,
Like carkaſes of Beaſts in Butchers ſtall.
And in another corner wide were ſtrown
The antique ruines of the *Romanes* fall;
Great *Romulus* the Grandſire of them all,
Proud *Tarquin*, and too lordly *Lentulus*,
Stout *Scipio*, and ſtubborn *Hannibal*,
Ambitious *Sylla*, and ſtern *Marius*,
High *Cæſar*, great *Pompey*, and fierce *Antonius*.

50.

Amongſt theſe mighty men, were women mixt,
Proud women, vain, forgetful of their yoke:
The bold *Semiramis*, whoſe ſides transfixt
With Sons own blade, her foul reproches ſpoke;
Fair *Sthenobœa*, that her ſelf did choke
With wilful cord, for wanting of her will;
High minded *Cleopatra*, that with ſtroke
Of Aſpes ſting her ſelf did ſtoutly kill:
And thouſands more the like, that did that Dungeon fill;

51.

Beſides the endleſs routs of wretched thralls,
Which thither were aſſembled day by day,
From all the world after their woful falls,
Through wicked pride, and waſted wealths decay.
But moſt of all, which in the Dungeon lay,
Fell from high Princes Courts, or Ladies Bowres,
Where they in idle pomp, or wanton play,
Conſumed had their Goods, and thriftleſs howres,
And laſtly, thrown themſelves into theſe heavy ſtowres.

52.

Whoſe caſe when as the careful Dwarf had told,
And made enſample of their mournful ſight
Unto his Maſter, he no longer would
There dwell in peril of like painful plight,
But early roſe; and ere that dawning light
Diſcovered had the world to Heaven wide,
He by a privy Poſtern took his flight,
That of no envious eyes he mote be ſpide:
For, doubtleſs death enſu'd, if any dim deſcry'd.

53.

Scarce could he footing find in that foul way,
For many corſes, like a great Lay-ſtall
Of murdred men which therein ſtrowed lay,
Without remorſe, or decent funeral:
Which all through that great Princeſs pride did fall
And came to ſhameful end. And them beſide
Forth riding underneath the Caſtle wall,
A Dunghil of dead carkaſes he ſpide,
The dreadful ſpectacle of that ſad houſe of *Pride*.

CANTO VI.

From lawleſs luſt by wondrous grace
fair Una *is releaſt:*
Whom ſalvage Nation does adore,
and learns her wiſe beheaſt.

1.

As when a Ship, that flyes fair under ſail,
An hidden Rock eſcaped hath unwares,
That lay in wait her wrack for to bewail,
The Mariner yet half amazed ſtares
At peril paſt, and yet in doubt ne dares
To joy at his fool-happy overſight:
So doubly is diſtreſt twixt joy and cares
The dreadleſs courage of this Elfin Knight,
Having eſcap't ſo ſad enſamples in his ſight.

Yet

2.

Yet ſad he was that his too haſty ſpeed,
The fair *Dueſs'* had forc't him leave behind;
And yet more ſad, that *Una* his dear dreed
Her truth had ſtain'd with treaſon ſo unkind;
Yet crime in her could never creature find,
But for his love, and for her own ſelf ſake,
She wandred had from one to other *Ind*,
Him for to ſeek, ne ever would forſake,
Till her unwares the fierce *Sans loy* did overtake.

3.

Who, after *Archimagoes* foul defeat,
Led her away into a foreſt wide,
And turning wrathful fire to luſtful heat,
With beaſtly ſin thought her to have defil'd,
And made the vaſſal of his pleaſures vil'd.
Yet firſt he caſt by treaty, and by trains,
Her to perſwade, that ſtubborn fort to yield:
For, greater conqueſt of hard love he gains,
That works it to his will, then he that it conſtrains.

4.

With fawning words he courted her awhile,
And looking lovely, and oft ſighing ſore,
Her conſtant heart did tempt with divers guile:
But words, and looks, and ſighs ſhe did abhor,
As rock of Diamond, ſtedfaſt evermore.
Yet for to feed his fiery luſtful eye,
He ſnatcht the veil, that hung her face before;
Then gan her beauty ſhine, as brighteſt sky,
And burnt his beaſtly heart t'efforce her chaſtity.

5.

So when he ſaw his flatt'ring arts to fail,
And ſubtile engines bet from battery,
With greedy force he gan the fort aſſail,
Whereof he ween'd poſſeſſed ſoon to be,
And with rich ſpoil of ranſackt chaſtity.
Ah Heavens! that do this hideous act behold,
And Heavenly virgin thus outraged ſee,
How can ye vengeance juſt ſo long with-hold,
And hurl not flaſhing flames upon that Paynim bold?

6.

The pitious maiden, careful, comfortleſs,
Does throw out thrilling ſhrieks, and ſhrieking cryes,
The laſt vain help of Womens great diſtreſs,
And with loud plaints importuneth the skyes,
That molten Stars do drop like weeping eyes;
And *Phœbus* flying ſo moſt ſhameful ſight,
His blushing face in foggy cloud implyes,
And hides for ſhame. What wit of mortal wight
Can now deviſe to quit a thral from ſuch a plight?

7.

Eternal providence, exceeding thought,
Where none appears can make her ſelf a way:
A wondrous way it for this Lady wrought,
From Lyons claws to pluck the griped pray.
Her ſhrill out-cryes and ſhrieks ſo loud did bray,
That all the woods and foreſts did reſound;
A troop of *Faunes* and *Satyres* far away
Within the wood were dauncing in a round,
Whiles old *Sylvanus* ſlept in ſhady arbor ſound:

8.

Who, when they heard that pitious ſtrained voice,
In haſte forſook their rural meriment,
And ran towards the far rebounded noiſe,
To weet what wight ſo loudly did lament.
Unto the place they come incontinent:
Whom when the raging Sarazin eſpide,
A rude, miſhapen, monſtrous rablement,
Whoſe like he never ſaw, he durſt not bide,
But got his ready ſteed, and faſt away gan ride.

9.

The wild Wood-gods, arrived in the place,
There find the Virgin doleful deſolate,
With ruffled rayments, and fair blubbred face,
As her outrageous foe had left her late,
And trembling yet through fear of former hate.
All ſtand amazed at ſo uncouth ſight,
And gin to pity her unhappy ſtate:
All ſtand aſtonied at her beauty bright,
In their rude eyes unworthy of ſo woful plight.

10.

She more amaz'd in double dread doth dwell;
And every tender part for fear does ſhake:
As when a greedy Wolf through hunger fell
A ſilly Lamb far from the flock does take,
Of whom he means his bloody feaſt to make,
A Lyon ſpyes faſt running towards him,
The innocent prey in haſte he does forſake,
Which quit from death, yet quakes in every lim
With change of fear, to ſee the Lyon look ſo grim.

11.

Such fearful fit aſſail'd her trembling heart,
Ne word to ſpeak, ne joynt to move ſhe had:
The ſalvage Nation feel her ſecret ſmart,
And read her ſorrow in her count'nance ſad;
Their frowning foreheads with rough horns yclad,
And ruſtick horror all aſide do lay,
And gently grenning, ſhew a ſemblance glad
To comfor her, and fear to put away,
Their backward bent knees teach, her humbly to obey.

12.

The doubtful Damzel dare not yet commit
Her ſingle perſon to their barbarous truth;
But ſtill through fear and hope amaz'd does ſit,
Late learn'd what harm to haſty truſt enſu'th:
They, in compaſſion of her tender youth,
And wonder of her beauty ſoveraign,
Are won with pity and unwonted ruth,
And all proſtrate upon the lowly Plain,
Do kiſs her feet, and fawn on her with count'nance fain.

13.

Their hearts ſhe gueſſeth by their humble guiſe,
And yields her to extremity of time;
So, from the ground ſhe fearleſs doth ariſe,
And walketh forth without ſuſpect of crime:
They all, as glad as birds of joyous Prime,
Thence lead her forth, about her dauncing rounds,
Shouting, and ſinging all a Shepheards rime,
And with green branches ſtrowing all the ground,
Do worſhip her, as Queen, with Olive girlond crown'd.

And

14.

And all the way their merry pipes they ſound,
That all the woods with double Eccho ring,
And with their horned feet do wear the ground,
Leaping like wanton kids in pleaſant Spring.
So towards old *Sylvanus* they her bring:
Who, with the noiſe awaked, cometh out,
To weet the cauſe, his weak ſteps governing,
And aged limbs on Cypreſs ſtadle ſtout,
And with an Ivy twine his waſte is girt about.

15.

Far off he wonders, what them makes ſo glad;
Of *Bacchus* merry fruit they did invent,
Or *Cybels* frantick rites have made them mad.
They drawing nigh, unto their God preſent
That flowre of faith and beauty excellent.
The God himſelf, viewing that mirror rare,
Stood long amaz'd, and burnt in his intent;
His own fair *Driope* now he thinks not fair,
And *Pholoe* foul, when her to this he doth compare.

16.

The wood-born people fall before her flat,
And worſhip her as Goddeſs of the wood;
And old *Sylvanus* ſelf bethinks not, what
To think of wight ſo fair, but gazing ſtood,
In doubt to deem her born of earthly brood;
Sometimes Dame *Venus* ſelf he ſeems to ſee:
But *Venus* never had ſo ſober mood;
Sometimes *Diana* he her takes to be,
But miſſeth bow, and ſhafts, and buskins to her knee.

17.

By view of her he ginneth to revive
His ancient love, and deareſt *Cyparisſe*,
And calls to mind his pourtraiture alive,
How fair he was, and yet not fair to this,
And how he ſlew with glancing dart amiſs
A gentle Hind, the which the lovely boy
Did love as life, above all worldly bliſs;
For grief whereof the lad n'ould after joy,
But pyn'd away in anguiſh and ſelf-will'd annoy.

18.

The woody Nymphs, fair *Hamadryades*,
Her to behold do thither run apace,
And all the troup of light-foot *Naiades*
Flock all about to ſee her lovely face:
But when they viewed have her Heavenly grace,
They envy her in their malicious mind,
And fly away for fear of foul diſgrace:
But all the *Satyres* ſcorn their woody kind,
And henceforth nothing fair, but her on earth they find.

19.

Glad of ſuch luck, the luckleſs lucky maid,
Did her content to pleaſe their feeble eyes,
And long time with that ſalvage people ſtaid,
To gather breath in many miſeries.
During which time, her gentle wit ſhe plyes
To teach them truth, which worſhipt her in vain,
And made her th' Image of Idolatries;
But when their bootleſs zeal ſhe did reſtrain
From her own worſhip, they her Aſſe would worſhip fain.

20.

It fortuned a noble warlike Knight
By juſt occaſion to that Foreſt came,
To ſeek his kindred, and the linage right,
From whence he took his well deſerved name:
He had in arms abroad wone muchell fame:
And fill'd far lands with glory of his might,
Plain, faithful, true, and enemy of ſhame,
And ever lov'd to fight for Ladies right,
But in vain glorious frays he little did delight.

21.

A Satyres Son, yborn in Foreſt wild,
By ſtrange adventure as it did betide,
And there begotten of a Lady mild,
Fair *Thyamis*, the Daughter of *Labryde*,
That was in ſacred bands of wedlock tide
To *Therion*, a looſe unruly ſwain;
Who had more joy to range the Foreſt wide,
And chaſe the ſalvage beaſt with buſie pain,
Then ſerve his Ladies Love, and waſte in pleaſures vain.

22.

The forlorn maid did with loves longing burn,
And could not lack her lovers company;
But to the wood ſhe goes, to ſerve her turn,
And ſeek her ſpouſe, that from her ſtill does fly,
And follows other game and venery:
A Satyre chant't her wandring for to find;
And kindle coals of luſt in brutiſh eye,
The loyal links of wedlock did unbind,
And made her perſon thral unto his beaſtly kind.

23.

So long in ſecret cabin there he held
Her captive to his ſenſual deſire,
Till that with timely fruit her belly ſwell'd,
And bore a boy unto that ſalvage ſire:
Then home he ſuffred her for to retire,
For ranſom leaving him the late born child;
Whom till to riper years he gan aſpire,
He nurſed up in life and manners wild,
Emongſt wild beaſts and woods, from laws of men exil'd.

24.

For, all he taught the tender Imp, was but
To baniſh cowardize and baſtard fear;
His trembling hand he would him force to put
Upon the Lyon, and the rugged Bear,
And from the ſhe Bears teats her whelps to tear;
And eke wild roring Bulls he would him make
To tame, and ride their backs not made to bear;
And the Roebucks in flight to overtake,
That every Beaſt for fear of him did fly and quake.

25.

Thereby ſo fearleſs and ſo fell he grew,
That his own ſire and maſter of his guiſe,
Did often tremble at his horrid view,
And oft for dread of hurt would him adviſe,
The angry Beaſts not raſhly do deſpiſe,
Nor too much to provoke; for he would learn
The Lyon ſtoop to him in lowly wiſe
(A leſſon hard) and made the Libbard ſtearn
Leave roaring, when in rage he for revenge did yearn.

And

26.

And for to make his powre approved more,
Wild Beasts in Iron yokes he would compell;
The spotted Panther, and the tusked Bore,
The Pardale swift, and the Tygre cruel,
The Antelope, and Wolf, both fierce and fell;
And them constrain in equal team to draw.
Such joy he had, their stubborn hearts to quell,
And sturdy courage tame with dreadful aw,
That his behaest they feared, as proud Tyrants law.

27.

His loving Mother came upon a day
Unto the woods, to see her little Son;
And chanc't unwares to meet him in the way,
After his sports, and cruel pastime done,
When after him a Lyonels did run,
That roaring all with rage, did loud requere
Her children dear, whom he away had wone:
The Lyons whelps she saw how he did bear,
And lull in rugged arms, withouten childish fear.

28.

The fearful Dame all quaked at the sight,
And turning back, gan fast to fly away,
Until with love revok't from vain affright,
She hardly yet perswaded was to stay,
And then to him these womanish words gan say;
Ah *Satyrane*, my dearling, and my joy,
For love of me leave off this dreadful play;
To dally thus with Death, is no fit toy,
Go find some other play-fellows, mine own sweet boy.

29.

In these, and like delights of bloody game
He trained was, till riper years he raught;
And there abode, whilst any beast of name
Walkt in that Forest, whom he had not taught
To fear his force: and then his courage haught
Desir'd of forain foemen to be known,
And far abroad for strange adventures sought:
In which his might was never overthrown,
But through all Fairy lond his famous worth was blown.

30.

Yet evermore it was his manner fair,
After long labours and adventures spent,
Unto those native woods for to repair,
To see his Sire and off-spring ancient.
And now he thither came for like intent;
Where he unwares the fairest *Una* found,
Strange Lady, in so strange habiliment,
Teaching the *Satyres*, which her sate around,
True sacred lore, which from her sweet lips did redound.

31.

He wondred at her wisdom Heavenly rare,
Whose like in Womens wit he never knew;
And when her curteous deeds he did compare,
Gan her admire, and her sad sorrows rew,
Blaming of Fortune, which such troubles threw,
And joy'd to make proof of her cruelty
On gentle Dame, so hurtless, and so true:
Thenceforth he kept her goodly company,
And learn'd her discipline of faith and verity.

32.

But she, all vow'd unto the *Redcross* Knight,
His wandring peril closely did lament,
Ne in this new acquaintance could delight,
But her dear heart with anguish did torment,
And all her wit in secret counsels spent,
How to escape. At last, in privy wise
To *Satyrane* she shewed her intent;
Who glad to gain such favour, gan devise,
How with that pensive Maid he best might thence arise.

33.

So, on a day, when *Satyres* all were gone
To do their service to *Sylvanus* old,
The gentle Virgin (left behind alone)
He led away with courage stout and bold.
Too late it was to *Satyres* to be told,
Or ever hope recover her again:
In vain he seeks, that having, cannot hold.
So fast he carried her with careful pain,
That they the woods are past, and come now to the Plain.

34.

The better part now of the lingring day
They travel'd had, when as they far espide
A weary wight forwandring by the way;
And towards him they gan in haste to ride,
To weet of news, that did abroad betide,
Or tydings of her Knight of the *Redcross*.
But he them spying, gan to turn aside,
For fear, as seem'd, or for some feined loss;
More greedy they of news, fast towards him do cross.

35.

A silly man, in simple weeds forlorn,
And soild with dust of the long dryed way;
His sandales were with toylsome travel torn,
And face all tand with scorching sunny ray,
As he had travel'd many a summers day,
Through boyling sands of *Araby* and *Ind*;
And in his hand a *Jacobs* staff, to stay
His weary limbs upon: and eke behind,
His scrip did hang, in which his needments he did bind.

36.

The Knight approaching nigh, of him inquer'd
Tydings of War, and of adventures new;
But Wars, nor new adventures none he heard.
Then *Una* gan to ask, if ought he knew,
Or heard abroad of that her Champion true,
That in his armour bare a crosslet red.
Aye me, dear Dame (quoth he) well may I rue
To tell the sad sight which mine eyes have read:
These eyes did see that Knight both living and eke dead.

37.

That cruel word her tender heart so thrild,
That suddain cold did run through every vain,
And stony horrour all her senses fil'd
With dying fit, that down she fell for pain.
The Knight her lightly reared up again,
And comforted with curteous kind relief:
Then wone from death, she bade him tellen plain
The further process of her hidden grief;
The lesser pangs can bear, who hath endur'd the chief.

38.

Then gan the Pilgrim thus; I chanc't this day,
This fatal day, that I ſhall ever rew,
To ſee two Knights in travel on my way
(A ſory ſight) arrang'd in battle new,
Both breathing vengeance, both of wrathful hew:
My fearful fleſh did tremble at their ſtrife,
To ſee their blades ſo greedily imbrew,
That drunk with blood, yet thirſted after life: (knife.
What more? the *Redcroſs* Knight was ſlain with Paynim

39.

Ah deareſt Lord (quoth ſhe) how might that be,
And he the ſtouteſt Knight that ever wonne?
Ah deareſt Dame (quoth he) how might I ſee
The thing that might not be, and yet was done?
Where is (ſaid *Satyrane*) that Paynims Son,
That him of life, and us of joy hath reft;
Not far away (quoth he) he hence doth wone
Foreby a fountain, where I late him left (cleft.
Waſhing his bloody wounds, that through the ſteel were

40.

Therewith the Knight thence marched forth in haſte,
Whiles *Una* with huge heavineſs oppreſt,
Could not for ſorrow follow him ſo faſt;
And ſoon he came, as he the place had gheſt,
Whereas the Pagan proud himſelf did reſt,
In ſecret ſhadow by a fountain ſide:
Even he it was, that earſt would have ſuppreſt
Fair *Una*: whom when *Satyrane* eſpide,
With foul reproachful words he boldly him deſide;

41.

And ſaid, Ariſe thou curſed Miſcreant,
That haſt with Knightleſs guile and treacherous train,
Fair Knighthood fouly ſhamed, and doſt vaunt
That good Knight of the *Redcroſs* to have ſlain:
Ariſe, and with like treaſon now maintain
Thy guilty wrong, or elſe thee guilty yield.
The Sarazin this hearing, roſe amain,
And catching up in haſte his three ſquare ſhield,
And ſhining helmet, ſoon him buckled to the field.

42.

And drawing nigh him, ſaid, Ah misborn Elf,
In evil hour thy foes thee hither ſent,
Anothers wrongs to wreak upon thy ſelf:
Yet ill thou blameſt me, for having blent
My name with guile and traiterous intent;
That *Redcroſs* Knight, perdie, I never ſlew:
But had he been, where earſt his arms were lent,
Th' enchanter vain his error ſhould not rue:
But thou his error ſhalt, I hope, now proven true.

43.

Therewith they gan, both furious and fell,
To thunder blows, and fiercely to aſſail;
Each other bent his enemy to quell,
That with their force they pearc't both plate and mail,
And made wide furrows in their fleſhes frail,
That it would pity any living eye.
Large floods of blood adown their ſides did rail;
But floods of blood could not them ſatisfie:
But hungred after death: both choſe to win, or dye.

44.

So long they fight, and fell revenge purſue,
That fainting each, themſelves to breathen let;
And oft refreſhed, battle oft renue:
As when two Bores with rankling malice met,
Their gory ſides freſh bleeding fiercely fret,
Till breathleſs both themſelves aſide retire,
Where foaming wrath, their cruel tusks they whet,
And trample th' earth, the whiles they may reſpire;
Then back to fight again, new breathed and entire.

45.

So fiercely, when theſe Knights had breathed once,
They gan to fight return, increaſing more
Their puiſſant force, and cruel rage at once,
With heaped ſtrokes, more hugely than before,
That with their drery wounds and bloody gore
They both, deformed, ſcarcely could be known.
By this, ſad *Una* fraught with anguiſh ſore,
Led with their noiſe, which through the air was thrown,
Arriv'd, where they in earth their fruitleſs blood had ſown.

46.

Whom all ſo ſoon as that proud Sarazin
Eſpide, he gan revive the memory
Of his lewd luſts, and late attempted ſin,
And left the doubtful battle haſtily,
To catch her, newly offred to his eye:
But *Satyrane* with ſtrokes him turning, ſtaid,
And ſternly bade him other buſineſs ply,
Then hunt the ſteps of pure unſpotted Maid,
Wherewith he all enrag'd, theſe bitter ſpeeches ſaid;

47.

O fooliſh Fairies Son, what fury mad
Hath thee incenſt, to haſte thy doleful fate?
Were it not better I that Lady had,
Than that thou hadſt repented it too late?
Moſt ſenſeleſs man he, that himſelf doth hate,
To love another. Lo then, for thine aid,
Here take thy Lovers token on thy pate.
So they two fight; the whiles the royal Maid
Fled far away, of that proud Paynim ſore affraid.

48.

But that falſe Pilgrim, which that leaſing told,
Being indeed old *Archimage*, did ſtay
In ſecret ſhadow, all this to behold,
And much rejoyced in their bloody fray:
But when he ſaw the Damſel paſs away,
He left his ſtond, and her purſu'd apace,
In hope to bring her to her laſt decay.
But, for to tell her lamentable caſe,
And eke this battels end, will need another place.

CANTO VII.

The Redcross Knight is captive made
by Giant proud oppreſt:
Prince Arthur *meets with* Una
greatly with thoſe news diſtreſt.

1.

WHat man ſo wiſe, what earthly wit ſo ware,
As to deſcry the crafty cunning train,
By which Deceit doth mask in vizour fair,
And caſt her colours dyed deep in grain,
To ſeem like Truth, whoſe ſhape ſhe well can fain,
And fitting geſtures to her purpoſe frame,
The guiltleſs man with guile to entertain?
Great Miſtreſs of her art was that falſe Dame,
The falſe *Dueſſa*, cloked with *Fideſſaes* name.

2.

Who, when returning from the drery *Night*,
She found not in that perilous houſe of Pride,
Where ſhe had left the noble *Redcroſs* Knight,
Her hoped prey; ſhe would ne lenger bide,
But forth ſhe went, to ſeek him far and wide.
Ere long ſhe found whereas he weary ſate,
To reſt himſelf, foreby a fountain ſide,
Diſarmed all of Iron-coated Plate,
And by his ſide his ſteed the graſſie forage ate.

3.

He feeds upon the cooling ſhade, and bayes
His ſweaty forhead in the breathing wind,
Which through the trembling leaves full gently playes,
Wherein the chearful birds of ſundry kind
Do chaunt ſweet muſick, to delight his mind:
The Witch approaching gan him fairly greet,
And with reproach of careleſneſs unkind
Upbraid, for leaving her in place unmeet, (ſweet.
With foul words tempring fair, ſowre gall with hony

4.

Unkindneſs paſt, they gan of ſolace treat,
And bathe in pleaſance of the joyous ſhade,
Which ſhielded them againſt the boyling heat,
And with green boughs decking a gloomy glade,
About the fountain like a girlond made;
Whoſe bubling wave did ever freſhly well,
Ne ever would through fervent ſummer fade:
The ſacred Nymph, which therein wont to dwell,
Was out of *Dianes* favour, as it then befell.

5.

The cauſe was this: One day when *Phœbe* fair
With all her band was following the chace,
This Nymph, quite tyr'd with heat of ſcorching air,
Sat down to reſt in middeſt of the race:
The Goddeſs, wroth, gan fouly her diſgrace,
And bade the waters, which from her did flow,
Be ſuch as ſhe her ſelf was then in place.
Thenceforth her waters waxed dull and ſlow,
And all that drunk thereof, did faint and feeble grow.

6.

Hereof this gentle Knight unweeting was;
And lying down upon the ſandy grail,
Drunk of the ſtream, as clear as chryſtal glaſs:
Eftſoons his manly forces gan to fail,
And mighty ſtrong was turn'd to feeble frail.
His changed powres at firſt themſelves not felt,
Till crudled cold his courage gan aſſail,
And chearful blood in faintneſs child did melt,
Which like a Feaver-fit through all his body ſwelt.

7.

Yet goodly court he made ſtill to his Dame,
Pour'd out in looſeneſs on the graſſie ground,
Both careleſs of his health, and of his fame:
Till at the laſt he heard a dreadful ſound,
Which through the wood loud bellowing did rebound,
That all the earth for terror ſeem'd to ſhake,
And Trees did tremble. Th' Elfe therewith aſtound,
Upſtarted lightly from his looſer make,
And his unready weapons gan in hand to take.

8.

But ere he could his armour on him dight,
Or get his ſhield, his monſtrous enemy
With ſturdy ſteps came ſtalking in his ſight,
An hideous Giant, horrible and hie,
That with his tallneſs ſeem'd to threat the skye,
The ground eke groned under him for dreed;
His living like ſaw never living eye,
Ne durſt behold: his ſtature did exceed
The height of three the talleſt Sons of mortal ſeed.

9.

The greateſt Earth his uncouth Mother was,
And bluſtring *Æolus* his boaſted Sire,
Who with his breath, that through the world doth paſs,
Her hollow womb did ſecretly inſpire,
And fil'd her hidden caves with ſtormy ire,
That ſhe conceiv'd; and trebbling the due time,
In which the wombs of women do expire,
Brought forth this monſtrous maſſe of earthly ſlime,
Puft up with empty wind, and fil'd with ſinful crime.

10.

So, growing great through arrogant delight
Of th' high deſcent, whereof he was yborn,
And through preſumption of his matchleſs might,
All other powres and Knighthood he did ſcorn.
Such now he marcheth to this man forlorn,
And left to loſs: his ſtalking ſteps are ſtaid
Upon a ſnaggy Oak, which he had torn
Out of his Mothers bowels, and it made
His mortal mace, wherewith his foemen he diſmaid.

11.

That, when the Knight he ſpide, he gan advance
With huge force and inſupportable main,
And towards him with dreadful fury praunce;
Who hapleſs, and eke hopeleſs, all in vain
Did to him paſe, ſad battail to darrain,
Diſarm'd, diſgrac't, and inwardly diſmaid,
And eke ſo faint in every joynt and vain,
Through that frail fountain, which him feeble made,
That ſcarcely could be weeld his bootleſs ſingle blade.

12.

The Giant ſtrook ſo mainly mercileſs,
That could have overthrown a ſtony towre;
And were not Heavenly grace, that him did bleſs,
He had been pouldred all, as thin as flowre:
But he was wary of that deadly ſtowre,
And lightly leapt from underneath the blow:
Yet ſo exceeding was the villains powre,
That with the wind it did him overthrow,
And all his ſenſes ſtound, that ſtill he lay full low.

13.

As when that diveliſh Iron Engine wrought
In deepeſt Hell, and fam'd by *Furies* skill,
With windy Nitre and quick Sulphur fraught,
And ram'd with bullet round, ordain'd to kill,
Conceiveth fire, the Heavens it doth fill
With thundring noiſe, and all the air doth choke,
That none can breath, nor ſee, nor hear at will,
Through ſmouldry cloud of duskiſh ſtinking ſmoke,
That th' only breath him daunts, who hath eſcap't the ſtroke:

14.

So daunted when the Giant ſaw the Knight,
His heavy hand he heaved up on hie,
And him to duſt thought to have battred quite,
Until *Dueſſa* loud to him gan cry;
O great *Orgoglio*, greateſt under sky,
O hold thy mortal hand for Ladies ſake,
Hold for my ſake, and do him not to dye:
But, vanquiſht, thine eternal bondſlave make,
And me thy worthy meed unto thy Leman take.

15.

He harkned, and did ſtay from further harms,
To gain ſo goodly guerdon, as ſhe ſpake:
So, willingly ſhe came into his arms,
Who her as willingly to grace did take,
And was poſſeſſed of his new found make.
Then up he took the ſlumbred ſenſeleſs corſe,
And ere he could out of his ſwoun awake,
Him to his Caſtle brought with haſty force,
And in a Dungeon deep him threw without remorſe.

16.

From that day forth *Dueſſa* was his dear,
And highly honour'd in his haughty eye:
He gave her gold, and purple pall to wear,
And triple crown ſet on her head full hie,
And her endow'd with royal Majeſty:
Then, for to make her dreaded more of men,
And peoples hearts with awful terror tye,
A monſtrous beaſt ybred in filthy fen
He choſe, which he had kept long time in darkſom den.

17.

Such one it was, as that renowned Snake
Which great *Alcides* in *Stremona* ſlew,
Long foſtred in the filth of *Lerna* lake,
Whoſe many heads out-budding ever new,
Did breed him endleſs labour to ſubdew:
But this ſame monſter much more ugly was;
For, ſeven great heads out of his body grew,
An Iron breaſt, and back of ſcaly braſs,
And all embrew'd in blood, his eyes did ſhine as glaſs.

18.

His tail was ſtretched out in wondrous length,
That to the houſe of Heavenly Gods it raught,
And with extorted powre, and borrow'd ſtrength,
The ever-burning lamps from thence it brought,
And proudly threw to ground, as things of nought;
And underneath his filthy feet did tread
The ſacred things, and holy heaſts foretaught.
Upon this dreadful Beaſt with ſevenfold head
He ſet the falſe *Dueſſa*, for more awe and dread.

19.

The woful Dwarf, which ſaw his maſters fall,
Whiles he had keeping of his graſing ſteed,
And valiant Knight become a caitive thrall,
When all was paſt, took up his forlorn weed,
His mighty armour, miſſing moſt at need;
His ſilver ſhield, now idle maſterleſs;
His poynant ſpear, that many made to bleed,
The rueful moniments of heavineſs,
And with them all departs, to tell his great diſtreſs.

20.

He had not travel'd long, when on the way
He woful Lady (woful *Una*) met,
Faſt flying from the Paynims greedy prey,
Whil'ſt *Satyrane* him from purſuit did let:
Who when her eyes ſhe on the Dwarf had ſet,
And ſaw the ſigns that deadly tydings ſpake,
She fell to ground for ſorrowful regret,
And lively breath her ſad breaſt did forſake,
Yet might her pitious heart be ſeen to pant and quake.

21.

The meſſenger of ſo unhappy news,
Would fain have dy'd: dead was his heart within,
Yet outwardly ſome little comfort ſhews:
At laſt recovering heart, he does begin
To rub her temples, and to chauf her chin,
And every tender part does toſs and turn:
So hardly he the flitted life does win,
Unto her native priſon to return:
Then gins her grieved Ghoſt thus to lament and mourn.

22.

Ye dreary inſtruments of doleful ſight,
That do this deadly ſpectacle behold,
Why do ye longer feed on loathed light,
Or liking find to gaze on earthly mold,
Sith cruel Fates the careful threads unfold,
The which my life and love together tide?
Now let the ſtony dart of ſenſeleſs cold
Pearce to my heart, and paſs through every ſide,
And let eternal night ſo ſad ſight fro me hide.

23.

O lightſom day, the lamp of higheſt *Jove*,
Firſt made by him, mens wandring ways to guide,
When darkneſs he in deepeſt Dungeon drove,
Henceforth thy hated face for ever hide,
And ſhut up Heavens windows ſhining wide:
For earthly ſight can nought but ſorrow breed,
And late repentance, which ſhall long abide.
Mine eyes no more on vanity ſhall feed,
But ſeeled up with death, ſhall have their deadly meed.

Then

24.

Then down again ſhe fell unto the ground;
But he her quickly reared up again:
Thrice did ſhe ſink adown in deadly ſwound,
And thrice he her reviv'd with buſie paín:
At laſt, when life recover'd had the rain,
And over-wreſtled his ſtrong enemy,
With foltring tongue, and trembling every vain,
Tell on (quoth ſhe) the woful Tragedy,
The which theſe reliques ſad preſent unto mine eye.

25.

Tempeſtuous Fortune hath ſpent all her ſpight,
And thrilling ſorrow thrown his utmoſt dart;
Thy ſad tongue cannot tell more heavy plight,
Then that I feel and harbour in mine heart:
Who hath endur'd the whole, can bear each part.
If death it be, it is not the firſt wound
That launced hath my breſt with bleeding ſmart.
Begin, and end the bitter baleful ſtound;
If leſs then that I fear, more favour I have found.

26.

Then gan the Dwarf the whole diſcourſe declare,
The ſubtile trains of *Archimago* old;
The wanton loves of falſe *Fideſſa* fair,
Bought with the blood of vanquiſht Paynim bold;
The wretched payre transform'd to treen mold;
The houſe of Pride, and perils round about;
The combat which he with *Sans joy* did hold;
The luckleſs conflict with the Giant ſtout,
Wherein captiv'd, of life or death he ſtood in doubt.

27.

She heard with patience all unto the end,
And ſtrove to maſter ſorrowful aſſay:
Which greater grew, the more ſhe did contend,
And almoſt rent her tender heart in tway;
And love freſh coals unto her fire did lay:
For, greater love, the greater is the loſs.
Was never Lady loved dearer day,
Than ſhe did love the Knight of the *Redcroß*;
For whoſe dear ſake ſo many troubles her did toſs.

28.

At laſt, when fervent ſorrow ſlaked was,
She up aroſe, reſolving him to find
Alive or dead: and forward forth doth paſs,
All as the Dwarf the way to her aſſign'd:
And evermore in conſtant careful mind
She fed her wound with freſh renewed bale;
Long toſt with ſtorms, and bet with bitter wind,
High over hills, and low adown the dale,
She wandred many a wood, and meaſur'd many a vale.

29.

At laſt, ſhe chanced by good hap to meet
A goodly Knight, fair marching by the way
Together with his Squire, arrayed meet:
His glitter and armour ſhined far away,
Like glauncing light of *Phœbus* brighteſt ray;
From top to toe no place appeared bare,
That deadly dint of ſteel endanger may:
Athwart his breſt a bauldrick brave he ware, (rare.
That ſhin'd like twinkling ſtars, with ſtones moſt pretious

30.

And in the midſt thereof, one precious ſtone
Of wondrous worth, and eke of wondrous mights,
Shap't like a Ladies head, exceeding ſhone,
Like *Heſperus* emongſt the leſſer lights,
And ſtrove for to amaze the weaker ſights;
Thereby, his mortal blade full comely hong
In Ivory ſheath, ycarv'd with curious ſlights;
Whoſe hilts were burniſht gold, and handle ſtrong
Of Mother pearl, and buckled with a golden tong.

31.

His haughty Helmet, horrid all with gold,
Both glorious brightneſs, and great terror bred;
For, all the creſt a Dragon did enfold
With greedy paws, and over all did ſpred
His golden wings: his dreadful hideous hed
Cloſe couched on the bever, ſeem'd to throw
From flaming mouth bright ſparkles fiery red,
That ſuddain horror to faint hearts did ſhow;
And ſcaly tail was ſtretcht adown his back full low.

32.

Upon the top of all his lofty creſt,
A bunch of hairs diſcolour'd diverſly,
With ſprinkled pearl, and gold full richly dreſt,
Did ſhake, and ſeem'd to dance for jollity,
Like to an Almond tree ymounted hie
On top of green *Selinis* all alone,
With bloſſoms brave bedecked daintily;
Whoſe tender locks do tremble every one
At every little breath, that under Heaven is blown.

33.

His warlike ſhield all cloſely cover'd was,
Ne might of mortal eye be ever ſeen;
Nor made of ſteel, nor of enduring braſs,
Such earthly metals ſoon conſumed been:
But all of Diamond perfect pure and clean
It framed was, one maſſie entire mould,
Hewen out of Adamant rock with engines keen,
That point of ſpear it never pearcen could,
Ne dint of direful ſword divide the ſubſtance would.

34.

The ſame to wight he never wont diſcloſe,
But when as monſters huge he would diſmay,
Or daunt unequal armies of his foes,
Or when the flying Heavens he would affray;
For, ſo exceeding ſhone his gliſtring ray,
That *Phœbus* golden face it did attaint,
As when a cloud his beams doth over-lay;
And ſilver *Cynthia* wexed pale and faint,
As when her face is ſtain'd with magick arts conſtraint.

35.

Ne magicks arts hereof had any might,
Nor bloody words of bold Enchanters call;
But all that was not ſuch as ſeem'd in ſight,
Before that ſhield did fade, and ſuddain fall:
And when him liſt the raſcal routs appall,
Men into ſtones therewith he could tranſmew,
And ſtones to duſt, and duſt to nought at all;
And, when him liſt the prouder looks ſubdew,
He would them gazing blind, or turn to other hew.

Ne

36.

Ne let it ſeem, that credence this exceeds:
For, he that made the ſame, was known right well
To have done much more admirable deeds.
It *Merlin* was, which whylome did excel
All living wights in might of magick ſpell:
Both ſhield, and ſword, and armour all he wrought
For this young Prince, when firſt to arms he fell;
But when he dy'd, the Fairy Queen it brought
To fairy lond, where yet it may be ſeen, if ſought.

37.

A gentle youth, his dearly loved Squire,
His ſpear of Heben wood behind him bare,
Whoſe harmful head, thrice heated in the fire,
Had riven many a breſt with pikehead ſquare;
A goodly perſon, and could menage fair
His ſtubborn ſteed with curbed Canon bit,
Who under him did trample as the air,
And chauſt, that any on his back ſhould ſit;
The Iron rowels into frothy fome he bit.

38.

When as this Knight nigh to the Lady drew,
With lovely court he gan her entertain;
But when he heard her anſwers loth, he knew
Some ſecret ſorrow did her heart diſtrain:
Which to allay, and calm her ſtorming pain,
Fair feeling words he wiſely gan diſplay,
And for her humour fitting purpoſe fain,
To tempt the cauſe it ſelf for to bewray;
Wherewith enmov'd, theſe bleeding words ſhe gan to ſay:

39.

What worlds delight, or joy of living ſpeech
Can heart, ſo plung'd in ſea of ſorrows deep,
And heaped with ſo huge misfortunes, reach?
The careful cold beginneth for to creep,
And in my heart his Iron arrow ſteep,
Soon as I think upon my bitter bale:
Such helpleſs harms it's better hidden keep,
Than rip up grief, where it may not avail,
My laſt left comfort is, my woes to weep and wail.

40.

Ah Lady dear, quoth then the gentle Knight,
Well may I ween, your grief is wondrous great;
For wondrous great grief groneth in my ſpright,
Whiles thus I hear you of your ſorrows treat.
But woful Lady, let me you intreat,
For to unfold the anguiſh of your heart:
Miſhaps are maſtred by advice diſcreet,
And counſel mitigates the greateſt ſmart;
Found never help, who never would his hurts impart.

41.

O! but (quoth ſhe) great grief will not be told,
And can more eaſily be thought, then ſaid.
Right ſo (quoth he) but he, that never would,
Could never: will to might gives greateſt aid.
But grief (quoth ſhe) does greater grow diſplayd
If then it find not help, and breeds deſpair.
Deſpair breeds not (quoth he) where faith is ſtaid.
No faith ſo faſt (quoth ſhe) but fleſh does pair.
Fleſh may empair (quoth he) but reaſon can repair.

42.

His goodly reaſon, and well guided ſpeech,
So deep did ſettle in her gracious thought,
That her perſwaded to diſcloſe the breach,
Which love and fortune in her heart had wrought,
And ſaid; Fair Sir, I hope good hap hath brought
You to inquire the ſecrets of my grief,
Or that your wiſdom will direct my thought,
Or that your proweſſe can me yield relief:
Then hear the ſtory ſad, which I ſhall tell you brief.

43.

The forlorn Maiden, whom your eyes have ſeen
The laughing ſtock of Fortunes mockeries,
Am th' only Daughter of a King and Queen,
Whoſe Parents dear, whil'ſt equal Deſtinies
Did run about, and their felicities
The favourable Heavens did not envy,
Did ſpred their rule through all the territories
Which *Phiſon* and *Euphrates* floweth by,
And *Gebons* golden waves do waſh continually;

44.

Till that their cruel curſed enemy,
An huge great Dragon horrible in ſight,
Bred in the loathly lakes of *Tartary*,
With murdrous ravine, and devouring might
Their Kingdom ſpoil'd, and countrey waſted quight:
Themſelves, for fear into his jaws to fall,
He forc't to Caſtle ſtrong to take their flight,
Where faſt embar'd in mighty brazen wall,
He has them now four years beſieg'd to make them thral.

45.

Full many Knights adventurous and ſtout,
Have enterpriz'd that Monſter to ſubdew;
From every coaſt that Heaven walks about,
Have thither come the noble Martial crew,
That famous hard atchievements ſtill purſew,
Yet never any could that girlond win,
But all ſtill ſhrunk, and ſtill he greater grew:
All they for want of faith, or guilt of ſin,
The pitious prey of his fierce cruelty have bin.

46.

And laſt, yled with far reported praiſe,
Which flying Fame throughout the world had ſpred,
Of doughty Knights, whom Fairy land did raiſe,
That noble order hight of Maidenhead,
Forthwith to Court of *Gloriane* I·ſped;
Of *Gloriane*, great Queen of glory bright,
Whoſe Kingdoms ſeat *Cleopolis* is red,
There to obtain ſome ſuch redoubted Knight,
That Parents dear from Tyrants powre deliver might.

47.

It was my chance (my chance was fair and good)
There for to find a freſh unproved Knight,
Whoſe manly hands imbrew'd in guilty blood
Had never been, ne ever by his might
Had thrown to ground the unregarded right:
Yet of his proweſſe proof he ſince hath made
(I witneſs am) in many a cruel fight;
The groning Ghoſts of many one diſmaid
Have felt the bitter dint of his avenging blade.

And

48.

And ye the forlorn reliques of his powre,
His byting Sword and his devouring spear,
Which have endured many a dreadful stowre,
Can speak his prowess, that did earst you bear,
And well could rule: now he hath left you here,
To be the record of his rueful loss,
And of my doleful disaventurous dear:
O! heavy record of the good *Redcross*, (toss?
Where have you left your Lord, that could so well you

49.

Well hoped I, and fair beginnings had,
That he my captive langour should redeem,
Till all unweeting, an Enchanter bad
His sense abus'd, and made him to misdeem
My loyalty, not such as it did seem;
That rather death desire, than such despight.
Be judge ye Heavens, that all things right esteem,
How I him lov'd, and love with all my might,
So thought I eke of him, and think I thought aright.

50.

Thenceforth, me desolate he quite forsook,
To wander where wild fortune would me lead,
And other by-ways he himself betook,
Where never foot of living wight did tread,
That brought not back the baleful body dead;
In which him chanced foul *Duessa* meet,
Mine only foe, mine only deadly dread,
Who with her witchcraft and misseeming sweet,
Inveigled him to follow her desires unmeet.

51.

At last, by subtil sleights she him betraid
Unto his foe, a Giant huge and tall,
Who him, disarmed, dissolute, dismaid,
Unwares surprised, and with mighty mall
The monster mercileſs him made to fall,
Whose fall did never foe before behold;
And now in darksom Dungeon, wretched thrall,
Remedileſs, for aye he doth him hold;
This is my cause of grief, more great than may be told.

52.

Ere she had ended all, she gan to faint:
But he her comforted and fair bespake,
Certes, Madame, ye have great cause of plaint,
That stoutest heart, I ween, could cause to quake.
But be of cheer, and comfort to you take:
For, till I have acquit your captive Knight,
Assure your self, I will you not forsake.
His chearful words reviv'd her chearleſs spright:
So forth they went, the Dwarf them guiding ever right.

CANTO VIII.

Fair Virgin, to redeem her dear,
brings Arthur *to the fight:*
Who slayes that Giant, wounds the beast,
and strips Duessa *quight.*

1.

AY me! how many perils do enfold
The righteous man, to make him daily fall?
Were not, that Heavenly grace doth him uphold,
And stedfast truth acquite him out of all.
Her love is firm, her care continual,
So oft as he, through his own foolish pride,
Or weakness, is to sinful bands made thrall:
Else should this *Redcross* Knight in bands have dy'd,
For whose deliverance she this Prince doth thither guide.

2.

They sadly travel'd thus, until they came
Nigh to a Castle builded strong and hie:
Then cry'd the Dwarf, Lo, yonder is the same,
In which my Lord my liege doth luckleſs lie,
Thrall to the Giants hateful tyranny:
Therefore, dear Sir, your mighty powres assay.
The noble Knight alighted by and by
From lofty Steed, and bade the Lady stay,
To see what end of fight should him befall that day.

3.

So with the Squire, th'admirer of his might,
He marched forth towards that Castle wall;
Whose gates he found fast shut, ne living wight
To ward the same, nor answer commers call.
Then took that Squire an horn of bugle small,
Which hung adown his side in twisted gold,
And tassels gay. Wide wonders over all
Of that same horns great vertues weren told,
Which had approved been in uses manifold.

4.

Was never wight that heard that shrilling sound,
But trembling fear did feel in every vain;
Three miles it might be easie heard around,
And Ecchoes three answerd it self again:
No false enchantment, nor deceitful train
Might once abide the terror of that blast,
But presently was void and wholly vain:
No gate so strong, no lock so firm and fast,
But with that pearcing noise flew open quite, or brast.

5.

The same before the Giants gate he blew,
That all the Castle quaked from the ground,
And every door of free-will open flew.
The Giant self dismayed with the sound
(Where he with his *Duessa* dalliance found)
In haste came rushing forth from inner bowre,
With staring count'nance stern, as one astound,
And staggering steps, to weet what suddain stowr (powr.
Had wrought that horror strange, and dar'd his dreaded

And

6.

And after him the proud *Duessa* came,
High mounted on her many-headed beast,
And every head with fiery tongue did flame,
And every head was crowned on his creast,
And bloody mouthed with late cruel feast.
That when the Knight beheld, his mighty shield
Upon his manly arm he soon addrest,
And at him fiercely flew, with courage fil'd,
And eager greedines through every member thrild.

7.

Therewith the Giant buckled him to fight,
Inflam'd with scornful wrath and high disdain:
And lifting up his dreadful club on hight,
All arm'd with ragged snubs and knotty grain,
Him thought at first encounter to have slain.
But wise and wary was that noble Pere,
And lightly leaping from so monstrous main,
Did fair avoid the violence him nere;
It booted nought, to think, such thunderbolts to bear:

8.

Ne shame he thought to shun so hideous might.
The idle stroke, enforcing furious way,
Missing the mark of his missaymed sight,
Did fall to ground, and with his heavy sway,
So deeply dinted in the driven clay,
That three yards deep a furrow up did throw:
The sad earth wounded with so sore assay,
Did grone full grievous underneath the blow, (show:
And trembling with strange fear, did like an earthquake

9.

As when almighty *Jove*, in wrathful mood,
To wreak the guilt of mortal sins is bent,
Hurls forth his thundring dart with deadly food,
Enrold in flames, and smouldring dreriment;
Through riven clouds and molten firmament,
The fierce threeforked engine making way,
Both lofty towres and higheſt trees hath rent,
And all that might his angry passage stay,
And shooting in the earth, casts up a mount of clay:

10.

His boystrous club, so buried in the ground,
He could not rearen up again so light,
But that the Knight him at avantage found:
And whiles he strove his cumbred club to quight
Out of the earth, with blade all burning bright
He smote off his left arm, which like a block
Did fall to ground, depriv'd of native might;
Large streams of blood out of the trunked stock
Fourth gushed, like fresh water stream from rivers rock.

11.

Dismayed with so desperate deadly wound,
And eke impatient of unwonted pain,
He loudly bray'd with beastly yelling sound,
That all the fields rebellowed again;
As great a noyse, as when in Cymbrian Plain
An heard of Bulls, whom kindly rage doth sting,
Do for the milky Mothers want complain,
And fill the fields with troublous bellowing,
The neighbour woods around with hollow murmuring.

12.

That when his dear *Duessa* heard, and saw
The evil stound that dangerd her estate,
Unto his aid she hastily did draw
Her dreadful beast; who swoln with blood of late,
Came ramping forth with proud presumptuous gate,
And threatning all his heads like flaming brands.
But him the Squire made quickly to retreat,
Encountring fierce with single Sword in hand,
And twixt him and his Lord did like a Bulwark stand.

13.

The proud *Duessa* full of wrathful spight,
And fierce disdain to be affronted so,
Enforc't her purple beast with all her might
That stop out of the way to overthrow,
Scorning the let of so unequal foe:
But nathemore would that courageous swain
To her yield passage, gainst his Lord to go,
But with outrageous strokes did him restrain,
And with his body bar'd the way atwixt them twain.

14.

Then took the angry Witch her golden cup,
Which still she bore, repleate with magick arts;
Death and despair did many thereof sup,
And secret poyson through their inward parts,
Th' eternal bale of heavy wounded hearts;
Which, after charms and some enchantments said,
She lightly sprinkled on his weaker parts;
Therewith his sturdy courage soon was quaid,
And all his senses were with suddain dread dismay'd.

15.

So down he fell before the cruel beast,
Who on his neck his bloody clawes did seize,
That life nigh crusht out of his panting breast:
No power he had to stir, nor will to rise.
That, when the careful Knight gan well avise,
He lightly left the foe with whom he fought,
And to the beast gan turn his enterprise;
For, wondrous anguish in his heart it wrought,
To see his loved Squire into such thraldom brought.

16.

And high advancing his blood-thirsty blade,
Strook one of those deformed heads so sore,
That of his puissance proud ensample made;
His monstrous scalp down to his teeth it tore,
And that misformed shape misshaped more:
A Sea of blood gusht from the gaping wound,
That her gay garments stain'd with filthy gore,
And overflowed all the field around;
That over shooes in blood he waded on the ground.

17.

Thereat he roared for exceeding pain,
That to have heard, great horror would have bred;
And scourging th' empty air with his long train,
Through great impatience of his grieved head,
His gorgeous rider from her lofty sted
Would have cast down, and trode in durty mire,
Had not the Giant soon her succoured;
Who, all enrag'd with smart and frantick ire,
Came hurtling in full fierce, and forc't the Knight retire.

The

18.

The force, which wont in two to be diſperſt,
In one alone right hand he now unites, (erſt;
Which is through rage more ſtrong than both were
With which his hideous club aloft he dites,
And at his foe with furious rigour ſmites,
That ſtrongeſt Oak might ſeem to overthrow:
The ſtroke upon his ſhield ſo heavy lites,
That to the ground it doubleth him full low.
What mortal wight could ever bear ſo monſtrous blow?

19.

And in his fall, his ſhield that cover'd was,
Did looſe his vail by chance, and open flew:
The light whereof, that Heavens light did paſs,
Such blazing brightneſs through the air threw,
That eye mote not the ſame endure to view.
Which when the Giant ſpide with ſtaring eye,
He down let fall his arm, and ſoft with-drew
His weapon huge, that heaved was on hie
For to have ſlain the man, that on the ground did lye.

20.

And eke the fruitful-headed beaſt, amaz'd
At flaſhing beams of that ſunſhiny ſhield,
Became ſtark blind, and all his ſenſes daz'd,
That down he tumbled on the durty field,
And ſeem'd himſelf as conquered to yield.
Whom when his miſtreſs proud perceiv'd to fall,
Whiles yet his feeble feet for faintneſs reel'd,
Unto the Giant loudly ſhe gan call,
O help *Orgoglio*, help, or elſe we periſh all.

21.

At her ſo pitious cry was much amov'd
Her Champion ſtout, and for to ayd his friend,
Again his wonted angry weapon prov'd;
But all in vain: for, he has read his end
In that bright ſhield, and all their forces ſpend
Themſelves in vain: for, ſince that glauncing ſight,
He hath no powre to hurt, nor to defend;
As, where th' Almighties lightning brond does light,
It dims the dazed eyen, and daunts the ſenſes quight.

22.

Whom when the Prince to battel new addreſt,
And threatning high his dreadful ſtroke did ſee,
His ſparkling blade about his head he bleſt,
And ſmote off quite his right leg by the knee,
That down he tumbled; as an aged tree,
High growing on the top of rocky clift,
Whoſe heart-ſtrings with keen ſteel nigh hewen be,
The mighty trunk half rent, with ragged rift
Doth roll adown the rocks, and fall with fearful drift.

23.

Or as a Caſtle reared high and round,
By ſubtile engines and malicious ſlight
Is undermined from the loweſt ground,
And her foundation forc't, and feebled quight,
At laſt, down falls, and with her heaped hight
Her haſty ruine does more heavy make,
And yields it ſelf unto the Victors might;
Such was this Giants fall, that ſeem'd to ſhake
The ſtedfaſt globe of earth, as it for fear did quake.

24.

The Knight, then lightly leaping to the prey,
With mortal ſteel him ſmote again ſo ſore,
That headleſs his unweldy body lay,
All wallow'd in his own foul bloody gore,
Which flowed from his wounds in wondrous ſtore:
But ſoon as breath out of his breſt did paſs,
That huge great body which the Giant bore,
Was vanquiſht quite, and of that monſtrous maſs
Was nothing left, but like an empty bladder was.

25.

Whoſe grievous fall when falſe *Dueſſa* ſpide,
Her golden cup ſhe caſt unto the ground,
And crowned Mitre rudely threw aſide;
Such pearcing grief her ſtubborn heart did wound,
That ſhe could not endure that doleful ſtound,
But leaving all behind her, fled away:
The light-foot Squire her quickly turn'd around,
And by hard means enforcing her to ſtay,
So brought unto his Lord, as his deſerved prey.

26.

The royal Virgin, which beheld from far,
In penſive plight, and ſad perplexity,
The whole atchievement of this doubtful war,
Came running faſt to greet his victory,
With ſober gladneſs, and mild modeſty,
And with ſweet joyous chear him thus beſpake;
Fair branch of nobleſs, flowre of chevalry,
That with your worth the world amazed make,
How ſhall I quite the pains ye ſuffer for my ſake?

27.

And you freſh bud of vertue ſpringing faſt,
Whom theſe ſad eyes ſaw nigh unto deaths door,
What hath poor Virgin, for ſuch peril paſt,
Wherewith you to reward? Accept therefore
My ſimple ſelf, and ſervice evermore;
And he that high does ſit, and all things ſee
With equal eyes, their merits to reſtore,
Behold what ye this day have done for me,
And what I cannot quite, requite with uſury.

28.

But ſith the Heavens, and your fair handeling,
Have made you maſter of the field this day,
Your fortune maſter eke with governing,
And well begun, end all ſo well, I pray,
Ne let that wicked Woman ſcape away;
For, ſhe it is that did my Lord bethral,
My deareſt Lord, and deep in Dungeon lay,
Where he his better days hath waſted all.
O hear, how pitious he to you for aid does call.

29.

Forthwith he gave in charge unto his Squire,
That ſcarlot whore to keepen carefully;
Whiles he himſelf with greedy great deſire
Into the Caſtle entred forcibly;
Where living creature none he did eſpy.
Then gan he loudly through the houſe to call:
But no man car'd to anſwer to his cry.
There raign'd a ſolemn ſilence over all,
Nor voice was heard, nor wight was ſeen in bowre or hall.

30.

At last, with creeping crooked pase forth came
An old man, with beard as white as snow,
That on a staff his feeble steps did frame,
And guide his weary gate both to and fro,
For, his eye sight him failed long ygo:
And on his arm a bounch of keyes he bore,
The which unused, rust did overgrow:
Those were the keys of every inner door,
But he could not them use, but kept them still in store.

31.

But very uncouth sight was to behold
How he did fashion his untoward pase:
For, as he forward mov'd his footing old,
So backward still was turn'd his wrinkled face;
Unlike to men, who ever as they trace,
Both feet and face one way are wont to lead.
This was the ancient keeper of that place,
And foster-father of the Giant dead;
His name *Ignaro* did his nature right aread.

32.

His reverend hairs and holy gravity
The Knight much honour'd, as beseemed well,
And gently askt, where all the people be,
Which in that stately building wont to dwell,
Who answered him full soft, he could not tell.
Again he askt, where that same Knight was laid,
Whom great *Orgoglio* with his puissance fell
Had made his caitive thrall; again he said,
He could not tell: ne ever other answer made.

33.

Then asked he, which way he in might pass:
He could not tell, again he answered.
Thereat the curteous Knight displeased was,
And said, Old sire, it seems thou hast not red
How ill it fits with that same silver hed
In vain to mock, or mockt in vain to be:
But if thou be, as thou art pourtrahed
With natures pen, in ages grave degree,
Aread in graver wise, what I demand of thee.

34.

His answer likewise was, he could not tell.
Whose senseless speech, and doted ignorance
When as the noble Prince had marked well,
He ghest his nature by his countenance,
And calm'd his wrath with goodly temperance;
Then to him stepping, from his arm did reach
Those keys, and made himself free enterance.
Each door he opened without any breach;
There was no bar to stop, nor foe him to impeach.

35.

There all within full rich array'd he found,
With royal arras, and resplendent gold,
And did with store of every thing abound,
That greatest Princes presence might behold:
But all the floor (too filthy to be told)
With blood of guiltless babes, and innocents true,
Which there were slain, as sheep out of the fold,
Defiled was, that dreadful was to view,
And sacred ashes over it was strowed new.

36.

And there beside of marble stone was built
An Altar, carv'd with cunning imagery,
On which true Christians blood was often spilt,
And holy Martyrs often doen to dye,
With cruel malice and strong tyranny:
Whose blessed sprites from underneath the stone
To God for vengeance cry'd continually,
And with great grief were often heard to grone,
That hardest heart would bleed, to hear their pitious mone.

37.

Through every room he sought, and every bowre,
But no where could he find that woful thrall:
At last he came unto an Iron door,
That fast was lockt, but key found not at all
Emongst that bunch, to open it withall;
But in the same a little grate was pight,
Through which he sent his voice, and loud did call
With all his powre, to weet if living wight
Were housed there within, whom he enlargen might.

38.

Therewith, an hallow, dreary, murmuring voice
These pitious plaints and dolours did resound;
O who is that, which brings me happy choice
Of death, that here lye dying every stound,
Yet live perforce in baleful darkness bound?
For, now three Moons have changed thrice their hew,
And have been thrice hid underneath the ground,
Since I the Heavens chearful face did view:
O welcome thou, that dost of death bring tydings true.

39.

Which when that Champion heard, with pearcing point
Of pity dear his heart was thrilled sore,
And trembling horror ran through every joynt,
For ruth of gentle Knight so foul forlore:
Which shaking off, he rent that Iron door,
With furious force, and indignation fell;
Where entred in, his foot could find no flore,
But all a deep descent, as dark as Hell,
That breathed ever forth a filthy baneful smell.

40.

But neither darkness foul, nor filthy bands,
Nor noyous smell his purpose could with-hold,
(Entire affection hateth nicer bands)
But that with constant zeal, and courage bold,
After long pains and labours manifold,
He found the means that prisoner up to rear;
Whose feeble thighs, unable to uphold
His pined corse, him scarce to light could bear.
A rueful spectacle of death and ghastly drear.

41.

His sad dull eyes deep sunk in hollow pits,
Could not endure th' unwonted Sun to view;
His bare thin cheeks for want of better bits,
And empty sides deceived of their due,
Could make a stony heart his hap to rue;
His raw-bone arms, whose mighty brawned bowres
Were wont to rive steel plates, and helmets hew,
Were clean consum'd, and all his vital powres
Decay'd, and all his flesh shrunk up like withered flowres.

Whom

42.

Whom when his Lady ſaw, to him ſhe ran
With haſty joy: to ſee him made her glad,
And ſad to view his viſage pale and wan,
Who earſt in flowres of freſheſt youth was clad.
Tho when her well of tears ſhe waſted had,
She ſaid, Ah deareſt Lord! what evil ſtar
On you hath frown'd, and pour'd his influence bad,
That of your ſelf ye thus berobbed are,
And this miſſeeming hew your manly looks doth marr?

43.

But welcome now my Lord, in wele or woe,
Whoſe preſence I have lackt too long a day;
And fie on Fortune mine avowed foe,
Whoſe wrathful wreaks themſelves do now alay,
And for theſe wrongs ſhall treble penance pay
Of treble good: good grows of evils prief.
The cheerleſs Man, whom ſorrow did diſmay,
Had no delight to treaten of his grief;
His long endured Famine needed more relief.

44.

Fair Lady, then ſaid that victorious Knight,
The things that grievous were to do, or bear,
Them to renew, I wot, breeds no delight;
Beſt muſick breeds delight in loathing ear:
But th'onely good that grows of paſſed fear,
Is to be wiſe, and ware of like agen.
This days enſample hath this leſſon dear
Deep written in my heart with iron pen,
"That bliſs may not abide in ſtate of mortal Men.

45.

Henceforth ſir Knight, take to you wonted ſtrength,
And maſter theſe miſhaps with patient might;
Lo, where your foe lyes ſtretcht in monſtrous length:
And lo, that wicked woman in your ſight,
The root of all your care, and wretched plight,
Now in your powre, to let her live or dye.
To do her dye (quoth *Una*) were deſpight,
And ſhame t' avenge ſo weak an enemy;
But ſpoil her of her ſcarlet robe, and let her fly.

46.

So, as ſhe bade, that Witch they diſarray'd,
And robb'd of royal Robes, and Purple pall,
And ornaments that richly were diſplay'd;
Ne ſpared they to ſtrip her naked all.
Then when they had deſpoyl'd her Tire and Call,
Such as ſhe was, their eyes might her behold,
That her miſhaped parts did them appall,
A loathly, wrinkled hag, ill favour'd, old,
Whoſe ſecret filth, good manners biddeth not be told.

47.

Her crafty head was altogether bald,
And (as in hate of honourable eld)
Was over-grown with ſcurf and filthy ſcald;
Her teeth out of her rotten gumms were feld,
And her ſowre breath abominably ſmeld;
Her dried dugs, like bladders lacking wind,
Hung down, and filthy matter from them weld;
Her writhled skin, as rough as Maple rind,
So ſcabby was, that would have loath'd all woman-kind.

48.

Her nether parts, the ſhame of all her kind,
My chaſter Muſe for ſhame doth bluſh to write:
But at her rump ſhe growing had behind
A Foxes tail, with dung all fouly dight;
And eke her Feet moſt monſtrous were in ſight;
For one of them was like an Eagles claw,
With griping talons arm'd to greedy fight,
The other like a Bears uneven paw:
More ugly ſhape, yet never living creature ſaw.

49.

Which when the Knights beheld, amaz'd they were,
And wonder'd at ſo foul deformed wight.
Such then (ſaid *Una*) as ſhe ſeemeth here,
Such is the face of Falſhood, ſuch the ſight
Of foul *Dueſſa*, when her borrowed light
Is laid away, and counterfeſaunce known.
Thus when they had the Witch diſrobed quight,
And all her filthy feature open ſhown,
They let her go at will, and wander ways unknown.

50.

She flying faſt from Heavens hated face,
And from the World that her diſcover'd wide,
Fled to the waſtful wilderneſs apace,
From living eyes her open ſhame to hide,
And lurkt in Rocks and Caves long uneſpy'd.
But that fair crew of Knights, and *Una* fair,
Did in that Caſtle afterwards abide,
To reſt themſelves, and weary powers repair,
Where ſtore they found of all that dainty was and rare.

CANTO IX.

His loves and linage Arthur *tells,*
the Knights knit friendly bands:
Sir Treviſan *flies from Deſpair,*
whom Redcroſs Knight withſtands.

1.

O Goodly golden chain, wherewith yfere,
The vertues linked are in lovely wiſe;
And noble minds of yore allied were,
In brave purſuit of chevalrous empriſe,
That none did others ſafety deſpiſe,
Nor aid envy to him in need that ſtands,
But friendly each did others praiſe deviſe
How to advance with favourable hands,
As this good Prince redeem'd the *Redcroſs* Knight from bands.

2.

Who when their powers empair'd through labour long,
With due repaſt they had recured well,
And that weak Captive wight now wexed ſtrong,
Them liſt no lenger there at leyſure dwell,
But forward fare, as their Adventures fell:
But e're they parted, *Una* fair beſought
That ſtranger Knight his Name and Nation tell;
Leaſt ſo great good as he for her had wrought,
Should die unknown, and buried be in thankleſs thought.

3.

Fair Virgin (said the Prince) ye me require
A thing without the compass of my wit:
For, both the linage and the certain Sire
From which I spring, from me are hidden yet.
For, all so soon as life did me admit
Into this World, and shewed Heavens light,
From Mothers pap I taken was unfit,
And straight deliver'd to a Fairy Knight,
To be upbrought in gentle thews and Martial might.

4.

Unto old *Timon* he me brought bylive,
Old *Timon*, who in youthful years hath been
In warlike feats th' experteſt Man alive,
And is the wiſeſt now on Earth I ween;
His dwelling is low in a valley green,
Under the foot of *Rauran* mossie hore,
From whence the River *Dee* as silver clean
His tumbling billows rolls with gentle rore:
There all my days he train'd me up in vertuous lore.

5.

Thither the great Magician *Merlin* came,
As was his use, oft-times to visit me:
For he had charge my Discipline to frame,
And Tutors nouriture to overſee.
Him oft and oft I askt in privity,
Of what loyns, and what linage I did spring:
Whose answer bad me still assured be,
That I was Son and Heir unto a King,
As time in her just term the truth to light should bring.

6.

Well worthy imp, said then the Lady gent,
And Pupil fit for such a Tutors hand,
But what adventure, or what high intent
Hath brought you hither into Fairy Land,
Aread Prince *Arthur*, crown of Martial band?
Full hard it is (quoth he) to read aright
The course of Heavenly cause, or understand
The secret meaning of th' eternal might, (wight.
That rules mens ways, and rules the thoughts of living

7.

For, whether he through fatal deep foresight
Me hither sent, for cause to me ungheſt,
Or that fresh bleeding wound, which day and night
Whilome doth rankle in my riven breſt,
With forced fury following his beheſt,
Me hither brought by ways yet never found,
You to have helpt I hold my self yet bleſt.
Ah courteous Knight (quoth she) what secret wound
Could ever find, to grieve the gentleſt heart on ground?

8.

Dear Dame (quoth he) you sleeping sparks awake,
Which troubled once, into huge flames will grow,
Ne never will their fervent fury slake,
Till living moisture into smoak do flow,
And wasted life do lie in Ashes low.
Yet sithence silence leſſeneth not my fire
(But told, it flames; and hidden, it does glow)
I will reveal what ye so much desire:
Ah Love, lay down thy bow, the whiles I may respire.

9.

It was in freſheſt flower of youthful years,
When courage first does creep in manly cheſt,
Then first the coal of kindly heat appears
To kindle love in every living breſt;
But me had warn'd old *Timon*'s wise beheſt,
Those creeping flames by reason to subdue,
Before their rage grew to so great unreſt,
As miserable Lovers use to rue,
Which still wex old in woe, while woe still wexeth new.

10.

That idle name of Love, and Lovers life,
As loss of time, and vertues enemy
I ever scorn'd, and joy'd to stir up strife,
In middeſt of their mournful Tragedy,
Ay wont to laugh, when them I heard to cry;
And blow the fire which them to ashes brent:
Their God himself griev'd at my liberty,
Shot many a dart at me with fierce intent,
But I them warded all with wary government.

11.

But all in vain: no Fort can be so strong,
Ne fleshly beast can armed be so sound,
But will at laſt be won with battry long,
Or unawares at disadvantage found;
Nothing is sure that grows on earthly ground:
And who moſt trusts in arm of fleshly might,
And boasts, in beauties chain not to be bound,
Doth soonest fall in dis-adventrous fight,
And yield his caitive neck to victors moſt despight.

12.

Ensample make of him your hapleſs joy,
And of my self now mated, as ye see:
Whose prouder vaunt, that proud avenging boy
Did soon pluck down, and curb'd my liberty.
For, on a day, prickt forth with jollity
Of looser Life, and heat of hardiment,
Ranging the Foreſt wide on courser free,
The fields, the floods, the Heavens with one consent
Did seem to laugh on me, and favour mine intent.

13.

Fore-wearied with my sports, I did alight
From lofty steed, and down to sleep me laid;
The verdant gras my couch did goodly dight,
And pillow was my Helmet fair display'd:
While every sense the humour sweet embay'd,
And slumbring soft my heart did steal away,
Me seemed by my side a Royal Maid
Her dainty limbs full softly down did lay:
So fair a creature yet saw never sunny day.

14.

Moſt goodly glee and lovely blandiſhment
She to me made, and bad me love her dear;
For, dearly sure her Love was to me bent,
As when just time expired should appear.
But whether dreams delude, or true it were,
Was never heart so raviſht with delight,
Ne living Man like words did ever hear,
As she to me deliver'd all that night;
And at her parting said, She Queen of Faryes hight.

When

15.

When I awoke, and found her place devoid,
And nought but preſſed graſs where ſhe had lyen,
I ſorrow'd all ſo much, as earſt I joy'd,
And waſhed all her place with watry eyen.
From that day forth, I lov'd that face divine;
From that day forth I caſt in careful mind,
To ſeek her out with labour and long tine,
And never vow to reſt, till her I find,
Nine months I ſeek in vain, yet nill that vow unbind.

16.

Thus as he ſpake, his viſage wexed pale,
And change of hew great paſſion did bewray;
Yet ſtill he ſtrove to cloak his inward bale,
And hide the ſmoak that did his fire diſplay,
Till gentle *Una* thus to him gan ſay;
O happy Queen of Fairyes, that haſt found
Mongſt many, one that with his proweſs may
Defend thine honour, and thy foes confound:
True loves are often ſown, but ſeldom grow on ground.

17.

Thine, O then, ſaid the gentle *Redcroſs* Knight,
Next to that Ladies love ſhall be the place,
O faireſt Virgin, full of Heavenly light,
Whoſe wondrous Faith exceeding Earthly race,
Was firmeſt fixt in mine extreameſt caſe.
And you my Lord, the Patron of my Life,
Of that great Queen may well gain worthy grace:
For, only worthy you, through proweſs prief
If living Man mote worthy be, to be her lief.

18.

So, diverſly diſcourſing of their loves,
The golden Sun his gliſtring head gan ſhew,
And ſad remembrance now the Prince amoves,
With freſh deſire his voyage to purſue:
Als *Una* earn'd her travel to renew.
Then thoſe two Knights, faſt friendſhip for to bind,
And love eſtabliſh each to other true,
Gave goodly gifts, the ſigns of grateful mind,
And eke the pledges firm, right hands together joyn'd.

19.

Prince *Arthur* gave a Box of Diamond ſure,
Embow'd with gold and gorgeous ornament,
Wherein were clos'd few drops of liquor pure,
Of wondrous worth, and vertue excellent,
That any wound could heal incontinent:
Which to requite, the *Redcroſs* Knight him gave
A book, wherein his Saviours Teſtament
Was writ with golden letters rich and brave;
A work of wondrous grace, and able Souls to ſave.

20.

Thus been they parted, *Arthur* on his way
To ſeek his Love, and th'other for to fight
With *Unaes* foe, that all her Realm did prey.
But ſhe now weighing the decayed plight,
And ſhrunken ſinews of her choſen Knight,
Would not a while her forward courſe purſue,
Ne bring him forth in face of dreadful fight,
Till he recover'd had his former hew:
For, him to be yet weak and weary well ſhe knew.

21.

So as they travail'd, lo, they gan eſpy
An armed Knight towards them gallop faſt,
That ſeemed from ſome feared foe to flie,
Or other griſly thing that him agaſt.
Still as he fled, his eye was backward caſt,
As if his fear ſtill follow'd him behind;
Als flew his ſteed, as he his bands had braſt,
And with his winged heels did tread the wind,
As he had been a fole of *Pegaſus* his kind.

22.

Nigh as he drew, they might perceive his head
To be unarm'd, and curl'd uncombed Hairs
Upſtaring ſtiff, diſmay'd with uncouth dread;
Nor drop of blood in all his face appears,
Nor life in limb: and to increaſe his fears,
In foul reproach of Knighthoods fair degree,
About his neck a hempen Rope he wears,
That with his gliſtring Arms does ill agree;
But he of Rope or Arms has now no Memory.

23.

The *Redcroſs* Knight toward him croſſed faſt,
To weet what miſter wight was ſo diſmay'd:
There him he finds all ſenſleſs and agaſt,
That of himſelf he ſeem'd to be afraid;
Whom hardly he from flying forward ſtaid,
Till he theſe words to him deliver might;
Sir Knight, aread who hath ye thus arraid,
And eke from whom make ye this haſty flight:
For, never Knight I ſaw in ſuch miſſeeming plight.

24.

He anſwer'd nought at all; but adding new
Fear to his firſt amazement, ſtaring wide
With ſtony eyes, and hartleſs hollow hew,
Aſtoniſht ſtood, as one that had eſpy'd,
Infernal Furies, with their chains unty'd.
Him yet again, and yet again beſpake
The gentle Knight; who nought to him reply'd,
But trembling every joynt did inly quake, (ſhake.
And foltring Tongue at laſt theſe words ſeem'd forth to

25.

For God's dear love, Sir Knight, do me not ſtay;
For loe, he comes, he comes faſt after me.
Eft looking back, would fain have run away;
But he him forc't to ſtay, and tellen free
The ſecret cauſe of his perplexity:
Yet nathemore by his bold harty ſpeech,
Could his blood-frozen heart emboldned be:
But through his boldneſs rather fear did reach:
Yet forc't at laſt he made through ſilence ſudden breach.

26.

And am I now in ſafety here (quoth he)
From him that would have forced me to dye?
And is the point of death now turn'd fro me,
That I may tell this hapleſs Hiſtory?
Fear nought (quoth he) no danger now is nigh.
Then ſhall I you recount a rueful caſe
(Said he) the which with this unlucky eye
I late beheld, and had not greater grace
Me reft from it, had been partaker of the place.

27.

I lately chaunc't (would I had never chaunc't)
With a fair Knight to keepen companee,
Sir *Terwin* hight, that well himself advaunc't
In all affairs, and was both bold and free,
But not so happy as mote happy be:
He lov'd, as was his lot, a Lady gent,
That him again lov'd in the least degree:
For, she was proud, and of too high intent,
And joyd to see her Lover languish and lament.

28.

From whom returning sad and comfortless,
As on the way together we did fare,
We met that Villain (God from him me bless)
That cursed wight, from whom I scap't why lear,
A man of Hell, that calls himself *Despair*:
Who first us greets, and after fair areeds
Of tydings strange, and of adventures rare:
So creeping close, as Snake in hidden weeds,
Inquireth of our states, and of our Knightly deeds.

29.

Which when he knew, and felt our feeble hearts
Embost with bale, and bitter byting grief,
Which love had launced with his deadly darts,
With wounding words and terms of foul reprief,
He pluckt from us all hope of due relief,
That earst us held in love of lingring life;
Then hopeless, hartless, gan the cunning Thief
Perswade us dye, to stint all further strife:
To me he lent this rope, to him a rusty knife.

30.

With which sad Instrument of hasty death,
That woful Lover, loathing lenger light,
A wide way made to let forth living breath.
But I more fearful, or more lucky wight,
Dismay'd with that deformed dismal sight,
Fled fast away, half dead with dying fear:
Ne yet assur'd of life by you, Sir Knight,
Whose like infirmity like chaunce may bear:
But God you never let his charmed speeches hear.

31.

How may a man (said he) with idle speech
Be won to spoyl the Castle of his health?
I wote (quoth he) whom tryal late did teach,
That like would not for all this Worldes wealth,
His subtile tongue, like dropping honey, mealt'th
Into the heart, and searcheth every vain,
That ere one be aware, by secret stealth
His power is reft, and weakness doth remain;
O! never Sir desire to try his guileful train.

32.

Certes (said he) hence shall I never rest,
Till I that treacherous art have heard and tride;
And you Sir Knight, whose name mote I request,
Of grace do me unto his Cabin guide.
I that hight *Trevisan* (quoth he) will ride
(Against my liking) back, to do you grace:
But not for Gold nor glee will I abide
By you, when ye arrive in that same place;
For lever had I dye, than see his deadly face.

33.

Ere long they come, where that same wicked wight
His dwelling has, low in an hollow Cave,
Far underneath a craggy clift ypight,
Dark, doleful, dreary, like a greedy Grave,
That still for carrion carcases doth crave:
On top whereof aye dwelt the gastly Owl,
Shricking his baleful note, which ever drave
Far from that haunt all other chearful fowl;
And all about it wandring Ghosts did wail and howl.

34.

And all about, old stocks and stubs of Trees,
Whereon nor fruit, nor leaf was ever seen,
Did hang upon the ragged rocky knees;
On which had many Wretches hanged been,
Whose carcases were scattered on the Green,
And thrown about the clifts. Arrived there,
That bare-head Knight, for dread and doleful teen,
Would fain have fled, ne durst approchen near:
But th' other forc't him stay, and comforted in fear.

35.

That darksome Cave they enter, where they find
That cursed man, low sitting on the ground,
Musing full sadly in his sullen mind;
His grisly locks, long growen, and unbound,
Disordred hung about his shoulders round,
And hid his face; through which his hollow eyne
Lookt deadly dull, and stared as a stound;
His raw-bone cheeks, through penury and pine,
Were shrunk into his jaws, as he did never dine.

36.

His Garment nought but many ragged clouts,
With thorns together pind and patched was,
The which his naked sides he wrapt abouts;
And him beside there lay upon the grass
A dreary corse, whose life away did pass,
All wallow'd in his own yet luke-warm blood,
That from his wound yet welled fresh alas;
In which a rusty knife had fixed stood,
And made an open passage for the gushing flood.

37.

Which pittious spectacle, approving true
The woful tale that *Trevisan* had told,
When as the gentle *Redcross* Knight did view,
With fiery zeal he burnt in courage bold,
Him to avenge before his blood were cold,
And to the villain said, Thou damned wight,
The Author of this fact we here behold,
What justice can but judge against the right, (sight.
With thine own blood to price his blood, here shed in

38.

What frantick fit (quoth he) hath thus distraught
Thee foolish man, so rash a doom to give?
What justice ever other judgement taught,
But he should dye, who merits not to live?
None else to death this man despairing drive,
But his own guilty mind deserving death.
Is then unjust to each his due to give?
Or let him dye, that loatheth living breath?
Or let him dye at ease, that liveth here uneath?

Who

39.

Who travels by the weary wandring way,
To come unto his wiſhed home in haſte,
And meets a flood that doth his paſſage ſtay,
Is not great grace to help him over paſt,
Or free his feet, that in the mire ſtick faſt?
Moſt envious man, that grieves at neighbours good,
And fond, that joyeſt in the woe thou haſt,
Why wilt not let him paſs, that long hath ſtood
Upon the bank, yet wilt thy ſelf not paſs the flood?

40.

He there does now enjoy eternal reſt
And happy eaſe, which thou doſt want and crave,
And further from it daily wandereſt:
What if ſome little pain the paſſage have,
That makes frail fleſh to fear the bitter wave?
Is not ſhort pain well born, that brings long eaſe,
And lays the ſoul to ſleep in quiet grave?
Sleep after toil, Port after ſtormy Seas,
Eaſe after War, Death after life does greatly pleaſe.

41.

The Knight much wondred at his ſuddain wit,
And ſaid, The term of life is limited,
Ne may a man prolong, nor ſhorten it;
The Souldier may not move from watchful ſted,
Nor leave his ſtand, until his Captain bed.
Who life did limit by Almighty doom
(Quoth he) knows beſt the terms eſtabliſhed;
And he that points the Centonel his room,
Doth licenſe him depart at ſound of morning droom.

42.

Is not his deed, what ever thing is done,
In Heaven and earth? did not he all create
To dye again? all ends that was begun.
Their times in his eternal book of fate
Are written ſure, and have their certain date.
Who then can ſtrive with ſtrong Neceſſity,
That holds the world in his ſtill changing ſtate,
Or ſhun the death ordain'd by deſtiny? (why.
When hour of death is come, let none ask whence, nor

43.

The longer life, I wote the greater ſin;
The greater ſin, the greater puniſhment:
All thoſe great battels which thou boaſts to win,
Through ſtrife, and bloodſhed, and avengement,
Now prais'd, hereafter dear thou ſhalt repent:
For, life muſt life, and blood muſt blood repay.
Is not enough thy evil life foreſpent?
For he that once hath miſſed the right way,
The further he doth go, the further he doth ſtray.

44.

Then do no further go, no further ſtray,
But here lye down, and to thy reſt betake,
Th'ill to prevent, that life enſewen may.
For, what hath life, that may it loved make,
And gives not rather cauſe it to forſake?
Fear, ſickneſs, age, loſs, labour, ſorrow, ſtrife,
Pain, hunger, cold, that makes the heart to quake;
And ever fickle fortune rageth rife,
All which, and thouſands mo, do make a loathſome life.

45.

Thou, wretched man, of death haſt greateſt need,
If in true balance thou wilt weigh thy ſtate:
For, never Knight that dared warlike deed,
More luckleſs diſaventures did amate:
Witneſs the Dungeon deep, wherein of late
Thy life ſhut up, for death ſo oft did call;
And though good luck prolonged hath thy date,
Yet death then would the like miſhaps foreſtall,
Into the which hereafter thou mayeſt happen fall.

46.

Why then doſt thou, O man of ſin, deſire
To draw thy days forth to their laſt degree?
Is not the meaſure of thy ſinful hire
High heaped up with huge iniquity,
Againſt the day of wrath, to burden thee?
Is not enough, that to this Lady mild
Thou falſed haſt thy faith with perjury,
And ſold thy ſelf to ſerve *Dueſſa* vild,
With whom in all abuſe thou haſt thy ſelf defil'd?

47.

Is not he juſt, that all this doth behold
From higheſt Heaven, and bears an equal eye?
Shall he thy ſins up in his knowledge fold,
And guilty be of thine impiety?
Is not his Law, Let every ſinner dye:
Dye ſhall all fleſh? what then muſt needs be done,
Is it not better to do willingly,
Then linger till the glaſs be all out-run?
Death is the end of woes: dye ſoon, O Fairies Son.

48.

The Knight was much enmoved with his ſpeech,
That as a Swords point through his heart did pearce,
And in his conſcience made a ſecret breach,
Well knowing true all that he did reherſe,
And to his freſh remembrance did reverſe
The ugly view of his deformed crimes,
That all his manly powres it did diſperſe,
As he were charmed with inchanted rimes,
That oftentimes he quakt, and fainted oftentimes.

49.

In which amazement, when the Miſcreant
Perceived him to waver weak and frail,
Whiles trembling horror did his conſcience dant,
And helliſh anguiſh did his ſoul aſſail;
To drive him to deſpair, and quite to quail,
He ſhew'd him painted in a table plain,
The damned Ghoſts that do in torments wail,
And thouſand fiends that do them endleſs pain
With fire and brimſtone, which for ever ſhall remain.

50.

The ſight whereof ſo throughly him diſmay'd,
That nought but death before his eyes he ſaw,
And ever burning wrath before him laid,
By righteous ſentence of th' Almighties law:
Then gan the villain him to overcraw,
And brought unto him Swords, ropes, poyſon, fire,
And all that might him to perdition draw;
And bade him chuſe what death he would deſire:
For death was due to him, that had provokt Gods ire.

But

51.

But when as none of them he ſaw him take,
He to him raught a dagger ſharp and keen,
And gave it him in hand: his hand did quake,
And tremble like a leaf of Aſpin green,
And troubled blood through his pale face was ſeen
To come and go; with tydings from the heart,
As it a running meſſenger had been.
At laſt, reſolv'd to work his final ſmart,
He lifted up his hand, that back again did ſtart.

52.

Which when as *Una* ſaw, through every vain
The crudied cold ran to her well of life,
As in a ſwoun: but ſoon reliev'd again,
Out of his hand ſhe ſnatcht the curſed knife,
And threw it to the ground, enraged rife,
And to him ſaid, Fie, fie, faint hearted Knight,
What meaneſt thou by this reproachful ſtrife?
Is this the battel, which thou vaunt'ſt to fight
With that fire-mouthed Dragon, horrible and bright?

53.

Come, come away, frail, ſilly, fleſhly wight,
Ne let vain words bewitch thy manly heart,
Ne diveliſh thoughts diſmay thy conſtant ſpright.
In Heavenly mercies haſt thou not a part?
Why ſhould'ſt thou then deſpair, that choſen art?
Where juſtice grows, there grows eke greater grace,
The which doth quench the brond of helliſh ſmart,
And that accurſt hand-writing doth deface:
Ariſe, Sir Knight, ariſe, and leave this curſed place.

54.

So up he roſe, and thence amounted ſtraight.
Which when the Carl beheld, and ſaw his gueſt
Would ſafe depart, for all his ſubtile ſleight,
He choſe an halter from among the reſt,
And with it hung himſelf, unbid, unbleſt.
But Death he could not work himſelf thereby;
For thouſand times he ſo himſelf had dreſt,
Yet natheleſs it could not do him dye,
Till he ſhould dye his laſt, that is, eternally.

CANTO X.

Her faithful Knight fair Una *brings*
to houſe of Holineſs;
Where he is taught repentance, and
the way to Heavenly bleſs.

1.

WHat man is he, that boaſts of fleſhly might,
And vain aſſurance of mortality,
Which all ſo ſoon as it doth come to ſight
Againſt ſpiritual foes, yields by and by,
Or from the field moſt cowardly doth fly?
Ne let the man aſcribe it to his skill,
That thorough grace hath gained victory.
If any ſtrength we have, it is to ill:
But all the good is Gods, both power and eke will.

2.

By that which lately hapned, *Una* ſaw
That this her Knight was feeble, and too faint;
And all his ſinews woxen weak and raw,
Through long impriſonment, and hard conſtraint,
Which he endured in his late reſtraint,
That yet he was unfit for bloody fight:
Therefore to cheriſh him with dyets daint,
She caſt to bring him, where he chearen might,
Till he recovered had his late decayed plight.

3.

There was an ancient houſe not far away,
Renown'd throughout the world for ſacred lore,
And pure unſpotted life: ſo well they ſay
It govern'd was, and guided evermore
Through wiſdom of a Matron grave and hore;
Whoſe only joy was to relieve the needs
Of wretched ſouls, and help the helpleſs poor:
All night ſhe ſpent in bidding of her bedes,
And all the day in doing good and godly deeds.

4.

Dame *Cœlia* men did her call, as thought
From Heaven to come, or thither to ariſe,
The Mother of three Daughters well up-brought
In goodly thews, and godly exerciſe:
The eldeſt two moſt ſober, chaſt, and wiſe,
Fidelia and *Speranza* Virgins were,
Though ſpous'd, yet wanting wedlocks ſolemnize;
But fair *Chariſſa* to a lovely fear
Was linked, and by him had many pledges dear.

5.

Arrived there, the door they find faſt lockt;
For it was warely watched night and day,
For fear of many foes: but when they knockt,
The porter opened unto them ſtraight way:
He was an aged Sire, all hory gray,
With looks full lowly caſt, and gate full ſlow,
Wont on a ſtaff his feeble ſteps to ſtay,
Hight *Humilta*. They paſs in, ſtooping low;
For ſtraight and narrow was the way which he did ſhow.

6.

Each goodly thing is hardeſt to begin:
But entred in, a ſpacious Court they ſee,
Both plain, and pleaſant to be walked in,
Where them does meet a Franklin fair and free,
And entertains with comely courteous glee,
His name was *Zele*, that him right well became;
For, in his ſpeeches and behaviour he
Did labour lively to expreſs the ſame,
And gladly did them guide, till to the Hall they came.

7.

There fairly them receives a gentle Squire,
Of mild demeanure, and rare courteſie,
Right cleanly clad in comely ſad attire;
In word and deed that ſhew'd great modeſty,
And knew his good to all of each degree,
Hight *Reverence*. He them with ſpeeches meet
Does fair intreat; no courting nicety,
But ſimple true, and eke unfained ſweet,
As might become a Squire perſons ſo great to greet.

And

8.

And afterwards them to his Dame he leads,
That aged Dame, the Lady of the place:
Who all this while was buſie at her beads:
Which doen, ſhe up aroſe with ſeemly grace,
And toward them full matronely did paſe.
Where, when the faireſt *Una* ſhe beheld,
Whom well ſhe knew to ſpring from Heavenly race,
Her heart with joy unwonted inly ſweld,
As feeling wondrous comfort in her weaker eld.

9.

And her embracing ſaid, O happy earth,
Whereon thy innocent feet do ever tread,
Moſt vertuous virgin, born of Heavenly birth,
That to redeem thy woful Parents head,
From Tyrants rage, and ever-dying dread,
Haſt wandred through the World now long a day;
Yet ceaſeſt not thy weary ſoles to lead,
What grace hath thee now hither brought this way?
Or doen thy feeble feet unweeting hither ſtray?

10.

Strange thing it is an errant Knight to ſee
Here in this place, or any other wight,
That hither turns his ſteps. So few there be
That chuſe the narrow path, or ſeek the right:
All keep the broad high-way, and take delight
With many rather for to go aſtray,
And be partakers of their evil plight,
Than with a few to walk the righteſt way;
O fooliſh men! why haſte ye to your own decay?

11.

Thy ſelf to ſee, and tyred limbs to reſt,
O matrone ſage (quoth ſhe) I hither came,
And this good Knight his way with me addreſt,
Led with thy praiſes and broad-blazing fame,
That up to Heaven is blown. The ancient Dame,
Him goodly greeted in her modeſt guiſe,
And entertaind them both, as beſt became,
With all the court'ſies that ſhe could deviſe,
Ne wanted ought, to ſhew her bountious or wiſe.

12.

Thus as they gan of ſundry things deviſe,
Lo, too moſt goodly virgins came in place,
Ylinked arm in arm in lovely wiſe,
With countenance demure, and modeſt grace,
They numbred even ſteps, and equal paſe:
Of which the eldeſt, that *Fidelia* hight,
Like ſunny beams threw from her Cryſtal face,
That could have daz'd the raſh beholders ſight,
And round about her head did ſhine like Heavens light.

13.

She was arrayed all in lilly white,
And in her right hand bore a cup of Gold,
With Wine and Water fild up to the hight,
In which a Serpent did himſelf enfold,
That horror made to all that did behold;
But ſhe no whit did change her conſtant mood:
And in her other hand ſhe faſt did hold
A book, that was both ſignd and ſeald with blood,
Wherein dark things were writ, hard to be underſtood.

14.

Her younger Siſter, that *Speranza* hight,
Was clad in blew, that her beſeemed well;
Not all ſo chearful ſeemed ſhe of ſight,
As was her Siſter; whether dread did dwell,
Or anguiſh in her heart, is hard to tell.
Upon her arm a ſilver Anchor lay,
Whereon ſhe leaned ever, as befell:
And ever up to Heaven, as ſhe did pray,
Her ſtedfaſt eyes were bent, ne ſwarved other way.

15.

They ſeeing *Una*, towards her gan wend,
Who then encounters with like courteſie:
Many kind ſpeeches they between them ſpend,
And greatly joy each other well to ſee:
Then to the Knight with ſhame fac't modeſty
They turn themſelves, at *Unaes* meek requeſt,
And him ſalute with well beſeeming glee;
Who fair them quites, as him beſeemed beſt,
And goodly gan diſcourſe of many a noble geſt.

16.

Then *Una* thus: But ſhe your Siſter dear,
The dear *Chariſſa*, where is ſhe become?
Or wants ſhe health, or buſie is elſewhere?
Ah no, ſaid they, but forth ſhe may not come:
For ſhe of late is lightned of her Womb,
And hath encreaſt the World with one Son more,
That her to ſee ſhould be but troubleſome.
Indeed (quoth ſhe) that ſhould be trouble ſore:
But thankt be God, and her encreaſe ſo evermore.

17.

Then ſaid the aged *Cælia*, Dear Dame,
And you good Sir, I wote that of your toyl,
And labours long, through which ye hither came,
Ye both forwearied be: therefore a while
I read you reſt, and to your bowres recoyl.
Then called ſhe a Groom, that forth him led
Into a goodly lodge, and gan deſpoyl
Of puiſſant arms, and laid in eaſie bed;
His name was meek *Obedience* rightfully ared.

18.

Now when their weary limbs with kindly reſt,
And bodies were refreſht with due repaſt,
Fair *Una* gan *Fidelia* fair requeſt
To have her Knight into her School-houſe plac't,
That of her Heavenly learning he might taſte,
And hear the wiſdom of her words divine.
She granted, and that Knight ſo much agrac't,
That ſhe him taught celeſtial diſcipline,
And opened his dull eyes, that light mote in them ſhine.

19.

And that her ſacred Book, with blood ywrit,
That none could read, except ſhe did him teach,
She unto him diſcloſed every whit,
And Heavenly documents thereout did Preach,
That weaker wit of man could never reach,
Of God, of grace, of juſtice, of free will,
That wonder was to hear her goodly ſpeech:
For, ſhe was able with her words to kill,
And raiſe again to life the heart, that ſhe did thrill.

29.

And, when she list pour out her larger spright,
She would command the hasty Sun to stay,
Or backward turn his course from Heavens hight;
Sometimes great hosts of men she could dismay:
Dry-shod to pass, she parts the floods in tway;
And eke huge Mountains from their native seat
She would command, themselves to bear away,
And throw in raging Sea with roaring threat:
Almighty God her gave such powre, and puissance great.

21.

The faithful Knight now grew in little space,
By hearing her, and by her sisters lore,
To such perfection of all Heavenly grace,
That wretched World he gan for to abhor,
And mortal life gan loath, as thing forlore,
Greev'd with remembrance of his wicked ways,
And prickt with anguish of his sins so sore,
That he desir'd to end his wretched days:
So much the dart of sinful guilt the soul dismays.

22.

But wise *Speranza* gave him comfort sweet,
And taught him how to take assured hold
Upon her silver Anchor, as was meet;
Else had his sins so great and manifold,
Made him forget all that *Fidelia* told.
In this distressed doubtful agony,
When him his deerest *Una* did behold,
Disdaining life, desiring leave to dye,
She found her self assaild with great perplexity;

23.

And came to *Calia* to declare her smart:
Who, well acquainted with that common plight,
Which sinful horror works in wounded hart,
Her wisely comforted all that she might,
With goodly counsel and advisement right:
And straightway sent with careful diligence
To fetch a Leach, the which had great insight
In that disease of grieved Conscience,
And well could cure the same; His name was *Patience*.

24.

Who, coming to that foul-diseased Knight,
Could hardly him intreat to tell his grief:
Which known, and all that noyd his heavy spright,
Well searcht, eftsoons he gan apply relief
Of Salves and Med'cines, which had passing prief,
And thereto added words of wondrous might:
By which, to ease he him recured brief,
And much asswag'd the passion of his plight,
That he is pain endur'd, as seeming now more light.

25.

But yet the cause and root of all his ill,
Inward corruption, and infected sin,
Not purg'd nor heal'd, behind remained still,
And festring sore did rankle yet within,
Close creeping twixt the marrow and the skin.
Which to extirpe, he laid him privily
Down in a darksome lowly place far in,
Whereas he meant his corrasives to apply,
And with strict diet tame his stubborn malady.

26.

In ashes and sackcloth he did array
His dainty corse, proud humors to abate,
And dieted with fasting every day,
The swelling of his wounds to mitigate,
And made him pray both early and eke late:
And ever as superfluous flesh did rot,
Amendment ready still at hand did wait,
To pluck it out with pincers fiery hot,
That soon in him was left no one corrupted jot.

27.

And bitter *Penance*, with an Iron whip,
Was wont him once to disple every day:
And sharp *Remorse* his heart did prick and nip,
That drops of blood thence like a well did play;
And sad *Repentance* used to embay
His body in salt water smarting sore,
The filthy blots of sin to wash away.
So in short space they did to health restore
The man that would not live, but earst lay at deaths dore.

28.

In which, his torment often was so great,
That like a Lyon he would cry and rore,
And rend his flesh, and his own sinews eat,
His own dear *Una* hearing evermore
His rueful shricks and gronings, often tore
Her guiltless garments, and her golden hair,
For pity of his pain and anguish sore,
Yet all with patience wisely she did bear;
For well she wist, his crime could else be never clear.

29.

Whom thus recover'd by wise *Patience*,
And true *Repentance*, they to *Una* brought:
Who joyous of his cured Conscience,
Him dearly kist, and fairly eke besought
Himself to cherish, and consuming thought
To put away out of his careful brest.
By this, *Charissa*, late in Child-bed brought,
Was woxen strong, and left her fruitful nest;
To her, fair *Una* brought this unacquainted guest.

30.

She was a Woman in her freshest age,
Of wondrous beauty, and of bounty rare,
With goodly grace and comely personage,
That was on earth not easie to compare;
Full of great love: but *Cupids* wanton snare
As Hell she hated, chast in work and will;
Her neck and breasts were ever open bare,
That aye thereof her babes might suck their fill;
The rest was all in yellow robes arraied still.

31.

A multitude of babes about her hong,
Playing their sports that joyd her to behold;
Whom still she fed, whiles they were weak and young,
But thrust them forth still as they wexed old:
And on her head she wore a tyre of Gold,
Adorn'd with gemms and owches wondrous fair,
Whose passing price uneath was to be told;
And by her side there sate a gentle pair
Of Turtle doves, she sitting in an Ivory chair.

The

32.

The Knight and *Una* entring, fair her greet,
And bid her joy of that her happy brood;
Who them requites with court'sies seeming meet,
And entertains with friendly chearful mood.
Then *Una* her besought to be so good,
As in her vertuous rules to school her Knight,
Now after all his torment well withstood,
In that sad house of *Penance*, where his spright
Had past the pains of Hell, and long enduring night.

33.

She was right joyous of her just request;
And taking by the hand that Fairies Son,
Gan him instruct in every good behest
Of love and righteousness, and well to done,
And wrath and hatred warily to shun,
That drew on men Gods hatred and his wrath,
And many Souls in dolours had fordone:
In which, when him she well instructed hath,
From thence to Heaven she teacheth him the ready path.

34.

Wherein his weaker wandring steps to guide,
An ancient Matrone she to her does call,
Whose sober looks her wisdome well discride:
Her name was *Mercy*, well known over all,
To be both gracious, and eke liberal:
To whom the careful charge of him she gave,
To lead aright, that he should never fall
In all his ways through this wide Worldes wave,
That Mercy in the end his righteous Soul might save.

35.

The godly Matrone by the hand him bears
Forth from her presence, by a narrow way,
Scattred with bushy Thorns, and ragged brears,
Which still before him she remov'd away,
That nothing might his ready passage stay:
And ever when his feet encombred were,
Or gan to shrink, or from the right to stray,
She held him fast, and firmly did upbear,
As careful Nurse her Child from falling oft does rear.

36.

Eftsoons unto an holy Hospital,
That was foreby the way, she did him bring,
In which seven Bead-men, that had vowed all
Their life to service of high Heavens King,
Did spend their days in doing godly thing:
Their gates to all were open evermore,
That by the weary way were travailing,
And one sate waiting ever them before,
To call in commers-by, that needy were and poor.

37.

The first of them that eldest was, and best,
Of all the house had charge and government,
As Guardian and Steward of the rest:
His office was to give entertainment
And lodging, unto all that came, and went:
Not unto such, as could him feast again,
And double quite for that he on them spent,
But such as want of harbour did constrain:
Those for Gods sake his duty was to entertain.

38.

The second was an Almner of the place:
His office was, the hungry for to feed,
And thirsty give to drink, a work of grace:
He feard not once himself to be in need,
Ne car'd to hoord for those, whom he did breed:
The grace of God he laid up still in store,
Which as a stock he left unto his seed;
He had enough, what need him care for more?
And had he less; yet some he would give to the poor.

39.

The third had of their Wardrobe custody,
In which were not rich tires, nor garments gay,
The plumes of Pride, and wings of Vanity,
But cloaths meet to keep keen cold away,
And naked nature seemly to array,
With which, bare wretched wights he daily clad,
The Images of God in earthly clay;
And if that no spare cloaths to give he had,
His own coat he would cut, and it distribute glad.

40.

The fourth appointed by his office was,
Poor Prisoners to relieve with gracious ayd,
And captives to redeem with price of bras,
From Turks and Sarazins, which them had staid;
And though they faulty were, yet well he waid,
That God to us forgiveth every howre
Much more than that why they in bands were laid,
And he that harrow'd Hell with heavy stowre, (bowre.
The faulty Souls from thence brought to his Heavenly

41.

The fifth had charge, sick persons to attend,
And comfort those in point of death which lay:
For, them most needeth comfort in the end,
When Sin, and Hell, and death do most dismay
The feeble Soul departing hence away.
All is but lost, that living we bestow,
If not well ended at our dying day.
O man! have mind of that last bitter throw;
For, as the Tree does fall, so lyes it ever low.

42.

The sixth had charge of them now being dead,
In seemly sort their corses to engrave,
And deck with dainty flowres their bridal bed,
That to their Heavenly Spouse both sweet and brave
They might appear, when he their Souls shall save.
The wondrous workmanship of Gods own mould,
Whose face he made all Beasts to fear, and gave
All in his hand, even dead we honour should.
Ah dearest God me grant, I dead be not defould.

43.

The seventh, now after death and burial done,
Had charge the tender Orphans of the dead
And Widows ayd, least they should be undone:
In face of Judgment he their right would plead,
Ne ought the powre of mighty men did dread
In their defence, nor would for gold or fee
Be won their rightful causes down to tread:
And when they stood in most necessitee,
He did supply their want, and gave them ever free.

44.

There when the Elfin Knight arrived was,
The firſt and chiefeſt of the ſeven, whoſe care
Was gueſts to welcome, towards him did paſs:
Where, ſeeing *Mercy* that his ſteps up-bare,
And always led; to her with reverence rare
He humbly louted in meek lowlineſs,
And ſeemly welcome for her did prepare:
For, of their Order ſhe was Patroneſs,
Albe *Chariſſa* were their chiefeſt Foundereſs.

45.

There ſhe awhile him ſtays, himſelf to reſt,
That to the reſt more able he might be:
During which time, in every good beheſt,
And godly work of Alms and Charity,
She him inſtructed with great induſtry;
Shortly therein ſo perfect he became,
That from the firſt unto the laſt degree,
His mortal Life he learned had to frame
In holy Righteouſneſs, without rebuke or blame.

46.

Thenceforward, by that painful way they paſs,
Forth to an hill that was both ſteep and high;
On top whereof a ſacred Chappel was,
And eke a little Hermitage thereby,
Wherein an aged Holy Man did lie,
That day and night ſaid his devotion,
Ne other worldly buſineſs did apply;
His name was Heavenly *Contemplation*:
Of God and goodneſs was his meditation.

47.

Great grace that old Man to him given had;
For God he often ſaw from Heavens hight.
All were his earthly Eyen both blunt and bad,
And through great Age had loſt their kindly ſight,
Yet wondrous quick and perceant was his ſpright,
As Eagles Eye, that can behold the Sun.
That hill they ſcale with all their power and might;
That his frail Thighs nigh weary and fordon
Gan fail; but by her help the top at laſt he won.

48.

There they do find that godly aged Sire,
With ſnowy locks adown his ſhoulders ſhed,
As hoary Froſt with ſpangles doth attire
The moſſy branches of an Oak half dead.
Each bone might through his body well be red,
And every ſinew ſeen through his long faſt:
For, nought he car'd his carcaſs long unfed;
His mind was full of Spiritual repaſt,
And pyn'd his fleſh, to keep his body low and chaſt.

49.

Who, when theſe two approaching he eſpy'd,
At their firſt preſence grew agrieved ſore,
That forc't him lay his Heavenly thoughts aſide:
And had he not that Dame reſpected more,
Whom highly he did reverence and adore,
He would not once have moved for the Knight.
They him ſaluted ſtanding far afore;
Who well them greeting, humbly did requight,
And asked to what end they clomb that tedious height.

50.

What end (quoth ſhe) ſhould cauſe us take ſuch pain,
But that ſame end, which every living wight
Should make his mark? high Heaven to attain.
Is not from hence the way that leadeth right
To that moſt glorious houſe, that gliſtreth bright
With burning ſtarrs, and ever-living fire,
Whereof the keys are to thy hand behight
By wiſe *Fidelia*? ſhe doth thee require,
To ſhew it to this Knight, according his deſire.

51.

Thrice happy Man, ſaid then the Father grave,
Whoſe ſtaggering ſteps thy ſteady hand doth lead,
And ſhews the way, his ſinful ſoul to ſave:
Who better can the way to Heaven aread,
Than thou thy ſelf, that was both born and bred
In Heavenly Throne, where thouſand Angels ſhine?
Thou doſt the prayers of the righteous ſeed
Preſent before the Majeſty Divine,
And his avenging wrath to clemency incline.

52.

Yet ſith thou bidſt, thy pleaſure ſhall be done.
Then come thou Man of earth, and ſee the way
That never yet was ſeen of Fairies Son,
That never leads the Traveller aſtray;
But, after labours long, and ſad delay,
Brings them to joyous reſt, and endleſs bliſs.
But, firſt, thou muſt a ſeaſon faſt and pray,
Till from her bands the ſpright aſſoyled is,
And have her ſtrength recur'd from frail infirmities.

53.

That done, he leads him to the higheſt Mount,
Such one, as that ſame mighty Man of God,
That blood-red billows like a walled front
On either ſide diſparted with his Rod,
Till that his Army dry-foot through them yod,
Dwelt forty days upon; where writ in ſtone
With bloody letters by the hand of God,
The bitter doom of Death and baleful moan
He did receive, whiles flaſhing fire about him ſhone.

54.

Or like that ſacred hill, whoſe head full high,
Adorn'd with fruitful Olives all around,
Is, as it were for endleſs memory
Of that dear Lord, who oft thereon was found,
For ever with a flowry girlond crown'd:
Or like that pleaſant Mount, that is for ay
Through famous Poets verſe each where renown'd,
On which the thrice three learned Ladies play
Their Heavenly notes, and make full many a lovely lay.

55.

From thence, far off he unto him did ſhew
A little path that was both ſteep and long,
Which to a goodly City led his view,
Whoſe Walls and Towres were builded high & ſtrong
Of Pearl and precious Stone, that earthly tongue
Cannot deſcribe, nor wit of Man can tell;
Too high a ditty for my ſimple ſong:
The City of the Great King hight it well,
Wherein Eternal Peace and Happineſs doth dwell.

As

56.

As he thereon ſtood gazing, he might ſee
The bleſſed Angels to and fro deſcend
From higheſt Heaven, in gladſome company;
And with great joy into that City wend,
As commonly as friend does with his friend.
Whereat he wondred much, and gan enqueer,
What ſtately buildings durſt ſo high extend,
Her lofty Towers unto the ſtarry Sphere,
And what unknown Nation there empeopled were.

57.

Fair Knight (quoth he) *Jeruſalem* that is,
The new *Jeruſalem* that God has built,
For thoſe to dwell in that are choſen his,
His choſen people, purg'd from ſinful guilt,
With pitious blood, which cruelly was ſpilt
On curſed Tree, of that unſpotted Lamb,
That for the ſins of all the World was kilt:
Now are they Saints all in that City ſam,
More dear unto their God, than younglings to their dam.

58.

Till now, ſaid then the Knight, I weened well,
That great *Cleopolis*, where I have been,
In which that faireſt *Fairy Queen* doth dwell
The faireſt City was, that might be ſeen;
And that bright Tower all built of Cryſtal clean,
Panthea, ſeem'd the brighteſt thing that was:
But now by proof all otherwiſe I ween;
For, this great City, that does far ſurpaſs, (glaſs.
And this bright Angels Tower, quite dims that Tower of

59.

Moſt true, then ſaid the holy aged Man;
Yet is *Cleopolis*, for earthly fame,
The faireſt piece, that eye beholden can:
And well beſeems all Knights of noble Name,
That covet in th'immortal book of Fame
To be eternized, that ſame to haunt,
And doen their ſervice to that Soveraign Dame,
That glory does to them for guerdon grant:
For, ſhe is heavenly born, and heaven may juſtly vaunt.

60.

And thou fair Imp, ſprung out from *Engliſh* race,
However now accounted Elfins ſon,
Well worthy doſt thy ſervice for her grace,
To aid a Virgin deſolate foredone.
But, when thou famous victory haſt won,
And high emongſt all Knights haſt hung thy ſhield,
Thenceforth the ſuit of earthly conqueſt ſhun,
And waſh thy hands from guilt of bloody field:
For, blood can nought but ſin, and wars but ſorrows yield.

61.

Then ſeek this path that I to thee preſage,
Which after all to Heaven ſhall thee ſend;
Then peaceably thy painful pilgrimage
To yonder ſame *Jeruſalem* do bend,
Where is for thee ordain'd a bleſſed end:
For, thou emongſt thoſe Saints, whom thou doſt ſee,
Shalt be a Saint, and thine own Nations Friend
And Patron: thou Saint *George* ſhalt called be,
Saint *George* of merry *England*, the ſign of victory.

62.

Unworthy wretch (quoth he) of ſo great grace,
How dare I think ſuch glory to attain?
Theſe that have it attain'd, were in like caſe
(Quoth he) as wretched, and liv'd in like pain.
But deeds of Arms muſt I at laſt be fain,
And Ladies love to leave, ſo dearly bought?
What need of Arms, where peace doth aye remain
(Said he) and battels none are to be fought?
As for looſe Loves are vain, and vaniſh into nought.

63.

O! let me not (quoth he) return again
Back to the World, whoſe joys ſo fruitleſs are;
But let me hear for aye in peace remain,
Or ſtraight way on that laſt long voyage fare,
That nothing may my preſent hope empare.
That may not be (ſaid he) ne maiſt thou yit
Forgo that Royal Maids bequeathed care,
Who did her cauſe into thy hand commit,
Till from her curſed Foe thou have her freely quit.

64.

Then ſhall I ſoon (quoth he) ſo God me grace,
Abet that Virgins cauſe diſconſolate,
And ſhortly back return unto this place,
To walk this way in Pilgrims poor eſtate.
But now aread, old Father, why of late
Didſt thou behight me born of *Engliſh* blood,
Whom all a Fairies ſon doen nominate?
That word ſhall I (ſaid he) avouchen good,
Sith to thee is unknown the Cradle of thy brood.

65.

For well I wot, thou ſpring'ſt from ancient race
Of *Saxon* Kings, that have with mighty hand
And many bloody battels fought in place,
High rear'd their Royal Throne in *Britain* land,
And vanquiſht them, unable to withſtand:
From thence a Fairy thee unweeting reft,
There as thou ſleptſt in tender ſwadling band,
And her baſe Elfin brood there for thee left.
Such, men do changelings call, ſo chang'd by Fairies theft.

66.

Thence ſhe thee brought into this Fairy lond,
And in an heaped furrow did thee hide:
Where, thee a Ploughman all unweeting fond
As he his toilſome team that way did guide,
And brought thee up in Ploughmans ſtate to bide,
Whereof *Georgos* he gave thee to name;
Till prickt with courage, and thy forces pride,
To Fairy Court thou cam'ſt to ſeek for fame,
And prove thy puiſſant Arms, as ſeems thee beſt became.

67.

O holy Sire (quoth he) how ſhall I quight
The many favours I with thee have found,
That haſt my Name and Nation red aright,
And taught the way that does to Heaven bound?
This ſaid, adown he looked to the ground,
To have return'd: but dazed were his eyne
Through paſſing brightneſs, which did quite confound
His feeble ſenſe, and too exceeding ſhine.
So dark are earthly things compar'd to things divine.

At

68.

At last, when as himself he gan to find,
To *Una* back he cast him to retire:
Who him awaited still with pensive mind.
Great thanks and goodly meed, to that good sire,
He thence departing gave for his pains hire.
So came to *Una*, who him joy'd to see;
And after little rest, gan him desire,
Of her adventure mindful for to be.
So leave they take of *Cœlia*, and her daughters three.

CANTO XI.

The Knight with that old Dragon fights
Two days incessantly:
The third, him overthrows, and gains
Most glorious Victory.

1.

High time now gan it wex for *Una* fair,
To think of those her Captive Parents dear,
And their forewasted Kingdom to repair:
Whereto when as they now approached near,
With harty words her Knight she gan to chear,
And in her modest manner thus bespake;
Dear Knight, as dear as ever Knight was dear,
That all these sorrows suffer for my sake,
High heaven behold the tedious toyl ye for me take.

2.

Now are we come unto my Native soil,
And to the place where all our perils dwell;
Here haunts that fiend, and does his daily spoil:
Therefore henceforth be at your keeping well,
And ever ready for your foeman fell.
The spark of noble courage now awake,
And strive your excellent self to excel;
That shall you evermore renowned make
Above all Knights on earth, that battel undertake.

3.

And pointing forth, lo, yonder is (said she)
The brazen Tower, in which my Parents dear
For dread of that huge fiend imprison'd be,
Whom I from far, see on the Walls appear,
Whose sight my feeble soul doth greatly chear:
And on the top of all, I do espy
The Watchman waiting, tydings glad to hear,
That (O my Parents) might I happily
Unto you bring, to ease you of your misery.

4.

With that, they heard a roaring hideous sound,
That all the air with terrour filled wide,
And seem'd uneath to shake the stedfast ground.
Eftsoons that dreadful Dragon they espy'd,
Where stretcht he lay upon the Sunny side
Of a great hill, himself like a great hill.
But all so soon as he from far descry'd
Those glistring Arms that Heaven with light did fill,
He rous'd himself full blith, and hastned them until.

5.

Then bade this Knight the Lady yede aloof,
And to a hill her self withdraw aside,
From whence she might behold that battels proof,
And eke be safe from danger far descry'd:
She him obey'd and turn'd a little wide.
Now, O most sacred Muse, most learned Dame,
Fair Nymph of *Phœbus*, and his aged Bride,
The Nurse of time, and everlasting fame,
That warlike hands ennoblest with immortal name.

6.

O gently come into my feeble breast,
Come gently, but not with that mighty rage,
Wherewith the Martial Troops thou dost infest,
And harts of great Heroes dost inrage,
That nought their kindled courage may asswage;
Soon as thy dreadful Trump begins to sound,
The God of War with his fierce equipage
Thou dost awake, sleep never he so sound,
And feared Nations dost with horrour stern astound.

7.

Fair Goddess lay that furious fit aside,
Till I of Wars and bloody *Mars* do sing,
And Briton fields with Sarazin blood bedide,
Twixt that great Fairy Queen and Paynim King,
That with their horrour Heaven and Earth did ring,
A work of labour long, and endless praise:
But, now a while let down that haughty string,
And to my tunes thy second tenor raise,
That I this Man of God his godly Arms may blaze.

8.

By this, the dreadful Beast drew nigh to hand,
Half flying, and half footing in his hast,
That with his largeness measured much land,
And made wide shadow under his huge waste;
As mountain doth the valley overcast.
Approaching nigh, he reared high afore
His body monstrous, horrible, and vast,
Which (to increase his wondrous greatness more)
Was swoln with wrath, and poison, and with bloody gore.

9.

And over, all with brazen scales was arm'd,
Like plated coat of Steel, so couched near,
That nought mote pierce, ne might his corse be harm'd
With dint of Sword, nor push of pointed spear;
Which as an Eagle, seeing prey appear,
His airy plumes doth rouze, full rudely dight,
So shaked he, that horrour was to hear:
For as the clashing of an Armour bright,
Such noise his rousèd scales did send unto the Knight.

10.

His flaggy wings when forth he did display,
Were like two sails, in which the hollow wind
Is gathered full, and worketh speedy way:
And eke the pens that did his pinions bind,
Were like main-yards, with flying canvas lin'd;
With which, when as him list the Air to beat,
And there by force unwonted passage find,
The clouds before him fled for terror great,
And all the Heavens stood still amazed with his threat.

11.

His huge long tail, wound up in hundred folds,
Does over-ſpread his long braſs-ſcaly back:
Whoſe wreathed boughts when ever he unfolds,
And thick intangled knots adown does ſlack:
Beſpotted all with ſhields of red and black,
It ſweepeth all the Land behind him far,
And of three furlongs does but little lack;
And at the point two ſtings in-fixed are,
Both deadly ſharp, that ſharpeſt ſteel exceeden far.

12.

But ſtings and ſharpeſt ſteel did far exceed
The ſharpneſs of his cruel rending claws;
Death was it ſure, as ſure as death indeed,
Whatever thing does touch his ravenous paws,
Or what within his reach he ever draws.
But, his moſt hideous head, my tongue to tell
Does tremble: for, his deep devouring jaws
Wide gaped, like the grieſly mouth of Hell,
Through which into his dark abyſſe all ravin fell.

13.

And that more wondrous was, in either jaw
Three ranks of iron teeth enranged were,
In which, yet trickling blood and gobbets raw
Of late devoured bodies did appear,
That ſight thereof bred cold congealed fear:
Which to increaſe, and all attonce to kill,
A cloud of ſmothering ſmoak and ſulphur ſear
Out of his ſtinking gorge forth ſteemed ſtill,
That all the Air about with ſmoak and ſtench did fill.

14.

His blazing eyes, like two bright ſhining ſhields,
Did burn with wrath, and ſparkled living fire:
As two broad Beacons, ſet in open fields,
Send forth their flames far off to every Shire,
And warning give, that enemies conſpire,
With fire and ſword the Region to invade;
So flam'd his eyne with rage and rancorous ire:
But far within, as in a hollow glade,
Thoſe glaring Lamps were ſet, that made a dreadful ſhade.

15.

So dreadfully he towards him did paſs,
Forelifting up aloft his ſpeckled breſt,
And often bounding on the bruiſed graſs,
As for great joyance of his new come gueſt.
Eftſoons he gan advance his haughty creſt,
As chaffed Bore his briſtles doth up ear,
And ſhook his ſcales to battle ready dreſt
(That made the *Redcroſs* Knight nigh quake for fear)
As bidding bold defiance to his Foeman near.

16.

The Knight gan fairly couch his ſteady ſpear,
And fiercely ran at him with rigorous might:
The pointed ſteel arriving rudely there,
His harder hide would neither pierce nor bite,
But glancing by forth paſſed forward right;
Yet ſore amoved with ſo puiſſant puſh,
The wrathful beaſt about him turned light,
And him ſo rudely paſſing by did bruſh
With his long tail, that horſe and man to ground did ruſh.

17.

Both horſe and man up lightly roſe again,
And freſh encounter towards him addreſt:
But th'idle ſtroke yet back recoil'd in vain,
And found no place his deadly point to reſt.
Exceeding rage inflam'd the furious beaſt,
To be avenged of ſo great deſpight;
For, never felt his impierceable breaſt
So wondrous force from hand of living wight;
Yet had he prov'd the power of many a puiſſant Knight.

18.

Then with his waving wings diſplayed wide,
Himſelf up high he lifted from the ground,
And with ſtrong flight did forcibly divide
The yielding Air, which nigh too feeble found
Her ſlitting parts, and element unſound,
To bear ſo great a weight: he cutting way
With his broad ſails, about him ſoared round:
At laſt, low ſtooping with unweldy ſway,
Snatcht up both horſe and man to bear them quite away.

19.

Long he them bore above the ſubject Plain
So far as Ewghen bow a ſhaft may ſend,
Till ſtrugling ſtrong, did him at laſt conſtrain,
To let them down before his flights end:
As hagard Hawk, preſuming to contend
With hardy fowl, above his able might,
His weary pounces all in vain doth ſpend,
To truſs the prey too heavy for his flight,
Which coming down to ground does free it ſelf by fight.

20.

He ſo diſſeiſed of his griping groſs,
The Knight his thrillant ſpear again aſſay'd
In his braſs-plated body to emboſs,
And three Mens ſtrength unto the ſtroke he laid:
Wherewith the ſtiff beam quaked, as afraid,
And glancing from his ſcaly neck did glide
Cloſe under his left wing, then broad diſplay'd.
The piercing ſteel there wrought a wound full wide,
That with the uncouth ſmart the Monſter loudly cry'd.

21.

He cry'd, as raging Seas are wont to roar,
When wintry ſtorm his wrathful wreck does threat,
The rolling Billows beat the ragged ſhore,
As they the Earth would ſhoulder from her ſeat,
And greedy gulf does gape, as he would eat
His neighbour element in his revenge:
Then gin the bluſtring Brethren boldly threat,
To move the World from off his ſtedfaſt henge,
And boyſterous battle make, each other to avenge.

22.

The ſteely head ſtuck faſt ſtill in his fleſh,
Till with his cruel claws he ſnatcht the Wood,
And quite aſunder broke. Forth flowed freſh
A guſhing River of black gory blood,
That drowned all the Land whereon he ſtood:
The ſtream thereof would drive a Water-mill
Trebly augmented was his furious mood
With bitter ſenſe of his deep-rooted ill.
That flames of fire he threw from his large Noſtril.

23.

His hideous tail then hurled he about,
And therewithal enwrapt the nimble thighs
Of his froth-foamy steed, whose courage stout
Striving to lose the knot, that fast him tyes,
Himself in straiter bands too rash implyes,
That to the ground he is perforce constrain'd
To throw his Rider: who can quickly rise
From off the Earth with dirty blood distain'd;
For, that reproachful fall right fouly he disdain'd.

24.

And fiercely took his trench and blade in hand,
With which he stroke so furious and so fell,
That nothing seem'd the puissance could withstand:
Upon his crest the hardned Iron fell,
But his more hardned crest was arm'd so well,
That deeper dint therein it would not make;
Yet so extremely did the buff him quell,
That from thenceforth he shun'd the like to take,
But when he saw them come, he did them still forsake.

25.

The Knight was wroth to see his stroke beguild,
And smote again with more outragious might:
But back again the sparkling steel recoil'd,
And left not any mark where it did light;
As if on Adamant Rock it had been pight.
The beast impatient of his smarting wound,
And of so fierce and forcible despight,
Thought with his wings to fly above the ground;
But his late wounded wing unserviceable found.

26.

Then full of grief and anguish vehement,
He loudly bray'd, that like was never heard,
And from his wide devouring Oven sent
A flake of fire, that flashing in his beard,
Him all amaz'd, and almost made affeard:
The scorching flame sore singed all his face,
And through his Armour all his body sear'd,
That he could not endure so cruel case,
But thought his Arms to leave, and Helmet to unlace.

27.

Not that great Champion of the Antick World,
Whom famous Poets verse so much doth vaunt,
And hath for twelve huge labours high extoll'd,
So many furies and sharp fits did haunt,
When him the poysoned Garment did enchant
With *Centaures* blood, and bloody verses charm'd,
As did this Knight twelve thousand dolours daunt.
Whom firy steel now burnt, that earst him arm'd.
That erst him goodly arm'd, now most of all him harm'd.

28.

Faint, weary, sore, emboyled, grieved, brent
With heat, toyl, wounds, arms, smart, and inward fire,
That never Man such mischiefs did torment:
Death better were, death did he oft desire:
But death will never come when needs require.
Whom so dismaid when that his Foe beheld,
He cast to suffer him no more respire,
But gan his sturdy stern about to weld,
And him so strongly strook, that to the ground him feld.

29.

It fortuned (as fair it then befel)
Behind his back (unweeting) where he stood,
Of ancient time there was a springing Well,
From which fast trickled forth a silver flood,
Full of great vertues, and for med'cine good.
Whilome, before that cursed Dragon got,
That happy Land, and all with innocent blood,
Defil'd those sacred waves, it rightly hot
The Well of Life; ne yet his vertues had forgot.

30.

For, unto Life the dead it could restore,
And guilt of sinful crimes clean wash away;
Those that with sickness were infected sore,
It could recure, and Ages long decay
Renew, as it were born that very day.
Both *Silo* this, and *Jordan* did excell,
And th' *English Bath*, and eke the *German Spau*.
Ne can *Cephise*, nor *Hebrus* match this Well.
Into the same, the Knight (back overthrown) fell.

31.

Now gan the golden *Phœbus* for to steep
His fiery face in billows of the West,
And his faint steeds watred in Ocean deep,
Whiles from their journal labours they did rest;
When that infernal Monster, having kest
His weary Foe into that living Well,
Gan high advance his broad discoloured breast
Above his wonted pitch, with countenance fell,
And clapt his Iron wings, as Victor he did dwell.

32.

Which when his pensive Lady saw from far,
Great woe and sorrow did her soul assay;
As weening that, the sad end of the War,
And gan to highest God entirely pray,
That feared chance from her to turn away;
With folded hands and knees full lowly bent
All night she watcht, ne once adown would lay
Her dainty limbs in her sad dreriment,
But praying still did wake, and waking did lament.

33.

The morrow next gan early to appear,
That *Titan* rose to run his daily race;
But early e're the morrow next gan rear
Out of the Sea fair *Titans* dewy face,
Up rose the gentle Virgin from her place,
And looked all about if she might spy
Her loved Knight to move his manly pace:
For she had great doubt of his safety,
Since late she saw him fall before his enemy.

34.

At last she saw, where he upstarted brave
Out of the Well, wherein he drenched lay;
As Eagle fresh out of the Ocean Wave,
Where he hath left his plumes all hoary gray,
And deckt himself with feathers youthly gay,
Like Eyas Hawk up mounts unto the skies,
His newly budded pineons to assay,
And marvels at himself, still as he flies:
So new, this new-born Knight to battel new did rise.

Whom,

35.

Whom, when the damned fiend ſo freſh did ſpy,
No wonder if he wondred at the ſight,
And doubted, whether his late enemy
It were, or other new ſupplyed Knight.
He, now to prove his late renewed might,
High brandiſhing his bright deaw-burning blade,
Upon his creſted ſcalpe ſo ſore did ſmite,
That to the ſcull a yawning wound it made:
The deadly dint his dulled ſenſes all diſmaid.

36.

I wote not, whether the revenging ſteel
Were hardned with that holy water dew
Wherein he fell, or ſharper edge did feel,
Or his baptized hands now greater grew;
Or other ſecret vertue did enſew;
Elſe, never could the force of fleſhly arm,
Ne molten metal in his blood embrew:
For, till that ſtound, could never wight him harm,
By ſubtilty, nor ſleight, nor might, nor mighty charm.

37.

The cruel wound enraged him ſo ſore,
That loud he yelled for exceeding pain;
As hundred ramping Lyons ſeem'd to rore,
Whom ravenous hunger did thereto conſtrain:
Then gan he toſs aloft his ſtretched train,
And therewith ſcourge the buxome ayr ſo ſore,
That to his force to yeelden it was fain;
Ne ought his ſturdy ſtrokes might ſtand afore,
That high Trees overthrew, and Rocks in pieces tore.

38.

The ſame advancing high above his head,
With ſharp intended ſting ſo rude him ſmot,
That to the earth him drove, as ſtriken dead;
Ne living wight would have him life behot:
The mortal ſting his angry needle ſhot
Quite through his ſhield, and in his ſhoulder ſeas'd,
Where faſt it ſtuck, ne would there out be got:
The grief thereof him wondrous ſore diſeas'd,
Ne might his rankling pain with patience be appeas'd.

39.

But yet more mindful of his honour dear,
Than of the grievous ſmart which him did wring,
From loathed ſoil he can him lightly rear,
And ſtrove to looſe the far infixed ſtring:
Which when in vain he tride with ſtrugeling,
Inflam'd with wrath, his raging blade he left,
And ſtrook ſo ſtrongly, that the knotty ſting
Of his huge tail he quite in ſunder cleft,
Five joynts thereof he hew'd, and but the ſtump him left.

40.

Heart cannot think, what outrage, and what cryes,
With foul enfouldred ſmoak and flaſhing fire,
The Hell-bred Beaſt threw forth unto the skyes,
That all was covered with darkneſs dire:
Then fraught with rancour, and engorged ire,
He caſt at once him to avenge for all,
And gathering up himſelf out of the mire,
With his uneven wings did fiercely fall
Upon his ſun-bright ſhield, and grip't it faſt withall.

41.

Much was the man encombred with his hold,
In fear to loſe his Weapon in his paw,
Ne wiſt yet how his Talants to unfold:
Nor harder was from *Cerberus* greedy jaw
To pluck a bone, than from his cruel claw
To reave by ſtrength the griped gage away.
Thrice he aſſaid it from his foot to draw,
And thrice in vain to draw it did aſſay,
It booted nought to think, to rob him of his prey.

42.

Tho when he ſaw no power might prevail,
His truſty ſword he cald to his laſt aid,
Wherewith he fiercely did his foe aſſail,
And double blows about him ſtoutly laid,
That glancing fire out of the Iron plaid;
As ſparkles from the Anvile uſe to fly,
When heavy hammers on the wedge are ſwaid;
Therewith at laſt he forc't him to untie
One of his graſping feet, him to defend thereby.

43.

The other foot faſt fixed on his ſhield,
When as no ſtrength nor ſtrokes mote him conſtrain
To looſe, ne yet the warlike pledge to yield,
He ſmote thereat with all his might and main,
That nought ſo wondrous puiſſance might ſuſtain;
Upon the joynt the lucky ſteel did light,
And made ſuch way, that hew'd it quite in twain;
The paw yet miſſed not his miniſht might,
But hung ſtill on the ſhield, as it at firſt was pight.

44.

For grief thereof, and diveliſh deſpight,
From his infernal fornace forth he threw
Huge flames, that dimmed all the Heavens light,
Enrold in duskiſh ſmoak and brimſtone blew;
As burning *Ætna* from his boyling ſtew
Doth belch out flames, and rocks in peices broke,
And ragged ribs of mountains molten new,
Enwrapt in cole black clouds and filthy ſmoke,
That all the land with ſtench, & heaven with horror choke.

45.

The heat whereof, and harmful peſtilence,
So ſore him noyd, that forc't him to retire
A little backward for his beſt defence,
To ſave his body from the ſcorching fire,
Which he from helliſh entrails did expire.
It chanc't (eternal God that chance did guide)
As he recoyled backward, in the mire
His nigh forwearied feeble feet did ſlide,
And down he fell, with dread of ſhame ſore terrifide.

46.

There grew a goodly Tree him fair beſide,
Loaden with fruit and apples roſie red,
As they in pure Vermilion had been dide,
Whereof great vertues over all were red:
For, happy life to all which thereon fed,
And life eke everlaſting did befall:
Great God it planted in that bleſſed ſted
With his almighty hand, and did it call
The Tree of Life, the crime of our firſt Fathers fall.

47.

In all the World like was not to be found,
Save in that soil, where all good things did grow,
And freely sprung out of the fruitful ground,
As incorrupted Nature did them sow,
Till that dread Dragon all did overthrow.
Another like fair Tree eke grew thereby,
Whereof whoso did eat, eftsoons did know
Both good and evil: O mournful memory! (dye.
That Tree through one mans fault hath done us all to

48.

From that first Tree forth flow'd, as from a Well,
A trickling stream of Balm, most soverain
And dainty dear, which on the ground still fell,
And overflowed all the fertil Plain,
As it had deawed been with timely rain:
Life and long health that gracious oyntment gave,
And deadly wounds could heal, and rear again
The senseless corse appointed for the Grave.
Into that same he fell: which did from death him save.

49.

For nigh thereto the ever damned Beast
Durst not approch, for he was deadly made,
And all that life preserved, did detest:
Yet he it oft adventur'd to invade.
By this, the drooping day-light gan to fade,
And yield his room to sad succeeding night,
Who with her sable mantle gan to shade
The face of Earth, and ways of living wight,
And high her burning torch set up in Heaven bright.

50.

When gentle *Una* saw the second fall
Of her dear Knight, who weary of long fight,
And faint through loss of blood, mov'd not at all,
But lay as in a dream of deep delight,
Besmeard with precious Balm, whose vertuous might
Did heal his wounds, and scorching heat alay,
Again she stricken was with sore affright,
And for his safety gan devoutly pray,
And watch the noyous night, and wait for joyous day.

51.

The joyous day gan early to appear,
And fair *Aurora* from her deawy bed
Of aged *Tithone* gan her self to rear,
With rosie cheeks, for shame as blushing red;
Her golden locks for haste were loosely shed
About her ears, when *Una* her did mark
Climb to her Charet, all with flowers spred;
From Heaven high to chase the chearless dark,
With merry note her loud salutes the mounting Lark.

52.

Then freshly up arose the doughty Knight,
All healed of his hurts and woundes wide,
And did himself to Battel ready dight;
Whose early foe awaiting him beside
To have devour'd, so soon as day he spide,
When now he saw himself so freshly rear,
As if late fight had nought him damnified,
He woxe dismaid, and gan his fate to fear;
Nathless, with wonted rage he him advanced near.

53.

And in his first encounters, gaping wide,
He thought attonce him to have swallowd quight,
And rusht upon him with outrageous pride;
Who him r'encountring fierce, as Hawk in flight,
Perforce rebutted back. The weapon bright,
Taking advantage of his open jaw,
Ran through his mouth with so importune might,
That deep empearc't his darksome hollow maw;
And back retyr'd, his life blood forth withal did draw.

54.

So down he fell, and forth his life did breath,
That vanisht into smoak and cloudes swift:
So down he fell, that th' earth him underneath
Did groan, as feeble so great load to lift;
So down he fell, as an huge rocky clift,
Whose false foundation waves have washt away,
With dreadful poyse is from the main land rift,
And rolling down, great *Neptune* doth dismay;
So down he fell, and like an heaped mountain lay.

55.

The Knight himself even trembled at his fall,
So huge and horrible a masse it seem'd;
And his dear Lady, that beheld it all,
Durst not approch for dread, which she misdeem'd:
But yet at last, when as the direful feend
She saw not stir, off shaking vain affright,
She nigher drew, and saw that joyous end:
Then God she prais'd, and thankd her faithful Knight,
That had atchiev'd so great a conquest by his might.

CANTO. XII.

Fair Una *to the Redcoss Knight*
betrothed is with joy:
Though false Duessa *it to bar*
her false sleights do imploy.

1.

Behold, I see the Haven nigh at hand,
To which I mean my weary course to bend;
Vere the main sheet, and bear up with the land,
The which afore is fairly to be kend,
And seemeth safe from storms that may offend;
There this fair Virgin weary of her way
Must landed be, now at her journeys end:
There eke my feeble Bark a while may stay,
Till merry wind and weather call her thence away.

2.

Scarcely had *Phœbus* in the glooming East
Yet harnessed his firy-footed teem,
Ne reard above the earth his flaming creast,
When the last deadly smoak aloft did steem,
That sign of last outbreathed life did seem,
Unto the Watchman on the Castle Wall;
Who thereby dead that baleful Beast did deem,
And to his Lord and Lady loud gan call,
To tell how he had seen the Dragons fatal fall.

Uprose

3.

Uproſe with haſty joy, and feeble ſpeed,
That aged Sire, the Lord of all that land,
And looked forth, to weet if true indeed
Thoſe tydings were, as he did underſtand:
Which when as true by tryal he out fand,
He bade to open wide his brazen gate,
Which long time had been ſhut, and out of hand
Proclaimed joy and peace through all his State;
For dead now was their foe, which them forraied late.

4.

Then gan triumphant Trumpets ſound on hie,
That ſent to Heaven the ecchoed report
Of their new joy, and happy victory
Gainſt him, that had them long oppreſt with tort,
And faſt impriſoned in ſieged fort.
Then all the people, as in ſolemn feaſt,
To him aſſembled with one full conſort,
Rejoycing at the fall of that great Beaſt,
From whoſe eternal bondage now they were releaſt.

5.

Forth came that ancient Lord and aged Queen,
Arraid in antique robes down to the ground,
And ſad habiliments right well beſeen;
A noble crew about them waited round
Of ſage and ſober Peers, all gravely gownd;
Whom far before did march a goodly band
Of tall young men, all able arms to ſound,
But now they Laurel branches bore in hand;
Glad ſign of victory and peace in all their land.

6.

Unto that doughty Conqueror they came,
And him before, themſelves proſtrating low,
Their Lord and Patron loud did him proclaim,
And at his feet their Laurel boughs did throw.
Soon after them, all dancing on a row
The comely virgins came, with girlands dight,
As freſh as flowres in medow green do grow,
When morning deaw upon their leaves doth light:
And in their hands ſweet Tymbrels all upheld on hight.

7.

And them before, the fry of children young
Their wanton ſports and childiſh mirth did play,
And to the Maidens ſounding Tymbrels ſung,
In well attuned notes, a joyous lay,
And made delightful muſick all the way,
Until they came where that fair virgin ſtood;
As fair *Diana* in freſh ſummers day
Beholds her Nymphs, enrang'd in ſhady wood,
Some wreſtle, ſome do run, ſome bath in cryſtal flood.

8.

So ſhe beheld thoſe maidens meriment
With chearful view; who, when to her they came,
Themſelves to ground with gracious humbleſs bent,
And her ador'd by honourable name,
Lifting to Heaven her everlaſting fame:
Then on her head they ſet a girland green,
And crowned her twixt earneſt and twixt game;
Who, in her ſelf-reſemblance well beſeen,
Did ſeem ſuch as ſhe was, a goodly maiden Queen.

9.

And after, all the raſcal many ran,
Heaped together in rude rablement,
To ſee the face of that victorious man:
Whom all admired, as from Heaven ſent,
And gaz'd upon with gaping wonderment.
But, when they came where that dead Dragon lay,
Stretcht on the ground in monſtrous large extent,
The ſight with idle fear did them diſmay,
Ne durſt approch him nigh, to touch, or once aſſay.

10.

Some feard, and fled; ſome feard and well it faind.
One that would wiſer ſeem than all the reſt,
Warnd him not touch; for, yet perhaps remaind
Some lingring life within his hollow breſt,
Or in his womb might lurk ſome hidden neſt
Of many Dragonets, his fruitful ſeed;
Another ſaid, that in his eyes did reſt
Yet ſparkling fire, and bade thereof take heed;
Another ſaid, he ſaw him move his eyes indeed.

11.

One mother, when as her fool-hardy child
Did come too near, and with his Talants play,
Half dead through fear, her little Babe revild,
And to her Goſſips gan in counſel ſay;
How can I tell, but that his Talants may
Yet ſcratch my Son, or rend his tender hand?
So, diverſly themſelves in vain they fray;
Whiles ſome more bold, to meaſure him nigh ſtand,
To prove how many Acres he did ſpread of Land.

12.

Thus flocked all the folk him round about,
The whiles that hoary King, with all his train,
Being arrived, where that Champion ſtout
After his foes defeaſance did remain,
Him goodly greets, and fair does entertain,
With Princely gifts of Ivory and Gold,
And thouſand thanks him yields for all his pain.
Then, when his Daughter dear he does behold,
Her dearly doth imbrace, and kiſſeth manifold.

13.

And after, to his Palace he them brings,
With Shaumes, and Trumpets, & with Clarions ſweet;
And all the way the joyous people ſings,
And with their Garments ſtrowes the paved ſtreet:
Whence mounting up, they find purveyance meet
Of all, that Royal Princes Court became,
And all the floor was underneath their feet
Beſpred with coſtly ſcarlot of great name;
On which they lowly ſit, and fitting purpoſe frame.

14.

What needs me tell their feaſt and goodly guiſe,
In which was nothing riotous nor vain?
What needs of dainty diſhes to deviſe,
Of comely ſervices, or courtly train?
My narrow leaves cannot in them contain
The large diſcourſe of Royal Princes ſtate.
Yet was their manner then but bare and plain:
For, th' antique world exceſs and pride did hate;
Such proud luxurious pomp is ſwollen up but late.

15.

Then, when with Meats and drinks of every kind
Their fervent appetites they quenched had,
That ancient Lord gan fit occasion find
Of strange Adventures, and of perils sad,
Which in his travel him befallen had,
For to demand of his renowned gueſt:
Who them with utt'rance grave, and count'nance sad,
From point to point, as is before expreſt,
Diſcourſt his voyage long, according his requeſt.

16.

Great pleasures mixt with pitiful regard,
That godly King and Queen did passionate,
Whilſt they his pitiful adventures heard,
That oft they did lament his luckleſs ſtate,
And often blame the too importune fate,
That heapt on him ſo many wrathful wreaks:
For, never gentle Knight, as he of late,
So toſſed was in fortunes cruel freaks;
And all the while ſalt tears bedew'd the hearers cheeks.

17.

Then ſaid the Royal Peer in ſober wiſe,
Dear Son, great been the evils, which ye bore
From firſt to laſt, in your late enterpriſe,
That I no'te, whether praiſe, or pity more:
For, never living Man (I ween) ſo ſore
In Sea of deadly dangers was diſtreſt:
But ſith now ſafe ye ſeiſed have the ſhore,
And well arrived are (high God be bleſt).
Let us deviſe of eaſe, and everlaſting reſt.

18.

Ah, deareſt Lord, ſaid then that doughty Knight,
Of eaſe or reſt I may not yet deviſe;
For by the faith which I to Arms have plight,
I bounden am, ſtraight after this empriſe
(As that your Daughter can ye well adviſe)
Back to return to that great Fairy Queen,
And her to ſerve ſix years in warlike wiſe,
Gainſt that proud Paynim King that works her teen:
Therefore I ought crave pardon, till I there have been.

19.

Unhappy falls that hard neceſſity
(Quoth he) the troubler of my happy peace:
And vowed foe of my felicity;
Ne I againſt the ſame can juſtly preace:
But ſith that band ye cannot now releaſe,
Nor doen undo; (for vows may not be vain)
Soon as the term of thoſe ſix years ſhall ceaſe,
Ye then ſhall hither back return again,
The Marriage to accompliſh vow'd betwixt you twain.

20.

Which, for my part, I covet to perform,
In ſort as through the World I did proclaim,
That whoſo kill'd that Monſter (moſt deform)
And him in hardy battle overcame,
Should have mine only Daughter to his Dame,
And of my Kingdom Heir apparent be:
Therefore, ſith now to thee pertains the ſame,
By due deſert of noble Chivalry,
Both Daughter, and eke Kingdom, lo, I yield to thee.

21.

Then forth he called that his Daughter fair,
The faireſt *Un'* his only Daughter dear,
His only Daughter, and his only Heir;
Who forth proceeding with ſad ſober chear,
As bright as doth the Morning Star appear
Out of the Eaſt, with flaming locks bedight,
To tell the dawning day is drawing near,
And to the World does bring long wiſhed light;
So fair and freſh that Lady ſhew'd her ſelf in ſight.

22.

So fair and freſh, as freſheſt flower in *May*,
For, ſhe had laid her mournful ſtole aſide,
And widow-like ſad wimple thrown away,
Wherewith her Heavenly beauty ſhe did hide,
Whiles on her weary journey ſhe did ride;
And on her now a garment ſhe did wear,
All lilly white, withouten ſpot, or pride,
That ſeem'd like ſilk and ſilver woven near;
But neither ſilk nor ſilver therein did appear.

23.

The blazing brightneſs of her beauties beam,
And glorious light of her ſunſhiny face
To tell, were as to ſtrive againſt the ſtream.
My ragged rimes are all too rude and baſe,
Her Heavenly lineaments for to enchace.
Ne wonder; for, her own dear loved Knight,
All were ſhe daily with himſelf in place,
Did wonder much at her celeſtial ſight:
Oft had he ſeen her fair, but never ſo fair dight.

24.

So fairly dight, when ſhe in preſence came,
She to her Sire made humble reverence,
And bowed low, that her right well became,
And added grace unto her excellence:
Who with great wiſdom and grave eloquence,
Thus gan to ſay. But e're he thus had ſaid,
With flying ſpeed, and ſeeming great pretence,
Came running in, much like a Man diſmay'd,
A Meſſenger with Letters, which his meſſage ſaid.

25.

All in the open hall amazed ſtood
At ſuddenneſs of that unwary ſight,
And wondred at his breathleſs haſty mood:
But he for nought would ſtay his paſſage right,
Till faſt before the King he did alight,
Where falling flat, great humbleſs he did make,
And kiſt the ground, whereon his foot was pight;
Then to his hands that writ he did betake:
Which he diſcloſing, read thus, as the Paper ſpake.

26.

To thee, moſt mighty King of *Eden* fair,
Her greeting ſends in theſe ſad lines addreſt,
The woful Daughter, and forſaken Heir
Of that great Emperour of all the Weſt;
And bids thee be adviſed for the beſt,
E're thou thy Daughter link in holy band
Of wedlock, to that new unknowen gueſt:
For, he already plighted his right hand
Unto another Love, and to another Land.

To

27.

To me, ſad Maid, or rather Widow ſad,
He was affianced long time before,
And ſacred pledges he both gave, and had,
Falſe errant Knight, infamous, and forſwore:
Witneſs the burning Altars, which he ſwore,
And guilty Heavens of his bold perjury;
Which though he hath polluted oft and yore,
Yet I to them for judgement juſt do fly,
And them conjure t'avenge this ſhameful injury.

28.

Therefore, ſith mine he is, or free or bond,
Or falſe or true, or living or elſe dead,
Withhold O Soveraign Prince, your haſty hond
From knitting league with him, I you aread;
Ne ween my right with ſtrength adown to tread,
Through weakneſs of my Widow-hed, or woe:
For, truth is ſtrong, his rightful cauſe to plead,
And ſhall find friends, if need requireth ſo:
So bids thee well to fare, Thy neither Friend, nor Foe,
Fideſſa.

29.

When he theſe bitter biting words had red,
The tydings ſtrange did him abaſhed make,
That ſtill he ſate long time aſtoniſhed,
As in great muſe, ne word to creature ſpake.
At laſt, his ſolemn ſilence thus he brake,
With doubtful eyes faſt fixed on his gueſt;
Redoubted Knight, that for mine only ſake
Thy Life and Honour late adventureſt,
Let nought be hid from me, that ought to be expreſt.

30.

What mean theſe bloody vows, and idle threats,
Thrown out from Womaniſh impatient mind?
What Heavens? what Altars? what enraged heats
Here heaped up with terms of love unkind,
My conſcience clear with guilty bands would bind?
High God be witneſs, that I guiltleſs am.
But, if your ſelf, Sir Knight, ye faulty find,
Or wrapped be in loves of former Dame,
With crime do not it cover, but diſcloſe the ſame.

31.

To whom the *Redcroſs* Knight this Anſwer ſent,
My Lord, my King, be nought hereat diſmay'd,
Till well ye wot by grave intendiment,
What woman, and wherefore doth me upbraid
With breach of Love, and Loyalty betray'd.
It was in my miſhaps as hitherward
I lately travell'd, that unwares I ſtraid
Out of my way, through perils ſtrange and hard:
That day ſhould fail me, e're I had them all declar'd.

32.

There did I find, or rather I was found
Of this falſe Woman, that *Fideſſa* hight,
Fideſſa hight the falſeſt Dame on ground,
Moſt falſe *Dueſſa*, royal richly dight,
That eaſie was to inveagle weaker ſight:
Who by her wicked Arts, and wily skill,
Too falſe and ſtrong for earthly skill or might,
Unwares me wrought unto her wicked will,
And to my foe betray'd, when leaſt I feared ill.

33.

Then ſtepped forth the goodly Royal Maid,
And on the ground her ſelf proſtrating low,
With ſober countenance thus to him ſaid;
O pardon me, my Soveraign Lord, to ſhow
The ſecret Treaſons which of late I know
To have been wrought by that falſe Sorcereſs.
She only, ſhe it is, that erſt did throw
This gentle Knight into ſo great diſtreſs,
That death him did await in daily wretchedneſs.

34.

And now it ſeems that ſhe ſuborned hath
This crafty meſſenger with Letters vain,
To work new woe and improvided ſcath,
By breaking off the band betwixt us twain;
Wherein ſhe uſed hath the practick pain
Of this falſe footman, cloakt with ſimpleneſs,
Whom if ye pleaſe for to diſcover plain,
Ye ſhall him *Archimago* find, I gueſs,
The falſeſt man alive: who tries ſhall find no leſs.

35.

The King was greatly moved at her ſpeech;
And all with ſudden indignation fraight,
Bade on that meſſenger rude hands to reach.
Eftſoons the guard, which on his ſtate did wait,
Attach't that traitor falſe, and bound him ſtrait:
Who, ſeeming ſorely chaffed at his band,
As chained Bear, whom cruel dogs do bait,
With idle force did fain them to withſtand,
And often ſemblance made to ſcape out of their hand.

36.

But they him laid full low in dungeon deep,
And bound him hand and foot with Iron chains,
And with continual watch did warely keep;
Who then would think, that by his ſubtle trains
He could eſcape foul death or deadly pains?
Thus when that Prince's wrath was pacify'd,
He gan renew the late forbidden banes,
And to the Knight his Daughter dear he ty'd,
With ſacred rites and vows for ever to abide.

37.

His own two hands the holy knots did knit,
That none but death for ever can divide,
His own two hands, for ſuch a turn moſt fit,
The houſling fire did kindle and provide,
And holy water thereon ſprinkled wide:
At which, a buſhy Tead a groom did light,
And ſacred lamp in ſecret chamber hide,
Where it ſhould not be quenched day nor night,
For fear of evil fates, but burnen ever bright.

38.

Then gan they ſprinkle all the poſts with wine,
And made great feaſt, to ſolemnize that day?
They all perfum'd with frankincenſe divine,
And precious odours fetcht from far away.
That all the houſe did ſweat with great array:
That all the while ſweet Muſick did apply
Her curious skill, the warbling notes to play,
To drive away the dull melancholy;
The whiles one ſung a ſong of love and jollity.

During

39.

During the which, there was an Heavenly noiſe
Heard ſound through all the Palace pleaſantly,
Like as it had been many an Angels voice,
Singing before th' eternal Majeſty,
In their trinal triplicities on hie;
Yet wiſt no creature, whence that Heavenly ſweet
Proceeded: yet each one felt ſecretly
Himſelf thereby reft of his ſenſes meet,
And raviſhed with rare impreſſion in his ſpreet.

40.

Great joy was made that day of young and old,
And ſolemn feaſt proclaim'd throughout the Land,
That their exceeding mirth may not be told:
Suffice it, here by ſigns to underſtand
The uſual joys at knitting of loves band.
Thrice happy man the Knight himſelf did hold,
Poſſeſſed of his Ladies heart and hand;
And ever, when his eye did her behold,
Her heart did ſeem to melt in pleaſures manifold.

41.

Her joyous preſence and ſweet company
In full content he there did long enjoy,
Ne wicked envy, nor vile jealouſie
His dear delights were able to annoy:
Yet ſwimming in that Sea of bliſsful joy,
He nought forgot, how he whilome had ſworn,
In caſe he could that monſtrous Beaſt deſtroy,
Unto his Fairy Queen back to return:
The which he ſhortly did, and *Una* left to mourn.

42.

Now ſtrike your ſails ye jolly Mariners:
For we be come unto a quiet rode,
Where we muſt land ſome of our paſſengers,
And light this weary Veſſel of her lode.
Here ſhe a while may make her ſafe aboad,
Till ſhe repaired have her tackles ſpent,
And wants ſupplyde. And then again abroad
On the long voyage whereto ſhe is bent:
Well may ſhe ſpeed, and fairly finiſh her intent.

The End of the Firſt Book.

THE

THE SECOND BOOK OF THE Fairy Queen:

CONTAINING

The Legend of Sir GUYON, or of Temperance.

1.

RIght well I wote, moſt mighty Soveraign,
That all this famous Antick Hiſtory,
Of ſome, th'abundance of an idle Brain
Will judged be, and painted forgery,
Rather than matter of juſt memory;
Since none that breatheth living Air does know,
Where is that happy Land of Fairy,
Which I ſo much do vaunt, yet no where ſhow,
But vouch Antiquities, which no body can know.

2.

But let that Man with better ſenſe adviſe,
That of the World leaſt part to us is read:
And daily how through hardy enterprize,
Many great Regions are diſcovered,
Which to late Age were never mentioned.
Who ever heard of th' *Indian Peru*?
Or who in venturous veſſel meaſured
The *Amazons* huge River now found true?
Or fruitfulleſt *Virginia* who did ever view.

3.

Yet all theſe were, when no Man did them know;
Yet have from wiſeſt Ages hidden been:
And later times things more unknown ſhall ſhow.
Why then ſhould witleſs Man ſo much miſween
That nothing is, but that which he hath ſeen?
What if within the Moon's fair ſhining Sphear,
What if in every other Star unſeen
Of other Worlds he happily ſhould hear?
He wonder would much more, yet ſuch to ſome appear.

4.

Of Fairy lond yet if he more inquire,
By certain ſigns here ſet in ſundry place
He may it find; ne let him then admire,
But yield his ſenſe to be too blunt and baſe,
That no'te without an hound fine footing trace.
And thou, O faireſt Princeſs under sky,
In this fair Mirror may'ſt behold thy face,
And thine own Realms in Lond of Fairy,
And in this Antick Image thy great Anceſtry.

5.

The which, O pardon me thus to enfold
In covert veil, and wrap in ſhadows light,
That feeble eyes your glory may behold,
Which elſe could not endure thoſe beames bright,
But would be dazled with exceeding light.
O pardon, and vouchſafe with patient Ear
The brave Adventures of this Fairy Knight,
The good Sir *Guyon*, graciouſly to hear,
In whom great rule of Temp'rance goodly doth appear.

CANTO I.

Guyon *by* Archimage *abus'd*, *The Redcroſs Knight awaits*, *Finds* Mordant *and* Amavia *ſlain* *With pleaſures poyſoned baits.*

1.

THat cunning Architect of cankred guile,
Whom Princes late diſpleaſure left in bands,
For falſed Letters and ſuborned wile,
Soon as the *Redcroſs* Knight he underſtands,
To been departed out of *Eden* Lands,
To ſerve again his Soveraign Elfin Queen,
His Arts he moves, and out of caytive hands
Himſelf he frees by ſecret means unſeen;
His ſhackles empty left, himſelf eſcaped clean.

2.

And forth he fares full of malicious mind,
To working miſchief and avenging woe,
Where ever he that godly Knight may find,
His only hart-ſore, and his only foe,
Sith *Una* now he algates muſt forego,
Whom his victorious hands did earſt reſtore
To Natives Crown and Kingdom late ygo:
Where ſhe enjoys ſure Peace for evermore.
As wether-beaten ſhip arriv'd on happy ſhore.

Him

3.

Him therefore now the object of his ſpight
And deadly feud he makes: him to offend
By forged Treaſon, or by open fight
He ſeeks, of all his drift the aimed end:
Thereto his ſubtile Engines he does bend,
His practick Wit, and his fair filed Tongu.
With thouſand other ſleights: for, well he kend,
His credit now in doubtful balance hong;
For, hardly could he hurt, who was already ſtrong.

4.

Still as he went, he crafty ſtales did lay,
With cunning trains him to entrap unwares,
And privy ſpials plac't in all his way,
To weet what courſe he takes, and how he fares;
To ketch him at avantage in his ſnares.
But now ſo ſwift and wary was the Knight,
By tryal of his former harms and cares,
That he deſcry'd, and ſhunned ſtill his ſlight:
The fiſh, that once was caught, new bait will hardly bite.

5.

Nath'leſs, th'Enchanter would not ſpare his pain,
In hope to win occaſion to his will:
Which when he long awaited had in vain,
He chang'd his mind from one to other ill.
For, to all good he enemy was ſtill.
Upon the way him fortuned to meet,
(Fair marching underneath a ſhady hill)
A goodly Knight, all arm'd in harneſs meet,
That from his head no place appeared to his Feet.

6.

His carriage was full comely and upright,
His countenance demure, and temperate;
But yet ſo ſtern and terrible in ſight,
That chear'd his Friends, and did his Foes amate:
He was an Elfin born of noble ſtate,
And mickle Worſhip in his Native land;
Well could he Tourney, and in Liſts debate,
And Knighthood took of good Sir *Huons* hand,
When with King *Oberon* he came to Fairy Land.

7.

Him als accompany'd upon the way
A comely Palmer, clad in black attire,
Of ripeſt years, and hairs all hoary gray,
That with a ſtaff his feeble ſteps did ſtire,
Leaſt his long way his aged limbs ſhould tire:
And, if by looks one may the mind aread,
He ſeem'd to be a ſage and ſober ſire,
And ever with ſlow pace the Knight did lead,
Who taught his trampling ſteed with equal ſteps to tread.

8.

Such when as *Archimago* them did view,
He weened well to work ſome uncouth wile;
Eftſoons untwiſting his deceitful clew,
He gan to weave a web of wicked guile,
And with fair countenance and flatt'ring ſtile
To them approaching, thus the Knight beſpake:
Fair Son of *Mars*, that ſeek with warlike ſpoil,
And great atchievements, great your ſelf to make,
Vouchſafe to ſtay your ſteed for humble Miſers ſake.

9.

He ſtaid his Steed for humble Miſers ſake,
And bade tell on the tenour of his plaint:
Who, feigning then in every limb to quake,
Through inward fear, and ſeeming pale and faint,
With piteous moan his piercing ſpeech gan paint;
Dear Lady, how ſhall I declare thy caſe,
Whom late I left in languorous conſtraint!
Would God thy ſelf now preſent were in place,
To tell this rueful tale; thy ſight could win thee grace.

10.

Or rather would, O would it ſo had chanc't,
That you, moſt noble Sir, had preſent been,
When that lewd ribauld (with vile luſt advanc't)
Laid firſt his filthy hands on Virgin clean,
To ſpoil her dainty corſe ſo fair and ſheen,
As on the Earth great (Mother of us all)
With living eye more fair was never ſeen,
Of Chaſtity and Honour Virginall:
Witneſs ye Heavens, whom ſhe in vain to help did call.

11.

How may it be (ſaid then the Knight half wroth)
That Knight ſhould Knighthood ever ſo have ſhent?
None but that ſaw (quoth he) would ween for troth
How ſhamefully that Maid he did torment.
Her looſer golden locks he rudely rent,
And drew her on the ground, and his ſharp ſword,
Againſt her ſnowy breaſt he fiercely bent,
And threatned death with many a bloody word;
Tongue hates to tell the reſt, that eye to ſee abhord.

12.

Therewith, amoved from his ſober mood,
And lives he yet (ſaid he) that wrought this act,
And doen the Heavens afford him vital food?
He lives (quoth he) and boaſteth of the fact,
Ne yet hath any Knight his courage crackt.
Where may that Treachour then (ſaid he) be found,
Or by what means may I his footing tract?
That ſhall I ſhew (ſaid he) as ſure, as hound
The ſtriken deer doth challenge by the bleeding wound.

13.

He ſtaid not lenger talk, but with fierce ire,
And zealous haſte, away is quickly gone
To ſeek that Knight, where him that crafty Squire
Suppos'd to be. They do arrive anone,
Where ſate a gentle Lady all alone.
With garments rent and hair diſcheveled,
Wringing her hands, and making pitious mone;
Her ſwollen eyes were much diſfigured,
And her fair face with tears was fouly blubbered.

14.

The Knight, approaching nigh, thus to her ſaid,
Fair Lady, through foul ſorrow ill bedight,
Great pity is to ſee you thus diſmay'd,
And marr the bloſſom of your beauty bright:
For thy, appeaſe your grief and heavy plight,
And tell the cauſe of your conceived pain,
For, if he live that hath you doen deſpight;
He ſhall you do due recompence again,
Or elſe his wrong with greater puiſſance maintain.

Which

15.

Which when ſhe heard, as in deſpightful wiſe,
She wilfully her ſorrow did augment,
And offred hope of comfort did deſpiſe:
Her golden locks moſt cruelly ſhe rent,
And ſcratcht her face with gaſtly dreriment;
Ne would ſhe ſpeak, ne ſee, ne yet be ſeen,
But hid her viſage, and her head down bent,
Either for grievous ſhame, or for great teen,
As if her hart with ſorrow had transfixed been;

16.

Till her that Squire beſpake, Madame, my lief,
For Gods dear love be not ſo wilful bent,
But do vouchſafe now to receive relief,
The which good fortune doth to you preſent.
For, what boots it to weep and to wayment
When ill is chaunc't, but doth the ill increaſe,
And the weak mind with double woe torment?
When ſhe her Squire heard ſpeak, ſhe gan appeaſe
Her voluntary pain, and feel ſome ſecret eaſe.

17.

Eftſoons ſhe ſaid, Ah gentle truſty Squire,
What comfort can I woful wretch conceave,
Or why ſhould ever I henceforth deſire
To ſee fair heavens face, and life not leave,
Sith that falſe Traytor did my honour reave?
Falſe Traytor Certes (ſaid the Fairy Knight)
I read the man, that ever would deceave
A gentle Lady, or her wrong through might:
Death were too little pain for ſuch a foul deſpight.

18.

But now, fair Lady, comfort to you make,
And read who hath ye wrought this ſhameful plight;
That ſhort revenge the man may overtake,
Whereſo he be, and ſoon upon him light.
Certes (ſaid ſhe) I wote not how he hight,
But under him a gray ſteed did he wield,
Whoſe ſides with dapled circles weren dight;
Upright he rode, and in his ſilver ſhield
He bore a bloody Croſs, that quartred all the field.

19.

Now by my head (ſaid *Guyon*) much I muſe
How that ſame Knight ſhould do ſo foul amiſs,
Or ever gentle Damzel ſo abuſe:
For, may I boldly ſay, he ſurely is
A right good Knight, and true of word ywis:
I preſent was, and can it witneſs well,
When arms he ſwore, and ſtraight did enterpris
Th'adventure of the errant Damozel,
In which he hath great glory won, as I hear tell.

20.

Nathleſs, he ſhortly ſhall again be tride,
And fairly quite him of th' imputed blame:
Elſe be ye ſure, he dearly ſhall abide,
Or make you good amendment for the ſame:
All wrongs have mends, but no amends of ſhame.
Now therefore, Lady, riſe out of your pain,
And ſee the ſalving of your blotted name.
Full loath ſhe ſeem'd thereto, but yet did fain;
For, ſhe was inly glad her purpoſe ſo to gain.

21.

Her purpoſe was not ſuch, as ſhe did fain,
Ne yet her perſon ſuch, as it was ſeen;
But under ſimple ſhew, and ſemblant plain
Lurkt falſe *Dueſſa*, ſecretly unſeen,
As a chaſt virgin that had wronged been:
So had falſe *Archimago* her diſguis'd,
To cloak her guile with ſorrow and ſad teen;
And eke himſelf had craftly devis'd
To be her Squire, and do her ſervice well aguis'd.

22.

Her, late forlorn and naked, he had found,
Where ſhe did wander in waſte Wilderneſs,
Lurking in Rocks and Caves far under ground,
And with green moſs cov'ring her nakedneſs,
To hide her ſhame and loathly filthineſs;
Sith her Prince *Arthur* of proud ornaments
And borrow'd beauty ſpoyld. Her natheleſs
Th'enchaunter finding fit for his intents,
Did thus reveſt, and deckt with due habiliments.

23.

For, all he did, was to deceive good Knights,
And draw them from purſuit of praiſe and fame,
To ſlug in ſloth and ſenſual delights,
And end their days with irrenowned ſhame.
And now exceeding grief him overcame
To ſee the *Redcroſs* thus advaunced hie;
Therefore this crafty engine he did frame,
Againſt his praiſe to ſtir up enmity
Of ſuch, as vertues like mote unto him allie.

24.

So now he *Guyon* guides an uncouth way,
Through Woods and Mountains, till they came at laſt
Into a pleaſant dale, that lowly lay
Betwixt two hills, whoſe high heads overplac't,
The valley did with cool ſhade overcaſt;
Through midſt thereof a little River rold,
By which there ſate a Knight with Helm unlac't,
Himſelf refreſhing with the liquid cold,
After his travel long, and labours manifold.

25.

Loe, yonder he (cryd *Archimage* alowd)
That wrought the ſhameful fact, which I did ſhew;
And now he doth himſelf in ſecret ſhrowd,
To fly the vengeance for his outrage dew;
But vain: for, ye ſhall dearly do him rew,
So God ye ſpeed, and ſend you good ſucceſs;
Which we far off will here abide to view.
So they him left, inflam'd with wrathfulneſs,
That ſtraight againſt that Knight his ſpear he did addreſs.

26.

Who, ſeeing him from far ſo fierce to prick,
His warlike arms about him gan embrace,
And in the reſt his ready ſpear did ſtick;
Tho when as ſtill he ſaw him towards paſe,
He gan r'encounter him in equal race.
They been ymet, both ready to affrap,
When ſuddenly that warriour gan abaſe
His threatned ſpear, as if ſome new miſhap
Had him betide, or hidden danger did entrap.

27.

And cryd, Mercy Sir Knight, and mercy Lord,
For mine offence and heedleſs hardiment,
That had almoſt committed crime abhord,
And with reprochful ſhame mine honour ſhent,
Whiles curſed ſteel againſt that badge I bent,
The ſacred badge of my redeemers Death,
Which on your ſhield is ſet for ornament:
But his fierce foe his ſteed could ſtay uneath,
Who (prickt with courage keen) did cruel battel breath.

28.

But, when he heard him ſpeak, ſtraight way he knew
His error, and (himſelf inclining) ſaid,
Ah! dear Sir *Guyon*, ill becometh you;
But me behoveth rather to upbraid,
Whoſe haſty hand ſo far from reaſon ſtraid,
That almoſt it did hainous violence
On that fair Image of that heavenly Maid,
That decks and arms your ſhield with fair defence:
Your court'ſie takes on you anothers due offence.

29.

So been they both attone, and doen uprear
Their bevers bright, each other for to greet;
Goodly comportance each to other bear,
And entertain themſelves with court'ſies meet.
Then ſaid the *Redcroſs* Knight, Now mote I weet,
Sir *Guyon*, why with ſo fierce ſaliance,
And fell intent ye did at earſt me meet;
For, ſith I know your goodly governaunce,
Great cauſe (I ween) you guided, or ſom uncouth chaunce.

30.

Certes (ſaid he) well mote I ſhame to tell
The fond encheaſon that me hither led.
A falſe infamous faitour late befell
Me for to meet, that ſeemed ill beſted,
And plaind of grievous outrage, which he red
A Knight had wrought againſt a Lady gent:
Which to avenge, he to this place me led,
Where you he made the mark of his intent,
And now is fled; foul ſhame him follow, where he went.

31.

So can he turn his earneſt unto game,
Through goodly handling and wiſe temperaunce.
By this, his aged guide in preſence came;
Who, ſoon as on that Knight his eye did glaunce,
Eftſoons of him had perfect cognizaunce,
Sith him in Fairy Court he late aviz'd;
And ſaid, Fair Son, God give you happy chaunce,
And that dear Croſs upon your ſhield deviz'd,
Wherewith above all Knights ye goodly ſeem aguiz'd.

32.

Joy may you have, and everlaſting fame,
Of late moſt hard atchiev'ment by you done,
For which enrolled is your glorious name
In heavenly Regiſters above the Sun,
Where you a Saint, with Saints your ſeat have wone:
But, wretched we, where ye have left your mark,
Muſt now anew begin, like race to run,
God guide thee, *Guyon*, well to end thy wark,
And to the wiſhed haven bring thy weary bark.

33.

Palmer, (him anſwered the *Redcroſs* Knight)
His be the praiſe, that this atchiev'ment wrought,
Who made my hand the organ of his might;
More then good-will to me attribute nought:
For, all I did, I did but as I ought.
But you, fair Sir, whoſe pageant next enſews,
Well mote ye thee, as well can wiſh your thought.
That home ye may report theſe happy news;
For, well ye worthy been for worth and gentle thews.

34.

So, courteous conge both did give and take,
With right hands plighted, pledges of good will.
Then *Guyon* forward gan his voyage make,
With his black Palmer, that him guided ſtill.
Still he him guided over dale and hill,
And with his ſteady ſtaff did point his way:
His race with reaſon, and with words his will,
From foul Intemperance he oft did ſtay,
And ſuffred not in wrath his haſty ſteps to ſtray.

35.

In this fair wize they traveld long yfere,
Through many hard aſſaies, which did betide;
Of which he honour ſtill away did bear,
And ſpred his glory through all Countries wide.
At laſt, as chaunc't them by a Foreſt ſide
To paſs (for ſuccour from the ſcorching ray)
They heard a rueful voice, that dearnly cride
With piercing ſhrieks, and many a doleful lay;
Which to attend, a while their forward ſteps they ſtay.

36.

But, if that careleſs heavens (quoth ſhe) deſpiſe
The doom of juſt revenge, and take delight
To ſee ſad pageants of mens miſeries,
As bound by them to live in lives deſpight;
Yet can they not warn death from wretched wight.
Come then, come ſoon, come ſweeteſt Death to me,
And take away this long lent loathed light:
Sharp be thy wounds, but ſweet the medicines be,
That long captived ſouls from weary thraldome free.

37.

But thou, ſweet Babe, whom frowning forward fate
Hath made ſad witneſs of thy Fathers fall,
Sith heaven thee deigns to hold in livinſt ſtate,
Long maiſt thou live, and better thrive withall,
Than to thy luckleſs Parents did befall:
Live thou, and to thy Mother dead atteſt,
That clear ſhe dide from blemiſh criminal;
Thy little hands embrewd in bleeding breſt,
Loe, I for pledges leave. So give me leave to reſt.

38.

With that, a deadly ſhriek ſhe forth did throw,
That through the wood reecchoed again:
And after, gave a groan ſo deep and low,
That ſeem'd her tender hart was rent in twain,
Or thrild with point of thorough-pearcing pain;
As gentle Hind, whoſe ſides with cruel ſteel
Through launced, forth her bleeding life does rain,
Whiles the ſad pang approching ſhe does feel,
Brayes out her lateſt breath, and up her eyes doth ſeel.

Which

39.

Which when that warriour heard, dismounting straict
From his tall steed, he rusht into the thick,
And soon arrived, where that sad pourtraict
Of death and labour lay, half dead, half quick,
In whose white alablaster breast did stick
A cruel knife, that made a griesly wound,
From which forth gusht a stream of gore-blood thick,
That all her goodly garments staind around,
And into a deep sanguine dide the grassy ground.

40.

Pitiful spectacle of deadly smart,
Beside a bubling fountain low she lay,
Which she increased with her bleeding heart,
And the clean waves with purple gore did ray;
Als in her lap a little babe did play
His cruel sport, in stead of sorrow dew;
For, in her streaming blood he did embay
His little hands, and tender joynts embrew;
Pitiful spectacle, as ever eye did view.

41.

Besides them both, upon the soiled gras,
The dead corse of an armed Knight was spred,
Whose armour all with blood besprinkled was;
His ruddy lips did smile, and rosie red
Did paint his chearful cheeks, yet being dead:
Seem'd to have been a goodly personage,
Now in his freshest flowre of lusty head,
Fit to inflame fair Lady with loves rage,
But that fierce fate did crop the blossome of his age.

42.

Whom, when the good Sir *Guyon* did behold,
His heart gan wex as stark as Marble stone,
And his fresh blood did frieze with fearful cold,
That all his senses seem'd bereft attone:
At last, his mighty Ghost gan deep to grone,
As Lyon (grudging in his deep disdain)
Mourns inwardly, and makes to himself mone;
Till ruth and frail affection did constrain
His courage stout to stoop, and shew his inward pain.

43.

Out of her gored wound the cruel steel
He lightly snacht, and did the flood-gate stop
With his fair garment: then gan softly feel
Her feeble pulse, to prove if any drop
Of living blood yet in her veins did hop;
Which when he felt to move, he hoped fair
To call back life to her forsaken shop;
So well he did her deadly wounds repair,
That at the last she gan to breath out living air.

44.

Which he perceiving, greatly gan rejoyce,
And goodly counsel (that for wounded heart
Is meetest med'cine) tempred with sweet voice;
Ay me! dear Lady, which the Image art
Of rueful pity, and impatient smart,
What direful chance, arm'd with revenging fate,
Or cursed hand hath plaid this cruel part,
Thus foul to hasten your untimely date?
Speak, O dear Lady speak: help never comes too late.

45.

Therewith her dim eye-lids she up gan rear,
On which the dreary Death did sit, as sad
As lump of lead, and made dark clouds appear;
But when as him (all in bright armour clad)
Before her standing she espied had,
As one out of a deadly dream affright,
She weakly started, yet she nothing drad:
Straight down again her self in great despight,
She groveling threw to ground, as hating life and light.

46.

The gentle Knight, her soon with careful pain
Uplifted light, and softly did uphold:
Thrice he her reard, and thrice she sunk again,
Till he his arms about her sides gan fold,
And to her said; Yet if the stony cold
Have not all seized on your frozen heart,
Let one word fall that may your grief unfold,
And tell the secret of your mortal smart;
He oft finds present help, who does his grief impart.

47.

Then casting up a deadly look, full low
She sigh't, from bottom of her wounded breast;
And after, many bitter throbs did throw,
With lips full pale, and foltring tongue oppress,
These words she breathed forth from riven chest;
Leave, ah leave off, what ever wight thou be,
To let a weary wretch from her due rest,
And trouble dying souls tranquillitee.
Take not away now got, which none would give to me.

48.

Ah! far be it (said he) dear Dame fro me,
To hinder soul from her desired rest,
Or hold sad life in long captivitee:
For, all I seek, is but to have redrest
The bitter pangs, that doth your heart infest.
Tell then (O Lady) tell what fatal prief
Hath with so huge misfortune you oppress?
That I may cast to compass your relief,
Or dye with you in sorrow, and partake your grief.

49.

With feeble hands then stretched forth on hie,
As heaven accusing guilty of her death,
And with dry drops congealed in her eye,
In these sad words she spent her utmost breath:
Hear then (O man) the sorrows that uneath
My tongue can tell, so far all sense they pass:
Lo, this dead corpse, that lyes here underneath,
The gentlest Knight, that ever on green gras
Gay steed with spurs did prick, the good Sir *Mordant* was.

50.

Was (ay the while, that he is not so now!)
My Lord, my love: my dear Lord, my dear love,
So long as Heavens just with equal brow
Vouchsafed to behold us from above,
One day when him high courage did emmove
(As wont ye Knights to seek adventures wild)
He pricked forth, his puissant force to prove,
Me then he left enwombed of this child,
This luckless child, whom thus ye see with blood defil'd.

51.

Him fortuned (hard fortune ye may gheſs)
To come where vile *Acraſia* does won,
Acraſia, a falſe Enchantreſs,
That many errant Knights hath foul fordon:
Within a wandring Iſland, that doth ron,
And ſtray in perilous gulf, her dwelling is;
Fair Sir, if ever there ye travel, ſhon
The curſed Land where many wend amiſs,
And know it by the name; it hight the *Bowre of bliſs*.

52.

Her bliſs is all in pleaſure and delight,
Wherewith ſhe makes her Lovers drunken mad;
And then, with words and weeds of wondrous might,
On them ſhe works her will to uſes bad:
My lifeſt Lord ſhe thus beguiled had;
For, he was fleſh: (all fleſh doth frailty breed.)
Whom, when I heard to been ſo ill beſtead,
(Weak wretch) I wrapt my ſelf in Palmers weed,
And caſt to ſeek him forth through danger and great dread.

53.

Now had fair *Cynthia* by even turns
Full meaſured three quarters of her year,
And thrice three times had fill'd her crooked horns,
When as my womb her burden would forbear,
And bade me call *Lucina* to me near.
Lucina came: a man-child forth I brought: (were;
The Woods, the Nymphs, my Bowres, my Midwives
Hard help at need. So dear thee Babe I bought;
Yet nought too dear I deem'd, while ſo my dear I ſought.

54.

Him ſo I ſought, and ſo at laſt I found,
Where him that Witch had thralled to her will,
In chains of luſt, and lewd deſires ybound,
And ſo transformed from his former skill,
That me he knew not, neither his own ill;
Till through wiſe handling, and fair governance,
I him recured to a better will,
Purged from drugs of foul intemperance:
Then means I gan deviſe for his deliverance.

55.

Which when the vile Enchantereſs perceiv'd,
How that my Lord from her I would reprieve,
With cup thus charm'd, him parting ſhe deceiv'd;
Sad verſe, give death to him that death does give,
And loſs of Love, to her that loves to live,
So ſoon as Bacchus with the Nymph does link:
So parted we, and on our Journey drive,
Till coming to this Well, he ſtoopt to drink,
The charm fulfill'd, dead ſuddenly he down did ſink.

56.

Which, when I wretch. Not one word more ſhe ſaid:
But breaking off the end for want of breath,
And ſliding ſoft, as down to ſleep her laid,
And ended all her woe in quiet death.
That ſeeing, good Sir *Guyon*, could uneath
From tears abſtain; for grief his hart did grate:
And from ſo heavy ſight his head did wreath,
Accuſing Fortune and too cruel Fate,
Which plunged had fair Lady in ſo wretched ſtate.

57.

Then turning to the Palmer, ſaid, Old ſire,
Behold the Image of Mortality,
And feeble Nature cloath'd with fleſhly tire,
When raging paſſion with fierce tyranny
Robs reaſon of her due regality,
And makes it ſervant to her baſeſt part:
The ſtrong it weakens with infirmity,
And with bold fury arms the weakeſt hart; (ſmart.
The ſtrong, through pleaſure ſooneſt fals, the weak through

58.

But Temperance (ſaid he) with golden ſquire
Betwixt them both can meaſure out a mean,
Neither to melt in pleaſures hot deſire,
Nor fry in hartleſs grief and doleful teen.
Thrice happy Man, who fares them both atween:
But, ſith this wretched Woman overcome
Of anguiſh, rather than of crime hath been,
Reſcue her cauſe to her Eternal doom:
And in the mean, vouchſafe her honourable toomb.

59.

Palmer, (quoth he) Death is an equal doom
To good and bad, the common Inn of reſt;
But, after Death, the tryal is to come,
When beſt ſhall be to them that lived beſt:
But, both alike, when Death hath both ſuppreſt,
Religious reverence doth burial teen,
Which whoſo wants, wants ſo much of his reſt:
For, all ſo great ſhame after Death I ween,
As ſelf to dyen bad, unburid bad to been.

60.

So, both agree their bodies to engrave;
The great Earth's womb they open to the ſky,
And with ſad Cypreſs ſeemly it embrave;
Then covering with a clod their cloſed eye,
They lay therein thoſe corſes tenderly,
And bid them ſleep in everlaſting peace,
But, e're they did their utmoſt obſequy,
Sir *Guyon*, more affection to increaſe,
By nempt a ſacred vow, which none ſhould aye releaſe.

61.

The dead Knights ſword out of his ſheath he drew,
With which he cut a lock of all their hair,
Which medling with their blood, and Earth, he threw
Into the Grave, and gan devoutly ſwear:
Such and ſuch evil God on *Guyon* rear,
And worſe and worſe young Orphan be thy pain,
If I, or thou, due vengeance do forbear,
Till guilty blood her guerdon do obtain:
So, ſhedding many tears, they clos'd the earth again.

CANT.

CANTO II.

Babes bloody hands may not be cleans'd,
The Face of golden Mean.
Her Siſters two Extremities:
Strive her to baniſh clean.

1.

THus when Sir *Guyon* with his faithful guide
Had with due rites and dolorous lament
The end of their ſad Tragedy uptide,
The little Babe up in his Arms he hent;
Who with ſweet pleaſance and bold blandiſhment
Can ſmile on them that rather ought to weep,
As careleſs of his woe or innocent
Of that was doen, that ruth imperced deep
In that Knights heart, and words with bitter tears did ſteep.

2.

Ah! luckleſs babe, born under cruel ſtar,
And in dead Parents baleful aſhes bred,
Full little weeneſt thou, what ſorrows are
Left thee for portion of thy livelihed,
Poor Orphan, in the wide world ſcattered,
As budding branch rent from the Native tree,
And throwen forth, till it be withered:
Such is the ſtate of Men: thus enter we
Into this life with woe, and end with miſery.

3.

Then ſoft himſelf inclining on his knee
Down to that Well, did in the water ween
(So love does loath diſdainful nicety)
His guilty hands from bloody gore to clean.
He waſht them oft and oft, yet nought they been
(For all his waſhing) cleaner. Still he ſtrove,
Yet ſtill the little hands were bloody ſeen:
The which him into great amazement drove,
And into divers doubt his wavering wonder clove.

4.

He wiſt not whether blot of foul offence
Might not be purg'd with water nor with bath;
Or that high God in lieu of innocence,
Imprinted had that token of his wrath,
To ſhew how ſore blood-guiltineſs he hat'th;
Or that the charm and venom, which they drunk,
Their blood with ſecret filth infected hath,
Being diffuſed through the ſenſeleſs trunk,
That through the great contagion direful deadly ſtunk.

5.

Whom thus at gaze the Palmer gan to bord
With goodly reaſon and thus fair beſpake:
Ye been right hard amated, gracious Lord,
And of your ignorance great marvel make,
Whiles cauſe not well conceived your miſtake.
But know, that ſecret vertues are infus'd
In every Fountain, and in every Lake,
Which who hath skill rightly to have chus'd,
To proof of paſſing wonders hath full often us'd.

6.

Of thoſe, ſome were ſo from their ſourſe indew'd
By great Dame Nature, from whoſe fruitful pap
Their Well-heads ſpring, and are with moiſture dewd;
Which feeds each living plant with liquid ſap,
And fills with flowers fair *Floraes* painted lap:
But other ſome by gift of later grace,
Or by good prayers, or by other hap,
Had vertue pour'd into their waters baſe, (place.
And thenceforth were renown'd, and ſought from place to

7.

Such is this Well, wrought by occaſion ſtrange,
Which to her Nymph befel. Upon a day,
As ſhe the Woods with bow and ſhafts did range,
The hartleſs Hind, and Ro-buck to diſmay,
Dan Faunus chanc't to meet her by the way;
And kindling fire at her fair burning eye,
Inflamed was to follow beauties chace,
And chaced her that faſt from him did flye;
As Hind from her, ſo ſhe fled from her enemy.

8.

At laſt, when failing breath began to faint,
And ſaw no means to ſcape, of ſhame afraid,
She ſate her down to weep for ſore conſtraint,
And to *Diana* calling loud for aid,
Her dear beſought, to let her die a Maid.
The Goddeſs heard, and ſuddain where ſhe ſate,
Welling out ſtreams of tears, and quite diſmay'd
With ſtony fear of that rude ruſtick mate,
Transform'd her to a ſtone from ſtedfaſt virgins ſtate.

9.

Lo, now ſhe is that ſtone; from thoſe two heads
(As from two weeping eyes) freſh ſtreams do flow,
Yet cold through fear, and old conceived dreads:
And yet the ſtone her ſemblance ſeems to ſhow,
Shap't like a Maid, that ſuch ye may her know;
And yet her vertues in her water bide:
For, it is chaſte and pure, as pureſt ſnow,
Ne lets her Waves with any filth be dy'd,
But ever (like her ſelf) unſtained hath been try'd.

10.

From thence it comes that this Babes bloody hand
May not be cleans'd with water of this Well:
Ne certes Sir, ſtrive you it to withſtand,
But let them ſtill be bloody, as befel,
That they his mothers innocence may tell,
As ſhe bequeath'd in her laſt Teſtament;
That as a ſacred Symbol it may dwell
In her Sons fleſh, to mind revengement,
And be for all chaſt Dames an endleſs moniment.

11.

He harkned to his reaſon, and the child
Uptaking, to the Palmer gave to bear:
But his ſad fathers arms with blood defil'd,
An heavy load himſelf did lightly rear,
And turning to that place, in which whylear
He left his lofty ſteed with golden ſell,
And goodly gorgeous barbs, him found not there.
By other accident that earſt befel,
He is convay'd; but how, or where, here fits not tell.

Which

12.

Which when Sir *Guyon* ſaw, all were he wroth,
Yet algates mote he ſoft himſelf appeaſe,
And fairly fare on foot, how ever loth;
His double burden did him ſore diſeaſe.
So long they travelled with little eaſe,
Till that at laſt they to a Caſtle came,
Built on a Rock adjoyning to the Seas;
It was an ancient work of Antique fame,
And wondrous ſtrong by nature, and by skilful frame.

13.

Therein three Siſters dwelt of ſundry ſort,
The Children of one ſire by Mothers three;
Who dying whylome did divide this Fort
To them by equal ſhares in equal fee:
But ſtriteful mind, and divers qualitee
Drew them in parts, and each made others foe:
Still did they ſtrive, and daily diſagree;
The eldeſt did againſt the youngeſt goe,
And both againſt the middeſt meant to worken woe.

14.

Where, when the Knight arriv'd, he was right well
Receiv'd, as Knight of ſo much worth became,
Of ſecond Siſter, who did far excell
The other two; *Medina* was her name,
A ſober, ſad, and comely curteous Dame;
Who rich arrayd, and yet in modeſt guize,
In goodly garments, that her well became,
Fair marching forth in honourable wize,
Him at the threſhold met, and well did enterprize.

15.

She led him up into a goodly bowre,
And comely courted with meet modey;
Ne in her ſpeech, ne in her haviour,
Was lightneſs ſeen, or looſer vanity,
But gracious womanhood, and gravity,
Above the reaſon of her youthly years:
Her golden locks ſhe roundly did uptie
In brayded tramels, that no looſer hears
Did out of order ſtray about her dainty ears.

16.

Whil'ſt ſhe her ſelf thus buſily did frame,
Seemly to entertain her new-come gueſt,
News hereof to her other ſiſters came,
Who all this while were at their wanton reſt,
Accourting each her friend with laviſh feaſt:
They were two Knights of peerleſs puiſſance,
And famous far abroad for warlike geſt
Which to theſe Ladies love did countenance,
And to his Miſtreſs each himſelf ſtrove to advance.

17.

He that made love unto the eldeſt Dame,
Was hight Sir *Hudibraſs*, an hardy man:
Yet not ſo good of deeds, as great of name,
Which he by many raſh adventures wan,
Since errant arms to ſew he firſt began;
More huge in ſtrength, than wiſe in works he was,
And reaſon with fool-hardize over-ran;
Stern melancholy did his courage paſs,
And was (for terrour more) all arm'd in ſhining braſs.

18.

But he that lov'd the youngeſt, was *Sans loy*
He that fair *Una* late foul outraged,
The moſt unruly, and the boldeſt boy
That ever warlike weapons menaged,
And to all lawleſs luſt encouraged,
Through ſtrong opinion of his matchleſs might:
Ne ought he car'd, whom he endamaged
By tortious wrong, or whom bereav'd of right
He now this Ladies champion choſe for love to fight.

19.

Theſe two gay Knights, vow'd to ſo divers loves,
Each other does envy with deadly hate,
And daily war againſt his foeman moves,
In hope to win more favour with his mate,
And th'others pleaſing ſervice to abate,
To magnifie his own. But when they heard,
How in that place ſtrange Knight arrived late,
Both Knights and Ladies forth right angry far'd,
And fiercely unto battel ſtern themſelves prepar'd.

20

But ere they could proceed unto the place
Where he abode, themſelves at diſcord fell,
And cruel combat joynd in middle ſpace:
With horrible aſſault, and fury fell,
They heapt huge ſtroakes, the ſcorned life to quell,
That all on uprore from her ſetled ſeat,
The houſe was raiz'd, and all that in did dwell;
Seem'd that loud thunder with amazement great,
Did rend the ratling skyes with flames of fouldring heat.

21.

The noyſe thereof calth forth that ſtranger Knight,
To weet what dreadful thing was there in hond;
Where, when as two brave Knights in bloody fight
With deadly rancour he enraunged fond,
His ſunbroad ſhield about his wreſt he bond,
And ſhining blade unſheath'd, with which he ran
Unto that ſtead, their ſtrife to underſtond;
And, at his firſt arrival, them began
With goodly means to pacifie, well as he can.

22.

But they him ſpying, both with greedy force
Attonce upon him ran, and him beſet
With ſtroakes of mortal ſteel without remorſe,
And on his ſhield like Iron ſledges bet;
As when a Bear and Tygre, being met
In cruel fight on Lybick Ocean wide,
Eſpy a traveller with feet ſurbet,
Whom they in equal prey hope to divide,
They ſtint their ſtrife, and him aſſail on every ſide.

23.

But he, not like a weary traveller,
Their ſharp aſſault right boldly did rebut,
And ſuffred not their blows to bite him nere,
But with redoubled buffes them back did put:
Whoſe grieved minds, which choler did englut,
Againſt themſelves turning their wrathful ſpight,
Gan with new rage their ſhields to heaw and cut;
But ſtill when *Guyon* came to part their fight,
With heavy load on him they freſhly gan to ſmight.

24.

As a tall ſhip toſſed in troublous Seas,
Whom raging winds threatning to make the prey
Of the rough rocks, do diverſly diſeaſe,
Meets two contrary billows by the way,
That her on either ſide do ſore aſſay,
And boaſt to ſwallow her in greedy Grave;
She, ſcorning both their ſpights, does make wide way,
And with her breaſt breaking the ſomy wave,
Does ride on both their backs, & fair her ſelf doth ſave:

25.

So boldly he him bears, and ruſheth forth
Between them both, by conduct of his blade,
Wondrous great proweſs, and heroick worth
He ſhew'd that day, and rare enſample made,
When two ſo mighty warriours he diſmade:
Attonce he wards and ſtrikes, he takes and payes,
Now forc't to yield, now forcing to invade,
Before, behind, and round about him layes:
So double was his pains, ſo double be his praiſe.

26.

Strange ſort of fight, three valiant Knights to ſee
Three combats joyn in one, and to darrain
A triple war with triple enmitee,
All for their Ladies froward love to gain,
Which gotten was but late. So love does rain
In ſtouteſt minds, and maketh monſtrous war;
He maketh war, he maketh peace again,
And yet his peace is but continual jar:
O miſerable men, that to him ſubject are!

27.

While thus they mingled were in furious arms,
The fair *Medina* with her treſſes torn,
And naked breaſt (in pity of their harms)
Emongſt them ran, and falling them beforn,
Beſought them by the womb which them had born,
And by the loves which were to them moſt dear,
And by the Knighthood, which they ſure had ſworn,
Their dealy cruel diſcord to forbear,
And to her juſt conditions of fair peace to hear.

28.

But her two other ſiſters, ſtanding by,
Her loud gainſaid, and both their Champion bad
Purſue the end of their ſtrong enemy,
As ever of their loves they would be glad.
Yet ſhe, with pithy words and counſel ſad,
Still ſtrove their ſtubborn rages to revoke;
That, at the laſt, ſuppreſſing fury mad,
They gan abſtain from dint of direful ſtroke,
And harken to the ſober ſpeeches which ſhe ſpoke.

29.

Ah! puiſſant Lords, what curſed evil Spright,
Or fell *Erinnys*, in your noble harts
Her helliſh brond hath kindled with deſpight,
And ſtird you up to work your wilful ſmarts?
Is this the joy of arms? be theſe the parts
Of glorious Knighthood, after blood to thurſt,
And not regard due right and juſt deſarts?
Vain is the vaunt, and victory unjuſt,
That more to mighty hands, than rightful cauſe doth truſt.

30.

And, were there rightful cauſe of difference,
Yet were not better, fair it to accord,
Than with blood-guiltineſs to heap offence,
And mortal vengeance joyn to crime abhord?
O! fly from wrath: fly, O my lieſeſt Lord.
Sad be the ſights, and bitter fruits of war,
And thouſand furies wait on wrathful ſwords;
Ne ought the praiſe of proweſs more doth mar,
Than foul revenging rage, and baſe contentious jar.

31.

But lovely concord, and moſt ſacred peace,
Doth nouriſh vertue, and faſt friendſhip breeds;
Weak ſhe makes ſtrong, & ſtrong thing does increaſe,
Till it the pitch of higheſt praiſe exceeds:
Brave be her wars, and honourable deeds,
By which ſhe triumphs over ire and pride,
And wins an Olive girlond for her meeds:
Be therefore, O my dear Lords, pacifide,
And this miſſeeming diſcord meekly lay aſide.

32.

Her gracious words their rancour did appal,
And ſunk ſo deep into their boyling breſts,
That down they let their cruel weapons fall,
And lowly did abaſe their lofty creſts
To her fair preſence, and diſcreet beheſts.
Then ſhe began a treaty to procure,
And ſtabliſh terms betwixt both their requeſts,
That as a Law for ever ſhould endure;
Which to obſerve, in word of Knights they did aſſure.

33.

Which to confirm, and faſt to bind their league,
After their weary ſweat and bloody toil,
She them beſought, during their quiet treague,
Into her lodging to repair awhile,
To reſt themſelves, and grace to reconcile.
They ſoon conſent: ſo forth with her they fare;
Where they are well receiv'd, and made to ſpoil
Themſelves of ſoiled arms, and to prepare
Their minds to pleaſure, and their mouthes to dainty fare.

34.

And thoſe two froward ſiſters (their fair loves)
Came with them eke (all were they wondrous loth)
And fained chear, as for the time behoves;
But could not colour yet ſo well the troth,
But that their natures bad appeard in both:
For, both did at their ſecond ſiſter grutch,
And inly grieve, as doth an hidden moth
The inner garment fret, not th'utter touch; (much.
One thought their chear too little, th'other thought too

35.

Eliſſa (ſo the eldeſt hight) did deem
Such entertainment baſe, ne ought would eat,
Ne ought would ſpeak, but evermore did ſeem
As diſcontent for want of mirth or meat;
No ſolace could her Paramour intreat
Her once to ſhew, ne court, nor dalliance:
But with bent lowring browes, as ſhe would threat,
She ſcould, and frownd with froward countenance,
Unworthy of fair Ladies comely governaunce.

But

36.

But young *Perissa* was of other mind,
Full of disport, still laighing, loosely light,
And quite contrary to her sisters kind;
No measure in her mood, no rule of right,
But poured out in pleasure and delight;
In wine and meats she flow'd above the bank,
And in excess exceeded her own might;
In sumptuous tire she joy'd her self to prank;
But of her love too lavish (little have she thank.)

37.

First, by her side did sit the bold *Sans loy*;
Fit mate for such a mincing minion,
Who in her looseness took exceeding joy;
Might not be found a franker franion,
Of her lewd parts to make companion;
But *Huddibras*, more like a Malecontent,
Did see and grieve at his bold fashion;
Hardly could he endure his hardiment,
Yet still he sat, and inly did himself torment.

38.

Betwixt them both, the fair *Medina* sate,
With sober grace, and goodly cariage:
With equal measure she did moderate
The strong extremities of their outrage;
That forward pair she ever would asswage,
When they would strive due reason to exceed;
But that same froward twain would accourage,
And of her plenty add unto their need:
So kept she them in order, and her self in heed.

39.

Thus fairly she attempered her feast,
And pleas'd them all with meet satiety.
At last, when lust of meat and drink was ceast,
She *Guyon* dear besought of curtesie,
To tell from whence he came through jeopardy,
And whither now on new adventure bound.
Who, with bold grace, and comely gravity,
Drawing to him the eyes of all around,
From lofty siege began these words aloud to sound;

40.

This thy demaund, O Lady, doth revive
Fresh memory in me of that great Queen,
Great and most glorious virgin Queen alive,
That with her soveraign powre, and scepter sheen,
All Fairy Lond does peaceable susteen.
In widest Ocean she her throne does rear,
That over all the earth it may be seen;
As morning Sun her beams dispredden clear:
And in her face, fair peace and mercy doth appear.

41.

In her, the riches of all heavenly grace
In chief degrees are heaped up on hie:
And all, that else this worlds enclosure base
Hath great or glorious in mortal eye,
Adorns the person of her Majesty;
That men beholding so great excellence,
And rare perfection in mortality,
Do her adore with sacred reverence,
As th' Idole of her Makers great magnificence.

42.

To her, I homage and my service owe,
In number of the noblest Knights on ground,
Mongst whom, on me she deigned to bestowe
Order of *Maydenhead*, the most renown'd,
That may this day in all the world be found:
A yearly solemn feast she wonts to make
The day that first doth lead the year around;
To which all Knights of worth and courage bold
Resort, to hear of strange adventures to be told.

43.

There this old Palmer shew'd himself that day,
And to that mighty Princess did complain
Of grievous mischiefs, which a wicked Fay
Had wrought, and many whelm'd in deadly pain,
Whereof he crav'd redress. My Soveraign,
Whose glory is in gracious deeds, and joys
Throughout the world her mercy to maintain,
Eftsoons devis'd redress for such annoys;
Me (all unfit for so great purpose) she employs.

44.

Now hath fair *Phœbe* with her silver face
Thrice seen the shadows of the neather world,
Sith last I left that honourable place,
In which her royal presence is introld;
Ne ever shall I rest in house nor hold,
Till I that false *Acrasia* have won;
Of whose foul deeds (too hideous to be told)
I witness am, and this their wretched Son,
Whose woful Parents she hath wickedly fordon.

45.

Tell on, fair Sir, said she, that doleful tale,
From which sad ruth does seem you to restrain,
That we may pity such unhappy bale,
And learn from pleasures poyson to abstain:
Ill, by ensample, good doth often gain.
Then forward he is purpose gan pursew,
And told the story of the mortal pain,
Which *Mordant* and *Amavia* did rew;
As with lamenting eyes himself did lately view.

46.

Night was far spent, and now in Ocean deep
Orion, flying fast from hissing Snake,
His flaming head did hasten for to steep,
When of his pitious tale he end did make;
Whilst with delight of that he wisely spake,
Those guests beguiled, did beguile their eyes
Of kindly sleep, that did them overtake.
At last, when they had markt the changed skyes,
They wist their hour was spent; then each to rest him hies.

CANT.

CANTO III.

Vain Bragadocchio, *getting* Guyons
horſe, is made the ſcorn
Of Knighthood true, and is of fair
Belphœbe *foul forlorn.*

1.

SOon as the morrow fair with purple beams
Diſperſt the ſhadows of the miſty night,
And *Titan* playing on the Eaſtern ſtreams,
Gan clear the deawy air with ſpringing light,
Sir *Guyon*, mindful of his vow yplight,
Uproſe from drowſie couch, and him addreſt
Unto the journey which he had behight:
His puiſſant arms about his noble breſt,
And many folded ſhield he bound about his wreſt.

2.

Then, taking *Congé* of that virgin pure,
The bloody-handed babe unto her truth
Did earneſtly commit, and her conjure,
In vertuous lore to train his tender youth,
And all that gentle nouriture enſu'th:
And, that ſo ſoon as riper years he raught,
He might for memory of that dayes ruth,
Be called *Ruddymane*, and thereby taught,
T'avenge his Parents death, on them that had it wrought.

3.

So forth he far'd, as now befell, on foot,
Sith his good ſteed is lately from him gone:
Patience perforce; helpleſs what may it boot
To fret for anger, or for grief to mone?
His Palmer now ſhall foot no more alone:
So fortune wrought, as under green woods ſide
He lately heard that dying Lady grone,
He left his ſteed without, and ſpear beſide,
And ruſhed in on foot, to ayd her ere ſhe dide.

4.

The whiles, a loſell wandring by the way,
One that to bounty never caſt his mind,
Ne thought of honour ever did aſſay
His baſer breſt, but in his keſtrell kind
A pleaſing vein of glory vain did find,
To which his flowing tongue, and troublous ſpright
Gave him great aid, and made him more inclin'd:
He, that brave ſteed there finding ready dight,
Purloynd both ſteed and ſpear, and ran away full light.

5.

Now gan his hart all ſwell in jollity,
And of himſelf great hope and help conceiv'd,
That puffed up with ſmoak of vanity,
And with ſelf-loved perſonage deceiv'd,
He gan to hope, of men to be receiv'd
For ſuch, as he him thought, or fain would be:
But, for in court gay portaunce he perceiv'd,
And gallant ſhew to be in greateſt gree,
Eftſoons to Court he caſt t'advaunce his firſt degree.

6.

And by the way he chaunced to eſpy
One ſitting idle on a ſunny bank,
To whom avaunting in great bravery,
As Peacock, that his painted plumes doth prank,
He ſmote his courſer in the trembling flank,
And to him threatned his hart-thrilling ſpear:
The ſeely man, ſeeing him ride ſo rank,
And aym at him, fell flat to ground for fear,
And crying Mercy, loud, his pitious hands gan rear.

7.

Thereat the Scarcrow wexed wondrous proud,
Through fortune of his firſt adventure fair,
And with big thundring voyce revil'd him loud;
Vile caitive, vaſſal of dread and deſpair,
Unworthy of the common breathed air,
Why liveſt thou, dead dog, a lenger day,
And dooſt not unto death thy ſelf prepare?
Die, or thy ſelf my captive yield for ay;
Great favour I thee grant, for anſwer thus to ſtay.

8.

Hold, O dear Lord, hold your dead-dooing hand,
Then loud he cride, I am your humble thrall.
Ah wretch (quoth he) thy deſtinies withſtand
My wrathful will, and do for mercy call.
I give thee life: therefore proſtrated fall,
And kiſs my ſtirrup; that, thy homage be.
The Miſer threw himſelf as an Offall,
Straight at his foot in baſe humilitee,
And cleaped him his Liege, to hold of him in Fee.

9.

So, happy peace they made and fair accord:
Eftſoons this liege-man gan to wex more bold,
And when he felt the folly of his Lord,
In his own kind he gan himſelf unfold:
For, he was wylie witted, and grown old
In cunning ſleights and practick knavery.
From that day forth he caſt for to uphold
His idle humour with fine flattery,
And blow the Bellows to his ſwelling vanity.

10.

Trompart, fit man for *Braggadocchio*,
To ſerve at Court in view of vaunting eye.
Vain-glorious man, when fluttring wind does blow
In his light wings, is lifted up to sky:
The ſcorn of Knighthood and true chevalry,
To think without deſert of gentle deed,
And noble worth, to be advaunced hie:
Such praiſe is ſhame; but honour, vertues meed,
Doth bare the faireſt flower in honourable ſeed.

11.

So, forth they paſs (a well conſorted pair)
Till at the length with *Archimage* they meet:
Who ſeeing one that ſhone in armour fair,
On goodly courſer, thundring with his feet,
Eftſoons ſuppoſed him a perſon meet,
Of his revenge to make the inſtrument:
For, ſince the *Redcroſs* Knight he erſt did weet,
To been with *Guyon* knit in one conſent,
The ill which earſt to him, he now to *Guyon* meant.

12.

And coming close to *Trompart*, gan inquere
Of him, what mighty warriour that mote be,
That rode in golden fell with single spear,
But wanted sword to wreak his enmitee.
He is a great adventurer (said he)
That hath his sword through hard assay forgone,
And now hath vowd, till he avenged be
Of that despight, never to wearen none;
That spear is him enough to doen a thousand grone.

13.

Th'enchaunter greatly joyed in the vaunt,
And weened well ere long his will to win,
And both his foen with equal foyl to daunt,
Tho, to him louting lowly, did begin
To plain of wrongs, which had committed bin
By *Guyon*, and by that false *Redcross* Knight;
Which two, through treason and deceitful gin,
Had slain Sir *Mordant*, and his Lady bright:
That mote him honor win, to wreak so foul despight.

14.

Therewith all suddainly he seem'd enraged,
And threatned Death with dreadful countenance,
As if their lives had in his hand been gaged;
And with stiff force shaking his mortal launce
To let him weet his doughty valiaunce,
Thus said; Old man, great sure shall be thy meed,
If where those Knights for fear of dew vengeance
Do lurk, thou certainly to me areed,
That I may wreak on them their hainous hateful deed.

15.

Certes, my Lord (said he) that shall I soon,
And give you eke good help to their decay:
But mote I wisely you advise to doon;
Give no ods to your foes, but do purvay
Your self of sword before that bloody day:
For, they be two the prowest Knights on ground,
And oft approv'd in many hard assay;
And eke of surest steel, that may be found,
Do arm your self against that day, them to confound.

16.

Dotard (said he) let be thy deep advise;
Seems that through many years thy wits thee fail,
And that weak eld hath left thee nothing wise;
Else never should thy judgement be so frail,
To measure manhood by the sword or mail.
Is not enough four quarters of a man,
Withouten sword or shield, an host to quail?
Thou little wotest what this right hand can:
Speak they, which have beheld the battails which it wan.

17.

The man was much abashed at his boast;
Yet well he wist, that whoso would contend
With either of those Knights on even coast,
Should need of all his arms, him to defend,
Yet feared least his boldness should offend;
When *Braggadocchio* said, Once I did swear,
When with one sword seven Knights I brought to end,
Thenceforth in battail never sword to bear,
But it were that, which noblest Knight on earth doth wear.

18.

Perdie, Sir Knight, said then th'enchaunter blive,
That shall I shortly purchase to your hond:
For, now the best and noblest Knight alive
Prince *Arthur* is, that wons in Fairy lond;
He hath a sword that flames like burning brond.
The same (by my advise) I undertake
Shall by to morrow by thy side be fond.
At which bold word that boaster gan to quake,
And wondred in his mind, what mote that monster make.

19.

He staid not for more bidding, but away
Was suddain vanished out of his sight:
The Northern wind his wings did broad display
At his commaund, and reared him up light
From off the earth to take his aerie flight.
They lookt about, but no where could espy
Tract of his foot: then dead through great affright
They both nigh were, and each bade other fly:
Both fled attonce, ne ever back returned eye.

20.

Till that they come unto a Forest green,
In which they shrowd themselves from causeless fear;
Yet fear them follows still, where so they been.
Each trembling leaf, and whistling wind they hear,
As gastly bug their hair on end does rear:
Yet both do strive their fearfulness to fain.
At last, they heard a horn, that shrilled clear
Throughout the wood, that ecchoed again,
And made the Forest ring, as it would rive in twain.

21.

Eft through the thick they heard one rudely rush;
With noyse whereof he from his lofty steed
Down fell to ground, and crept into a bush,
To hide his coward head from dying dreed.
But *Trompart* stoutly staid to taken heed
Of what might hap. Eftsoon there stepped forth
A goodly Lady, clad in hunters weed,
That seem'd to be a Woman of great worth,
And by her stately portance, born of heavenly birth.

22.

Her face so fair as flesh it seemed not,
But heavenly pourtraict of bright Angels hew,
Clear as the sky, withouten blame or blot,
Through goodly mixture of complexions dew;
And in her cheeks the vermeill red did shew
Like roses in a bed of lillies shed,
The which ambrosial odours from them threw,
And gazers sense with double pleasure fed,
Able to heal the sick, and to revive the dead.

23.

In her fair eyes two living lamps did flame,
Kindled above at th'heavenly makers light,
And darted firy beams out of the same,
So passing pearceant, and so wondrous bright,
That quite bereav'd the rash beholders sight:
In them the blinded god his lustful fire
To kindle oft assayd, but had no might;
For, with drad Majesty, and awful ire,
She broke his wanton darts, and quenched base desire.

Her

24.

Her Ivory forehead, full of bounty brave,
Like a broad table did it ſelf diſſpred.
For Love his lofty triumphs to engrave,
And write the battels of his great godhed.
All good and honour might therein be red:
For there their dwelling was. And when ſhe ſpake,
Sweet words, like dropping hony, ſhe did ſhed,
And twixt the pearls and rubies ſoftly brake
A ſilver ſound, that heavenly muſick ſeem'd to make.

25.

Upon her eye-lids many Graces ſate,
Under the ſhadow of her even brows,
Working belgards, and amorous retrate,
And every one her with a grace endows:
And every one with meekneſs to her bows.
So glorious mirrour of celeſtial grace,
And ſoverain moniment of mortal vows,
How ſhall frail pen deſcrive her heavenly face,
For fear through want of skill her beauty to diſgrace?

26.

So fair, and thouſand thouſand times more fair
She ſeem'd, when ſhe preſented was to ſight,
And was yclad (for heat of ſcorching air)
All in a ſilken Camus, lilly white,
Purfled upon with many a folded plight,
Which all above beſprinkled was throughout,
With golden aygulets, that gliſtred bright,
Like twinkling ſtars, and all the skirt about
Was hemd with golden fringe

27.

Below her ham her weed did ſomewhat train,
And her ſtreight legs moſt bravely were embayld
In gilden buskins of coſtly Cordwain,
All bard with golden bends, which were entraild
With curious anticks, and full fair aumaild:
Before, they faſtned were under her knee
In a rich Jewel, and therein entraild
The end of all their knots, that none might ſee,
How they within their fouldings cloſe enwrapped be.

28.

Like two fair Marble pillors they were ſeen,
Which do the temple of the Gods ſupport,
Whom all the people deck with girlands green,
And honour in their feſtival reſort;
Thoſe ſame with ſtately grace, and princely port
She taught to tread, when ſhe her ſelf would grace:
But with the woody Nymphs when ſhe did play,
Or when the flying Libbard ſhe did chace,
She could them nimbly move, and after fly apace.

29.

And in her hand a ſharp bore-ſpear ſhe held,
And at her back a bow and quiver gay,
Stuft with ſteel-headed darts, wherewith ſhe queld
The ſalvage beaſts in her victorious play,
Knit with a golden bauldrick, which forelay
Athwart her ſnowy breaſt, and did divide
Her dainty paps; which like young fruit in *May*
Now little gan to ſwell, and being tide,
Through her thin weed their places only ſignifide.

30.

Her yellow locks criſped, like golden wire,
About her ſhoulders weren looſely ſhed,
And when the wind emongſt them did inſpire,
They waved like a penon wide diſſpred,
And low behind her back were ſcattered:
And whether art it were, or heedleſs hap,
As through the flowring Forreſt raſh ſhe fled,
In her rude hairs ſweet flowres themſelves did lap,
And flouriſhing freſh leaves and bloſſoms did enwrap.

31.

Such as *Diana* by the ſandy ſhore
Of ſwift *Eurotas*, or on *Cynthus* green,
Where all the Nymphs have her unwares forlore,
Wandreth alone with bow and arrows keen,
To ſeek her game: Or as that famous Queen
Of *Amazons*, whom *Pyrrhus* did deſtroy,
The day that firſt of *Priam* ſhe was ſeen,
Did ſhew her ſelf in great triumphant joy,
To ſuccor the weak ſtate of ſad afflicted *Troy*.

32.

Such when as hartleſs *Trompart* her did view,
He was diſmayed in his coward mind,
And doubted, whether he himſelf ſhould ſhew,
Or fly away, or bide alone behind:
Both fear and hope he in her face did find,
When ſhe at laſt him ſpying, thus beſpake;
Hail Groom; didſt thou not ſee a bleeding Hind,
Whoſe right haunch earſt my ſtedfaſt arrow ſtrake?
If thou didſt, tell me, that I may her overtake.

33.

Wherewith reviv'd, this anſwer forth he threw;
O Goddeſs (for ſuch I thee take to be)
For, neither doth thy face terreſtrial ſhew,
Nor voice ſound mortal; I avow to thee,
Such wounded beaſt, as that, I did not ſee,
Sith earſt into this Forreſt wide I came.
But mote thy goodly hed forgive it me,
To weet which of the Gods I ſhall thee name,
That unto thee due worſhip I may rightly frame.

34.

To whom ſhe thus; but ere her words enſew'd,
Unto the buſh her eye did ſuddain glaunce,
In which vain *Braggadocchio* was mew'd,
And ſaw it ſtir: ſhe left her pearcing launce,
And towards gan a deadly ſhaft advaunce,
In mind to mark the beaſt. At which ſad ſtowre,
Trompart forth ſtept, to ſtay the mortal chaunce,
Out-crying, O what ever heavenly powre,
Or earthly wight thou be withhold this deadly ho wre.

35.

O ſtay thy hand: for, yonder is no game
For thy fierce arrows, them to exerciſe;
But lo, my Lord, my liege, whoſe warlike name
Is far renown'd through many bold empriſe;
And now in ſhade he ſhrowded yonder lies.
She ſtaid: with that, he crauld out of his neſt,
Forth creeping on his caitive hands and thies,
And ſtanding ſtoutly up, his lofty creſt
Did fiercely ſhake and rowze, as coming late from reſt.

36.

As fearful fowl, that long in ſecret Cave,
For dread of ſoaring Hawk her ſelf hath hid,
Not caring now her ſilly life to ſave,
She her gay painted Plumes diſorderid,
Seeing at laſt her ſelf from danger rid,
Peeps forth, and ſoon renews her native pride;
She guns her feathers foul diſfigured
Proudly to prune, and ſet on every ſide,
So ſhakes off ſhame, ne thinks how erſt ſhe did her hide.

37.

So when her goodly viſage he beheld,
He gan himſelf to vaunt: but when he view'd
Thoſe deadly tools which in her hand ſhe held,
Soon into other fits he was transmew'd,
Till ſhe to him her gracious ſpeech renew'd;
All hail, Sir Knight, and well may thee befall,
As all the like, which honour have purſew'd
Through deeds of arms and proweſs Martial;
All vertue merits praiſe: but ſuch the moſt of all.

38.

To whom he thus; O faireſt under skye,
True be thy words, and worthy of thy praiſe,
That warlike feats dooſt higheſt glorifie.
Therein have I ſpent all my youthly dayes,
And many battails fought, and many fraies
Throughout the world, whereſo they might be found,
Endeavouring my dreaded name to raiſe
Above the Moon, that fame may it reſound
In her eternal tromp, with laurel girland cround.

39.

But, what art thou (O Lady) which dooſt range
In this wild Foreſt, where no pleaſure is,
And dooſt not it for joyous Court exchange,
Emongſt thine equal Peers, where happy bliſs
And all delight does raign, much more than this?
There thou maiſt love, and dearly loved be,
And ſwim in pleaſure, which thou here dooſt miſs;
There maiſt thou beſt be ſeen, and beſt maiſt ſee:
The Wood is beſt for Beaſts; the Court is fit for thee.

40.

Whoſo in pomp of proud eſtate (quoth ſhe)
Does ſwim, and bathes himſelf in courtly b'iſs,
Does waſte his days in dark obſcuritee,
And in oblivion ever buried is:
Where eaſe abounds, it's eath to do amiſs;
But who his limbs with labours, and his mind
Behaves with cares, cannot ſo eaſie miſs.
Abroad in arms, at home in ſtudious kind
Who ſeeks with painful toil, ſhall honour ſooneſt find.

41.

In Woods, in Waves, in Wars ſhe wonts to dwell,
And will be found with peril and with pain;
Ne can the man that moulds in idle Cell,
Unto her happy manſion attain:
Before her gate high God did Sweat ordain,
And wakeful Watches ever to abide:
But eaſie is the way, and paſſage plain
To pleaſures Palace; it may ſoon be ſpide,
And day and night her doors to all ſtand open wide.

42.

In Princes Court: The reſt ſhe would have ſaid,
But that the fooliſh man (fild with delight
Of her ſweet words, that all his ſenſe diſmaid,
And with her wondrous beauty raviſht quight)
Gan burn in filthy luſt; and leaping light,
Thought in his baſtard arms her to embrace.
With that, ſhe ſwarving back, her Javelin bright
Againſt him bent, and fiercely did menace:
So, turned her about, and fled away apace.

43.

Which when the Peaſant ſaw, amaz'd he ſtood,
And grieved at her flight; yet durſt he not
Purſew her ſteps, through wild unknowen wood;
Beſides, he fear'd her wrath, and threatned ſhot
Whiles in the buſh he lay, not yet forgot:
Ne car'd he greatly for her preſence vain;
But turning, ſaid to *Trompart*, What foul blot
Is this to Knight, that Lady ſhould again
Depart to Woods untoucht, and leave ſo proud diſdain?

44.

Perdie (ſaid *Trompart*) let her paſs at will,
Leaſt by her preſence danger mote befall.
For, who can tell (and ſure I fear it ill)
But that ſhe is ſome powre celeſtial?
For, whiles ſhe ſpake, her great words did appall
My feeble courage, and my hart oppreſs,
That yet I quake and tremble over all.
And I (ſaid *Braggadocchio*) thought no leſs,
When firſt I heard her horn ſound with ſuch gaſtlineſs.

45.

For, from my Mothers womb this grace I have
Me given by eternal deſtiny,
That earthly thing may not my courage brave
Diſmay with fear, or cauſe one foot to fly,
But either helliſh fiends, or powres on hie:
Which was the cauſe, when earſt that horn I heard,
Weening it had been thunder from the sky,
I hid my ſelf from it, as one affeard;
But when I other knew, my ſelf I boldly reard.

46.

But now, for fear of worſe that may betide,
Let us ſoon hence depart. They ſoon agree.
So to his ſteed he got, and gan to ride
As one unfit therefore, that all might ſee
He had not trained been in chevalree.
Which well that valiant courſer did diſcern;
For, he deſpis'd to tread in dew degree,
But chauft and foam'd, with courage fierce and ſtern,
And to be eas'd of that baſe burden ſtill did yern.

CANTO IV.

Guyon *does* Furor *bind in chains,*
And ſtops Occaſion:
Delivers Phedon, *and therefore*
By Strife is rayl'd upon.

1.

IN brave purſuit of Honourable deed,
There is I know not what great difference
Between the vulgar and the noble ſeed,
Which unto things of valorous pretence
Seems to be born by native influence;
As, feats of Arms, and love to entertain:
But chiefly skill to ride, ſeems a ſcience
Proper to gentle blood; ſome others fain
To menage ſteeds, as did this vaunter; but in vain.

2.

But he (the rightful owner of that ſteed)
Who well could menage and ſubdue his pride,
The whiles on foot was forced for to yeed,
With that black Palmer, his moſt truſty guide;
Who ſuffred not his wandring feet to ſlide.
But when ſtrong paſſion, or weak fleſhlineſs
Would from the right way ſeek to draw him wide,
He would through temperance and ſtedfaſtneſs,
Teach him the weak to ſtrengthen, and the ſtrong ſuppreſs.

3.

It fortuned, forth faring on his way,
He ſaw from far, or ſeemed for to ſee
Some troublous uprore or contentious fray,
Whereto he drew in haſte it to agree.
A mad man, or that ſeemed mad to be,
Drew by the hair along upon the ground,
A handſom ſtripling with great cruelty,
Whom ſore he bet, and gor'd with many a wound,
That cheeks with tears, and ſides with blood did all abound

4.

And him behind, a wicked Hag did ſtalk,
In ragged Robes, and filthy diſarray,
Her other leg was lame, that ſhe no'te walk,
But on a ſtaff her feeble ſteps did ſtay;
Her locks that loathly were, and hoary gray,
Grew all afore, and looſely hung unrold,
But all behind was bald, and worn away,
That none thereof could ever taken hold,
And eke her face ill-favour'd, full of wrinkles old.

5.

And ever as ſhe went, her tongue did walk
In foul reproach, and terms of vile deſpight,
Provoking him by her outragious talk,
To heap more vengeance on that wretched wight.
Sometimes ſhe raught him ſtones, wherewith to ſmite,
Sometimes her ſtaff, though it her one leg were,
Withouten which ſhe could not go upright;
Neany evil means ſhe did forbear,
That might him move to wrath, and indignation rear.

6.

The noble *Guyon* mov'd with great remorſe,
Approaching, firſt the Hag did thruſt away;
And, after adding more impetuous force,
His mighty hands did on the mad man lay,
And pluckt him back; who, all on fire ſtraitway,
Againſt him turning all his fell intent,
With beaſtly brutiſh rage gan him aſſay,
And ſmot, and bit, and kickt, and ſcratcht, and rent,
And did he wiſt not what in his avengement.

7.

And ſure he was a Man of mickle might,
Had he had governance, it well to guide:
But when the frantick fit inflam'd his ſpright,
His force was vain, and ſtrook more often wide,
Than at the aimed mark, which he had ey'de:
And oft himſelf he chanc't to hurt unwares,
Whilſt reaſon blent through paſſion, nought deſcry'd,
But as a blindful Bull at random fares, (nought cares.
And where he hits, nought knows, and whom he hurts,

8.

His rude aſſault and rugged handeling,
Strange ſeemed to the Knight, that aye with foe
In fair defence and goodly menaging
Of Arms was wont to fight: yet nathemoe
Was he abaſhed now not fighting ſo;
But more enfierced through his curriſh play,
Him ſternly grip't, and haling to and fro,
To overthrow him ſtrongly did aſſay,
But overthrew himſelf unwares, and lower lay.

9.

And being down, the villain ſore did beat,
And bruiſe with clowniſh fiſts his manly face:
And eke the Hag with many a bitter threat,
Still call'd upon to kill him in the place.
With whoſe reproach and odious menace
The Knight emboyling in his haughty hart,
Knit all his forces, and gan ſoon unbrace
His graſping hold: ſo lightly did upſtart,
And drew his deadly weapon, to maintain his part.

10.

Which when the Palmer ſaw, he loudly cry'd,
Not ſo, O *Guyon*, never think that ſo
That Monſter can be maſter'd or deſtroy'd:
He is nó, ah he is not ſuch a foe,
As ſteel can wound, or ſtrength can overthrow.
That ſame is *Furor* curſed cruel wight,
That unto Knighthood works much ſhame and woe;
And that ſame Hag, his aged mother, hight
Occaſion, the root of all wrath and deſpight.

11.

With her, whoſo will *Furor* tame,
Muſt firſt begin, and well her amenage:
Firſt her reſtrain from her reproachful blame,
And evil means with which ſhe doth enrage
Her frantick ſon, and kindles his courage:
Then when ſhe is withdrawn, or ſtrong withſtood,
It's eath his idle fury to aſſwage,
And calm the tempeſt of his paſſion wood;
The banks are overflown, when ſtopped is the flood.

There-

12.

Therewith Sir *Guyon* left his firſt empriſe,
And turning to that woman faſt her hent
By the hoar locks that hung before her eyes,
And to the ground her threw: yet n'ould ſhe ſtent
Her bitter railing and foul revilement,
But ſtill provok't her ſon to wreak her wrong;
But natheleſs he did her ſtill torment,
And catching hold of her ungracious tong,
Thereon an Iron lock did faſten firm and ſtrong.

13.

Then when as uſe of ſpeech was from her reft,
With her two crooked hands ſhe ſigns did make,
And beckned him, the laſt help ſhe had left,
But he, that laſt left help away did take,
And both her hands faſt bound unto a ſtake,
That ſhe no'te ſtir. Then gan her ſon to fly
Full faſt away, and did her quite forſake;
But *Guyon* after him in haſte did hye,
And ſoon him overtook in ſad perplexity.

14.

In his ſtrong Arms he ſtiffly him embrac't,
Who him gain-ſtriving, nought at all prevail'd;
For all his powre was utterly defac't,
And furious fits at earſt quite weren quail'd:
Oft he r'enforc't, and oft his forces fail'd,
Yet yield he would not, nor his rancour ſlack.
Then him to ground he caſt, and rudely hail'd,
And both his hands faſt bound behind his back,
And both his feet in fetters to an Iron rack.

15.

With hundred Iron chains he did him bind,
And hundred knots that did him ſore conſtrain:
Yet his great Iron teeth he ſtill did grind,
And grimly gnaſh, threatning revenge in vain:
His burning eyen, whom bloody ſtrakes did ſtain,
Stared full wide, and threw forth ſparks of fire,
And more for rank deſpight, than for great pain,
Shak't his long locks, coloured like copper-wire,
And bit his tawny beard to ſhew his raging ire.

16.

Thus when as *Guyon*, *Furor* had captiv'd,
Turning about, he ſaw that wretched Squire,
Whom that mad man of life nigh late depriv'd,
Lying on ground, all ſoyld with blood and mire:
Whom, when as he perceived to reſpire,
He gan to comfort, and his wounds to dreſs.
Being at laſt recur'd he gan enquire,
What hard miſhap him brought to ſuch diſtreſs,
And made that caitives thrall, the thrall of wretchedneſs.

17.

With hart then throbbing, and with watry eyes,
Fair Sir, quoth he, what man can ſhun the hap,
That hidden lies unwares him to ſurpriſe?
Misfortune waits advantage to entrap
The Man moſt wary, in her whelming lap.
So me weak wretch, of many weakeſt one,
Unweeting, and unware of ſuch miſhap,
She brought to miſchief through Occaſion,
Where this ſame wicked villain did me light upon.

18.

It was a faithleſs Squire, that was the ſourſe
Of all my ſorrow, and of theſe ſad tears,
With whom from tender dug of common nourſe,
Attonce I was upbrought; and eft when years
More ripe us reaſon lent to chuſe our Pears,
Our ſelves in vowed league of love we knit:
In which we long time without jealous fears,
Our faulty thoughts continew'd, as was fit;
And for my part (I vow) diſſembled not a whit.

19.

It was my fortune (common to that age)
To love a Lady fair of great degree,
The which was born of noble Parentage,
And ſet in higheſt ſeat of Dignity,
Yet ſeem'd no leſs to love, than lov'd to be:
Long I her ſerv'd, and found her faithful ſtill,
Ne ever thing could cauſe us diſagree:
Love, that two harts makes one, makes eke one will:
Each ſtrove to pleaſe, and others pleaſure to fulfil.

20

My friend, hight *Philemon*, I did partake
Of all my love, and all my privity:
Who greatly joyous ſeemed for my ſake,
And gracious to that Lady, as to me:
Ne ever wight that mote ſo welcome be,
As he to her, withouten blot or blame,
Ne ever thing, that ſhe could think or ſee,
But unto him ſhe would impart the ſame;
O wretched man! that would abuſe ſo gentle Dame.

21.

At laſt, ſuch grace I found, and means I wrought,
That I that Lady to my Spouſe had won;
Accord of friends, conſent of Parents ſought,
Affiance made, my happineſs begon,
There wanted nought but few rites to be done,
Which marriage make; that day too far did ſeem;
Moſt joyous Man, on whom the ſhining Sun
Did ſhew his face, my ſelf I did eſteem,
And that my falſer friend did no leſs joyous deem.

22.

But e're that wiſhed day his beam diſclos'd,
He, either envying my toward good,
Or of himſelf to Treaſon ill diſpos'd,
One day unto me came in friendly mood,
And told (for ſecret) how he underſtood,
That Lady whom I had to me aſſign'd,
Had both diſtain'd her honourable blood,
And eke the faith which ſhe to me did bind;
And therefore wiſht me ſtay, till I more truth ſhould find.

23.

The gnawing anguiſh and ſharp jealouſie,
Which his ſad ſpeech infixed in my breſt,
Rankled ſo ſore, and feſtred inwardly,
That my engrieved mind could find no reſt,
Till that the truth thereof I did outwreſt,
And him beſought by that ſame ſacred band
Betwixt us both, to counſel me the beſt.
He then with ſolemn oath and plighted hand
Aſſur'd, e're long the truth to let me underſtand.

Ere

24.

Ere long, with like again he boarded me,
Saying, he now had boulted all the flour,
And that it was a groom of baſe degree,
Which of my love was partner Paramour:
Who uſed in a darkſome inner bowre
Her oft to meet: which better to approve,
He promiſed to bring me at that hour,
When I ſhould ſee that would me nearer move,
And drive me to withdraw my blind abuſed love.

25.

This graceleſs man, for furtherance of his guile,
Did court the handmaid of my Lady dear,
Who glad t'emboſom his affection vile,
Did all ſhe might more pleaſing to appear.
One day to work her to his will more near,
He woo'd her thus: *Pryene* (ſo ſhe hight)
What great deſpight doth fortune to thee bear,
Thus lowly to abaſe thy beauty bright,
That it ſhould not deface all others leſſer light?

26.

But if ſhe had her leaſt help to thee lent,
T'adorn thy form according thy deſart,
Their blazing pride thou wouldeſt ſoon have blent,
And ſtain'd their praiſes with thy leaſt good part;
Ne ſhould fair *Claribel* with all her art
(Though ſhe thy Lady be) approach thee near:
For proof thereof, this evening as thou art,
Array thy ſelf in her moſt gorgeous gear,
That I may more delight in thy embracement dear.

27.

The Maiden, proud through praiſe, and mad through love
Him harkned to, and ſoon her ſelf arraid,
The whiles to me the Treachour did remove
His crafty engin, and as he had ſaid,
Me leading in a ſecret corner laid,
The ſad Spectator of my Tragedy;
Where left, he went, and his own falſe part plaid,
Diſguiſed like that groom of baſe degree,
Whom he had feign'd th'abuſer of my love to be.

28.

Eftſoons he came unto th'appointed place,
And with him brought *Pryene* rich array'd,
In *Claribellaes* clothes. Her proper face
I not diſcerned in that darkſome ſhade,
But ween'd it was my Love, with whom he plaid.
Ah God! what horrour and tormenting grief,
My hart, my hands, mine eyes, and all aſſay'd!
Me liefer were ten thouſand deathes prief,
Than wound of jealous worm, and ſhame of ſuch reprief.

29.

Ihome returning, fraught with foul deſpight,
And chawing vengeance all the way I went,
Soon as my loathed Love appear'd in ſight,
With wrathful hand I ſlew her innocent;
That after ſoon I dearly did lament:
For, when the cauſe of that outragious deed,
Demanded, I made plain and evident,
Her faulty Handmaid, which that bale did breed,
Conteſt, how *Philemon* her wrought to change her weed.

30.

Which when I heard, with horrible affright
And helliſh fury all enrag'd, I ſo ght
Upon my ſelf that vengeable deſpight
To puniſh: yet it better firſt I thought
To wreak my wrath on him, that firſt it wrought.
To *Philemon*, falſe faitour *Philemon*,
I caſt to pay that I ſo dearly bought;
Of deadly drugs I gave him drink anon,
And waſht away his guilt with guilty potion.

31.

Thus heaping crime on crime, and grief on grief,
To loſs of love adjoyning loſs of friend,
I meant to purge both, with a third miſchief,
And in my woes beginner it to end:
That was *Pryene*; ſhe did firſt offend,
She laſt ſhould ſmart: with which cruel intent,
When I at her my murd'rous blade did bend,
She fled away with gaſtly dreriment,
And I purſuing my fell purpoſe, after went.

32.

Fear gave her wings, and rage enforc't my flight;
Through Woods and Plains ſo long I did her chace,
Till this mad man (whom your victorious might
Hath now faſt bound) me met in middle ſpace;
As I her, ſo he me purſued apace,
And ſhortly overtook: I breathing ire,
Sore chaffed at my ſtay in ſuch a caſe,
And with my heat kindled his cruel fire:
Which kindled once, his mother did more rage inſpire.

33.

Betwixt them both, they have me doen to dye,
Through wounds and ſtrokes, and ſtubborn handeling,
That death were better than ſuch agony,
As grief and fury unto me did bring;
Of which in me ſticks yet the mortal ſting,
That during life will never be appeas'd.
When he thus ended had his ſorrowing,
Said *Guyon*, Squire, ſore have ye been diſeas'd;
But all your hurts may ſoon through temperance be eas'd.

34.

Then gan the Palmer thus, Moſt wretched man,
That to affections does the bridle lend:
In their beginning they are weak and wan,
But ſoon through ſuffrance grow to fearful end;
Whiles they are weak, betimes with them contend:
For, when they once to perfect ſtrength do grow,
Strong wars they make, and cruel battry bend
Gainſt fort of Reaſon, it to overthrow:
Wrath, jealouſie, grief, love, this Squire have laid thus low.

35.

Wrath, jealouſie, grief, love do thus expel:
Wrath is a fire, and jealouſie a weed,
Grief is a flood, and love a monſter fell;
The fire of ſparks, the weed of little ſeed,
The flood of drops, the Monſter filth did breed:
But ſparks, ſeed, drops, and filth do thus delay;
The ſparks ſoon quench, the ſpringing ſeed outweed,
The drops dry up, and filth wipe clean away:
So ſhall wrath, jealouſie, grief, love, die and decay.

Unlucky

36.

Unlucky Squire (ſaid *Guyon*) ſith thou haſt
Faln into miſchief through intemperance,
Henceforth take heed of that thou now haſt paſt,
And guide thy ways with wary governance,
Leaſt worſe betide thee by ſome later chance.
But read how art thou nam'd, and of what kin.
Phedon I hight (quoth he) and do advance
Mine Anceſtry from famous *Coradin*,
Who firſt to raiſe our houſe to honour did begin.

37.

Thus as he ſpake, lo, far away they ſpy'd
A varlet running towards haſtily,
Whoſe flying feet ſo faſt their way apply'd,
That round about a cloud of duſt did fly,
Which mingled all with ſweat did dim his eye.
He ſoon approached, panting, breathleſs, hot,
And all ſo ſoyl'd, that none could him deſcry;
His countenance was bold, and baſhed not
For *Guyons* looks, but ſcornful eye-glance at him ſhot.

38.

Behind his back he bore a brazen ſhield,
On which was drawen fair, in colours fit;
A flaming fire in midſt of bloody field,
And round about the wreath this word was writ,
Burnt I do burn Right well beſeemed it,
To be the ſhield of ſome redoubted Knight;
And in his hand two darts exceeding flit,
And deadly ſharp he held, whoſe heads were dight
In poyſon and in blood of malice and deſpight.

39.

When he in preſence came, to *Guyon* firſt
He boldly ſpake, Sir Knight, if Knight thou be,
Abandon this foreſtalled place at erſt,
For fear of further harm I counſel thee;
Or bide the chance at thine own jeopardy.
The Knight at his great boldneſs wondered,
And though he ſcorn'd his idle vanity,
Yet mildly him to purpoſe anſwered;
For, not to grow of nought he it conjectured.

40.

Varlet, this place moſt due to me I deem,
Yielded by him that held it forcibly. (ſeem
But, whence ſhould come that harm, which thou doſt
To threat to him, that minds his chance t'aby?
Perdy (ſaid he) here comes, and is hard by
A Knight of wondrous power, and great aſſay,
That never yet encountred enemy
But did him deadly daunt, or foul diſmay;
Ne thou for better hope, if thou his preſence ſtay.

41.

How hight he then (ſaid *Guyon*) and from whence?
Pyrrocles is his name, renowned far
For his bold feats and hardy confidence,
Full oft approv'd in many a cruel War,
The Brother of *Cymochles*, both which are
The Sons of old *Acrates* and *Deſpight*;
Acrates, Son of *Phlegeton* and *Jarr*:
But *Phlegeton* is Son of *Herebus* and *Night*:
But *Herebus* Son of *Æternity* is hight.

42.

So from immortal race he does proceed,
That mortal hands may not withſtand his might,
Drad for his derring doe, and bloody deed;
For, all in blood and ſpoil is his delight.
His am I *Atin*, his in wrong and right.
That matter make for him to work upon,
And ſtir him up to ſtrife and cruel fight.
Fly therefore, fly this fearful ſteed anon,
Leaſt thy fool hardize work thy ſad confuſion.

43.

His be that care, whom moſt it doth concern
(Said he): but whither with ſuch haſty flight
Art thou now bound? for well mote I diſcern
Great cauſe, that carries thee ſo ſwift and light.
My Lord (quoth he) me ſent, and ſtraight behight
To ſeek *Occaſion*, whereſo ſhe be:
For he is all diſpos'd to bloudy fight,
And breaths out wrath and hainous cruelty:
Hard is his hap, that firſt falls in his jeopardy.

44.

Mad man (ſaid then the Palmer) that does ſeek
Occaſion to wrath, and cauſe of ſtrife;
She comes unſought, and ſhunned follows eke.
Happy, who can abſtain, when rancour rife
Kindles revenge, and threats his ruſty knife;
Who never wants, where every cauſe is caught,
And raſh *Occaſion* makes unquiet life.
Then lo, where bound ſhe ſits, whom thou haſt ſought,
(Said *Guyon*) let that meſſage to thy Lord be brought.

45.

That, when the varlet heard and ſaw, ſtraightway
He wexed wondrous wroth, and ſaid, Vile Knight,
That Knights & Knighthood doſt with ſhame upbray,
And ſhew'ſt the enſample of thy childiſh might,
With ſilly weak old woman thus to fight;
Great glory and gay ſpoil ſure haſt thou got,
And ſtoutly prov'd thy puiſſance here in ſight;
That ſhall *Pyrrocles* well requite, I wot,
And with thy blood aboliſh ſo reproachful blot.

46.

With that, one of his thrillant darts he threw,
Headed with ire and vengeable deſpight.
The quivering ſteel his aimed end well knew,
And to his breaſt it ſelf intended right:
But he was wary, and ere it empight
In the meant mark, advanc't his ſhield atween;
On which it ſeizing, no way enter might,
But back rebounding, left the forked keen;
Eftſoons he fled away, and might no where be ſeen.

CANT.

CANTO V.

Pyrrocles *does with* Guyon *fight,*
And Furors *chain unbinds:*
Of whom ſore hurt, for his revenge
Atin Cymocles *finds.*

1.

WHoever doth to Temperance apply
His ſtedfaſt life, and all his actions frame,
Truſt me ſhall find no greater enemy,
Than ſtubborn perturbation to the ſame;
To which right well the wiſe do give that name,
For, it the goodly peace of ſtayed minds
Does overthrow, and troublous War proclaim:
His own woes Authour, whoſo bound it finds,
As did *Pyrrocles*, and it wilfully unbinds.

2.

After that varlets flight, it was not long,
Ere on the Plain faſt pricking *Guyon* ſpy'd
One in bright Arms embattailed full ſtrong,
That as the Sunny beams do glance and glide
Upon the trembling wave, ſo ſhined bright,
And round about him threw forth ſparkling fire,
That ſeem'd him to enflame on every ſide:
His ſteed was bloody red, and fomed ire,
When with the maſtring ſpur he did him roughly ſtire.

3.

Approaching nigh, he never ſtaid to greet,
Ne chaffer words, proud courage to provoke,
But prickt ſo fierce, that underneath his feet
The ſmouldring duſt did round about him ſmoke,
Both horſe and man nigh able for to choke;
And fairly couching his ſteel-headed ſpear,
Him firſt ſaluted with a ſturdy ſtroke;
It booted nought Sir *Guyon* coming near
To think ſuch hideous puiſſance on foot to bear.

4.

But lightly ſhunned it, and paſſing by,
With his bright blade did ſmite at him ſo fell,
That the ſharp ſteel arriving forcibly
On his broad ſhield, bit not, but glancing fell
On his horſe neck before the quilted ſell,
And from the head the body ſundred quight:
So him diſmounted low, he did compel
On foot with him to matchen equal fight;
The trunked beaſt faſt bleeding, did him fouly dight.

5.

Sore bruized with the fall, he ſlow uproſe,
And all enraged, thus him loudly ſhent;
Diſleal Knight, whoſe coward courage choſe
To wreak it ſelf on beaſt all innocent,
And ſhun'd the mark, at which it ſhould be meant,
Thereby thine Arms ſeem ſtrong, but manhood frail.
So haſt thou oft with guile thine honour blent;
But little may ſuch guile thee now avail,
If wonted force and fortune do not much me fail.

6.

With that he drew his flaming Sword, and ſtrook
At him ſo fiercely, that the upper marge
Of his ſevenfolded ſhield away it took,
And glancing on his Helmet, made a large
And open gaſh therein: were not his targe,
That broke the violence of his intent,
The weary ſoul from thence it would diſcharge;
Natheleſs, ſo ſore a buff to him it lent,
That made him reel, and to his breſt his bever bent.

7.

Exceeding wroth was *Guyon* at that blow,
And much aſham'd that ſtroke of living arm
Should him diſmay, and make him ſtoop ſo low,
Though otherwiſe it did him little harm:
Tho hurling high his Iron braced arm,
He ſmote ſo manly on his ſhoulder plate,
That all his left ſide it did quite diſarm;
Yet there the ſteel ſtaid not, but inly bate
Deep in his fleſh, and opened wide a red flood-gate.

8.

Deadly diſmaid with horrour of that dint,
Pyrrocles was, and grieved eke entire;
Yet nathemore did it his fury ſtint,
But added flame unto his former fire,
That well nigh molt his hart in raging ire:
Ne thenceforth his approved skill, to ward,
Or ſtrike, or hurlen round in warlike gyre,
Remembred he, ne car'd for his ſafeguard,
But rudely rag'd, and like a cruel Tygre far'd.

9.

He hew'd, and laſht, and foynd, and thundred blows,
And every way did ſeek into his life:
Ne plate, ne mail could ward ſo mighty throws,
But yielded paſſage to his cruel knife.
But *Guyon*, in the heat of all his ſtrife,
Was wary wiſe, and cloſely did await
Avantage, whilſt his foe did rage moſt rife:
Sometimes athwart, ſometimes he ſtrook him ſtrait,
And falſed oft his blows, t'allude him with ſuch bait.

10.

Like as a Lyon, whoſe imperial powre
A proud rebellious Unicorn defies,
T'avoid the raſh aſſault and wrathful ſtowre
Of his fierce foe, him to a Tree applies,
And when him running in full courſe he ſpies,
He ſlips aſide; the whiles that furious beaſt
His precious Horn ſought of his enemies,
Strikes in the ſtock, ne thence can be releaſt,
But to the mighty Victor yields a bounteous feaſt.

11.

With ſuch fair ſlight him *Guyon* often fail'd,
Till at the laſt, all breathleſs, weary, faint,
Him ſpying, with freſh onſet he aſſail'd,
And kindling new his courage (ſeeming queint)
Strook him ſo hugely, that through great conſtraint
He made him ſtoop perforce unto his knee,
And do unwilling worſhip to the Saint,
That on his ſhield depainted he did ſee;
Such homage till that inſtant never learned he.

12.

Whom *Guyon* ſeeing ſtoop, purſued faſt
The preſent offer of fair victory,
And ſoon his dreadful blade about he caſt,
Wherewith he ſmote his haughty creſt ſo high,
That ſtrait on ground made him full low to lie;
Then on his breſt his victor foot he thruſt:
With that he cry'd, Mercy, do me not dye,
Ne deem thy force by Fortunes doom unjuſt,
That hath (maugre her ſpight) thus low me laid in duſt.

13.

Eftſoons his cruel hand Sir *Guyon* ſtaid,
Tempring the paſſion with adviſement ſlow,
And maſtring might on enemy diſmaid:
For, th'equal dye of War he well did know;
Then to him ſaid, Live, and allegiance owe
To him that gives thee life and liberty:
And henceforth, by this days enſample trow,
That haſty wrath and heedleſs hazardry,
Do breed Repentance late, and laſting infamy.

14.

So, up he let him riſe: who with grim look
And count'nance ſtern upſtanding, gan to grind
His grated Teeth for great diſdain, and ſhook
His ſandy locks, long hanging down behind,
Knotted in blood and duſt, for grief of mind,
That he in odds of Arms was conquered;
Yet in himſelf ſome comfort he did find,
That him ſo noble Knight had maſtered,
Whoſe bounty more then might, yet both he wondered.

15.

Which *Guyon* marking, ſaid, be nought agriev'd,
Sir Knight, that thus you now ſubdued are:
Was never Man, who moſt conqueſts atchiev'd
But ſometimes had the worſe and loſt by War,
Yet ſhortly gain'd, that loſs exceeded far:
Loſs is no ſhame, nor to be leſs than foe;
But to be leſſer than himſelf, doth mar
Both looſers lot, and victors praiſe alſo.
Vain others overthrows, whoſe ſelf doth overthrow.

16.

Fly, O *Pyrrochles*, fly the dreadful war,
That in thy ſelf, thy leſſer parts do move:
Outragious anger and woe-working jar,
Direful impatience, and hart-burning love;
Thoſe, thoſe thy foes, thoſe warriors far remove,
Which thee to endleſs bale captived lead.
But ſith in might thou didſt my mercy prove,
Of curteſie to me the cauſe aread,
That thee againſt me drew with ſo impetuous dread.

17.

Dreadleſs, ſaid he, that ſhall I ſoon declare:
It was complain'd, that thou hadſt done great tort
Unto an aged Woman, poor and bare;
And thralled her in chains with ſtrong effort,
Void of all ſuccour and needful comfort:
That ill beſeems thee, ſuch as I thee ſee,
To work ſuch ſhame. Therefore I thee exhort
To change thy will, and ſet *Occaſion* free,
And to her captive Son yield his firſt liberty.

18.

Thereat Sir *Guyon* ſmil'd: And is that all
Said he, that thee ſo ſore diſpleaſed hath?
Great mercy ſure for to enlarge a thrall,
Whoſe freedom ſhall thee turn to greateſt ſcath.
Nath'leſs now quench thy hot emboyling wrath:
Loe, there they be; to thee I yield them free.
Thereat he wondrous glad, out of the path
Did lightly leap, where he them bound did ſee,
And gan to break the bands of their Captivity.

19.

Soon as *Occaſion* felt her ſelf unty'd,
Before her Son could well aſſoiled be,
She to her uſe return'd, and ſtrait defy'd
Both *Guyon* and *Pyrrocles*: th'one (ſaid ſhe)
Becauſe he won; the other, becauſe he
Was won: ſo matter did ſhe make of nought,
To ſtir up ſtrife, and do them diſagree.
But ſoon as *Furor* was enlarg'd, ſhe ſought
To kindle his quencht fire, and thouſand cauſes wrought.

20.

It was not long ere ſhe enflam'd him ſo,
That he would algates with *Pyrrocles* fight;
And his Redeemer challeng'd for his foe,
Becauſe he had not well maintain'd his right,
But yielded had to that ſame ſtranger Knight:
Now gan *Pyrrocles* wex as wood as he,
And him affronted with impatient might:
So both together fierce engraſped be,
While *Guyon* ſtanding by their uncouth ſtrife does ſee.

21.

Him all that while *Occaſion* did provoke
Againſt *Pyrrocles*, and new matter fram'd
Upon the old, him ſtirring to be wroke
Of his late wrongs, in which ſhe oft him blam'd
For ſuffering ſuch abuſe, as Knighthood ſham'd,
And him diſabled quite. But he was wiſe,
Ne would with vain occaſion be enflam'd;
Yet others ſhe more urgent did deviſe:
Yet nothing could him to impatience entiſe.

22.

Their fell contention ſtill encreaſed more,
And more thereby encreaſed *Furor's* might;
That he his foe has hurt, and wounded ſore,
And him in durt and blood deformed quight.
His Mother eke (more to augment his ſpright)
Now brought to him a flaming fire brond,
Which ſhe in *Stygian* Lake (ay burning bright)
Had kindled: that ſhe gave into his hond,
That arm'd with fire more hardly he mote him withſtond.

23.

Tho gan the Villain wex ſo fierce and ſtrong,
That nothing might ſuſtain his furious force;
He caſt him down to ground, and all along
Drew him through durt and mire without remorſe,
And fouly battered his comely corſe;
That *Guyon* much diſdain'd ſo loathly ſight.
At laſt he was compell'd to cry perforce,
Help (O Sir *Guyon*) help moſt noble Knight,
To rid a wretched man from hands of helliſh wight.

The

24.

The Knight was greatly moved at his plaint,
And gan him dight to ſuccour his diſtreſs,
Till that the Palmer, by his grave reſtraint,
Him ſtaid from yielding pitiful redreſs;
And ſaid, Dear Son, thy cauſleſs ruth repreſs,
Ne let thy ſtout hart melt in pity vain:
He that his ſorrow ſought through wilfulneſs,
And his foe fetter'd would releaſe again,
Deſerves to taſte his follies fruit, repented pain.

25.

Guyon obay'd; So him away he drew
From needleſs trouble of renewing fight
Already fought, his voyage to purſue.
But raſh *Pyrrocles* varlet, *Atin* hight,
When late he ſaw his Lord in heavy plight,
Under Sir *Guyon*'s puiſſant ſtroke to fall,
Him deeming dead, as then he ſeem'd in ſight,
Fled faſt away, to tell his funeral
Unto his Brother, whom *Cymocles* Men did call.

26.

He was a man of rare redoubted might,
Famous throughout the World for warlike praiſe,
And glorious ſpoils, purchaſt in perilous fight:
Full many doubty Knights he in his days
Had done to death, ſubdu'd in equal frays;
Whoſe carcaſes, for terrour of his name,
Of fowls and beaſts he made the piteous prays,
And hung their conquered Arms for more defame
On gallow trees, in honour of his deareſt Dame.

27.

His deareſt Dame is that Enchantereſs,
The vile *Acraſia* that with vain delights,
And idle pleaſures in her *Bowre of bliß*,
Does charm her Lovers, and the feeble ſprights
Can call out of the bodies of frail wights:
Whom then ſhe does transform to monſtrous hews,
And horrible miſhapes with ugly ſights,
Captiv'd Eternally in Iron mews;
And darkſome dens, where *Titan* his face never ſhews.

28.

There *Atin* found *Cymocles* ſojourning,
To ſerve his Lemans love: for he, by kind,
Was given all to luſt and looſe living,
When ever his fierce hands he free mote find:
And now he has pour'd out his idle mind
In dainty delices, and laviſh joys,
Having his warlike weapons caſt behind,
And flows in pleaſures, and vain pleaſing toys,
Mingled emongſt looſe Ladies and laſcivious boys.

29.

And over him, Art ſtriving to compare
With Nature, did an Arbour green diſſpred,
Framed of wanton Ivy, flowring fair,
Through which the fragrant Eglantine did ſpred
His pricking Arms, entrail'd with Roſes red,
Which dainty odours round about them threw,
And all within with flowres was garniſhed,
That when mild *Zephyrus* emongſt them blew,
Did breath out bounteous ſmells, and painted colours ſhew.

30.

And faſt beſide, there trickled ſoftly down
A gentle ſtream, whoſe murmuring wave did play
Emongſt the pumy ſtones, and made a ſown,
To lull him ſoft aſleep, that by it lay;
The weary Traveller, wandring that way,
Therein did often quench his thirſty heat,
And then by it his weary Limbs diſplay,
Whiles creeping ſlumber made him to forget
His former pain, and wipt away his toilſome ſweat.

31.

And on the other ſide a pleaſant Grove
Was ſhot up high full of the ſtately tree,
That dedicated is t' *Olympick Jove*,
And to his Son *Alcides*, when as he
Gain'd in *Nemæa* goodly victory;
Therein the merry birds, of every ſort,
Chaunted aloud their chearful harmony:
And made emongſt themſelves a ſweet conſort
That quickned the dull ſpright with muſical comfort.

32.

There he him found all careleſly diſplay'd,
In ſecret ſhadow from the Sunny ray,
On a ſweet bed of Lillies ſoftly laid,
Amidſt a flock of Damzels freſh and gay,
That round about him diſſolute did play
Their wanton follies, and light merriment;
Every of which did looſely diſarray
Her upper parts of meet habiliments,
And ſhew'd them naked, deckt with many ornaments.

33.

And every of them ſtrove, with moſt delights,
Him to aggrate, and greateſt pleaſures ſhew.
Some fram'd fair looks, glancing like evening lights;
Others ſweet words, dropping like honey dew;
Some, bathed kiſſes, and did ſoft embrew
The ſugred liquor through his melting lips:
One boaſts her beauty, and does yield to view
Her dainty limbs above her tender hips:
Another, her out-boaſts, and all for tryal ſtrips.

34.

He, like an Adder, lurking in the weeds,
His wandring thought in deep deſire does ſteep,
And his frail eye with ſpoil of beauty feeds;
Sometimes, he falſly fains himſelf to ſleep,
Whiles through their lids his wanton eyes do peep,
To ſteal a ſnatch of amorous conceit,
Whereby cloſe fire into his heart does creep:
So, them deceives, deceiv'd in his deceit,
Made drunk with drugs of dear voluptuous receit.

35.

Atin arriving there, when him he ſpy'd,
Thus in ſtill waves of deep delight to wade,
Fiercely approaching, to him loudly cry'd,
Cymocles; O no, but *Cymocles* ſhade,
In which that manly perſon late did fade,
What is become of great *Acrates* Son?
Or, where hath he hung up his mortal blade,
That hath ſo many haughty conqueſts won?
Is all his force forlorn, and all his glory done?

36.

Then pricking him with his ſharp pointed dart,
He ſaid; Up, up, thou Womaniſh weak Knight,
That here in Ladies lap entombed art,
Unmindful of thy praiſe and proweſt might,
And weetleſs eke of lately wrought deſpight,
Whiles ſad *Pyrrocles* lyes on ſenſleſs ground,
And groaneth out his utmoſt grudging ſpright,
Through many a ſtroke, and many a ſtreaming wound,
Calling thy help in vain, that here in joys art drown'd.

37.

Suddenly out of his delightful dream
The man awoke, and would have queſtion'd more;
But he would not endure that woful theam
For to dilate at large, but urged ſore
With piercing words, and pitiful implore,
Him haſty to ariſe. As one affright
With helliſh fiends, or *Furies* mad uprore,
He then uproſe, inflam'd with fell deſpight,
And called for his Arms; for he would algates fight.

38.

They been ybrought; he quickly does him dight,
And lightly mounted, paſſeth on his way:
Ne Ladies loves, ne ſweet entreaties might
Appeaſe his heat, or haſty paſſage ſtay;
For, he has vow'd to been aveng'd that day.
(That day it ſelf him ſeemed all too long:)
On him, that did *Pyrrocles* dear diſmay:
So, proudly pricketh on his courſer ſtrong,
And *Atin* aye him pricks with ſpurs of ſhame and wrong.

CANTO VI.

Guyon *is of immodeſt* Mirth
Led into looſe deſire,
Fights with Cymocles, *whiles his Brother burns in furious fire.*

1.

A Harder leſſon, to learn Continence
In joyous pleaſure, than in grievous pain,
For, ſweetneſs doth allure the weaker ſenſe
So ſtrongly, that uneaths it can refrain
From that, which feeble nature covets fain:
But grief and wrath, that be her enemies,
And foes of life, ſhe better can reſtrain;
Yet vertue vaunts in both their victories,
And *Guyon* in them all ſhews goodly maſteries.

2.

Whom bold *Cymocles* travelling to find,
With cruel purpoſe bent to wreak on him
The wrath, which *Atin* kindled in his mind,
Came to a River, by whoſe utmoſt brim
Waiting to paſs, he ſaw whereas did ſwim
Along the ſhore, as ſwift as glance of eye,
A little Gondelay, bedecked trim
With boughs and arbours woven cunningly,
That like a little Foreſt ſeemed outwardly.

3.

And therein ſate a Lady freſh and fair,
Making ſweet ſolace to her ſelf alone;
Sometimes ſhe ſung, as loud as Lark in Air,
Sometimes ſhe laught, that nigh her breath was gone,
Yet was there not with her elſe any one,
That might to her move cauſe of merriment:
Matter of mirth enough, though there were none
She could deviſe, and thouſand ways invent
To feed her fooliſh humour and vain jollyment.

4.

Which when far off, *Cymocles* heard and ſaw,
He loudly call'd to ſuch as were abord,
The little bark unto the ſhore to draw,
And him to ferry over that deep ford:
The merry Marriner unto his word
Soon harkned, and her painted boat ſtraitway
Turn'd to the ſhore, where that ſame warlike Lord
She in receiv'd; but *Atin* by no way
She would admit, albe the Knight her much did pray.

5.

Eftſoons her ſhallow ſhip away did ſlide,
More ſwift than Swallow ſheres the liquid ſky,
Withouten Oar or Pilot it to guide,
Or winged Canvas with the Wind to fly;
Only ſhe turn'd a pin, and by and by
It cut a way upon the yielding wave,
Ne cared ſhe her courſe for to apply:
For, it was taught the way, which ſhe would have,
And both from rocks and flats it ſelf could wiſely ſave.

6.

And all the way, the wanton Damſel found
New mirth, her paſſenger to entertain:
For, ſhe in pleaſant purpoſe did abound,
And greatly joyed merry tales to fain,
Of which a ſtore-houſe did with her remain,
Yet ſeemed, nothing well they her became;
For all her words ſhe drown'd with laughing vain,
And wanting grace in utt'ring of the ſame;
That turned all her pleaſance to a ſcoffing game.

7.

And other whiles vain toys ſhe would deviſe,
As her fantaſtick Wit did moſt delight:
Sometimes her head ſhe fondly would aguiſe
With gaudy girlonds, or freſh flowrets dight
About her neck, or rings of ruſhes plight;
Sometimes to do him laugh, ſhe would aſſay
To laugh at ſhaking of the leaves light,
Or to behold the water work, and play
About her little frigot, therein making way.

8.

Her light behaviour, and looſe dalliance
Gave wondrous great contentment to the Knight,
That of his way he had no ſovenaunce,
Nor care of vow'd revenge, and cruel fight,
But to weak wench did yield his Martial might.
So eaſie was to quench his flamed mind
With one ſweet drop of ſenſual delight;
So eaſie is, t'appeaſe the ſtormy wind
Of malice in the calm of pleaſant woman-kind.

Divers

9.

Divers diſcourſes in their way they ſpent,
Mongſt which *Cymocles* of her queſtioned,
Both what ſhe was, and what that uſage meant,
Which in her cot ſhe daily practiced.
Vain Man, ſad ſhe, that wouldſt be reckoned
A ſtranger in thy home, and ignorant
Of *Phædria* (for ſo my name is red)
Of *Phædria*, thine own fellow ſervaunt;
For, thou to ſerve *Acraſia* thy ſelf doſt vaunt.

10.

In this wide Inland ſea, that hight by name
The *Idle lake*, my wandring ſhip I row,
That knows her Port, and thither ſails by aim,
Ne care, ne fear I, how the wind do blow,
Or whether ſwift I wend, or whether ſlow:
Both ſlow and ſwift alike do ſerve my tourn,
Ne ſwelling *Neptune*, ne loud thundring *Jove*
Can change my chear, or make me ever mourn;
My little boat can ſafely paſs this perilous bourn.

11.

Whiles thus ſhe talked, and whiles thus ſhe toy'd,
They were far paſt the paſſage which he ſpake,
And come unto an Iſland waſte and void,
That her ſmall Gondelay her Port did make,
And that gay pair iſſuing on the Shore
Disburdned her. Their way they forward take
Into the Land that lay them fair before,
Whoſe pleaſance ſhe him ſhew'd, and plentiful great ſtore.

12.

It was a choſen plot of fertile land,
Emongſt wide waves ſet like a little neſt,
As if it had by Natures cunning hand,
Been choicely picked out from all the reſt,
And laid forth for enſample of the beſt:
No dainty flowre or herb that grows on ground,
No arboret with painted bloſſoms dreſt,
And ſmelling ſweet, but there it might be found
To bud out fair, and her ſweet ſmells throw all around.

13.

No Tree, whoſe branches did not bravely ſpring;
No branch, whereon a fine bird did not ſit:
No bird, but did her ſhrill notes ſweetly ſing;
No ſong but did contain a lovely dit:
Trees, branches, birds, and ſongs were framed fit
For to allure frail Men to careleſs eaſe.
Careleſs the Man ſoon wox, and his weak wit
Was overcome of thing, that did him pleaſe;
So pleaſed, did his wrathful purpoſe fair appeaſe.

14.

Thus when ſhe had his eyes and ſenſes fed
With falſe delights, and fill'd with pleaſures vain,
Into a ſhady dale ſhe ſoft him led,
And laid him down upon a graſſy Plain;
And her ſweet ſelf, without dread or diſdain
She ſet beſide, laying his head diſarm'd
In her looſe lap, it ſoftly to ſuſtain,
Where ſoon he ſlumbred, fearing not be harm'd,
The whiles with a loud lay ſhe thus him ſweetly charm'd

15.

Behold, O Man, that toyſome pains doſt take,
The flowres, the fields, and all that pleaſant grows,
How they themſelves do thine enſample make,
Whiles nothing envious Nature them forth throws
Out of her fruitful lap, how, no Man knows,
They ſpring, they bud, they bloſſom freſh and fair,
And deck the World with their rich pompous ſhows;
Yet no Man for them taketh pains or care,
Yet no Man to them can his careful pains compare.

16.

The Lilly, Lady of the flowring field,
The Flowre-delice, her lovely Paramour,
Bid thee to them thy fruitleſs labours yield,
And ſoon leave off this toyſome weary ſtoure;
Lo, lo, how brave ſhe decks her bounteous bowre,
With ſilken curtens, and gold coverlets,
Therein to ſhrowd her ſumptuous Belamoure,
Yet neither ſpins, nor cards, ne cares, nor frets,
But to her Mother Nature all her care ſhe lets.

17.

Why then doſt thou, O Man, that of them all
Art Lord, and eke of nature Soveraign,
Wilfully make thy ſelf a wretched thrall,
And waſt thy joyous hours in needleſs pain,
Seeking for danger and adventures vain?
What boots it all to have, and nothing uſe?
Who ſhall him rew, that ſwimming in the main,
Will die for thirſt, and water doth refuſe?
Refuſe ſuch fruitleſs toyl, and preſent pleaſures chuſe.

18.

By this, ſhe had him lulled faſt aſleep,
That of no worldly thing he care did take;
Then ſhe with liquors ſtrong his eyes did ſteep,
That nothing ſhould him haſtily awake:
So ſhe him left, and did her ſelf betake
Unto her boat again, with which ſhe cleft
The ſlothful Waves of that great grieſly lake;
Soon ſhe that Iſland far behind her left,
And now is come to that ſame place, where firſt ſhe weft.

19.

By this time was the worthy *Guyon* brought
Unto the other ſide of that wide ſtrond,
Where ſhe was rowing, and for paſſage ſought:
Him needed not long call, ſhe ſoon to ſtond
Her ferry brought, where him ſhe byding fond,
With his ſad guide; himſelf ſhe took aboard,
But the *Black Palmer* ſuffered ſtill to hond,
Ne would for price, or prayers once afford,
To ferry that old Man over that perlous foord.

20.

Guyon was loth to leave his guide behind,
Yet being entred might not back retire;
For, the ſlit bark, obeying to her mind,
Forth launched quickly, as ſhe did deſire,
Ne gave him leave to bid that aged Sire
Adieu, but nimbly ran her wonted courſe
Through the dull billows thick as troubled mire,
Whom neither wind out of their ſeat could force,
Nor timely tides did drive out of their ſluggiſh ſource.

And

21.

And by the way, as was her wonted guiſe,
Her merry fit ſhe freſhly gan to rear,
And did of joy and jollity deviſe,
Her ſelf to cheriſh, and her gueſt to chear:
The Knight was courteous, and did not forbear
Her honeſt mirth and pleaſance to partake;
But when he ſaw her toy, and gibe, and gear,
And paſs the bounds of modeſt merimake,
Her dalliance he deſpis'd, and follies did forſake.

22.

Yet ſhe ſtill followed her former ſtile,
And ſaid and did all that mote him delight,
Till they arrived in that pleaſant Ile,
Where ſleeping late ſhe left her other Knight.
But, when as *Guyon* of that land had ſight,
He wiſt himſelf amiſs, and angry ſaid;
Ah Dame, perdy ye have not doen me right,
Thus to miſlead me, whiles I you obayd:
Me little needed from my right way to have ſtrayd.

23.

Fair Sir, quoth ſhe, be not diſpleas'd at all;
Who fares on Sea, may not commaund his way,
Ne wind and weather at his pleaſure call:
The Sea is wide, and eaſie for to ſtray;
The wind unſtable, and doth never ſtay.
But here awhile ye may in ſafety reſt,
Till ſeaſon ſerve new paſſage to aſſay;
Better ſafe Port, than be in Seas diſtreſt.
Therewith ſhe laught, and did her earneſt end in jeſt.

24.

But he, half diſcontent, mote natheleſs
Himſelf appeaſe, and iſſued forth on ſhore:
The joys whereof and happy fruitfulneſs,
Such as he ſaw ſhe gan him lay before,
And all though pleaſant, yet ſhe made much more:
The fields did laugh, the flowres did freſhly ſpring,
The Trees did bud, and early bloſſoms bore,
And all the quire of Birds did ſweetly ſing.
And told that gardens pleaſures in their caroling.

25.

And ſhe more ſweet than any bird on bough,
Would oftentimes emongſt them bare a part,
And ſtrive to paſs (as ſhe could well enough)
Their native muſick by her skilful art:
So did ſhe all, that might his conſtant hart
Withdraw from thought of warlike enterpriſe,
And drown in diſſolute delights apart,
Where noyſe of arms, or view of Martial guiſe,
Might not revive deſire of Knightly exerciſe.

26.

But he was wiſe, and wary of her will,
And ever held his hand upon his hart:
Yet would not ſeem ſo rude, and thewed ill,
As to deſpiſe ſo courteous ſeeming part,
That gentle Lady did to him impart;
But fairly tempring, fond deſire ſubdewd,
And ever her deſired to depart.
She liſt not hear, but her diſports purſewd,
And ever bade him ſtay, till time the tide renewd.

27.

And now by this, *Cymocles* howre was ſpent,
That he awoke out of his idle dream,
And ſhaking off his drowſie dreriment,
Gan him aviſe, how ill did him beſeem,
In ſlothful ſleep his molten hart to ſteem,
And quench the brond of his conceived ire.
Tho up he ſtarted, ſtird with ſhame extreem,
Ne ſtayed for his Damſel to inquire,
But marched to the ſtrond, there paſſage to require.

28.

And in the way, he with Sir *Guyon* met,
Accompany'd with *Phædria* the fair:
Eftſoons he gan to rage, and inly fret.
Crying, Let be that Lady *Debonair*,
Thou recreant Knight, and ſoon thy ſelf prepair
To battail, if thou mean her love to gain:
Lo, lo already, how the fowls in air
Do flock, awaiting ſhortly to obtain
Thy carcaſs for their prey, the guerdon of thy pain.

29.

And therewithall he fiercely at him flew,
And with important outrage him aſſayld;
Who, ſoon prepar'd to field, his ſword forth drew,
And him with equal value countervayld:
Their mighty ſtroaks their haberjeons diſmayld,
And naked made each others manly ſpalles;
The mortal ſteel diſpiteouſly entayld
Deep in their fleſh, quite through the iron walls,
That a large purple ſtream adown their giambeux falls.

30.

Cymocles, that had never met before
So puiſſant foe, with envious deſpight
His proud preſumed force increaſed more,
Diſdeigning to be held ſo long in fight;
Sir *Guyon* grudging not ſo much his might,
As thoſe unknightly raylings, which he ſpoke,
With wrathful fire his courage kindled bright,
Thereof deviſing ſhortly to be wroke,
And doubling all his powres, redoubled everyſtroke.

31.

Both of them high attonce their hands enhaunſt,
And both attonce their huge blows down did ſway;
Cymocles ſword on *Guyons* ſhield yglaunc't,
And thereof nigh one quarter ſhear'd away;
But *Guyons* angry blade ſo fierce did play
On th'others helmet, which as *Titan* ſhone,
That quite it clove his plumed creſt in tway,
And bared all his head unto the bone;
Wherewith aſtoniſht, ſtill he ſtood as ſenſeleſs ſtone.

32.

Still as he ſtood, fair *Phædria*, that beheld
That deadly danger, ſoon atween them ran;
And at their feet her ſelf moſt humbly feld,
Crying with pitious voyce, and count'nance wan;
Ah, weal-away! moſt noble Lords, how can
Your cruel eyes endure ſo pitious ſight,
To ſhed your lives on ground? wo worth the man,
That firſt did teach the curſed ſteel to bight
In his own fleſh, and make way to the living ſpright.

If

33.

If ever love of Lady did empierce
Your yron breasts, or pity could find place,
Withhold your bloody hands from battel fierce,
And sith for me ye fight, to me this grace
Both yield, to stay your deadly strife a space.
They stayd a while: and forth she gan proceed:
Most wretched Woman, and of wicked race,
That am the author of this hainous deed, (breed.
And cause of Death between two doughty Knights do

34.

But if for me ye fight, or me will serve,
Not this rude kind of battel, nor these arms
Are meet, the which do men in bale to sterve,
And doleful sorrow heap with deadly harms:
Such cruel game my scarmoges disarms:
Another war, and other weapons I
Do love, where Love does give his sweet alarms,
Without bloodshed, and where the enemy
Does yield unto his foe a pleasant victory.

35.

Debateful strife, and cruel emnity
The famous name of Knighthood fouly shend;
But lovely peace, and gentle amity,
And in Amours the passing hours to spend,
The mighty Martial hands do most commend;
Of Love they ever greater glory bore,
Than of their arms: *Mars* is *Cupidoes* friend,
And is for *Venus* loves renowned more
Than all his wars and spoils, the which he did of yore.

36.

Therewith she sweetly smyl'd. They, though full bent
To prove extremities of bloody fight,
Yet at her speech their rages gan relent,
And calm the Sea of their tempestuous spight;
Such powre have pleasing words: such is the might
Of courteous clemency in gentle hart.
Now after all was ceast, the Fairy Knight
Besought that Damzel suffer him depart,
And yield him ready passage to that other part.

37.

She no less glad, than he desirous was
Of his departure thence; for of her joy
And vain delight she saw he light did pass,
A foe of folly and immodest toy,
Still solemn sad, or still disdainful coy,
Delighting all in arms and cruel war,
That her sweet peace and pleasures did annoy,
Troubled with terrour and unquiet jar,
That she well pleased was thence to amount him far.

38.

Tho, him she brought abord, and her swift bote
Forthwith directed to that further strand;
The which on the dull waves did lightly flote,
And soon arrived on the shallow sand,
Where gladsome *Guyon* sailed forth to land,
And to that Damzel thanks gave for reward.
Upon that shore he spied *Atin* stand,
There by his master left, when late he far'd
In *Phædrias* fleet bark over that perlous shard.

39.

Well could he him remember, sith of late
He with *Pyrrocles* sharp debatement made;
Streight gan he him revile, and bitter rate,
As shepheards cur, that in dark evenings shade
Hath tracted forth some salvage beastes trade;
Vile miscreant (said he) whither doest thou fly
The shame and death, which will thee soon invade?
What coward hand shall do thee next to dye,
That art thus foully fled from famous enemy?

40.

With that, he stiffly shook his steel-head dart:
But sober *Guyon*, hearing him so rail,
Though somewhat moved in his mighty hart,
Yet with strong reason mastred passion frail,
And passed fairly forth. He turning tail,
Back to the strond retyr'd, and there still staid,
A waiting passage, which him late did fail;
The whiles *Cymocles* with that wanton mayd
The hasty heat of his avow'd revenge delayd.

41.

Whiles there the varlet stood, he saw from far
An armed Knight, that towards him fast ran:
He ran on foot, as if in luckless war
His forlorn steed from him the victour wan;
He seemed breathless, hartless, faint, and wan,
And all his armour sprinkled was with blood,
And soyld with durty gore, that no man can
Discern the hew thereof. He never stood,
But bent his hasty course towards the idle flood.

42.

The varlet saw, when to the flood he came,
How without stop or stay he fiercely lept,
And deep himself beducked in the same.
That in the lake his lofty creast was stept,
Ne of his safety seemed care he kept;
But with his raging arms he rudely flasht
The waves about, and all his armour swept,
That all the blood and filth away was washt,
Yet still he bet the water, and the billows dasht.

43.

Atin drew nigh, to weet what it mote be;
For much he wondred at that uncouth sight;
Whom should he, but his own dear Lord, there see?
His own dear Lord *Pyrrocles*, in sad plight,
Ready to drown himself for fell despight.
Harrow now out, and weal-away, he cryde,
What dismal day hath lent this curséd light,
To see my Lord so deadly damnifide?
Pyrrocles, O *Pyrrocles*, what is thee betyde?

44.

I burn, I burn, I burn, then loud he cryde:
O how I burn with implacable fire!
Yet nought can quench mine inly flaming syde;
Nor Sea of licour cold, nor lake of mire,
Nothing but Death can do me to respire.
Ah be it (said he) from *Pyrrocles* far
After pursewing Death once to require,
Or think, that ought those puissant hands may mar:
Death is for wretches born under unhappy star.

Perdie,

45.

Perdie, then is it fit for me (said he)
That am, I ween, most wretched man alive:
Burning in flames, yet no flame can I see,
And dying daily, daily yet revive:
O *Atin*, help to me last Death to give.
The varlet at his plaint was griev'd so sore,
That his deep wounded hart in two did rive,
And his own health remembring now no more,
Did follow that ensample which he blam'd afore.

46.

Into the lake he lept, his Lord to ayd,
(So love the dread of danger doth despise)
And of him catching hold, him strongly stayd
From drowning. But more happy he, than wise,
Of that Seas nature did him not avise.
The waves thereof so slow and sluggish were,
Engroste with mud, which did them foul agrise,
That every weighty thing they did upbear,
Ne ought mote ever sink down to the bottome there.

47.

Whiles thus they struggled in that idle wave,
And strove in vain, the one himself to drown,
The other both from drowning for to save;
Lo, to that shore one in an ancient gown,
Whose hoary locks great gravity did crown,
Holding in hand a goodly arming sword,
By fortune came, led with the troublous sown:
Where drenched deep he found in that dull ford
The careful servant, striving with his raging Lord.

48.

Him *Atin* spying, knew right well of yore,
And loudly cald, Help help, O *Archimage*;
To save my Lord, in wretching plight for lore;
Help with thy hand, or with thy counsel sage:
Weak hands, but counsel is most strong in age.
Him when the old man saw, he wondred sore,
To see *Pyrrocles* there so rudely rage:
Yet sithens help, he saw, he needed more
Than pity, he in hast approached to the shore,

49.

And call'd; *Pyrrocles*, what is this, I see?
What hellish Fury hath at earst thee hent?
Furious ever I thee knew to be,
Yet never in this strange astonishment.
These flames, these flames (he cryde) do me torment.
What flames (quoth he) when I thee present see,
In danger rather to be drent, than brent?
Harrow, the flames, which me consume (said he)
Ne can be quencht, within my secret bowels be.

50.

That curssed man, that cruel feend of hell,
Furor, O *Furor*, hath me thus bedight:
His deadly wounds within my liver swell,
And his hot fire burns in mine entrails bright,
Kindled through his infernal brond of spight,
Sith late with him I battail vain would boste;
That now I ween *Joves* dreaded thunder light
Does scorch not half so sore, nor damned Ghost
In flaming *Phlegeton* does not so felly roste.

51.

Which when as *Archimago* heard his grief
He knew right well, and him attonce disarmd:
Then searcht his secret wounds, and made a prief
Of every place, that was with brusing harmd,
Or with the hidden fire too inly warmd.
Which done, he balmes and herbs thereto applyd,
And evermore with mighty spells them charmd,
That in short space he has them qualifide,
And him restor'd to health, that would have algates dyde.

CANTO VII.

Guyon *finds* Mammon *in a delve, Sunning his treasure hore: Is by him tempted, and led down to see his secret store.*

1.

AS Pilot well expert in perilous wave,
That to a stedfast star his course hath bent,
When foggy mists, or cloudy tempests have
The faithful light of that fair lamp yblent,
And cover'd heaven with hideous dreriment,
Upon his card and compass firms his eye,
The masters of his long experiment,
And to them does the steady help apply,
Bidding his winged Vessel fairly forward fly:

2.

So *Guyon* having lost his trusty Guide,
Late left beyond that *Idle Lake*, proceeds
Yet on his way, of none accompanide;
And evermore himself with comfort feeds,
Of his own vertues, and praise-worthy deeds.
So long he yode, yet no adventure found,
Which Fame of her shrill trumpet worthy reeds:
For, still he traveld through wide wastful ground,
That nought but desert wilderness shew'd all around.

3.

At last, he came unto a gloomy glade,
Cover'd with boughs and shrubs from heavens light,
Whereas he sitting found, in secret shade,
An uncouth, salvage, and uncivil wight,
Of griesly hew, and foul ill favour'd sight;
His face with smoak was tand, and eyes were bleard,
His head and beard with sout were ill bedight,
His coal-black hands did seem to have been seard
In Smiths fire-spetting forge, and nailes like claws ap-
(peard.

4.

His Iron coat all overgrown with rust,
Was underneath enveloped with gold,
Whose glistring glosse darkned with filthy dust,
Well it appeared to have been of old
A work of rich entail, and curious mold,
Woven with anticks and wild Imagery:
And in his lap a mass of coyn he told,
And turned upsidown, to feed his eye
And covetous desire with his huge treasury.

And

5.

And round about him lay on every ſide
Great heaps of Gold that never could be ſpent:
Of which, ſome were rude ower, not purifide
Of *Mulcibers* devouring element;
Some others were new driven, and diſtent
Into great Ingots, and to wedges ſquare;
Some in round plates withouten moniment;
But moſt were ſtampt, and in their metal bare
The antique ſhapes of Kings & Keſars ſtrange & rare.

6.

Soon as he *Guyon* ſaw, in great affright
And haſte he roſe, for to remove aſide
Thoſe pretious hills from ſtrangers envious ſight,
And down them poured through an hole full wide,
Into the hollow earth, them there to hide.
But *Guyon* lightly to him leaping, ſtayd
His hand, that trembled, as one terrifide;
And, though himſelf were at the ſight diſmaid,
Yet him perforce reſtrain'd, and to him doubtful ſaid;

7.

What art thou man (if man at all thou art)
That here in deſert haſt thine habitance,
And the rich heaps of wealth doſt hide apart
From the worlds eye, and from her right uſance?
Thereat, with ſtaring eyes fixed a ſcaunce,
In great diſdain, he anſwered; Hardy Elf,
That dareſt view my direful countenance,
I read the raſh, and heedleſs of thy ſelf,
To trouble my ſtill ſeat, and heaps of pretious pelf.

8.

God of the world and worldlings I me call,
Great *Mammon*, greateſt God below the ſky,
That of my plenty pour out unto all,
And unto none my graces do envy:
Riches, renown, and principality,
Honour, eſtate, and all this worlds good,
For which men ſwink and ſweat inceſſantly,
Fro me do flow into an ample flood,
And in the hollow earth have their eternal brood.

9.

Wherefore if me thou deign to ſerve and ſew,
At thy command loe all theſe mountains be;
Or if to thy great mind, or greedy view,
All theſe may not ſuffice, there ſhall to thee
Ten times ſo much be numbred frank and free.
Mammon, ſaid he, thy Godheads vaunt is vain,
And idle offers of thy golden fee;
To them that covet ſuch eye-glutting gain,
Proffer thy gifts, and fitter ſervants entertain.

10.

Me ill befits, that in der-dooing arms,
And honours ſuit my vowed days do ſpend,
Unto thy bountious baytes, and pleaſing charms,
With which weak men thou witcheſt, to attend:
Regard of worldly muck doth fouly blend
And lowe abaſe the high heroick ſpright,
That joyes for crowns and kingdoms to contend;
Fair ſhields, gay ſteeds, bright arms be my delight:
Thoſe be the riches fit for an advent'rous knight.

11.

Vain-glorious Elfe, ſaid he, doſt not thou weet,
That money can thy wants at will ſupply?
Shields, ſteeds, and arms, and all things for thee meet
It can purvay in twinkling of an eye;
And crowns and Kingdom to thee multiply.
Do not I Kings create, and throw the crown
Sometimes to him, that low in duſt doth lye?
And him that raign'd, into his room thruſt down,
And whom I luſt, do heap with glory and renown?

12.

All otherwiſe, ſaid he, I riches read,
And deem them root of all diſquietneſs;
Firſt got with guile, and then preſerv'd with dread,
And after ſpent with pride and laviſhneſs,
Leaving behind them grief and hervineſs.
Infinite miſchiefs of them do ariſe;
Strife, and debate, bloodſhed, and bitterneſs,
Outrageous wrong, and helliſh covetiſe,
That noble hart (as great diſhonour) doth deſpiſe.

13.

Ne thine be kingdoms, ne the ſcepters thine;
But realms and rulers thou doſt both confound,
And loyal truth to treaſon doſt incline;
Witneſs the guiltleſs blood pour'd oft on ground,
The crowned often ſlain, the ſlayer crown'd
The ſacred Diadem in peices rent,
And purple robe gored with many a wound;
Caſtles ſurpriz'd, great Cities ſackt and brent:
So mak'ſt thou Kings, and gaineſt wrongful government.

14.

Long were to tell the troublous ſtorms, that toſſe
The private ſtate, and make the life unſweet:
Who ſwelling ſayles in *Caſpian* Sea doth croſſe,
And in frail wood an *Adrian* gulf doth fleet,
Doth not (I ween) ſo many evils meet.
Then *Mammon* wexing wroth, And why then, ſaid,
Are mortal men ſo fond and undiſcreet,
So evil thing to ſeek unto their ayd,
And having not complain, and having it upbrayd?

15.

Indeed, quoth he, through foul intemperance,
Frail men are oft captiv'd to covetiſe:
But would they think, with how ſmall allowance
Untroubled Nature doth her ſelf ſuffice,
Such ſuperfluities they would deſpiſe,
Which with ſad cares empeach our native joyes:
At the Well head the pureſt ſtreams ariſe:
But mucky filth his branching arms annoyes,
And with uncomely weeds the gentle wave accloyes.

16.

The antique world, in his firſt flowring youth,
Found to defect in his Creators grace;
But with glad thanks, and unreproved truth,
The gifts of ſoveraign bounty did embrace:
Like Angels life was then mens happy caſe;
But later ages pride (like corn-fed ſteed)
Abus'd her plenty, and fat ſwoln encreaſe
To all licentious luſt, and gan exceed
The meaſure of her mean, and natural firſt need.

17.

Then gan a curſed hand the quiet womb
Of his great Grandmother with ſteel to wound,
And the hid treaſures in her ſacred tomb,
With Sacriledge to dig. Therein he found
Fountains of Gold and Silver to abound,
Of which the matter of his huge deſire
And pompous pride eftſoons he did compound;
Then avarice gan through his veins inſpire
His greedy flames, and kindled life-devouring fire.

18.

Son, ſaid he then, let be thy bitter ſcorn,
And leave the rudeneſs of that antick Age
To them, that liv'd therein in ſtate forlorn;
Thou that doſt live in later times, muſt wage
Thy works for wealth, and life for Gold engage.
If then thee liſt my offred grace to uſe,
Take what thou pleaſe of all this ſurpluſage;
If thee liſt not, leave have thou to refuſe:
But thing refuſed, do not afterward accuſe.

19.

Me liſt not, ſaid the Elfin Knight, receive
Thing offred, till I know it well be got:
Ne wote I, but thou didſt theſe goods bereave
From rightful owner by unrighteous lot,
Or that blood-guiltineſs or guile them blot.
Perdy, quoth he, yet never eye did view
Ne tongue did tell, ne hand theſe handled not,
But ſafe I have them kept in ſecret mew,
From Heavens ſight, and powre of all which them purſue.

20.

What ſecret place, quoth he, can ſafely hold
So huge a maſs, and hide from Heavens eye?
Or where haſt thou thy won, that ſo much Gold
Thou canſt preſerve from wrong and robbery?
Come thou, quoth he, and ſee. So, by and by
Through that thick covert he him led, and found
A darkſome way, which no Man could deſcry,
That deep deſcended through the hollow ground,
And was with dread and horrour compaſſed around.

21.

At length they came into a larger ſpace,
That ſtretcht it ſelf into an ample Plain,
Through which a beaten broad high way did trace,
That ſtrait did lead to *Plutoes* griſly Reign:
By that ways ſide, there ſate infernal Pain,
And faſt beſide him ſate tumultuous ſtrife:
The one, in hand an Iron whip did ſtrain;
The other brandiſhed a bloody knife,
And both did gnaſh their teeth, and both did threaten life.

22.

On th'other ſide, in one conſort there ſate
Cruel Revenge, and rancorous Deſpight,
Diſloyal Treaſon, and hart-burning Hate:
But gnawing Jealouſie, out of their ſight
Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bight,
And trembling Fear ſtill to and fro did fly,
And found no place, whare ſafe he ſhroud him might,
Lamenting Sorrow did in darkneſs lye,
And Shame his ugly face did hide from living eye.

23.

And over them ſad Horrour, with grim hew,
Did always ſore, beating his Iron wings;
And after him, Owls and Night-ravens flew,
The hateful meſſengers of heavy things,
Of death and dolour telling ſad tydings;
Whiles ſad *Celeno*, ſitting on a clift,
A ſong of bale and bitter ſorrow ſings,
That hart of flint aſunder could have rift:
Which having ended, after him ſhe flyeth ſwift.

24.

All theſe before the gates of *Pluto* lay,
By whom they paſſing, ſpake unto them nought.
But th' Elfin Knight with wonder all the way
Did feed his eyes, and fill'd his inner thought.
At laſt, him to a little door he brought,
That to the gate of Hell which gaped wide,
Was next adjoyning, ne them parted ought:
Betwixt them both was but a little ſtride,
That did the houſe of Riches from hell-mouth divide.

25.

Before the door ſate ſelf-conſuming Care,
Day and night keeping wary watch and ward,
For fear leaſt Force or Fraud ſhould unaware
Break in, and ſpoil the treaſure there in gard:
Ne would he ſuffer Sleep once thitherward
Approach, albe his drowſie den were next;
For, next to death is Sleep to be compar'd:
Therefore his houſe is unto his annext;
Here Sleep, there Riches, and Hel-gate them both betwixt.

26.

So ſoon as *Mammon* there arriv'd, the door
To him did open, and afforded way;
Him followed eke Sir *Guyon* evermore,
Ne darkneſs him, ne danger might diſmay.
Soon as he entred was, the door ſtraightway
Did ſhut, and from behind it forth there lept
An ugly fiend, more foul than diſmal day,
The which with monſtrous ſtalk behind him ſtept,
And ever as he went, due watch upon him kept.

27.

Well hoped he, ere long that hardy gueſt,
If ever covetous hand, or luſtful eye,
Or lips he laid on thing, that lik't him beſt,
Or ever ſleep his eye-ſtrings did untye,
Should be his Prey. And therefore ſtill on hie
He over him did hold his cruel claws,
Threatning with greedy gripe to do him die,
And rend in pieces with his ravenous paws,
If ever he tranſgreſt the fatal *Stygian* laws.

28.

That houſes form within was rude and ſtrong,
Like an huge Cave, hewen out of rocky clift,
From whoſe rough vaut the ragged breaches hong,
Emboſt with maſſy Gold of glorious gift,
And with rich metal loaded every rift,
That heavy ruine they did ſeem to threat;
And over them *Arachne* high did lift
Her cunning web, and ſpred her ſubtile net,
Enwrapped in foul ſmoak and clouds more black than Jet.

Both

29.

Both roof, and floor, and walls were all of Gold,
But overgrown with duſt and old decay,
And hid in darkneſs, that none could behold
The hew thereof: for view of chearful day
Did never in that houſe it ſelf diſplay,
But a faint ſhadow of uncertain light;
Such as a lamp, whoſe life does fade away:
Or as the Moon clothed with cloudy night,
Does ſhew to him, that walks in fear and ſad affright.

30.

In all that Room was nothing to be ſeen,
But huge great Iron cheſts and coffers ſtrong,
All barr'd with double bends, that none could ween
Them to efforce by violence or wrong;
On every ſide they placed were along.
But all the ground with ſculls was ſcattered,
And dead Men's bones, which round about were flong,
Whoſe lives (it ſeemed) whilome there were ſhed,
And their vile carcaſas now left unburied.

31.

They forward paſs, ne *Guyon* yet ſpake word,
Till that they came unto an Iron dore,
Which to them open'd of it own accord,
And ſhew'd of riches ſuch exceeding ſtore,
As eye of Man did never ſee before;
Ne ever could within one place be found,
Though all the wealth, which is, or was of yore,
Could gathered be through all the World around,
And that above were added to that under ground.

32.

The charge thereof unto a covetous ſpright
Commanded was, who thereby did attend,
And warily awaited day and night,
From other covetous fiends it to defend,
Who it to rob and ranſack did intend.
Then *Mammon*, turning to that Warriour, ſaid;
Loe, here the Worldes bliſs: loe, here the end,
To which all Men do aim, rich to be made:
Such grace now to be happy, is before thee laid.

33.

Certes, ſaid he, I n'ill thine offred grace,
Ne to be made ſo happy do intend:
Another bliſs before mine eyes I place,
Another happineſs, another end.
To them, that liſt, theſe baſe regards I lend:
But I in Arms, and in Atchievements brave,
Do rather chooſe my flitting hours to ſpend,
And to be Lord of thoſe that riches have,
Than them to have my ſelf, and be their ſervile ſlave.

34.

Thereat the fiend his gnaſhing teeth did grate,
And griev'd, ſo long to lack his greedy prey:
For, well he weened, that ſo glorious bait
Would tempt his gueſt, to take thereof aſſay:
Had he ſo doen, he had him ſnatcht away,
More light than Culver in the Faulcons fiſt.
(Eternal God thee ſave from ſuch decay.)
But when as *Mammon* ſaw his purpoſe miſt,
Him to entrap unwares anothers way he wiſt.

35.

Thence, forward he him led, and ſhortly brought
Unto another Room, whoſe door forthright
To him did open, as it had been taught:
Therein an hundred ranges weren pight,
And hundred Furnaces all burning bright;
By every Furnace many fiends did bide,
Deformed creatures, horrible in ſight,
And every fiend his buſie pains apply'd,
To melt the golden metal, ready to be try'd.

36.

One with great bellows gathered filling Air,
And with forc't wind the fuel did enflame;
Another did the dying bronds repair
With Iron tongs, and ſprinkled oft the ſame
With liquid waves, fierce *Vulcan*'s rage to tame,
Who maſtring them renew'd his former heat;
Some ſcumm'd the droſs that from the metal came;
Some ſtirr'd the molten owre with Ladles great;
And every one did ſwink, and every one did ſweat.

37.

But when as Earthly wight they preſent ſaw,
Gliſtring in Arms and battailous array,
From their hot work they did themſelves withdraw
To wonder at the ſight: for till that day,
They never creature ſaw, that came that way.
Their ſtaring eyes ſparkling with fervent fire,
And ugly ſhapes did nigh the Man diſmay,
That were it not for ſhame, he would retire,
Till that him thus beſpake their Soveraign Lord and Sire.

38.

Behold, thou Fairies Son, with mortal eye,
That living eye before did never ſee:
The thing that thou didſt crave ſo earneſtly
(To weet, whence all the Wealth late ſhew'd by me
Proceeded) loe, now is reveal'd to thee.
Here is the fountain of the worldes good:
Now therefore, if thou wilt enriched be,
Aviſe thee well and change thy wilful mood,
Leaſt thou perhaps hereafter wiſh, and be withſtood.

39.

Suffice it then, thou Money-god, quoth he,
That all thine idle offers I refuſe.
All that I need I have; what needeth me
To covet more than I have cauſe to uſe?
With ſuch vain ſhews thy worldlings vile abuſe
But give me leave to follow my empriſe.
Mammon was much diſpleas'd, yet no'te he chuſe
But bear the rigour of his bold meſpiſe,
And thence him forward led, him further to entice.

40.

He brought him through a darkſome narrow ſtrait,
To a broad gate, all built of beaten gold:
The gate was open, but therein did wait
A ſturdy Villain, ſtriding ſtiff and bold,
As if the higheſt God defie he would;
In his right hand an Iron club he held,
But he himſelf was all of golden mold,
Yet had both life and ſenſe, and well could weld
That curſed weapon, when his cruel foes he quell'd.

41.

Diſdain he called was, and did diſdain
To be ſo call'd, and whoſo did him call:
Stern was his look, and full of ſtomach vain,
His portance terrible, and ſtature tall,
Far paſſing the height of Men Terreſtrial,
Like an huge Gyant of the *Titans* race;
That made him ſcorn all creatures great and ſmall,
And with his Pride all others powre deface:
More fit amongſt black fiends, than Men to have his place.

42.

Soon as thoſe glitter and arms he did eſpy,
That with their brightneſs made that darkneſs light,
His harmful club he gan to hurtle hie,
And threaten battle to the Fairy Knight:
Who likewiſe gan himſelf to battle dight,
Till *Mammon* did his haſty hand with-hold,
And counſell'd him abſtain from perilous fight:
For, nothing might abaſh the villain bold,
Ne mortal ſteel empierce his miſcreated mold.

43.

So, having him with reaſon pacify'd,
And the fierce Carle commanding to forbear,
He brought him in. The room was large and wide,
As it ſome Guild or ſolemn Temple were:
Many great golden pillars did upbear
The maſſy roof, and riches huge ſuſtain:
And every pillar decked was full dear
With Crowns and Diadems, and Titles vain,
Which mortal Princes wore, whiles they on earth did reign

44.

A rout of people there aſſembled were,
Of every ſort and nation under sky,
Which with great uprore preſſed to draw near
To th'upper part, where was advanced high
A ſtately ſiege of Soveraign Majeſty;
And thereon ſate a woman gorgeous gay,
And richly clad in Robes of Royalty,
That never earthly Prince in ſuch array
His glory did enhaunce, and pompous pride diſplay.

45

Her face right wondrous fair did ſeem to be,
That her broad beauties beam great brightneſs threw
Through the dim ſhade, that all Men might it ſee:
Yet was not that ſame her own native hew,
But wrought by art and counterfeited ſhew,
Thereby more Lovers unto her to call;
Nath'leſs, moſt heavenly fair in deed and view
She by creation was, till ſhe did fall;
Thenceforth ſhe ſought for helps to cloak her crime withal

46.

There, as in gliſtring glory ſhe did ſit,
She held a great gold chain ylinked well,
Whoſe upper end to higheſt Heaven was knit,
And lower part did reach to loweſt hell;
And all that preaſe did round about her ſwell,
To catchen hold of that long chain, thereby
To climb aloft, and others to excel:
That was *Ambition*, raſh deſire to ſty,
And every link thereof a ſtep of Dignity.

47.

Some thought to raiſe themſelves to high degree,
By riches and unrighteous reward,
Some by cloſe ſhouldring, ſome by flattery;
Others through friends, others for baſe regard;
And all, by wrong ways, for themſelves prepar'd.
Thoſe that were up themſelves, kept others low,
Thoſe that were low themſelves, held others hard,
Ne ſuffred them to riſe or greater grow,
But every one did ſtrive his fellow down to throw.

48.

Which, when as *Guyon* ſaw, he gan inquire,
What meant that preaſe about that Ladies throne,
And what ſhe was that did ſo high aſpire.
Him *Mammon* anſwered; That goodly one,
Whom all that folk with ſuch contention
Do flock about, my dear, my daughter is;
Honour and Dignity from her alone
Derived are, and all this worldes bliſs
For which ye Men do ſtrive, few get, but many miſs.

49.

And fair *Philotimè* ſhe rightly hight,
The faireſt wight that wonneth under sky,
But that this darkſome nether world her light
Doth dim with horrour and deformity,
Worthy of Heaven and high felicity,
From whence the Gods have her for envy thruſt:
But ſith thou haſt found favour in mine eye,
Thy Spouſe I will her make, if that thou luſt,
That ſhe may thee advance for works and merits juſt.

50.

Gramercy *Mammon*, ſaid the gentle Knight,
For ſo great grace and offred high eſtate;
But I, that am frail fleſh and earthly wight,
Unworthy match for ſuch immortal mate
My ſelf well wote, and mine unequal fate;
And were I not, yet is my troth yplight
And love avow'd to other Lady late,
That to remove the ſame I have no might:
To change love cauſleſs, is reproach to warlike Knight.

51.

Mammon emmoved was with inward wrath;
Yet forcing it to fain, him forth thence led
Through grieſly ſhadows by a beaten path,
Into a garden goodly garniſhed
With herbs and fruits, whoſe kinds mote not be red:
Not ſuch, as earth out of her fruitful Woomb
Throws forth to Men, ſweet and well ſavoured,
But direful deadly black both leaf and bloom,
Fit to adorn the dead, and deck the drery toomb.

52.

There mournful *Cypreſs* grew in greateſt ſtore,
And trees of bitter *Gall*, and *Heben* ſad,
Dead ſleeping *Poppy*, and black *Hellebore*,
Cold *Coloquintida*, and *Tetra* mad,
Mortal *Samnitis*, and *Cicuta* bad,
Which with th'unjuſt *Athenians* made to dye
Wiſe *Socrates*, who thereof quaffing glad
Pour'd out his life, and laſt Philoſophy
To the fair *Critias* his deareſt Belamy.

The

53.

The Garden of *Proſerpina* this hight;
And in the midſt thereof a ſilver ſeat,
With a thick Arbour goodly overdight,
In which ſhe often us'd from open heat
Her ſelf to ſhroud, and pleaſures to entreat.
Next thereunto did grow a goodly tree,
With branches broad diſſpred, and body great,
Clothed with leaves that none the Wood mote ſee,
And loaden all with fruit as thick as it might be.

54.

Their fruit were golden apples gliſtring bright,
That goodly was their glory to behold,
On Earth like never grew, ne living wight
Like ever ſaw, but they from hence were ſold;
For thoſe, which *Hercules* with conqueſt bold
Got from great *Atlas* daughters, hence began,
And planted there, did bring forth fruit of gold;
And thoſe with which th' *Eubœan* young man wan
Swift *Atalanta*, when through craft he her out-ran.

55.

Here alſo ſprong that goodly golden fruit,
With which *Acontius* got his Lover true,
Whom he had long time ſought with fruitleſs ſuit:
Here eke that famous golden apple grew,
The which emongſt the gods falſe *Atè* threw;
For which th'*Idæan* Ladies diſagreed,
Till partial *Paris* dempt it *Venus* dew,
And had of her fair *Helen* for his meed,
That many noble *Greeks* and *Trojans* made to bleed.

56.

The warlike Elf much wondred at this Tree,
So fair and great, that ſhadowed all the ground;
And his broad branches laden with rich fee,
Did ſtretch themſelves without the utmoſt bound
Of this great Garden, compaſt with a mound,
Which over-hanging, they themſelves did ſteep,
In a black flood which flow'd about it round;
That is the River of *Cocytus* deep,
In which full many ſouls do endleſs wail and weep.

57.

Which to behold, he clomb up to the bank,
And looking down, ſaw many damned wights,
In thoſe ſad waves; which direful deadly ſtank,
Plonged continually of cruel Sprights,
That with their pitious cryes, and yelling ſhrights,
They made the further ſhore reſounden wide:
Emongſt the reſt of thoſe ſame rueful ſights,
One curſed creature he by chance eſpy'd,
That drenched lay full deep, under the Garden ſide.

58.

Deep was he drenched to the upmoſt chin,
Yet gaped ſtill, as covetous to drink
Of the cold liquor, which he waded in;
And ſtretching forth his hand, did often think
To reach the fruit which grew upon the brink:
But both the fruit from hand, and flood from mouth
Did fly aback, and made him vainly ſwink:
The whiles he ſterv'd with hunger and with drouth:
He daily dy'd, yet never throughly dyen couth.

59.

The Knight, him ſeeing labour ſo in vain,
Askt who he was, and what he meant thereby:
Who, groaning deep, thus anſwered him again;
Moſt curſed of all creatures under sky,
Lo, *Tantalus*, I here tormented lye:
Of whom high *Jove* wont whylome feaſted be,
Lo here I now for want of food do dye:
But if that thou be ſuch, as I thee ſee,
Of grace I pray thee, give to eat and drink to me.

60.

Nay, nay, thou greedy *Tantalus* (quoth he)
Abide the fortune of thy preſent fate;
And unto all that live in high degree,
Enſample be of mind intemperate,
To teach them how to uſe their preſent ſtate.
Than gan the curſed wretch aloud to cry,
Accuſing higheſt *Jove*, and gods ingrate,
And eke blaſpheming Heaven bitterly,
As authour of unjuſtice, there to let him dye.

61.

He lookt a little further, and eſpy'd
Another wretch, whoſe carkaſs deep was drent
Within the River, which the ſame did hide:
But both his hands, moſt filthy feculent,
Above the water were on high extent,
And fain'd to waſh themſelves inceſſantly;
Yet nothing cleaner were for ſuch intent,
But rather fouler ſeemed to the eye;
So loſt his labour vain and idle induſtry.

62.

The Knight him calling, asked who he was,
Who lifting up his head, him anſwered thus:
I *Pilate* am, the falſeſt Judge, alas,
And moſt unjuſt, that by unrighteous
And wicked doom, to Jews deſpiteous
Delivered up the Lord of Life to dye,
And did acquit a murdrer felonous;
The whiles my hands I waſht in purity,
The whiles my ſoul was ſoyld with foul iniquity.

63.

Infinite moe, tormented in like pain,
He there beheld, too long here to be told:
Ne *Mammon* would there let him long remain,
For terrour of the torments manifold,
In which the damned ſouls he did behold,
But roughly him beſpake. Thou fearful fool,
Why takeſt not of that ſame fruit of gold,
Ne ſitteſt down on that ſame ſilver ſtool,
To reſt thy weary perſon in the ſhadow cool?

64.

All which he did, to do him deadly fall
In frail intemperance through ſinful bait;
To which if he enclined had at all,
That dreadful fiend, which did behind him wait,
Would him have rent in thouſand pieces ſtrait;
But he was wary wiſe in all his way,
And well perceived his deceitful ſleight,
Ne ſuffered luſt his ſafety to betray;
So goodly did beguil the Guyler of the pray.

And

65.

And now he has ſo long remained there,
That vital powres gan wex both weak and wan,
For want of food, and ſleep; which two upbear,
Like mighty Pillars, this frail life of man,
That none without the ſame enduren can.
For, now three days of men were full outwrought,
Since he this hardy enterpriſe began:
For thy great *Mammon* fairly he beſought,
Into the world to guide him back, as he him brought.

66.

The God, though loth, yet was conſtrain'd t'obay:
For longer time, than that, no living wight,
Below the earth, might ſuffred be to ſtay:
So back again, him brought to living light.
But all ſo ſoon as his enfeebled ſpright
Gan ſuck this vital air into his breſt,
As overcome with too exceeding might,
The life did flit away out of her neſt,
And all his ſenſes were with deadly fit oppreſt.

CANTO. VIII.

Sir Guyon, *laid in ſwown, is by*
Acrates *Son deſpoyld,*
Whom Arthur *ſoon hath reskewed*
And Paynim *brethren foyld.*

1.

AND is there care in heaven? and is there love
In heavenly ſpirits to theſe creatures baſe,
That may compaſſion of their evils move?
There is: elſe much more wretched were the caſe
Of men, than beaſts. But O th'exceeding Grace
Of higeſt God! that loves his creatures ſo,
And all his works with mercy doth embrace,
That bleſſed Angels he ſends to and fro,
To ſerve to wicked man, to ſerve his wicked foe.

2.

How oft do they their ſilver bowers leave,
To come to ſuccour us, that ſuccour want?
How oft do they, with golden pineons, cleave
The flitting skyes, like flying Purſuivant,
Againſt foul feends to aid us militant?
They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,
And their bright Squadrons round about us plant,
And all for love, and nothing for reward:
O why ſhould heavenly God to men have ſuch regard?

3.

During the while that *Guyon* did abide
In *Mammon*'s houſe, the Palmer, whom whylere
That wanton Maid of paſſage had denide,
By further ſearch had paſſage found elſewhere;
And being on his way, approached near,
Where *Guyon* lay in traunce, when ſuddenly
He heard a voice, that called loud and clear,
Come hither, hither, O come haſtily;
That all the fields reſounded with the ruefull cry.

4.

The Palmer lent his ear unto the noyſe,
To weet who called ſo importunely:
Again, he heard a more efforced voice,
That bade him come in haſte. He by and by
His feeble feet directed to the cry;
Which to that ſhady delve him brought at laſt,
Where *Mammon* earſt did ſun his treaſury:
There the good *Guyon* he found ſlumbring faſt
In ſenſeleſs dream; which ſight at firſt him ſore agaſt.

5.

Beſide his head there ſate a fair young man,
Of wondrous beauty, and of freſheſt years,
Whoſe tender bud to bloſſome new began,
And flouriſh fair above his equal pears;
His ſnowy front curled with golden hairs,
Like *Phœbus* face adorn'd with ſunny rays,
Divinely ſhone, and two ſharp winged ſhears,
Decked with diverſe plumes, like painted Jays,
Were fixed at his back, to cut his airy ways.

6.

Like as *Cupido* on *Idæan* hill,
When having laid his cruel bow away,
And mortal arrows, wherewith he doth fill
The world with murdrous ſpoyls and bloody pray,
With his fair Mother he him dights to play,
And with his goodly Siſters, *Graces* three;
The Goddeſs pleaſed with his wanton play,
Suffers her ſelf through ſleep beguil'd to be,
The whiles the other Ladies mind their merry glee.

7.

Whom when the Palmer ſaw, abaſht he was
Through fear and wonder, that he nought could ſay,
Till him the child beſpake, Long lackt, alas,
Hath been thy faithful aid in hard aſſay,
Whiles deadly fit thy pupil doth diſmay.
Behold this heavy ſight, thou reverend Sire,
But dread of death and dolour do away;
For, life ere long ſhall to her home retire,
And he that breathleſs ſeems, ſhall courage bold reſpire.

8.

The charge which God doth unto me arret,
Of his dear ſafety, I to thee commend;
Yet will I not forgoe, ne yet forget
The care thereof (my ſelf) unto the end,
But evermore him ſuccour, and defend
Againſt his foe and mine: watch thou I pray;
For, evil is at hand him to offend.
So having ſaid, eftſooos he gan diſplay
His painted nimble wings, and vaniſht quite away.

9.

The Palmer ſeeing his left empty place,
And his ſlow eyes beguiled of their ſight,
Woxe ſore affraid, and ſtanding ſtill a ſpace,
Gaz'd after him, as fowl eſcap't by flight;
At laſt, him turning to his charge behight,
With trembling hand his troubled pulſe gan try;
Where finding life not yet diſlodged quight,
He much rejoyc't, and courd it tenderly,
As chicken newly hatcht, from dreaded deſtiny.

At

10.

At laſt, he ſpyde where towards him did paſe
Two Paynim Knights, all arm'd as bright as sky,
And them beſide an aged Sire did trace,
And far before a light-foot Page did fly,
That breathed ſtrife and troublous enmity;
Thoſe were the two Sons of *Acrates* old,
Who meeting earſt with *Archimago* ſly,
Foreby that idle ſtrond, of him were told,
That he, which earſt them combatted, was *Guyon* bold.

11.

Which to avenge on him they dearly vow'd,
Where-ever that on ground they mote him find;
Falſe *Archimage* provokt their courage proud,
And ſtrife-full *Atin* in their ſtubborn mind
Coals of contention and hot vengeance tind.
Now been they come whereas the Palmer ſate,
Keeping that ſlumbred corſe to him aſſign'd;
Well knew they both his perſon, ſith of late
With him in bloody arms they raſhly did debate.

12.

Whom when *Pyrrocles* ſaw, inflam'd with rage,
That ſire he foul beſpake; Thou dotard vile,
That with thy bruteneſs ſhendſt thy comely age,
Abandon ſoon, I read, the caitive ſpoyl
Of that ſame outcaſt carcaſs, that ere while
Made it ſelf famous through falſe trechery,
And crownd his coward creſt with Knightly ſtile;
Loe where he now inglorious doth lye,
To prove he lived ill, that did thus fouly dye.

13.

To whom the Palmer fearleſs anſwered;
Certes, Sir Knight, ye been too much to blame,
Thus for to blot the honour of the dead,
And with foul cowardize his carcaſs ſhame,
Whoſe living hands immortaliz'd his name.
Vile is the vengeance on the aſhes cold,
And envy baſe, to bark at ſleeping fame:
Was never wight, that treaſon of him told;
Your ſelf his proweſs prov'd, & found him fierce & bold.

14.

Then ſaid *Cymocles*; Palmer thou dooſt dote,
Ne canſt of proweſs, ne of Knighthood deem,
Save as thou ſeeſt or hear'ſt: But, well I wote,
That of his puiſſance tryal made extreem;
Yet gold all is not, that doth golden ſeem,
Ne all good Knights, that ſhake well ſpear and ſhield:
The worth of all men by their end eſteem,
And then due praiſe, or due reproch them yield;
Bad therefore I him deem, that thus lies dead on field.

15.

Good or bad (gan his Brother fierce reply)
What do I reck, ſith that he dy'd entire?
Or what doth his bad death now ſatisfie
The greedy hunger of revenging ire,
Sith wrathful hand wrought not her own deſire?
Yet ſith no way is left to wreak my ſpight,
I will him reave of arms, the victors hire,
And of that ſhield, more worthy of good Knight;
For why ſhould a dead dog be deckt in Armor bright?

16.

Fair Sir, ſaid then the Palmer ſuppliant,
For Knighthoods love do not ſo foul a deed,
Ne blame your honour with ſo ſhameful vaunt
Of vile revenge. To ſpoyl the dead of weed
Is ſacrilege, and doth all ſins exceed;
But leave theſe reliques of his living might,
To deck his herce, and trap his tomb-black ſteed.
What herce or ſteed (ſaid he) ſhould he have dight,
But be entombed in the Raven or the Kight?

17.

With that, rude hand upon his ſhield he laid,
And th'other Brother gan his helm unlace,
Both fiercely bent to have him diſarraid;
Till that they ſpyde, where towards them did paſe
An armed Knight, of bold and bountious grace,
Whoſe Squire bore after him an Heben launce,
And coverd ſhield. Well kend him ſo far ſpace
Th'enchaunter by his arms and amenaunce,
When under him he ſaw his Lybian ſteed to praunce.

18.

And to thoſe brethren ſaid, Riſe, riſe by live,
And unto battail do your ſelves addreſs;
For, yonder comes the proweſt Knight alive,
Prince *Arthur*, flowre of grace and nobileſs,
That hath to Paynim Knights wrought great diſtreſs,
And thouſand Sar'zins fouly done to dye.
That word ſo deep did in their harts impreſs,
That both eftſoons upſtarted furiouſly,
And gan themſelves prepare to battel greedily.

19.

But fierce *Pyrrocles*, lacking his own ſword,
The want thereof now greatly gan to plain,
And *Archimage* beſought him that afford,
Which he had brought for *Braggadocchio* vain.
So would I, ſaid th'enchaunter, glad and fain
Beteem to you his ſword, you to defend,
Or ought that elſe your honour might maintain,
But that his weapons powre I well have kend,
To be contrary to the work which ye intend.

20.

For, that ſame Knights own ſword this is of yore,
Which *Merlin* made by his almighty art
For that his nourſling, when he Knighthood ſwore,
Therewith to doen his foes eternal ſmart,
The metal firſt he mixt with *Medæwart*,
That no enchauntment from his dint might ſave;
Then it in flames of *Aetna* wrought apart,
And ſeven times dipped in the bitter wave
Of helliſh *Styx*, which hidden vertue to it gave.

21.

The vertue is, that neither ſteel nor ſtone,
The ſtroak thereof from entrance may defend;
Ne ever may be uſed by his fone,
Ne forc't his rightful owner to offend,
Ne ever will it break, ne ever bend.
Wherefore *Morddure* it rightfully is hight.
In vain therefore, *Pyrrocles*, ſhould I lend
The ſame to thee, againſt his Lord to fight,
For ſure it would deceive thy labour, and thy might.

Fooliſh

22.

Fooliſh old man, ſaid then the Pagan wroth,
That weeneſt words or charmes may force withſtood:
Soon ſhalt thou ſee, and then believe for troth,
That I can carve with this enchaunted brond
His Lords own fleſh. Therewith out of his hond
That vertuous ſteel he rudely ſnatcht away,
And *Guyons* ſhield about his wriſt he bond;
So, ready dight fierce battail to aſſay,
And match his Brother proud in battailons array.

23.

By this, that ſtranger Knight in preſence came,
And goodly ſalved them: who nought again
Him anſwered, as courteſie became;
But with ſtern looks, and ſtomachous diſdain,
Gave ſigns of grudge and diſcontentment vain.
Then, turning to the Palmer, he gan ſpy,
Where, at his feet, with ſorrowful demain
And deadly hew, an armed corſe did lye,
In whoſe dead face he read great magnanimity.

24.

Said he then to the Palmer, Reverend ſyre,
What great misfortune hath betid this Knight?
Or did his life her fatal date expire,
Or did he fall by treaſon, or by fight?
However, ſure I rew his pitious plight.
Nor one, nor other, ſaid the Palmer grave,
Hath him befaln, but clowds of deadly Knight
Awhile his heavy eyelids cover'd have,
And all his ſenſes drowned in deep ſenſeleſs wave.

25.

Which, thoſe ſame foes that doen await hereby,
Making advantage, to revenge their ſpight,
Would him diſarm, and treaten ſhamefully;
(Unworthy uſage of redoubted Knight.)
But you, fair Sir, whoſe honourable ſight
Doth promiſe hope of help, and timely grace,
Mote I beſeech to ſuccour his ſad plight,
And by your powre protect his feeble caſe.
Firſt praiſe of Knighthood is, foul outrage to deface.

26.

Palmer, ſaid he, no Knight ſo rude (I ween)
As to doen outrage to a ſleeping Ghoſt:
Ne was there ever noble courage ſeen,
That in advantage would his puiſſance boſt:
Honour is leaſt, where odds appeareth moſt.
May be, that better reaſon will aſſwage
The raſh revengers heat. Words well diſpoſt
Have ſecret powre, t'appeaſe inflamed rage:
If not, leave unto me thy Knights laſt patronage.

27.

Tho, turning to thoſe brethren, thus beſpoke;
Ye warlike pair, whoſe valorous great might,
It ſeems, juſt wrongs to vengeance do provoke,
To wreak your wrath on this dead-ſeeming Knight,
Mote ought allay the ſtorm of your deſpight,
And ſettle patience in ſo furious heat;
Not to debate the challenge of your right,
But for this carcaſſe pardon I entreat,
Whom fortune hath already laid in loweſt ſeat.

28.

To whom *Cymocles* ſaid; For what art thou,
That mak'ſt thy ſelf his days-man, to prolong
The vengeance preſt? Or who ſhall let me now
On this vile body for to wreak my wrong,
And make his carcaſſe as the outcaſt dong?
Why ſhould not that dead carrion ſatisfie
The guilt, which if he lived had thus long,
His life for due revenge ſhould dear abide?
The treſpaſs ſtill doth live, albe the perſon die.

29.

Indeed, then ſaid the Prince, the evil done
Dyes not, when breath the body firſt doth leave;
But from the grandſire to the Nephews Son,
And all his ſeed the curſe doth often cleave,
Till vengeance utterly the guilt bereave:
So ſtraightly God doth judge. But gentle Knight,
That doth againſt the dead his hand uprear,
His honour ſtains with rancour and deſpight,
And great diſparagement makes to his former might.

30.

Pyrrocles gan reply the ſecond time,
And to him ſaid, Now felon ſure I read,
How that thou art partaker of his crime:
Therefore by *Termagaunt* thou ſhalt be dead.
With that, his hand (more ſad than lump of lead)
Uplifting high, he weened with *Morddure*,
His own good ſword *Morddure*, to cleave his head.
The faithful ſteel ſuch treaſon no'uld endure,
But ſwarving from the mark, his Lords life did aſſure.

31.

Yet was the force ſo furious and ſo fell,
That horſe and man it made to reel aſide:
Nath'leſs the Prince would not forſake his ſell
(For, well of yore he learned had to ride)
But full of anger fiercely to him cryde;
Falſe Traytor, miſcreant, thou broken haſt
The Law of Arms to ſtrike foe undefide:
But thou thy treaſons fruit (I hope) ſhalt taſte
Right ſowre, and feel the law, the which thou haſt defac't.

32.

With that, his baleful ſpear he fiercely bent
Againſt the Pagans breaſt, and therewith thought
His curſed life out of her lodge have rent:
But ere the poynt arrived where it ought,
That ſeven-fold ſhield, which he from *Guyon* brought,
He caſt between, to ward the bitter ſtound:
Through all thoſe folds the ſteel-head paſſage wrought,
And through his ſhoulder pearc't; wherewith to ground
He groveling fell, all gored in his guſhing wound.

33.

Which when his Brother ſaw, fraught with great grief
And wrath, he to him leaped furiouſly,
And fouly ſaid, By *Mahoune*, curſed thief,
That direful ſtroak thou dearly ſhalt aby.
Then hurling up his harmful blade on hie,
Smote him ſo hugely on his haughty creſt,
That from his ſaddle forced him to fly:
Elſe mote it needs down to his manly breſt
Have cleft his head in twain, and life thence diſpoſſeſt.

Now

34.

Now was the Prince in dangerous diſtreſs,
Wanting his ſword, when he on foot ſhould fight:
His ſingle ſpear could do him ſmall redreſs,
Againſt two foes of ſo exceeding might,
The leaſt of which was match for any Knight,
And now the other, whom he earſt did daunt,
Had reard himſelf again to cruel fight,
Three times more furious, and more puiſſaunt,
Unmindful of his wound, of his fate ignoraunt.

35.

So, both attonce him charge on either ſide,
With hideous ſtroaks, and importable powre,
That forced him his ground to traverſe wide,
And wiſely watch to ward that deadly ſtowre.
For, on his ſhield, as thick as ſtormy ſhowre
Their ſtroaks did rain: yet did he never quail,
Ne backward ſhrink; but as a ſtedfaſt towre,
Whom foe with double battry doth aſſail,
Them on her bulwark bears, and bids them nought avail.

36.

So ſtoutly he withſtood their ſtrong aſſay,
Till that at laſt, when he advantage ſpide,
His poynant ſpear he thruſt with puiſſant ſway
At proud *Cymocles*, whiles his ſhield was wide,
That through his thigh the mortal ſteel did gride:
He, ſwarving with the force, within his fleſh
Did break the launce, and let the head abide:
Out of the wound the red blood flowed freſh,
That underneath his feet ſoon made a purple pleſh.

37.

Horribly then he gan to rage, and rail,
Curſing his gods, and himſelf damming deep:
Als when his Brother ſaw the red blood trail
Adown ſo faſt, and all his armour ſteep,
For very felneſs loud he gan to weep,
And ſaid, Caytive, curſe on thy cruel hond,
That twice hath ſped; yet ſhall it not thee keep
From the third brunt of this my fatal brond:
Lo, where the dreadful Death behind thy back doth ſtond.

38.

With that he ſtrook, and th'other ſtrook withall,
That nothing ſeem'd mote bear ſo monſtrous might:
The one upon his cover'd ſhield did fall,
And glauncing down, would not his owner bite:
But th'other did upon his troncheon ſmite;
Which hewing quite aſunder, further way
It made, and on his hacqueton did lite,
The which dividing with importune ſway,
It ſeiz'd in his right ſide, and there the dint did ſtay.

39.

Wide was the wound, and a large luke-warm flood,
Red as the Roſe, thence guſhed grievouſly;
That when the Paynim ſpide the ſtreaming blood,
Gave him great hart, and hope of victory.
On th'other ſide, in huge perplexity,
The Prince now ſtood, having his weapon broke;
Nought could he hurt, but ſtill at ward did lie:
Yet with his troncheon he ſo rudely ſtroke
Cymocles twice, that twice him forc't his foot revoke.

40.

Whom when the Palmer ſaw in ſuch diſtreſs,
Sir *Guyons* ſword he lightly to him raught,
And ſaid; Fair Son, great God thy right-hand bleſs,
To uſe that ſword ſo wiſely as it aught.
Glad was the Knight, and with freſh courage fraught,
When as again he armed felt his hond;
Then like a Lyon, which hath long time faught
His robbed Whelps, and at the laſt them fond
Emongſt the Shepherd ſwains, then wexed wood and yond:

41.

So fierce he laid about him, and dealt blows
On either ſide, that neither mail could hold,
Ne ſhield defend the thunder of his throws:
Now to *Pyrrocles* many ſtrokes he told;
Eft to *Cymocles* twice ſo manifold:
Then back again turning his buſie hond,
Them both attonce compel'd with courage bold,
To yield wide way to his hart-thrilling brond;
And though they both ſtood ſtiff, yet could not both withſtood.

42.

As ſalvage Bull, whom two fierce maſtives bayt,
When rancour doth with rage him once engore,
Forgets with wary ward them to await,
But with his dreadful horns them drives afore,
Or flings aloft, or treads down in the flore,
Breathing out wrath, and bellowing diſdain,
That all the Foreſt quakes to hear him rore:
So rag'd Prince *Arthur* twixt his foemen twain,
That neither could his mighty puiſſance ſuſtain.

43.

But ever at *Pyrrocles* when he ſmit
(Who *Guyons* ſhield caſt ever him before,
Whereon the Fairy Queens pourtract was writ)
His hand relented, and the ſtroke forbore,
And his dear hart the picture gan adore:
Which oft the Paynim ſav'd from deadly ſtowre.
But him hence-forth the ſame can ſave no more;
For, now arrived is the fatal howre,
That no'te avoyded be by earthly skill or powre.

44.

For, when *Cymocles* ſaw the foul reproch,
Which them appeached; prickt with guilty ſhame,
And inward grief, he fiercely gan approch,
Reſolv'd to put-away that loathly blame,
Or dye with honour and deſert of fame;
And on the hauberk ſtrook the Prince ſo ſore,
That quite diſparted all the linked frame,
And pearced to the skin, but bit no more,
Yet made him twice to reel, that never mov'd afore.

45.

Whereat renfierc't with wrath and ſharp regret,
He ſtrook ſo hugely with his borrow'd blade,
That it empearc't the Pagans burganet,
And cleaving the hard ſteel, did deep invade
Into his head, and cruel paſſage made (ground,
Quite through his brain. He tumbling down on
Breath'd out his Ghoſt; which to th'infernal ſhade
Faſt flying, there eternal torment found,
For all the ſins, where-with his lewd life did abound.

46.

Which when his German ſaw, the ſtony fear
Ran to his hart, and all his ſenſe diſmay'd,
Ne thenceforth life ne courage did appear;
But as a man whom helliſh fiends have fray'd,
Long trembling ſtill he ſtood: at laſt thus ſaid;
Traytor, what haſt thou doen? how ever may
Thy curſed hand ſo cruelly have ſway'd
Againſt that Knight? Harrow and weal-away!
After ſo wicked deed why liv'ſt thou longer day!

47.

With that all deſperate, as loathing light,
And with revenge deſiring ſoon to dye,
Aſſembling all his force and utmoſt might,
With his own ſword he fierce at him did fly,
And ſtrook, and foyn'd, and laſht outrageouſly,
Withouten reaſon or regard. Well knew
The Prince, with patience and ſufferance fly
So haſty heat ſoon cooled to ſubdue:
Tho, when he breathleſs wox, that battail gan renue.

48.

As when a windy tempeſt bloweth hie,
That nothing may withſtand his ſtormy ſtowre,
The clowds (as things afraid) before him fly;
But all ſo ſoon as his outrageous powre
Is layd, they fiercely then begin to ſhoure,
And as in ſcorn of his ſpent ſtormy ſpight,
Now all attonce their malice forth do pour;
So did Prince *Arthur* bear himſelf in fight,
And ſuffred raſh *Pyrrocles* waſte his idle might.

49.

At laſt, when as the Sarazin perceiv'd,
How that ſtrange ſword refus'd to ſerve his need,
But when he ſtrook moſt ſtrong, the dint deceiv'd,
He flong it from him, and devoy'd of dreed,
Upon him lightly leaping without heed,
Twixt his two mighty arms engraſped faſt,
Thinking to overthrow, and down him tred:
But him in ſtrength and skill the Prince ſurpaſt,
And through his nimble ſleight did under him down caſt.

50.

Nought booted it the Paynim then to ſtrive;
For, as a Bittur in the Eagles claw,
That may not hope by flight to ſcape alive,
Still waits for death with dread and trembling awe;
So he, now ſubject to the Victors law,
Did not once move, nor upward caſt his eye,
For vile diſdain and rancour, which did gnaw
His hart in twain with ſad melancholy,
As one that loathed life, and yet deſpis'd to dye.

51.

But full of Princely bounty and great mind,
The Conquerour nought cared him to ſlay,
But caſting wrongs and all revenge behind,
More glory thought to give life, than decay,
And ſaid, Paynim, this is thy diſmal day;
Yet if thou wilt renounce thy miſcreance,
And my true liegeman yield thy ſelf for aye,
Life will I graunt thee for thy valiance,
And all thy wrongs will wipe out of my ſovenaunce.

52.

Fool, ſaid the Pagan, I thy gift defie:
But uſe thy fortune, as it doth befall,
And ſay, that I not overcome do dye,
But in deſpight of life, for death do call.
Wroth was the Prince, and ſory yet withall
That he ſo wilfully refuſed grace;
Yet ſith his fate ſo cruelly did fall,
His ſhining helmet he gan ſoon unlace,
And left his headleſs body bleeding all the place.

53.

By this, Sir *Guyon* from his trance awak't,
Life having maſtered her ſenſeleſs foe;
And looking up, when as his ſhield he lackt,
And ſword ſaw not, he wexed wondrous woe:
But when the Palmer, whom he long ygoe
Had loſt, he by him ſpide, right glad he grew,
And ſaid, Dear ſir, whom wandring to and fro
I long have lackt, I joy thy face to view;
Firm is thy faith, whom danger never fro me drew.

54.

But read what wicked hand hath robbed me
Of my good ſword and ſhield. The Palmer glad,
With ſo freſh hew upriſing him to ſee,
Him anſwered; Fair Son, be no whit ſad
For want of weapons: they ſhall ſoon be had,
So gan he to diſcourſe the whole debate,
Which that ſtrange Knight for him ſuſtained had,
And thoſe two Sarazins confounded late,
Whoſe carcaſſes on ground were horribly proſtrate.

55.

Which when he heard, and ſaw the tokens true,
His hart with great affection was embay'd,
And to the Prince with bowing reverence due,
As to the Patron of his life, thus ſaid;
My Lord, my liege, by whoſe moſt gracious ayd
I live this day, and ſee my foes ſubdew'd,
What may ſuffice, to be for meed repay'd
Of ſo great graces, as ye have me ſhew'd,
But to be ever bound

56.

To whom the Infant thus; Fair Sir, what need
Good turns be counted as a ſervile bond,
To bind their doers to receive their meed?
Are not all Knights by oath bound to withſtond
Oppreſſours powre by arms and puiſſant hond?
Suffice, that I have done my due in place.
So, goodly purpoſe they together found,
Of kindneſs and of curteous aggrace;
The whiles falſe *Archimage* and *Atin* fled apace.

CANT.

CANTO IX.

The houſe of Temperance, in which doth ſober Alma *dwell,*
Beſieg'd of many foes, whom ſtranger knights to fight compell.

1.

OF all Gods works, which do this world adorn,
There is no one more fair and excellent,
Than is mans body both for powre and form,
Whiles it is kept in ſober government;
But none than it more foul and indecent,
Diſtempred through miſrule and paſſions baſe:
It grows a Monſter, and incontinent
Doth loſe his dignity and native grace.
Behold (who liſt) both one and other in this place.

2.

After the Paynim brethren conquer'd were,
The *Briton* Prince recov'ring his ſtoln ſword,
And *Guyon* his loſt ſhield, they both yfere
Forth paſſed on their way in fair accord,
Till him the Prince with gentle court did bord;
Sir Knight, mote I of you this curt'ſie read,
To weet why on your ſhield (ſo goodly ſcord)
Bear ye the picture of that Ladies head?
Full lively is the ſemblaunt, though the ſubſtance dead.

3.

Fair Sir, ſaid he, if in that picture dead
Such life ye read, and vertue in vain ſhew,
What mote ye ween, if the true lively-head
Of that moſt glorious viſage ye did view?
But if the beauty of her mind ye knew,
That is, her bounty, and imperial powre,
Thouſand times fairer than her mortal hew,
O how great wonder would your thoughts devoure,
And infinite deſire into your ſpirit poure.

4.

She is the mighty Queen of *Fairy*,
Whoſe fair retrait I in my ſhield do bear;
She is the flowre of grace and chaſtity,
Throughout the world renowned far and near,
My life, my liege, my Soveraign, my dear,
Whoſe glory ſhineth as the morning Star,
And with her light the earth enlumines clear;
Far reach her mercies, and her praiſes far,
As well in ſtate of peace, as puiſſaunce in War.

5.

Thrice happy man, ſaid then the *Briton* Knight,
Whom gracious lot, and thy great valiaunce
Have made a ſouldier of that Princeſs bright,
Which with her bounty and glad countenaunce
Doth bleſs her ſervants, and them high advance.
How may ſtrange Knight hope ever to aſpire,
By faithful ſervice, and meet amenance
Unto ſuch bliſs? Sufficient were that hire
For loſs of thouſand lives, to dye at her deſire.

6.

Said *Guyon*, Noble Lord, what meed ſo great,
Or grace of earthly Prince ſo ſoveraign,
But by your wondrous worth and warlike feat
Ye well may hope, and eaſily attain?
But were your will, her ſold to entertain,
And numbred be mongſt Knights of *Maydenhead*,
Great guerdon (well I wote) ſhould you remain,
And in her favour high be reckoned,
As *Arthegall*, and *Sophy* now been honoured.

7.

Certes, then ſaid the Prince, I God avow,
That ſince I arms and Knighthood firſt did plight,
My whole deſire hath been, and yet is now,
To ſerve that Queen with all my powre and might.
Now hath the Sun with his lamp-burning light,
Walkt round about the world, and I no leſs,
Since of that Goddeſs I have ſought the ſight,
Yet no where can her find: ſuch happineſs
Heaven doth to me envy, and fortune favourleſs.

8.

Fortune (the foe of famous cheviſaunce)
Sildome (ſaid *Guyon*) yields to vertue aid,
But in her way throws miſchief and miſchaunce,
Whereby her courſe is ſtopt, and paſſage ſtaid.
But you, fair Sir, be not herewith diſmay'd,
But conſtant keep the way in which ye ſtand;
Which were it not, that I am elſe delai'd
With hard adventure, which I have in hand,
I labour would to guide you through all Fairy land.

9.

Gramercy Sir, ſaid he; but mote I wote,
What ſtrange adventure do ye now purſue?
Perhaps my ſuccour, or advizement meet,
Mote ſtead you much your purpoſe to ſubdue.
Then gan Sir *Guyon* all the ſtory ſhew
Of falſe *Acraſia*, and her wicked wiles,
Which to avenge, the Palmer him forth drew
From Fairy Court. So talked they, the whiles
They waſted had much way, and meaſur'd many miles.

10.

And now fair *Phœbus* gan decline in haſte
His weary wagon to the weſtern vale,
When as they ſpide a goodly Caſtle, plac't
Foreby a River in a pleaſant dale;
Which chooſing for that evenings hoſpitale,
They thither marcht, but when they came in ſight,
And from their ſweaty courſers did avale,
They found the gates faſt barred long ere night,
And every loup faſt lockt, as fearing foes deſpight.

11.

Which when they ſaw, they weened foul reproch
Was to them doen, their entrance to foreſtall,
Till that the Squire gan nigher to approch;
And wind his horn under the Caſtle wall,
That with the noyſe it ſhook, as it would fall:
Eftſoons forth looked from the higheſt ſpire
The watch, and loud unto the Knights did call,
To weet what they ſo rudely did require:
Who gently anſwered, They entrance did deſire.

12.

Fly, fly, good Knights, ſaid he, fly faſt away,
If that your lives ye love, as meet you ſhould;
Fly faſt, and ſave your ſelves from near decay,
Here may ye not have entrance, though we would:
We would and would again, if that we could;
But thouſand enemies about us rave,
And with long ſiege us in this Caſtle hold:
Seven years thus wiſe they us beſieged have,
And many good Knight ſlain, that have us ſought to ſave.

13.

Thus as he ſpake, loe, with outrageous cry
A thouſand villains round about them ſwarm'd
Out of the rocks and caves adjoyning nigh,
Vile caitive wretches, ragged, rude, deform'd,
All threatning Death, all in ſtrange manner arm'd,
Some with unweldy clubs, ſome with long ſpears,
Some ruſty knives, ſome ſtaves in fire warm'd.
Stern was their look, like wild amazed Steers,
Staring with hollow eyes, and ſtiff upſtanding ears.

14.

Fiercely at firſt thoſe Knights they did aſſail,
And drave them to recoil: but when again
They gave freſh charge, their forces gan to fail,
Unable their encounter to ſuſtain;
For, with ſuch puiſſance and impetuous main
Thoſe Champions broke on them, that forc't them fly,
Like ſcattered ſheep, when as the Shepherds ſwain
A Lyon and a Tygre doth eſpy,
With greedy paſe forth ruſhing from the Foreſt nigh.

15.

A while they fled, but ſoon return'd again
With greater fury than before was found;
And evermore their cruel Capitain
Sought with his raſcal routs t'encloſe them round,
And (ove-run) to tread them to the ground.
But ſoon the Knights with their bright-burning blades
Broke their rude Troops, and orders did confound,
Hewing and ſlaſhing at their idle ſhades; (fades.
For, though they bodies ſeem, yet ſubſtance from them

16.

As when a ſwarm of Gnats at eventide
Out of the fens of Allan do ariſe,
Their murmuring ſmall trumpets ſounden wide,
Whiles in the air their cluſtring armies flyes,
That as a cloud doth ſeem to dim the skyes;
Ne man nor beaſt may reſt, or take repaſt,
For their ſharp wounds, and noyous injuries,
Till the fierce Northern wind with bluſtring blaſt
Doth blow them quite away, and in the Ocean caſt.

17.

Thus when they had that troublous rout diſperſt,
Unto the Caſtle gate they come again,
And entrance crav'd, which was denyed erſt.
Now, when report of that their perilous pain,
And combrous conflict which they did ſuſtain,
Came to the Ladies ear which there did dwell,
She forth iſſued with a goodly train
Of Squires and Ladies equipaged well,
And entertained them right fairly, as befell.

18.

Alma ſhe called was, a virgin bright;
That had not yet felt *Cupids* wanton rage,
Yet was ſhe woo'd of many a gentle Knight,
And many a Lord of noble parentage,
That ſought with her to link in marriage:
For, ſhe was fair, as fair mote ever be,
And in the flowre now of her freſheſt age;
Yet full of grace and goodly modeſtee,
That even heaven rejoyced her ſweet face to ſee.

19.

In robe of Lilly white ſhe was array'd,
That from her ſhoulder to her heel down raught,
The train whereof looſe far behind her ſtray'd,
Branched with gold and pearl, moſt richly wrought,
And born of two fair Damzels, which were taught
That ſervice well. Her yellow golden hair
Was trimly woven, and in treſſes wrought,
Ne other tyre ſhe on her head did wear,
But crowned with a garland of ſweet Roſier.

20.

Goodly ſhe entertain'd thoſe noble Knights,
And brought them up into her Caſtle Hall;
Where, gentle court and gracious delight;
She to them made, with mildneſs virginal,
Shewing her ſelf both wiſe and liberal:
There when they reſted had a ſeaſon dew,
They her beſought of favour ſpecial,
Of that fair Caſtle to afford them view;
She granted, and them leading forth, the ſame did ſhew.

21.

Firſt, ſhe them led up to the Caſtle wall,
That was ſo high, that foe might not it clime,
And all ſo fair, and ſenſible withall,
Not built of brick, ne yet of ſtone and lime,
But of thing like to that *Egyptian* ſlime,
Whereof King *Nine* whilom built *Babel* Towre;
But O great pity, that no longer time
So goodly workmanſhip ſhould not endure:
Soon it muſt turn to earth; no earthly thing is ſure.

22.

The frame thereof ſeem'd partly circulare,
And part triangulare: O work divine!
Thoſe two the firſt and laſt proportions are,
The one imperfect, mortal, fœminine;
Th'other immortal, perfect, maſculine;
And twixt them both a quadrat was the baſe,
Proportion'd equally by ſeven and nine;
Nine was the circle ſet in heavens place,
All which compacted, made a goodly *Diapaſe*.

23.

Therein two gates were placed ſeemly well:
The one before, by which all in did paſs,
Did th'other far in workmanſhip excell;
For, not of wood, nor of enduring braſs,
But of more worthy ſubſtance fram'd it was;
Doubly diſparted, it did lock and cloſe,
That when it locked, none might thorough paſs,
And when it opened, no man might it cloſe,
Still open to their friends, and cloſed to their foes.

Of

24.

Of hewen ſtone the porch was fairly wrought,
Stone more of valew, and more ſmooth and fine,
Than Jet or Marble far from *Ireland* brought;
Over the which was caſt a wandring Vine,
Enchaced with a wanton Ivy twine.
And over it a fair Portcullis hong,
Which to the gate directly did incline,
With comly compaſs, and compacture ſtrong,
Neither unſeemly ſhort, nor yet exceeding long.

25.

Within the *Barbican* a Porter ſate,
Day and night duly keeping watch and ward:
Nor wight, nor word mote paſs out of the gate,
But in good order, and with due regard;
Utterers of ſecrets he from thence debar'd,
Babblers of folly, and blazers of crime.
His larum-bell might loud and wide be heard
When cauſe requir'd, but never out of time;
Early and late it rong, at evening and at prime.

26.

And round about the porch on every ſide
Twice ſixteen warders ſate, all armed bright
In gliſtring ſteel, and ſtrongly fortifi'd:
Tall yeomen ſeemed they, and of great might,
And were enranged ready ſtill for fight.
By them as *Alma* paſſed with her gueſts,
They did obeyſance, as beſeemed right,
And then again returned to their reſts:
The Porter eke to her did lout with humble geſts.

27.

Thence ſhe them brought into a ſtately Hall,
Wherein were many tables fair diſſpred,
And ready dight with drapets feaſtival,
Againſt the viands ſhould be miniſtred.
At th'upper end there ſate, yclad in red
Down to the ground, a comely perſonage,
That in his hand a white rod menaged:
He Steward was hight *Dyet*; ripe of age,
And in demeanure ſober, and in counſel ſage.

28.

And through the Hall there walked to and fro
A jolly yeoman, Marſhal of the ſame,
Who name was *Appetite*; he did beſtow
Both gueſts and meet, when ever in they came,
And knew then how to order without blame,
As him the Steward bade. They both attone
Did duty to their Lady, as became;
Who paſſing by, forth led her gueſts anone
Into the Kitchin room, ne ſpar'd for niceneſs none.

29.

It was a vaut ybuilt for great diſpence,
With many raunges rear'd along the wall;
And one great Chimney, whoſe long tonnel thence,
The ſmoke forth threw. And in the midſt of all
There placed was a caudron wide and tall,
Upon a mighty furnace, burning hot,
More hot than *Aetn*' or flaming *Montgiball*:
For, day and night it brent, ne ceaſed not,
So long as any thing it in the caudron got.

30.

But to delay the heat, leaſt by miſchance
It might break out, and ſet the whole on fire,
There added was by goodly ordinance,
An huge great pair of bellows, which did ſtire
Continually, and cooling breath inſpire.
About the caudron many Cooks accoyl'd,
With hooks and ladles, as need did require;
The whiles the viands in the veſſel boyl'd
They did about their buſineſs ſweat, and ſorely toyl'd.

31.

The maſter Cook was cal'd *Concoction*,
A careful man, and full of comely guiſe:
The Kitchin Clerk, that hight *Digeſtion*,
Did order all the cates in ſeemly wiſe,
And ſet them forth, as well he could deviſe.
The reſt had ſeveral offices aſſign'd:
Some to remove the ſcum as it did riſe;
Others to bear the ſame away did mind;
And others it to uſe according to his kind.

32.

But all the liquour, which was foul and waſte,
Nor good nor ſerviceable elſe for ought,
They in another great round veſſel plac't,
Till by a conduit pipe it thence were brought:
And all the reſt, that noyous was and nought,
By ſecret ways that none might it eſpy,
Was cloſe convay'd, and to the back-gate brought,
That cleped was *Port Eſquiline*, whereby
It was avoyded quite, and thrown out privily.

33.

Which goodly order, and great workmans skill
When as thoſe Knights beheld, with rare delight
And gazing wonder they their minds did fill;
For, never had they ſeen ſo ſtrange a ſight.
Thence back again fair *Alma* led them right,
And ſoon into a goodly Parlour brought,
That was with royal Arras richly dight,
In which was nothing pourtrahed, nor wrought,
Not wrought, nor pourtrahed, but eaſie to be thought.

34.

And in the midſt thereof upon the flour,
A lovely bevy of fair Ladies ſate,
Courted of many a jolly Paramour,
The which them did in modeſt wiſe amate,
And each one ſought his Lady to aggrate:
And eke emongſt them little *Cupid* plaid
His wanton ſports, being returned late
From his fierce wars, and having from him lay'd
His cruel bowe, wherewith he thouſands hath diſmay'd.

35.

Diverſe delights they found themſelves to pleaſe;
Some ſung in ſweet conſort, ſome laught for joy,
Some plaid with ſtraws, ſome idle ſate at eaſe;
But otherſome could not abide to toy,
All pleaſance was to them grief and annoy:
This froun'd, that faun'd, the third for ſhame did bluſh,
Another ſeemed envious, or coy,
Another in her teeth did gnaw a ruſh:
But at theſe ſtrangers preſence every one did huſh.

Soon

36.

Soon as the gracious *Alma* came in place,
They all attonce out of their ſeats aroſe,
And to her homage made, with humble grace:
Whom, when the Knights beheld, they gan diſpoſe
Themſelves to Court, and each a Damſel choſe:
The Prince (by chance) did on a Lady light,
That was right fair and freſh as morning roſe,
But ſome-what ſad, and ſolemn eke in ſight,
As if ſome penſive thought conſtrain'd her gentle ſpright.

37.

In a long purple pall, whoſe skirt with gold
Was fretted all about, ſhe was array'd;
And in her hand a Poplar branch did hold:
To whom the Prince in curteous manner ſaid;
Gentle Madame, why been ye thus diſmaid,
And your fair beauty do with ſadneſs ſpill?
Lives any, that you hath thus ill apaid?
Or doen you love, or do you lack your will?
Whatever be the cauſe, it ſure beſeems you ill.

38.

Fair Sir, ſaid ſhe (halfe in diſdainful wiſe)
How is it that this word in me ye blame,
And in your ſelf do not the ſame adviſe?
Him ill beſeems, anothers fault to name,
That may unwares be blotted with the ſame:
Penſive I yield I am, and ſad in mind,
Through great deſire of glory and of fame;
Ne ought (I ween) are ye therein behind, (find.
That have twelve months ſought one, yet no where can her

39.

The Prince was inly moved at her ſpeech,
Well weeting true, what ſhe had raſhly told;
Yet with fair ſemblaunt ſoft to hide the breach,
Which change of colour did perforce unfold,
Now ſeeming flaming hot, now ſtony cold.
Tho, turning ſoft aſide, he did inquire,
What wight ſhe was, that Poplar branch did hold:
It anſwer'd was, her name was *Praiſe-deſire*,
That by well doing ſought to honour to aſpire.

40.

The whiles, the Fairy Knight did entertain
Another Damſel of that gentle crew,
That was right fair, and modeſt of demain,
But that too oft ſhe chang'd her native hew:
Strange was her tire, and all her garment blew,
Cloſe round about her tuckt with many a plight:
Upon her fiſt, the bird which ſhunneth view,
And keeps in coverts cloſe from living wight,
Did ſit, as yet aſham'd, how rude *Pan* did her dight.

41.

So long as *Guyon* with her communed,
Unto the ground ſhe caſt her modeſt eye,
And ever and anone with roſie red
The baſhful blood her ſnowy cheeks did dye,
That her became, as poliſht Ivory,
Which cunning Craftsmans hand hath overlaid
With fair Vermilion or pure laſtery.
Great wonder had the Knight to ſee the maid
So ſtrangely paſſioned, and to her gently ſaid;

42.

Fair Damſel, ſeemeth by your troubled chear,
That either me too bold ye ween, thus wiſe
You to moleſt, or other ill to fear
That in the ſecret of your heart cloſe lyes,
From whence it doth, as clowd from ſea ariſe.
If it be I, of pardon I you pray;
But if ought elſe that I mote not deviſe,
I will (if pleaſe you it diſcure) aſſay
To eaſe you of that ill, ſo wiſely as I may.

43.

She anſwered nought, but more abaſht for ſhame,
Held down her head, the whiles her lovely face
The flaſhing blood with bluſhing did inflame,
And the ſtrong paſſion mar'd her modeſt grace,
That *Guyon* marvail'd at her uncouth caſe:
Till *Alma* him beſpake, Why wonder ye
Fair Sir at that, which ye ſo much embrace?
She is the fountain of your modeſty;
You ſhamefac't are, but *Shamefaſtneſs* it ſelf is ſhe.

44.

Thereat the Elf did bluſh in privitee,
And turn'd his face away; but ſhe the ſame
Diſſembled fair, and fain'd to overſee.
Thus they awhile with court and goodly game,
Themſelves did ſolace each one with his Dame,
Till that great Lady thence away them ſought,
To view her Caſtles other wondrous frame.
Up to a ſtately Turret ſhe them brought,
Aſcending by ten ſteps of Alabaſter wrought.

45.

That Turrets frame moſt admirable was,
Like higheſt heaven compaſſed around,
And lifted high above this earthly maſs,
Which it ſurview'd, as hills doen lower ground;
But not on ground mote like to this be found,
Not that which antique *Cadmus* whilome built
In *Thebes*, which *Alexander* did confound;
Nor that proud towre of *Troy*, though richly gilt,
From which young *Hectors* blood by cruel *Greeks* was (ſpilt.

46.

The roof hereof was arched over head,
And deckt with flowers and herbars daintily;
Two goodly Beacons, ſet in watches ſtead,
Therein gave light, and flam'd continually:
For, they of living fire moſt ſubtilly
Were made, and ſet in ſilver ſockets bright,
Cover'd with lids deviz'd of ſubſtance ſly,
That readily they ſhut and open might.
O, who can tell the praiſes of that makers might!

47.

Ne can I tell, ne can I ſtay to tell
This parts great workmanſhip, and wondrous powre,
That all this other worlds work doth excell,
And likeſt is unto that heavenly towre,
That God hath built for his own bleſſed bowre.
Therein were diverſe rooms, and diverſe ſtages,
But three the chiefeſt, and of greateſt powre,
In which there dwelt three honourable ſages,
The wiſeſt men (I ween) that lived in their ages.

Not

48.

Not he, whom *Greece* (the Nurſe of all good Arts)
By *Phœbus* doom, the wiſeſt thought alive,
Might be compar'd to theſe by many parts:
Nor that ſage *Pylian* ſire, which did ſurvive,
Three ages, ſuch as mortal men contrive,
By whoſe adviſe old *Priams* City fell,
With theſe in praiſe of policies mote ſtrive.
Theſe three in theſe three rooms did ſundry dwell,
And counſelled fair *Alma*, how to govern well.

49.

The firſt of them could things to come fore-ſee:
The next, could of things preſent beſt adviſe;
The third, things paſt could keep in memoree:
So that no time, nor reaſon could ariſe,
But that the ſame could one of theſe comprize.
For thy, the firſt did in the fore-part ſit,
That nought mote hinder his quick prejudize:
He had a ſharp fore-ſight, and working wit,
That never idle was, ne once could reſt a whit.

50.

His chamber was diſpainted all within,
With ſundry colours, in the which were writ
Infinite ſhapes of things diſperſed thin;
Some ſuch as in the world were never yit,
Ne can deviſed be of mortal wit;
Some daily ſeen, and knowen by their names,
Such as in idle fantaſies do flit:
Infernal Hags, *Centaures*, Feends, *Hippodames*,
Apes, Lyons, Eagles, Owles, fools, lovers, children, (Dames.

51.

And all the chamber filled was with flyes,
Which buzzed all about, and made ſuch ſound,
That they encombred all mens ears and eyes,
Like many ſwarms of Bees aſſembled round,
After their hives with hony do abound:
All thoſe were idle thoughts and fantaſies,
Devices, dreams, opinions unſound,
Shews, viſions, ſooth-ſayes, and propheſies;
And all that fained is, as leaſings, tales, and lies.

52.

Emongſt them all ſate he which wonned there,
That hight *Phantaſtes* by his nature trew;
A man of years yet freſh, as mote appear,
Of ſwarth complexion, and of crabbed hew,
That him full of melancholy did ſhew;
Bent hollow beetle brows, ſharp ſtaring eyes,
That mad or fooliſh ſeem'd: one by his view
Mote deem him born with ill diſpoſed skyes,
When oblique *Saturn* ſate in th'houſe of agonies.

53.

Whom *Alma* having ſhewed to her gueſts,
Thence brought them to the ſecond room, whoſe walls
Were painted fair with memorable geſts
Of famous Wiſards, and with picturals
Of Magiſtrates, of courts, of tribunals,
Of common wealthes, of States, of policy,
Of laws, of judgments, and of decretals;
All Arts, all Science, all Philoſophy,
And all that in the world was aye thought wittily.

54.

Of thoſe that room was full: and them among
There ſate a man of ripe and perfect age,
Who did them meditate all his life long;
That through continual practiſe and uſage,
He now was grown right wiſe, and wondrous ſage.
Great pleaſure had thoſe ſtranger Knights, to ſee
His goodly reaſon, and grave perſonage,
That his diſciples both deſir'd to be;
But *Alma* thence them led to th'hindmoſt room of three.

55.

That chamber ſeemed ruinous and old,
And therefore was removed far behind,
Yet were the walls, that did the ſame uphold,
Right firm and ſtrong, though ſomewhat they declin'd;
And therein ſate an old old man, half blind,
And all decrepit in his feeble corſe,
Yet lively vigour reſted in his mind,
And recompenc't him with a better ſcorce:
Weak body well is chang'd for minds redoubled force.

56.

This man of infinite remembrance was,
And things foregone through many ages held,
Which he recorded ſtill as they did paſs,
Ne ſuffred them to periſh through long eld,
As all things elſe, the which this world doth wel'd,
But laid them up in his immortal ſcrine,
Where they for ever incorrupted dwel'd;
The wars he well remembred of King *Nine*,
Of old *Aſſaracus*, and *Inachus* Divine.

57.

The years of *Neſtor* nothing were to his,
Ne yet *Methuſalem*, though longeſt liv'd;
For, he remembred both their infancies:
Ne wonder then, if that he were depriv'd
Of native ſtrength now, that he them ſurviv'd.
His chamber all was hang'd about with roles,
And old records from ancient times deriv'd,
Some made in books, ſome in long parchment ſcroles,
That were all worm-eaten, and full of canker holes.

58.

Amidſt them all he in a chair was ſet,
Toſſing and turning them withouten end;
But for he was unable them to fet,
A little boy did on him ſtill attend
To reach, when ever he for ought did ſend;
And oft when things were loſt, or laid amiſs,
That boy them ſought, and unto him did lend:
Therefore he *Anamneſtes* cleped it,
And that old man *Eumneſtes*, by their properties.

59.

The Knights, there entring, did him reverence dew,
And wondred at his endleſs exerciſe.
Then as they gan his Library to view,
And antique Regiſters for to aviſe,
There chanced to the Princes hand to riſe
An ancient book, hight *Briton Moniments*,
That of this Lands firſt conqueſt did deviſe,
And old diviſion into Regiments,
Till it reduced was to one mans Governments.

60.

Sir *Guyon* chanc't eke on another book,
That hight *Antiquity* of Fairy lond.
In which when as he greedily did look;
Th' off-spring of Elves and Fairies there he fond,
As it delivered was from hond to hond:
Whereat they burning both with fervent fire
Their Countries auncestry to understond,
Crav'd leave of *Alma*, and that aged sire,
To read those books; who gladly granted their desire.

CANTO X.

A Chronicle of Briton *Kings*
from Brute *to* Uthers *raign:*
And rolls of Elfin *Emperours,*
till time of Gloriane.

1.

WHo now shall give unto me words and sound,
Equal unto this haughty enterprise?
Or who shall lend me wings, with which from ground
My lowly verse may loftily arise,
And lift it self unto the highest skyes?
More ample spirit than hitherto was wont,
Here needs me, whiles the famous auncestries
Of my most dreaded Soveraign I recount,
By which all earthly Princes she doth far surmount.

2.

Ne under Sun, that shines so wide and fair,
Whence all that lives, does borrow life and light,
Lives ought, that to her linage may compair,
Which though from earth it be derived right,
Yet doth it self stretch forth to heavens hight,
And all the world with wonder overspred;
A labour huge, exceeding far my might:
How shall frail pen, with fear disparaged,
Conceive such soveraign glory, and great bountihed?

3.

Argument worthy of *Mæonian* quill,
Or rather worthy of great *Phœbus* rote,
Whereon the ruines of great *Ossa* hill,
And triumphs of *Phlegræan Jove* he wrote,
That all the Gods admir'd his lofty note.
But if some relish of that heavenly lay
His learned daughters would to me report,
To deck my song withall, I would assay,
Thy name, O soveraign Queen, to blazon far away.

4.

Thy name, O soveraign Queen, thy realm and race,
From this renowned Prince derived ar,
Who mightily upheld that royal mace,
Which now thou bear'st, to thee descended far
From mighty Kings, and Conquerors in war,
Thy Fathers and great Grand fathers of old,
Whose noble deeds above the Northern star
Immortal fame for ever hath enrol'd;
As in that old mans book they were in order told.

5.

The land, which warlike Britons now possess,
And therein have their mighty Empire rais'd,
In antique times was salvage wilderness,
Unpeopled, unmanur'd, unprov'd, unprais'd;
Ne was it Iland then, ne was it pais'd
Amid the *Ocean* waves, ne was it sought
Of Marchants far, for profits therein prais'd,
But was all desolate, and of some thought
By Sea to have bin from the *Celtick* main-land brought.

6.

Ne did it then deserve a name to have,
Till that the venturous Mariner that way
Learning his ship from those white rocks to save,
Which all along the Southern Sea-coast lay,
Threatning unheedy wreck and rash decay,
For safeties sake that same his Sea-mark made,
And nam'd it *Albion*. But later day
Finding in it fit Ports for Fishers trade,
Gan more the same frequent, and further to invade.

7.

But far in land a salvage nation dwelt,
Of hideous Gyants, and half beastly men,
That never tasted grace, nor goodness felt,
But like wild beasts lurking in loathsome den,
And flying fast as Roebuck through the fen,
All naked without shame, or care of cold,
By hunting and by spoyling lived then;
Of stature huge, and eke of courage bold,
That Sons of men amaz'd their sternness to behold.

8.

But whence they sprong, or how they were begot,
Uneath is to assure; uneath to ween
That monstrous error which doth some assot,
That *Diocletians* Fifty daughters sheen
Into this land by chance have driven been,
Where, companing with fiends and filthy Sprights,
Through vain illusion of their lust unclean,
They broughr forth Gyants & such dreadful wights,
As far exceeded men in their immeasur'd mights.

9.

They held this Land, and with their filthiness
Polluted this same gentle soil long time:
That their own Mother loath'd their beastliness,
And gan abhor her broods unkindly crime,
All were they born of her own native slime;
Untill that *Brutus* anciently deriv'd
From royal stock of old *Assaracs* line,
Driven by fatal errour, here arriv'd,
And them of their unjust possessions depriv'd.

10.

But ere he had established his throne,
And spred his Empire to the utmost shore,
He fought great battails with his salvage sone;
In which he them defeated evermore,
And many Gyants left on groning flore;
That well can witness yet unto this day
The western Hogh, besprinkled with the gore
Of mighty *Goemot*, whom in stout fray
Corineus conquered, and cruelly did slay.

And

11.

And eke that ample Pit, yet far renown'd,
For the large leap, which *Debon* did compel
Coulin to make, being eight lugs of ground;
Into the which returning back, he fell:
But thoſe three monſtrous ſtones do moſt excel,
Which that huge Son of hideous *Albion*,
Whoſe Father, *Hercules* in *France* did quell,
Great *Godmer* threw, in fierce contention,
At bold *Canutus*; but of him was ſlain anon.

12.

In meed of theſe great conqueſts by them got,
Corineus had the Province utmoſt Weſt,
To him aſſigned for his worthy lot,
Which of his name and memorable geſt
He called *Cornwale*, yet ſo called beſt:
And *Debons* ſhare was, that is *Devonſhire*:
But *Canute* had his portion from the reſt,
The which he cal'd *Canutium*, for his hire;
Now *Cantium*, which Kent we commonly inquire.

13.

Thus *Brute* this Realm unto his rule ſubdew'd,
And raigned long in great felicity,
Lov'd of his friends, and of his foes eſchew'd,
He left three Sons (his famous progeny)
Born of fair *Inogene* of *Italy*;
Mongſt whom he parted his imperial ſtate,
And *Locrine* left chief Lord of *Britany*.
At laſt, ripe age bad him ſurrender late
His life, and long good fortune, unto final fate.

14.

Locrine was left the ſoveraign Lord of all;
But *Albanact* had all the Northern part,
Which of himſelf *Albania* he did call;
And *Camber* did poſſeſs the Weſtern quart,
Which *Severn* now from *Logris* doth depart:
And each his portion peaceably enjoy'd,
Ne was there outward breach, nor grudge in heart,
That once their quiet Government annoy'd,
But each his pains to others profit ſtill employ'd.

15.

Until a Nation ſtrange, with viſage ſwart,
And courage fierce, that all men did affray,
Which through the world then ſwarm'd in every part,
And overflow'd all Countries far away,
Like *Noys* great flood, with their importune ſway,
This Land invaded with like violence,
And did themſelves through all the North diſplay:
Until that *Locrine* for his Realms defence,
Did head againſt them make, and ſtrong munificence.

16.

He them encountred (a confuſed rout)
Foreby the River, that whilom was hight
The ancient *Abus*, wherewith courage ſtout
He them defeated in victorious fight,
And chac't ſo fiercely after fearful flight,
That forc't their Chieftain, for his ſafeties ſake
(Their Chieftain *Humber* named was aright)
Unto the mighty ſtream him to betake,
Where he an end of battel, and of life did make.

17.

The King returned proud of victory,
And inſolent wox through unwonted eaſe;
That ſhortly he forgot the jeopardy,
Which in his Land he lately did appeaſe,
And fell to vain voluptuous diſeaſe:
He lov'd fair Lady *Elſtred*, lewdly lov'd,
Whoſe wanton pleaſures him too much did pleaſe,
That quite his heart from *Guendolene* remov'd,
From *Guendolene* his Wife, though always faithful prov'd.

18.

The noble Daughter of *Corineus*,
Would not endure to be ſo vile diſdain'd;
But gathering force, and courage valorous,
Encountred him in battel we'l ordain'd,
In which him vanquiſht ſhe to fly conſtrain'd:
But ſhe ſo faſt purſew'd, that him ſhe took,
And threw in bands, where he til death remain'd;
Als his fair Leman, flying through a brook,
She overhent, nought moved with her pitious look.

19.

But both her ſelf, and eke her Daughter dear,
Begotten by her Kingly Paramour,
The fair *Sabrina* almoſt dead with fear,
She there attached, far from all ſuccour;
The one ſhe ſlew in that impatient ſtour:
But the ſad virgin innocent of all,
Adown the rolling River ſhe did pour,
Which of her name now *Severn* men do call:
Such was the end that to diſloyal love did fall.

20.

Then for her Son, which ſhe to *Locrine* bore
(*Madan* was young, unmeet the rule of ſway)
In her own hand the Crown ſhe kept in ſtore,
Till riper years he raught, and ſtronger ſtay:
During which time, her powre ſhe did diſplay
Through all his Realm (the glory of her ſex)
And firſt taught Men a Woman to obay:
But when her Son to mans eſtate did wex,
She it ſurrendred, ne her ſelf would longer vex.

21.

Tho *Madan* raign'd, unworthy of his race:
For, with all ſhame that ſacred throne he fil'd:
Next, *Mempriſe*, as unworthy of that place,
In which being conſorted with *Manild*,
For thirſt of ſingle Kingdom him he kil'd.
But *Ebranck* ſalved both their infamies
With noble deeds, and warreyed on *Brunchild*
In *Henault*, where yet of his victories
Brave moniments remain, which yet that land envies.

22.

An happy man in his firſt days he was,
And happy Father of fair progeny:
For, all ſo many weeks as the year has,
So many Children he did multiply;
Of which were twenty Sons, which did apply
Their minds to praiſe, and chevalrous deſire:
Thoſe Germans did ſubdew all *Germany*,
Of whom it hight; but in the end their Sire,
With foul repulſe, from *France* was forced to retire.

23.

Which blot, his Son ſucceeding in his ſeat,
The ſecond *Brute* (the ſecond both in name
And eke in ſemblance of his puiſſance great)
Right well recur'd, and did away that blame
With recompence of everlaſting fame.
He with his victor ſword firſt opened
The bowels of wide *Fraunce*, a forlorn Dame,
And taught her firſt how to be conquered;
Since which, with ſundry ſpoiles ſhe hath been ranſacked.

24.

Let *Scaldis* tell, and let tell *Hania*,
And let the marſh of *Eſtham bruges* tell,
What colour were there waters that ſame day,
And all the moor twixt *Elverſham* and *Dell*,
With blood of *Henalois*, which therein fell.
How oft that day did ſad *Brunchildis* ſee
The green ſhield dy'd in dolorous vermill?
That not *Scuith guiridh* it mote ſeem to be;
But rather *yScuith gogh*, ſign of ſad cruelty.

25.

His Son King *Leill*, by Fathers labour long,
Enjoy'd an heritage of laſting peace.
And built *Cairleill*, and built *Cairleon* ſtrong.
Next, *Huddibraſs* his Realm did not encreaſe,
But taught the land from weary wars to ceaſe.
Whoſe footſteps *Bladud* following, in Arts
Excel'd at *Athens* all the learned preace,
From whence he brought them to theſe ſalvage parts,
And with ſweet ſcience mollifi'd their ſtubborn hearts.

26.

Enſample of his wondrous faculty,
Behold the boyling Bathes at *Cairbadon*,
Which ſeeth with ſecret fire eternally,
And in their entrails, full of quick Brimſton,
Nouriſh the flames, which they are warm'd upon,
That to her people wealth they forth do well,
And health to every foraign Nation:
Yet he at laſt, contending to excel
The reach of men, through flight into fond miſchief fell.

27.

Next him, King *Leyr* in happy peace long raign'd,
But had no iſſue male him to ſucceed,
But three fair Daughters, which were well uptrain'd.
In all that ſeemed fit for Kingly ſeed:
Mongſt whom his Realm he equally decreed
To have divided. Tho, when feeble age
Nigh to his utmoſt date he ſaw proceed,
He cal'd his Daughters; and with ſpeeches ſage
Inquir'd, which of them moſt did love her Parentage.

28.

The eldeſt, *Gonorill*, gan to proteſt,
That ſhe much more than her own life him lov'd:
And *Regan* greater love to him profeſt,
Than all the world, when ever it were prov'd;
But *Cordeill* ſaid, ſhe lov'd him, as behoov'd:
Whoſe ſimple anſwer, wanting colours fair
To paint it forth, him to diſpleaſance mov'd,
That in his Crown he counted her no heir,
But twixt the other twain his Kingdom whole did ſhair.

29.

So, wedded th'one to *Maglan* King of Scots,
And th'other to the King of *Cambria*,
And twixt them ſhair'd his Realm by equal lots:
But without Dowre the wiſe *Cordelia*
Was ſent to *Aganip* of *Celtica*.
Their aged Syre, thus eaſed of his Crown,
A private life led in *Albania*,
With *Gonorill*, long had in great Renown, (down.
That nought him griev'd to been from rule depoſed

30.

But true it is, that when the oyl is ſpent,
The light goes out, and wike is thrown away;
So, when he had reſign'd his Regiment,
His Daughter gan deſpiſe his drooping day,
And weary wox of his continual ſtay.
Tho to his Daughter *Regan* he repair'd,
Who him at firſt well uſed every way;
But when of his departure ſhe deſpair'd,
Her bounty ſhe abated, and his chear empair'd.

31.

The wretched man gan then adviſe too late,
That love is not, where moſt it is profeſt;
Too truly try'd in his extreameſt ſtate:
At laſt, reſolv'd likewiſe to prove the reſt,
He to *Cordelia* himſelf addreſt,
Who with entire affection him receiv'd,
As for her Sire and King her ſeemed beſt;
And after all, an Army ſtrong ſhe leav'd,
To war on thoſe, which him had of his Realm bereav'd.

32.

So to his Crown ſhe him reſtor'd again,
In which he dy'd, made ripe for death by eld,
And after wil'd it ſhould to her remain:
Who peaceably the ſame long time did weld:
And all mens hearts in due obedience held:
Till that her Siſters children, woxen ſtrong,
Through proud ambition 'gainſt her rebeld,
And overcommen kept in Priſon long,
Till weary of that wretched life, her ſelf ſhe hong.

33.

Then gan the bloody brethren both to raign:
But *Cundah* fierce gan ſhortly to envy
His Brother *Morgan*, prickt with proud diſdain
To have a Peer in part of ſoveraignty;
And kindling coals of cruel enmity,
Rais'd war, and him in battel overthrew:
Whence as he to thoſe wooddy hills did fly,
Which hight of him *Glamorgan*, there him ſlew;
Then did he raign alone, when he none equal knew.

34.

His Son *Rival'* his dead room did ſupply,
In whoſe ſad time blood did from heaven rain:
Next, great *Gurguſtus*, then fair *Cæcily*,
In conſtant peace their Kingdoms did contain:
After them *Lago*, and *Kinmark* did Raign,
And *Gorbogud*, till far in years he grew;
When his ambitious Sons unto them twain,
Arraught the rule, and from their Father drew;
Stout *Ferrex* and ſtern *Porrex* him in Priſon threw.

But

35.

But O! the greedy thirſt of royal crown,
That knows no kindred, nor regards no right,
Stir'd *Porrex* up to put his Brother down;
Who, unto him aſſembling forraign might,
Made war on him, and fell himſelf in fight:
Whoſe death t'avenge, his Mother mercileſs
(Moſt mercileſs of Women, *Wyden* hight)
Her other Son faſt ſleeping did oppreſs,
And with moſt cruel hand him murdred pitileſs.

36.

Here ended *Brutus* ſacred progeny,
Which had ſeven hundred years this ſcepter born,
With high renown, and great felicity.
The noble branch from th'antique ſtock was torn
Through diſcord, and the royal throne forlorn:
Thenceforth this Realm was into factions rent,
Whil'ſt each of *Brutus* boaſted to be born,
That in the end was left no moniment
Of *Brutus*, not of *Britons* glory ancient.

37.

Then up aroſe a man of matchleſs might,
And wondrous wit to menage high affairs,
Who ſtir'd with pity of the ſtreſſed plight
Of this ſad Realm, cut into ſundry ſhairs
By ſuch, as claim'd themſelves *Brutes* rightful heirs,
Gathered the Princes of the people looſe,
To taken counſel of their common care;
Who, with his wiſdom won, him ſtraight did chooſe
Their King, and ſwore him fealty to win or looſe.

38.

Then made he head againſt his enemies,
And *Ymner* ſlew, or *Logris* miſcreate;
Then *Ruddoc* and proud *Stater*, both allyes,
This of *Albanie* newly nominate,
And that of *Cambry* King confirmed late,
He overthrew through his own valiance;
Whoſe countries he reduc't to quiet ſtate,
And ſhortly brought to civil governance,
Now one, which earſt were many made through variance.

39.

Then made he ſacred laws, which ſome men ſay
Were unto him reveal'd in viſion,
By which he freed the Travellers high way,
The Churches part, and Ploughmans portion,
Reſtraining ſtealth, and ſtrong extortion;
The gracious *Numa* of great *Britany*:
For, till his days, the chief dominion
By ſtrength was wielded without policy;
Therefore he firſt wore crown of gold for dignity.

40.

Donwallo dy'd (for, what may live for ay?)
And left two Sons, of peerleſs proweſs both;
That ſacked *Rome* too dearly did aſſay,
The recompence of their perjured oath,
And ranſackt *Greece* well tryde, when they were wroth;
Beſides ſubjected *France*, and *Germany*,
Which yet their praiſes ſpeak, all be they loth,
And inly tremble at the memory
Of *Brennus* and *Bellinus*, Kings of *Britanny*.

41.

Next them, did *Gurgunt*, great *Bellinus* Son,
In rule ſucceed, and eke in Fathers praiſe;
He *Eaſterland* ſubdewed, and *Denmark* won,
And of them both did foy and tribute raiſe,
The which was due in his dead Fathers days:
He alſo gave to fugitives of *Spain*
(Whom he at Sea found wandring from their ways)
A ſeat in *Ireland* ſafely to remain,
Which they ſhould hold of him, as ſubject to *Britain*.

42.

After him raigned *Guithiline* his heir
(The juſteſt man and trueſt in his days)
Who had to Wife Dame *Mertia* the fair,
A Woman worthy of immortal praiſe,
Which for this Realm found many goodly lays,
And wholeſome Statutes to her Husband brought;
Her many deem'd to have been of the *Fayes*,
As was *Egerie*, that *Numa* tought;
Thoſe yet of her be *Mertian* laws both nam'd & thought.

43.

Her Sons *Sifillus* after her did raign,
And then *Kimarus*, and then *Danius*;
Next whom *Morindus* did the Crown ſuſtain:
Who, had he not with wrath outrageous,
And cruel rancour dimm'd his valorous
And mighty deeds, ſhould matched have the beſt:
As well in that ſame field victorious
Againſt the foraign *Morands* he expreſt;
Yet lives his memory, though carcaſs ſleep in reſt.

44.

Five Sons he left begotten of one Wife,
All which ſucceſſively by turns did raign:
Firſt, *Gorboman*, a man of vertuous life;
Next, *Archigald*, who for his proud diſdain,
Depoſed was from Princedom ſoveraign,
And pitious *Elidure* put in his ſted;
Who ſhortly it to him reſtor'd again,
Till by his death he it recovered;
But *Peridure* and *Vigent* him disthronized.

45.

In wretched Priſon long he did remain,
Till they outraigned had their utmoſt date,
And then therein reſeized was again,
And ruled long with honorable ſtate,
Till he ſurrendred Realm and life to fate.
Then all the Sons of theſe five brethren raign'd
By due ſucceſs, and all their Nephews late,
Even thrice elev'n deſcents the Crown retain'd,
Till aged *Hely* by dew heritage it gain'd.

46.

He had two Sons, whoſe eldeſt called *Lud*
Left of his life moſt famous memory,
And endleſs moniments of his great good:
The ruin'd walls he did reædifie
Of *Troynovant*, gainſt force of enemy,
And built that gate, which of his name is hight,
By which he lyes entombed ſolemnly.
He left two Sons, too young to rule aright,
Androgeus and *Tenactius*, pictures of his might.

47.

Whilſt they were young, *Caſſibalane* their Eme
Was by the people choſen in their ſted,
Who on him took the royal Diadem,
And goodly well long time it governed,
Till the proud *Romans* him diſquieted,
And warlike *Cæſar*, tempted with the name
Of this ſweet Iſland, never conquered,
And envying the Britons blazed fame,
(O hideous hunger of dominion!) hither came.

48.

Yet twice they were repulſed back again,
And twice r'enforc't, back to their ſhips to fly,
Ne while's with blood they all the ſhore did ſtain.
And the gray Ocean into purple dye:
Ne had they footing found at laſt perdie,
Had not *Androgeus*, falſe to native ſoyl,
And envious to Uncles ſoveraignty,
Betray'd his Country unto forrain ſpoyl:
Nought elſe, but treaſon, from the firſt this land did foyl.

49.

So by him *Cæſar* got the victory,
Through great bloodſhed, and many a ſad aſſay,
In which himſelf was charged heavily
Of hardy *Nennius*, whom he yet did ſlay,
But loſt his ſword, yet to be ſeen this day.
Thenceforth this Land was tributary made
T'ambitious *Rome*, and did their rule obay,
Till *Arthur* all that reckoning did defray;
Yet oft the Briton Kings againſt them ſtrongly ſway'd.

50.

Next him, *Tenantius* raign'd, then *Kimbeline*,
What time th' eternal Lord in fleſhly ſlime
Enwombed was, from wretched *Adams* line,
To purge away the guilt of ſinful crime:
O joyous memory of happy time,
That heavenly grace ſo plentiouſly diſplay'd!
O too high ditty for my ſimple rime!
Soon after this, the *Romans* him warray'd;
For that their tribute he refus'd to let be payd.

51.

Good *Claudius*, that next was Emperor,
An Army brought, and with him battel fought,
In which the King was by a Treachetor
Diſguiſed ſlain, ere any thereof thought:
Yet ceaſed not the bloody fight for ought;
For *Arvirage* his Brothers place ſupply'd,
In arms, and eke in crown; and by that draught
Did drive the *Romans* to the weaker ſide,
That they to peace agreed. So all was pacifi'd.

52.

Was never King more highly magnifi'd,
Nor drad of *Romans*, than was *Arvirage*;
For which the Emperor to him allide
His Daughter *Genuiſs'* in marriage:
Yet ſhortly he renounc't the vaſſalage
Of *Rome* again, who hither haſt'ly ſent
Veſpaſian, that with great ſpoyl and rage
For waſted all, till *Genuiſſa* gent
Perſwaded him to ceaſe, and her Lord to relent.

53.

He dy'd; and him ſucceeded *Marius*,
Who joy'd his days with great tranquillity:
Then *Coyll*, and after him good *Lucius*,
That firſt received Chriſtianity,
The ſacred pledge of Chriſts Evangely:
Yet true it is, that long before that day
Hither came *Joſeph* of *Arimathy*,
Who brought with him the holy grayl (they ſay)
And preacht the truth; but ſince it greatly did decay.

54.

This good King ſhortly without iſſue dy'd,
Whereof great trouble in the Kingdom grew,
That did her ſelf in ſundry parts divide,
And with her powre her own ſelf overthrew,
Whil'ſt *Romans* daily did the weak ſubdew:
Which ſeeing, ſtout *Brunduca* up aroſe,
And taking arms, the *Britons* to her drew;
With whom ſhe marched ſtraight againſt her foes,
And them unwares beſides the *Severn* did encloſe.

55.

There ſhe with them a cruel battel tride,
Not with ſo good ſucceſs, as ſhe deſerv'd;
By reaſon that the Captains on her ſide,
Corrupted by *Paulinus*, from her ſwerv'd;
Yet ſuch as were through former flight preſerv'd,
Gathering again, her Hoſt ſhe did renew,
And with freſh courage on the victor ſerv'd:
But being all defeated ſave a few,
Rather than fly, or be captiv'd, her ſelf ſhe ſlew.

56.

O famous monument of Womens praiſe,
Matchable either to *Semiramis*,
Whom antique Hiſtory ſo high doth raiſe,
Or to *Hyſiphil'*, or to *Thomiris*:
Her Hoſt two hundred thouſand numbred is;
Who, whiles good fortune favoured her might,
Triumphed oft againſt her enemies;
And yet though overcome in hapleſs fight,
She triumphed on death, in enemies deſpight.

57.

Her reliques *Fulgent* having gathered,
Fought with *Severus*, and him overthrew;
Yet in the chace was ſlain of them that fled;
So made them victors, whom he did ſubdew.
Then gan *Carauſius* tyrannize anew,
And gainſt the *Romans* bent their proper powre,
And him *Alectus* treacherouſly ſlew,
And took on him the robe of Emperor:
Nath'leſs the ſame enjoyed but ſhort happy houre:

58.

For *Aſclepiodate* him overcame,
And left inglorious on the vanquiſht Plain,
Without or robe, or rag, to hide his ſhame.
Then afterwards he in his ſtead did raign;
But ſhortly was by *Coyll* in battel ſlain:
Who after long debate, ſince *Lucies* time,
Was of the *Britons* firſt crown'd Soveraign:
Then gan this Realm renew her paſſed prime:
He of his name *Coylcheſter* built of ſtone and lime.

Which

59.

Which when the *Romans* heard, they hither ſent
Conſtantius, a man of mickle might,
With whom King *Coyll* made an agreement,
And to him gave for Wife his Daughter bright,
Fair *Helena*, the faireſt living wight;
Who in all godly thews, and goodly praiſe
Did far excell, but was moſt famous hight
For skill in Muſick of all in her days,
As well in curious inſtruments, as cunning lays.

60.

Of whom he did great *Conſtantine* beget,
Who afterward was Emperor of *Rome*;
To which whiles abſent he his mind did ſet,
Octavius here lept into his room,
And it uſurped by unrighteous doom:
But he his title juſtifi'd by might,
Slaying *Trahern*, and having overcome
The *Roman* legion in dreadful fight:
So ſetled he his Kingdom, and confirm'd his right.

61.

But wanting iſſue male, his Daughter dear
He gave in Wedlock to *Maximian*,
And him with her made of his Kingdom heyre,
Who ſoon by means thereof the Empire wan,
Till murdred by the friends of *Gratian*:
Then gan the Hunns and Picts invade this land,
During the raign of *Maximinian*;
Who dying, left none heir them to withſtand,
But that they overran all parts with eaſie hand.

62.

The weary *Britons*, whoſe war-hable youth
Was by *Maximian* lately led away,
With wretched miſeries, and woful ruth,
Were to thoſe Pagans made an open pray,
And daily ſpectacles of ſad decay: (years,
Whom *Roman* Wars, which now four hundred
And more had waſted, could no whit diſmay;
Till by conſent of Commons and of Peers,
They crown'd the ſecond *Conſtantine* with joyous tears.

63.

Who having oft in battel vanquiſhed
Thoſe ſpoylful Picts, and ſwarming Eaſterlings,
Long time in peace his Realm eſtabliſhed,
Yet oft annoy'd with ſundry bordragings
Of neighbour *Scots*, and foraign Scatterlings,
With which the world did in thoſe dayes abound:
Which to outbar, with painful pyonings
From Sea to Sea he heapt a mighty mound,
Which from *Alcluid* to *Pamvelt* did that border bound.

64.

Three Sons he dying left, all under age:
By means whereof, their Uncle *Vortiger*
Uſurpt the crown, during their pupillage;
Which th' Infants Tutors gathering to fear,
Them cloſely into *Armorick* did bear:
For dread of whom, and for thoſe Picts annoys.
He ſent to *Germany*, ſtrange aid to rear,
From whence eftſoons arrived here three boys
Of *Saxons*, whom he for his ſafety imploys.

65.

Two brethren were their Capitains, which hight
Hengiſt and *Horſus*, well approv'd in War,
And both of them men of renowned might;
Who making vantage of their civil jar,
And of thoſe foreigners, which came from far,
Grew great, and got large portions of land,
That in the Realm ere long they ſtronger are,
Than they which ſought at firſt their helping hand,
And *Vortiger* enforc't the Kingdom to aband.

66.

But by the help of *Vortimer* his Son,
He is again unto his Realm reſtor'd,
And *Hengiſt* ſeeming ſad for that was done,
Received is to grace and new accord,
Through his fair Daughters face, and flattring word;
Soon after which, three hundred Lords he ſlew
Of Britiſh blood, all ſitting at his bord;
Whoſe doleful moniments who liſt to rew,
Th'eternal marks of treaſon may at *Stonhenge* view.

67.

By this, the Sons of *Conſtantine*, which fled,
Ambriſe and *Uther* did ripe years attain,
And here arriving, ſtrongly challenged
The crown, which *Vortiger* did long detain:
Who, flying from his guilt, by them was ſlain,
And *Hengiſt* eke ſoon brought to ſhameful death.
Thenceforth *Aurelius* peaceably did raign,
Till that through poyſon ſtopped was his breath;
So now entombed lyes at *Stonhenge* by the heath.

68.

After him *Uther*, which *Pendragon* hight,
Succeeding. There abruptly it did end,
Without full point, or other Cenſure right,
As if the reſt ſome wicked hand did rend,
Or th' Author ſelf could not at leaſt attend
To finiſh it: that ſo untimely breach
The Prince himſelf half ſeemeth to offend,
Yet ſecret pleaſure did offence impeach,
And wonder of antiquity long ſtops his ſpeech.

69.

At laſt, quite raviſht with delight, to hear
The royal Ofspring of his native land,
Cride out, Dear countrey, O how dearly dear
Ought thy remembrance, and perpetual band
Be to thy foſter Child, that from thy hand
Did common breath and nouriture receive!
How brutiſh is it, not to underſtand
How much to her we owe, that all us gave,
That gave unto us all, what ever good we have!

70.

But *Guyon* all this while his book did read,
Ne yet has ended: for it was a great
And ample volume, that doth far exceed
My leaſure, ſo long leaves here to repeat:
It told how firſt *Prometheus* did create
A man, of many parts from beaſts derived,
And then ſtole fire from heav'n, to animate
His work, for which he was by *Jove* deprived
Of life himſelf, and hart-ſtrings of an Ægle rived.

That

71.

That man ſo made, he called *Elf*, to weet,
Quick, the firſt author of all Elfin kind:
Who, wandring through the world with weary feet,
Did in the gardens of *Adonis* find
A goodly creature, whom he deem'd in mind
To be no earthly wight, but either Spright,
Or Angel, th'author of all Woman-kind;
Therefore a *Fay* he her according hight,
Of whom all *Fairies* ſpring, and fetch their linage right.

72.

Of theſe a mighty people ſhortly grew,
And puiſſant Kings, which all the world warray'd,
And to themſelves all Nations did ſubdew:
The firſt and eldeſt, which that ſcepter ſway'd,
Was *Elfin*; him all *India* obay'd,
And all that now *America* men call:
Next him was noble *Elfinan*, who lay'd
Cleopolis foundation firſt of all:
But *Elfilne* enclos'd it with a golden wall.

73.

His Son was *Elfinel*, who overcame
The wicked *Gobbelines* in bloody field:
But *Elfant* was of moſt renowned fame,
Who all of Chryſtal did *Panthea* build:
Then *Elfar*, who two brethren Gyants kil'd,
The one of which had two heads, th'other three:
Then *Elfinor*, who was in Magick skil'd;
He built by art upon the glaſſy See (to be.
A bridge of braſs, whoſe ſound heavens thunder ſeem'd

74.

He left three Sons, the which in order raign'd,
And all their Ofspring, in their dew deſcents,
Even ſeven hundred Princes, which maintain'd
With mighty deeds their ſundry governments;
That were too long their infinite contents
Here to record, ne much material:
Yet ſhould they be moſt famous moniments,
And brave enſample, both of Martial
And Civil rule, to Kings and States imperial.

75.

After all theſe *Elficleos* did raign,
The wiſe *Elficleos* in great Majeſty,
Who mightily that ſcepter did ſuſtain,
And with rich ſpoyls and famous victory,
Did high advance the crown of *Fairy:*
He left two Sons, of which fair *Elferon*,
The eldeſt Brother did untimely dye;
Whoſe empty place the mighty *Oberon*
Doubly ſupply'd, in ſpouſal and dominion.

76.

Great was his power and glory, over all
Which him before that ſacred ſeat did fill,
That yet remains his wide memorial:
He, dying, left the faireſt *Tanaquill*,
Him to ſucceed therein, by his laſt will:
Fairer and nobler liveth none this howre,
Ne like in grace, ne like in learned skill;
Therefore they *Glorian* call that glorious flowre.
Long maiſt thou *Glorian* live, in glory and great powre.

77.

Beguil'd thus with delight of novelties,
And natural deſire of countries ſtate,
So long they read in thoſe antiquities,
That how the time was fled, they quite forgate,
Till gentle *Alma* ſeeing it ſo late,
Perforce their ſtudies broke, and them beſought
To think, how ſupper did them long await:
So half unwilling from their bookes them brought,
And fairly feaſted, as ſo noble Knights ſhe ought.

CANTO XI.

The enemies of Temperance beſiege her dwelling place: Prince Arthur *them repells, and foul Maleger doth deface.*

1.

WHat war ſo cruel, or what ſiege ſo ſore,
As that, which ſtrong affections do apply
Againſt the fort of Reaſon evermore
To bring the ſoul into captivity!
Their force is fiercer through infirmity
Of the frail fleſh, relenting to their rage,
And exerciſe moſt bitter tyranny
Upon the parts, brought into their bondage;
No wretchedneſs is like to ſinful villenage.

2.

But in a body, which doth freely yield
His parts to Reaſons rule obedient,
And letteth her that ought the ſcepter weel'd,
All happy peace and goodly government
Is ſetled there in ſure eſtabliſhment;
There *Alma*, like a virgin Queen moſt bright,
Doth flouriſh in all beauty excellent;
And to her gueſts doth bountious banket dight,
Attempted goodly well for health and for delight.

3.

Early before the Morn with cremoſin ray,
The windows of bright heaven opened had,
Through which into the world the dawning day
Might look, that maketh every creature glad,
Uproſe Sir *Guyon*, in bright armour clad,
And to his purpos'd journey him prepar'd:
With him the Palmer eke, in habit ſad,
Himſelf addreſt to that adventure hard:
So to the rivers ſide they both together far'd;

4.

Where them awaited ready at the ford
The *Ferriman*, as *Alma* had behight,
With his well rigged boat: They go abord,
And he eftſoons gan launch his bark forthright.
Ere long they rowed were quite out of ſight,
And faſt the land behind them fled away.
But let them paſs, whiles wind and weather right
Do ſerve their turns: here I awhile muſt ſtay,
To ſee a cruel fight doen by the Prince this day.

For,

5.

For, all ſo ſoon as *Guyon* thence was gone
Upon his voyage with his truſty guide,
That wicked band of villains freſh begon
That Caſtle to aſſail on every ſide,
And lay ſtrong ſiege about it far and wide.
So huge and infinite their numbers were,
That all the land they under them did hide;
So foul and ugly, that exceeding fear
Their viſages impreſt, when they approched near.

6.

Them in twelve Troops their Captain did diſpart,
And round about in fitteſt ſteads did place,
Where each might beſt offend his proper part,
And his contrary object moſt deface,
As every one ſeem'd meeteſt in that caſe.
Seven of the ſame againſt the Caſtle gate,
In ſtrong entrenchments he did cloſely place,
Which with inceſſant force and endleſs hate,
They battered day and night, and entrance did awate.

7.

The other five, five ſundry ways he ſet,
Againſt the five great Bulwarks of that pile;
And unto each a Bulwark did arret,
T' aſſail with open force or hidden guile,
In hope thereof to win victorious ſpoil.
They all that charge did fervently apply,
With greedy malice and importune toyl,
And planted there their huge artillery,
With which they daily made moſt dreadful battery.

8.

The firſt Troop was a monſtrous rabblement
Of foul miſhapen wights, of which ſome were
Headed like Owls, with beaks uncomely bent,
Others like Dogs, others like Gryphons Drear,
And ſome had wings, and ſome had claws to tear,
And every one of them had Lynces eyes,
And every one did bow and arrows bear;
All thoſe were lawleſs luſts, corrupt envies,
And covetous aſpects, all cruel enemies.

9.

Thoſe ſame againſt the Bulwark of the Sight
Did lay ſtrong ſiege, and battailous aſſault,
Ne once did yield it reſpit day nor night:
But ſoon as *Titan* gan his head exault,
And ſoon again as he his light withhault,
Their wicked engins they againſt it bent:
That is, each thing, by which the eyes may fault;
But two than all more huge and violent,
Beauty, and Money, they that Bulwark ſorely rent.

10.

The ſecond Bulwark was the *Hearing* ſenſe,
Gainſt which the ſecond Troop deſignment makes;
Deformed creatures, in ſtrange difference,
Some having heads like Harts, ſome like to Snakes,
Some like wild Bores late rouz'd out of the brakes;
Slanderous reproches, and foul infamies,
Leaſings, backbitings, and vain-glorious crakes,
Bad counſels, praiſes, and falſe flatteries,
All thoſe againſt that Fort did bend their batteries.

11.

Likewiſe that ſame third Fort, that is the *Smell*,
Of that third Troop was cruelly aſſay'd:
Whoſe hideous ſhapes were like to feends of hell,
Some like to Hounds, ſome like to Apes diſmay'd,
Some like to Puttocks, all in plumes array'd:
All ſhap't according their conditions,
For, by thoſe ugly forms weren pourtray'd
Fooliſh delights and fond abuſions,
Which do that ſenſe beſiege with light illuſions.

12.

And that fourth band, which cruel battery bent,
Againſt the fourth Bulwark, that is the *Taſte*,
Was as the reſt, a gryſie rabblement,
Some mouth'd like greedy Oyſtriges, ſome fac't
Like loathly Toades, ſome faſhioned in the waſte
Like ſwine; for, ſo deform'd is luxury:
Surfait, miſdiet, and unthrifty waſte,
Vain feaſts, and idle ſuperfluity:
All thoſe this ſenſes Fort aſſail inceſſantly.

13.

But the fifth Troop moſt horrible of hew,
And fierce of force, was dreadful to report:
For, ſome like ſnayles, ſome did like ſpiders ſhew,
And ſome like ugly Urchins thick and ſhort:
They cruelly aſſailed that fifth Fort,
Armed with darts of ſenſual delight,
With ſtrings of carnal luſt, and ſtrong effort
Of feeling pleaſures, with which day and night
Againſt that ſame fifth Bulwark they continued fight.

14.

Thus theſe twelve Troops with dreadful puiſſance
Againſt that Caſtle reſtleſs ſiege did lay,
And evermore their hideous Ordinance
Upon the Bulwarks cruelly did play,
That now it gan to threaten near decay:
And evermore their wicked Capitain
Provoked them the breaches to aſſay,
Sometimes with threats, ſometimes with hope of gain,
Which by the ranſack of that peece they ſhould attain.

15.

On th'other ſide, th'aſſieged Caſtles ward
Their ſtedfaſt ſtonds did mightily maintain,
And many bold repulſe, and many hard
Atchievement wrought with peril and with pain,
That goodly frame from ruine to ſuſtain:
And thoſe two brethren Gyants did defend
The walls ſo ſtoutly with their ſturdy main,
That never entrance any durſt pretend,
But they to direful death their groning Ghoſts did ſend.

16.

The noble Virgin, Lady of that place,
Was much diſmayed with that dreadful ſight
(For, never was ſhe in ſo evil caſe)
Till that the Prince ſeeing her woful plight,
Gan her recomfort from ſo ſad affright,
Offring his ſervice, and his deareſt life
For her defence, againſt that Carl to fight,
Which was their chief and th'author of that ſtrife:
She him remercied as the Patron of her life.

Eftſoons

17.

Eftſoons himſelf in glitterand arms he dight,
And his well proved weapons to him hent;
So taking courteous congè he behight,
Thoſe gates to be unbar'd, and forth he went,
Fair mote he thee, the proweſt and moſt gent,
That ever brandiſhed bright ſteel on high:
Whom ſoon as that unruly rabblement,
With his gay Squire iſſuing did eſpy,
They rear'd a moſt outrageous dreadful yelling cry.

18.

And therewith all attonce at him let fly
Their fluttring Arrows, thick as flakes of Snow,
And round about him flock impetuouſly,
Like a great water flood, that tombling low
From the high mountains, threats to overflow
With ſudden fury all the fertile Plain,
And the ſad Husbandmans long hope doth throw
A down the ſtream, and all his vows make vain,
Nor bounds nor banks his headlong ruine may ſuſtain.

19.

Upon his ſhield their heaped hail he bore,
And with his ſword diſperſt the raſcal flocks,
Which fled aſunder, and him fell before,
As whithered leaves drop from their dryed ſtocks,
When the wroth Weſtern wind does reave their locks;
And underneath him his courageous ſteed,
The fierce *Spumador* trode them down like docks,
The fierce *Spumador*, born of heavenly ſeed:
Such as *Laomedon* of *Phœbus* race did breed.

20.

Which ſudden horrour and confuſed cry,
When as their Captain heard, in haſte he yode
The cauſe to weet, and fault to remedy;
Upon a Tigre ſwift and fierce he rode,
That as the wind ran underneath his lode,
While his long legs nigh raught unto the ground;
Full large he was of limb, and ſhoulders brode,
But of ſuch ſubtile ſubſtance and unſound, (bound.
That like a Ghoſt he ſeem'd, whoſe grave-clothes were un-

21.

And in his hand a bended bow was ſeen,
And many arrows under his right ſide,
All deadly dangerous, all cruel keen,
Headed with flint, and feathers bloody dy'd,
Such as the *Indians* in their quivers hide;
Thoſe could he well direct and ſtrait as line,
And bid them ſtrike the mark, which he had ey'd;
Ne was there ſalve, ne was there Medicine,
That mote recure their wounds: ſo inly they did tine.

22.

As pale and wan as aſhes was his look,
His body lean and meagre as a rake,
And ſkin all withered like a dryed rook,
Thereto as cold and drery as a Snake,
That ſeem'd to tremble evermore, and quake:
All in a Canvas thin he was bedight,
And girded with a belt of twiſted brake,
Upon his head he wore an Helmet light,
Made of a dead mans ſcull, that ſeem'd a gaſtly ſight.

23.

Maleger was his name, and after him
There follow'd faſt at hand two wicked Hags,
With hoary locks all looſe, and viſage grim;
Their feet unſhod, their bodies wrapt in rags,
And both as ſwift on foot, as chaſed Stags;
And yet the one her other leg had lame,
Which with a ſtaff, all full of little ſnags
She did diſport, and *Impotence* her name:
But th'other was *Impatience*, arm'd with raging flame.

24.

Soon as the Carl from far the Prince eſpy'd,
Gliſtring in arms, and warlike ornament,
His beaſt he felly prickt on either ſide,
And his miſchievous bow full ready bent,
With which at him a cruel ſhaft he ſent:
But he was wary, and it warded well
Upon his ſhield, that it no further went,
But to the ground the idle quarrel fell:
Then he another and another did expell.

25.

Which to prevent, the Prince his mortal ſpear
Soon to him raught, and fierce at him did ride,
To be avenged of that ſhot whylear:
But he was not ſo hardy to abide
That bitter ſtownd, but turning quick aſide
His light-foot beaſt fled faſt away for fear:
Whom to purſue, the Infant after hide,
So faſt as his good Courſer could him bear,
But labour loſt it was, to ween approch him near.

26.

For, as the winged wind his Tigre fled,
That view of eye could ſcarce him overtake,
Ne ſcarce his feet on ground were ſeen to tred;
Through hills and dales he ſpeedy way did make,
Ne hedge ne ditch his ready paſſage brake,
And in his flight the villen turn'd his face
(As wonts the *Tartar* by the *Caſpian* lake,
When as the *Ruſſian* him in fight does chace)
Unto his Tygres tail, and ſhot at him apace.

27.

Apace he ſhot, and yet he fled apace,
Still as the greedy Knight nigh to him drew,
And oftentimes he would relent his paſe,
That him his foe more fiercely ſhould purſew:
Who when his uncouth manner he did view
He gan avize to follow him no more,
But keep his ſtanding, and his ſhafts eſchew,
Until he quite had ſpent his perlous ſtore,
And then aſſail him freſh, ere he could ſhift for more.

28.

But that lame Hag, ſtill as abroad he ſtrew
His wicked arrows, gathered them again,
And to him brought, freſh battel to renew:
Which he eſpying, caſt her to reſtrain
From yielding ſuccour to that curſed Swain,
And her attaching, thought her hands to tye;
But ſoon as him diſmounted on the Plain,
That other Hag did far away eſpy
Binding her Siſter, ſhe to him ran haſtily.

And

29.

And catching hold of him, as down he lent,
Him backward overthrew, and down him ſtayd
With their rude hands, and grieſly grapplement,
Till that the villain coming to their ayd,
Upon him fell, and load upon him layd;
Full little wanted, but he had him ſlain,
And of the battel baleful end had made,
Had not his gentle Squire beheld his pain,
And commen to his reſcue, ere his bitter bane.

30.

So, greateſt and moſt glorious thing on ground
May often need the help of weaker hand;
So feeble is Man's ſtate, and life unſound,
That in aſſurance it may never ſtand,
Till it diſſolved be from earthly band.
Proof be thou Prince, the proweſt Man alive,
And nobleſt born of all in *Briton* Land;
Yet thee fierce Fortune did ſo nearly drive,
That had not grace thee bleſt, thou ſhouldeſt not revive.

31.

The Squire arriving, fiercely in his Arms
Snatcht firſt the one, and then the other Jade,
His chiefeſt lets and authors of his harms,
And them perforce withheld with threatned blade,
Leaſt that his Lord they ſhould behind invade;
The whiles the Prince prickt with reproachful ſhame,
As one awak't out of long ſlumbring ſhade,
Reviving thought of Glory and of Fame,
United all his powres to purge himſelf from blame.

32.

Like as a fire, the which in hollow cave
Hath long been under kept, and down ſuppreſt,
With murmurous diſdain doth inly rave,
And grudge, in ſo ſtreight priſon to be preſt,
At laſt breaks forth with furious unreſt,
And ſtrives to mount unto his native ſeat;
All that did earſt it hinder and moleſt,
It now devours with flames and ſcorching heat,
And carries into ſmoak with rage and horrour great.

33.

So mightily the *Briton* Prince him rous'd
Out of his hold, and broke his caitive bands,
And as a Bear whom angry currs have touz'd,
Having off-ſhak't them, and eſcap't their hands,
Becomes more fell, and all that him withſtands
Treads down and overthrows. Now had the Carle
Alighted from his Tigre, and his hands
Diſcharged of his bow and deadly quar'le,
To ſeize upon his foe flat lying on the marle.

34.

Which now him turn'd to diſavantage dear;
For, neither can he fly, nor other harm,
But truſt unto his ſtrength and manhood mear,
Sith now he is far from his monſtrous ſwarm,
And of his weapons did himſelf diſarm.
The Knight yet wrothful for his late diſgrace,
Fiercely advanc't his valorous right arm,
And him ſo ſore ſmote with his Iron mace,
That groveling to the ground he fell, and fil'd his place.

35.

Well weened he, that field was then his own,
And all his labour brought to happy end,
When ſudden up the villain overthrown,
Out of his ſwoun aroſe, freſh to contend,
And gan himſelf to ſecond battel bend,
As hurt he had not been. Thereby there lay
An huge great ſtone, which ſtood upon one end;
And had not been removed many a day,
Some land mark ſeem'd to be, or ſign of ſundry way.

36.

The ſame he ſnatcht, and with exceeding ſway
Threw at his foe, who was right well aware
To ſhun the engin of his meant decay;
It booted not to think that throw to bear,
But ground he gave, and lightly leapt arear:
Eft fierce returning, as a Faulcon fair
That once hath failed of her ſouſe full near,
Remounts again into the open air,
And unto better fortune doth her ſelf prepare:

37.

So brave returning, with his brandiſht blade
He to the Carle himſelf again addreſt,
And ſtrook at him ſo ſternly, that he made
An open paſſage through his riven breſt,
That half the ſteel behind his back did reſt;
Which drawing back, he looked evermore
When the hart blood ſhould guſh out of his cheſt,
Or his dead corſe ſhould fall upon the flore;
But his dead corſe upon the flore fell nathemore:

38.

Ne drop of blood appeared ſhed to be,
All were the wound ſo wide and wonderous,
That through his carkaſs one might plainly ſee.
Half in a maze with horror hideous,
And half in rage to be deluded thus,
Again through both the ſides he ſtrook him quight,
That made his ſpright to groan full pitious:
Yet nathemore forth fled his groaning ſpright;
But freſhly as at firſt, prepar'd himſelf to fight.

39.

Thereat he ſmitten was with great affright,
And trembling terror did his heart appall:
Ne wiſt he what to think of that ſame ſight,
Ne what to ſay, ne what to do at all:
He doubted, leaſt it were ſome magicall
Illuſion, that did beguil his ſenſe,
Or wandring ghoſt, that wanted funeral,
Or airy ſpirit under falſe pretence,
Or helliſh fiend rais'd up through deviliſh ſcience.

40.

His wonder far exceeded reaſons reach,
That he began to doubt his dazled ſight,
And oft of errour did himſelf appeach:
Fleſh without blood, a perſon without ſpright,
Wounds without hurt, a body without might,
That could do harm, yet could not harmed be,
That could not dye, yet ſeem'd a mortal wight,
That was moſt ſtrong in moſt infirmity,
Like did he never hear, like did he never ſee.

41.

Awhile he ſtood in this aſtoniſhment;
Yet would he not for all his great diſmay
Give over to effect his firſt intent,
And th'utmoſt means of victory aſſay,
Or th'utmoſt iſſue of his own decay.
His own good Sword *Mordüre*, that never fail'd
At need, till now, he lightly threw away,
And his bright ſhield that nought him now avail'd,
And with his naked hands him forcibly aſſail'd.

42.

Twixt his two mighty Arms him up he ſnatcht,
And cruſht his carcaſſe ſo againſt his breſt,
That the diſdainful Soul he thence diſpatcht,
And th'idle breath all utterly expreſt:
Tho when he felt him dead, adown he keſt
The lumpiſh corſe unto the ſenſeleſs ground:
Adown he keſt it with ſo puiſſant wreſt,
That back again it did aloft rebound,
And gave againſt his Mother Earth a groanful ſound;

43.

As when *Joves* harneſs bearing Bird from hie
Stoops at a flying Heron with proud diſdain,
The ſtone dead quarry falls ſo forcibly,
That it rebounds againſt the lowly Plain,
A ſecond fall redoubling back again.
Then thought the Prince all perils ſure was paſt,
And that he victor only did remain;
No ſooner thought, than that the Carl as faſt
Gan heap huge ſtrokes on him, as ere he down was caſt.

44.

Nigh his wits end then wox th'amazed Knight,
And thought his labour loſt and travel vain,
Againſt this lifeleſs ſhadow ſo to fight:
Yet life he ſaw, and felt his mighty main,
That whiles he marvail'd ſtill, did ſtill him pain:
For-thy he gan ſome other ways advize,
How to take life from that dead-living Swain,
Whom ſtill he marked freſhly to arize
From th'earth, and from her womb new ſpirits to reprize.

45

He then remembred well, that had been ſaid,
How th'Earth his mother was, and firſt him bore;
She eke, ſo often as his life decay'd,
Did life with uſury to him reſtore,
And rais'd him up much ſtronger than before,
So ſoon as he unto her womb did fall;
Therefore to ground he would him caſt no more,
Ne him commit to Grave terreſtrial,
But bear him far from hope of ſuccour uſual.

46.

Tho, up he caught him twixt his puiſſant hands,
And having ſcruz'd out of his carrion corſe
The lothful life, now loos'd from ſinful bands,
Upon his ſhoulders carried him perforce
Above three furlongs, taking his full courſe,
Until he came unto a ſtanding lake;
Him thereinto he threw without remorſe,
Ne ſtirr'd, till hope of life did him forſake;
So, end of that Carles days, and his own pains did make.

47.

Which when thoſe wicked Hags from far did ſpy,
Like two mad dogs they ran about the Lands:
And th'one of them with dreadful yelling cry,
Throwing away her broken chains and bands,
And having quencht her burning fire-brands,
Headlong her ſelf did caſt into that Lake;
But *Impotence* with her own wilful hands,
One of *Malegers* curſed darts did take,
So riv'd her trembling hart, and wicked end did make.

48.

Thus now alone he conquerour remains;
Tho, coming to his Squire, that kept his ſteed,
Thought to have mounted: but his feeble vains
Him fail'd thereto, and ſerved not his need,
Through loſs of blood, which from his wounds did bleed,
That he began to faint, and life decay:
But his good Squire him helping up with ſpeed,
With ſtedfaſt hand upon his horſe did ſtay,
And led him to the Caſtle by the beaten way.

49.

Where many Grooms and Squires ready were,
To take him from his ſteed full tenderly,
And eke the faireſt *Alma* met him there
With balm and wine and coſtly ſpicery,
To comfort him in his infirmity;
Eftſoons ſhe caus'd him up to be convay'd,
And of his Arms deſpoyled eaſily,
In ſumptuous Bed ſhe made him to be laid,
And all the while his wounds were dreſſing, by him ſtaid.

CANTO. XII.

Guyon *by Palmers governance,*
Paſſing through perils great,
Doth overthrow the Bowre of Bliſs,
And Acraſie *defeat.*

1.

NOw gins this goodly frame of Temperance
Fairly to riſe, and her adorned head
To prick of higheſt praiſe forth to advance,
Formerly grounded, and faſt ſetteled
On firm foundation of true bountihed;
And this brave Knight, that for this vertue fights,
Now comes to point of that ſame perilous ſted,
Where pleaſure dwells in ſenſual delights,
Mongſt thouſand dangers, & ten thouſand magick mights.

2.

Two days now in that Sea he ſailed has,
Ne ever land beheld, ne living wight,
Ne ought ſave peril, ſtill as he did paſs:
Tho, when appeared the third *Morrow* bright
Upon the waves to ſpred her trembling light,
An hideous roaring far away they heard,
That all their ſenſes filled with affright,
And ſtraight they ſaw the raging ſurges reard
Up to the skies, that them of drowning made affeard.

Said

3.

Said then the *Boatman*, Palmer ſteer aright,
And keep an even courſe; for yonder way
We needs muſt paſs (God do us well acquight)
That is the *Gulf of Greedineſs*, they ſay,
That deep engorgeth all this Worlds pray:
Which having ſwallow'd up exceſſively,
He ſoon in vomit up again doth lay,
And belcheth forth his ſuperfluity;
That all the Seas for fear do ſeem away to fly.

4.

On th'other ſide an hideous Rock is pight,
Of mighty *Magnes* ſtone, whoſe craggy clift
Depending from on high, dreadful to ſight,
Over the waves his rugged arms doth lift,
And threatneth down to throw his ragged rift
On whoſo cometh nigh; yet nigh it draws
All paſſengers that none from it can ſhift:
For whiles they fly that Gulfs devouring jaws,
They on this rock are rent, and ſunk in helpleſs waws.

5.

Forward they paſs, and ſtrongly he them rows,
Until they nigh unto that Gulf arrive,
Where ſtream more violent and greedy grows:
Then he with all his puiſſance doth ſtrive
To ſtrike his oars, and mightily doth drive
The hollow Veſſel through the threatful wave;
Which gaping wide to ſwallow them alive
In th'huge abyſs of his engulfing Grave,
Doth roar at them in vain, and with great terrour rave.

6.

They paſſing by, that grieſly mouth did ſee,
Sucking the Seas into his entrails deep,
That ſeem'd more horrible than hell to be,
Or that dark dreadful hole of *Tartare* ſteep,
Through which the damned ghoſts doen often creep
Back to the World, bad livers to torment:
But nought that falls into this direful deep,
Ne that approacheth nigh the wide deſcent,
May back return, but is condemned to be drent.

7.

On th'other ſide, they ſaw that perilous Rocke,
Threatning it ſelf on them to ruinate,
On whoſe ſharp clifts the ribs of Veſſels broke,
And ſhivered ſhips which had been wrecked late,
Yet ſtuck with carkaſes exanimate
Of ſuch, as having all their ſubſtance ſpent
In wanton joys, and luſts intemperate,
Did afterwards make ſhipwrack violent
Both of their life, and fame for ever fouly blent.

8.

For thy, this hight *The Rock of* vile *Reproach*,
A dangerous and deteſtable place,
To which nor fiſh nor fowl did once approach,
But yelling Meaws, with Seagulls hoar and baſe,
And Cormoyrants, with birds of ravenous race,
Which ſtill ſate waiting on that waſtful clift,
For ſpoil of wretches, whoſe unhappy caſe,
After loſt credit and conſumed thrift,
At laſt them driven hath to this deſpairful drift.

9.

The Palmer, ſeeing them in ſafety paſt,
Thus ſaid; Behold th'enſamples in our ſights
Of luſtful luxury and thriftleſs waſte:
What now is left of miſerable wights,
Which ſpent their looſer days in lew'd delights,
But ſhame and ſad reproach, here to be red,
By theſe rent reliques, ſpeaking their ill plights?
Let all that live, hereby be counſelled,
To ſhun *Rock of Reproach*, and it as death to dred.

10.

So forth they rowed: and that *Ferryman*
With his ſtiff oars did bruſh the Sea ſo ſtrong,
That the hoar waters from his frigot ran,
And the light bubbles danced all along,
While the Salt brine out of the billows ſprong.
At laſt, far off they many Iſlands ſpy,
On every ſide floting the floods emong:
Then ſaid the Knight, Loe, I the Land deſcry;
Therefore old Sire, thy courſe do thereunto apply.

11.

That may not be, ſaid then the *Ferryman*,
Leaſt we unweeting hap to be fordone:
For thoſe ſame Iſlands, ſeeming now and than,
Are not firm Land, nor any certain wone,
But ſtraggling plots; which to and fro do rone
In the wide waters: therefore are they hight
The *Wandring Iſlands*. Therefore do them ſhone;
For they have oft drawn many a wandring wight
Into moſt deadly danger and diſtreſſed plight.

12.

Yet well they ſeem to him, that far doth view,
Both fair and fruitful, and the ground diſpred
With graſſy green of delectable hew,
And the tall Trees with Leaves apparelled,
Are deckt with bloſſoms dy'd in white and red,
That mote the paſſengers thereto allure;
But whoſoever once hath faſtened
His foot thereon, may never it recure
But wandreth evermore uncertain and unſure.

13.

As th'Iſle of *Delos*, whylom Men report
Amid the *Ægæan* Sea long time did ſtray,
Ne made for ſhipping any certain Port,
Till that *Latona* travelling that way,
Flying from *Junoes* Wrath and hard aſſay,
Of her fair twins was there delivered,
Which afterwards did rule the night and day;
Thenceforth it firmly was eſtabliſhed,
And for *Apolloes* honour highly herried.

14.

They to him hearken, as beſeemeth meet,
And paſs on forward: ſo their way does ly,
That one of thoſe ſame Iſlands which do fleet
In the wide Sea, they needs muſt paſſen by,
Which ſeem'd ſo ſweet and pleaſant to the eye,
That it would tempt a Man to touchen there:
Upon the bank they ſitting did eſpy
A dainty Damzel dreſſing of her hear,
By whom a little skippet floting did appear.

15.

She, them eſpying, loud to them gan call,
Bidding them nigher draw unto the ſhore;
For ſhe had cauſe to buſie them withal;
And therewith loudly laught: But nathemore
Would they once turn, but kept on as afore.
Which when ſhe ſaw, ſhe left her locks undight,
And running to her boat withouten ore,
From the departing land it launched light,
And after them did drive with all her power and might.

16.

Whom overtaking, ſhe in merry ſort
Them gan to bord, and purpoſe diverſly,
Now faining dalliance and wanton ſport,
Now throwing forth lewd words immodeſtly;
Till that the Palmer gan full bitterly
Her to rebuke, for being looſe and light:
Which not abiding, but more ſcornfully
Scoffing at him, that did her juſtly wite,
She turn'd her boat about, and from them rowed quite.

17.

That was the wanton *Phædria*, which late
Did ferry him over the *Idle Lake*:
Whom nought regarding, they kept on their gate,
And all her vain allurements did forſake,
When them the wary Boatman thus beſpake;
Here now behoveth us well to aviſe,
And of our ſafety good heed to take;
For here before a perilous paſſage lies,
Where many Mermaids haunt, making falſe melodies.

18.

But by the way, there is a great Quickſand,
And a whirlepool of hidden jeopardy:
Therefore, Sir Palmer, keep an even hand;
For 'twixt them both the narrow way doth lye.
Scarce had he ſaid, when hard at hand they ſpy
That quickſand nigh, with water covered;
But by the checked wave they did deſcry
It plain, and by the Sea diſcoloured:
It called was the quickſand of *Unthriftyhed*.

19.

They, paſſing by, a goodly Ship did ſee,
Laden from far with precious Merchandize,
And bravely furniſhed, as ſhip might be,
Which through great diſadventure, or miſprize,
Her ſelf had run into that hazardize;
Whoſe Mariners and Merchants with much toyl,
Labour'd in vain to have recur'd their prize,
And the rich wares to ſave from piteous ſpoil:
But neither toyl nor travel might her back recoyl.

20.

On th'other ſide they ſee that perilous Pool,
That called was the *Whirlpool of Decay*,
In which full many had with hapleſs doom
Been ſunk, of whom no memory did ſtay:
Whoſe circled waters wrapt with whirling ſway,
Like to a reſtleſs wheel, ſtill running round,
Did covet, as they paſſed by that way,
To draw the boat within the utmoſt bound
Of his wide *Labyrinth*, and then to have them drown'd.

21.

But th'heedful Boatman ſtrongly forth did ſtretch
His brawny Arms and all his body ſtrain,
That th'utmoſt ſandy breach, they ſhortly fetch,
Whiles the drad danger does behind remain.
Suddain they ſee, from midſt of all the Main,
The ſurging waters like a Mountain riſe,
And the great Sea puft up with proud diſdain,
To ſwell above the meaſure of his guiſe,
As threatning to devour all, that his powre deſpiſe.

22.

The waves come rolling, and the billows roar
Outragiouſly, as they enraged were;
Or wrathful *Neptune* did them drive before
His whirling charet, for exceeding fear:
For, not one puff of wind did there appear,
That all the three thereat wox much afraid,
Unweeting what ſuch horrour ſtrange did rear.
Eftſoons they ſaw an hideous hoſt array'd
Of huge Sea-Monſters, ſuch as living ſenſe diſmayd.

23.

Moſt ugly ſhapes, and horrible aſpects,
Such as Dame Nature ſelf mote fear to ſee,
Or ſhame, that ever ſhould ſo foul defects
From her moſt cunning hand eſcaped be;
All dreadful pourtraicts of deformity:
Spring-headed *Hydraes*, and Sea-ſhouldring Whales,
Great whirl-pools, which all fiſhes make to flee,
Bright *Scolopendraes*, arm'd with ſilver ſcales,
Mighty *Monoceros*, with immeaſured Tayls.

24.

The dreadful fiſh that hath deſerv'd the name
Of Death, and like him looks in dreadful hew,
The grieſly *Waſſerman*, that makes his game
The flying ſhips with ſwiftneſs to purſew,
The horrible Sea-Satyr that doth ſhew
His fearful face in time of greateſt ſtorm,
Huge *Ziffius*, whom Mariners eſchew
No leſs than rocks (as travellers inform)
And greedy *Roſmarines* with viſages deform.

25.

All theſe, and thouſand thouſands many more,
And more deformed Monſters thouſand fold,
With dreadful noiſe, and hollow rombling rore,
Came ruſhing in the foamy waves enrold,
Which ſeem'd to fly for fear, them to behold:
Ne wonder, if theſe did the Knight appal;
For, all that here on earth we dreadful hold,
Be but as bugs to fearen Babes withal,
Compared to the Creatures in the Seas entrail.

26.

Fear nought, then ſaid the Palmer well aviz'd;
For, theſe ſame Monſters are not theſe indeed,
But are into theſe fearful ſhapes diſguis'd
By that ſame wicked Witch, to work us dread,
And draw from on this Journey to proceed.
Tho, lifting up his vertuous ſtaff on hye,
He ſmote the Sea, which calmed was with ſpeed,
And all that dreadful Army faſt gan fly
Into great *Tethys* boſom, where they hidden lye.

Quis

27.

Quit from that danger, forth their courſe they kept:
And as they went they heard a rueful cry
Of one that wail'd and pitifully wept,
That through the Sea reſounding plaints did fly:
At laſt they in an Iſland did eſpy
A ſeemly Maiden ſitting by the ſhore,
That with great ſorrow, and ſad agony,
Seemed ſome great misfortune to deplore,
And lowd to them for ſuccour called evermore.

28.

Which *Guyon* hearing, ſtraight his Palmer bad
To ſteer the boat toward that doleful Maid,
That he might know, and eaſe her ſorrow ſad:
Who him aviſing better, to him ſaid;
Fair Sir, be not diſpleas'd, if diſobay'd:
For ill it were to hearken to her cry;
For ſhe is inly nothing ill appay'd,
But only womaniſh fine forgery,
Your ſtubborn heart t'affect with frail infirmity.

29.

To which when ſhe your courage hath inclin'd
Through fooliſh pity, then her guileful bait,
She will emboſom deeper in your mind,
And for your ruine at the laſt await.
The Knight was ruled, and the *Boatman* ſtrait
Held on his courſe with ſtayed ſtedfaſtneſs,
Ne ever ſhrunk, ne ever ſought to bait
His tyred Arms for toylſome wearineſs,
But with his Oars did ſweep the watry wilderneſs.

30.

And now they nigh approached to the ſted,
Whereas thoſe Mermaids dwelt: it was a ſtill
And calmy bay, on th'one ſide ſheltered
With the broad ſhadow of an hoary hill,
On th'other ſide an high rock toured ſtill,
That 'twixt them both a pleaſant port they made,
And did like an half Theatre fulfil:
There thoſe five ſiſters had continual trade,
And us'd to bathe themſelves in that deceitful ſhade.

31.

They were fair Ladies till they fondly ſtriv'd
With th'*Helliconian* Maids for maſtery;
Of whom they overcommen, were depriv'd
Of their proud beauty, and th'one moiety
Transform'd to fiſh, for their bold ſurquedry:
But th'upper half their hew retained ſtill,
And their ſweet skill in wonted melody;
Which ever after they abus'd to ill,
T'allure weak Travellers, whom gotten they did kill.

32.

So now to *Guyon*, as he paſſed by,
Their pleaſant tunes they ſweetly thus applide;
O thou fair Son of gentle Fairy,
That art in mighty Arms moſt magnifide
Above all Knights that ever battail try'd,
O turn thy Rudder hitherward a while:
Here may thy ſtorm-beat veſſel ſafely ride:
This is the Port of reſt from troublous toyl,
The worlds ſweet Inn, from pain and wearifome turmoyl.

33.

With that, the rolling Sea reſounding ſoft,
In his big baſe them fitly anſwered,
And on the Rock the waves breaking aloft,
A ſolemn Mean unto them meaſured,
The whiles ſweet *Zephyrus* lowd whiſteled
His Trebble, a ſtrange kind of harmony;
Which *Guyons* ſenſes ſoftly tickeled,
And he the Boatman bad row eaſily,
And let him hear ſome part of their rare melody.

34.

But him that Palmer from that vanity,
With temperate adviſe diſcounſelled,
That they it paſt, and ſhortly gan deſcry,
The Land, to which their courſe they leveled;
When ſuddenly a groſs fog overſpred
With his dull vapour all that deſert has,
And Heavens chearfull face enveloped,
That all things one, and one as nothing was,
And this great Univerſe ſeem'd one confuſed maſs.

35.

Thereat they greatly were diſmay'd, ne wiſt
How to direct their way in darkneſs wide,
But fear'd to wander in that waſtful miſt,
For tombling into miſchief uneſpy'd.
Worſe is the danger hidden, than deſcry'd.
Suddenly an innumerable flight
Of harmful fowls, about them flutt'ring, cry'd,
And with their wicked wings them oft did ſmite,
And ſore annoyed, groping in that grieſly night.

36.

Even all the Nation of unfortunate
And fatal birds about them flocked were,
Such as by Nature Men abhor and hate,
The ill-fac't Owl, deaths dreadful meſſengere,
The hoarſe Night-Raven, trump of doleful drere,
The lether-winged Bat, days Enemy,
The rueful Strich, ſtill waiting on the Bere,
The Whiſtler ſhrill, that whoſo hears, doth dy;
The helliſh Harpies, Prophets of ſad deſtiny.

37.

All thoſe, and all that elſe do's horrour breed,
About them flew, and fill'd their ſails with fear:
Yet ſtaid they not, but forward did proceed,
Whiles th'one did row, and th'other ſtifly ſtear;
Till that at laſt the Weather gan to clear,
And the fair Land it ſelf did plainly ſhow,
Said then the Palmer, Loe where does appear
The ſacred ſoil, where all our perils grow;
Therefore, Sir Knight, your ready Arms about you throw.

38.

He hearkned, and his Arms about him took,
The whiles the nimble boat ſo well her ſped,
That with her crooked keel the Land ſhe ſtrook,
Then forth the noble *Guyon* ſallied,
And his ſage Palmer that him governed;
Bot th'other, by his boat behind did ſtay.
They marched fairly forth, of nought ydred,
Both firmly arm'd for every ſad aſſay,
With conſtancy and care, gainſt danger and diſmay.

39.

Ere long they heard an hideous bellowing
Of many beasts, that roar'd outragiously,
As if that hungers point, or *Venus* sting
Had them enraged with fell furquedry;
Yet nought they fear'd, but past on hardily,
Until they came in view of those wild Beasts:
Who all at once gaping full greedily,
And rearing fiercely their upstarting crests,
Ran towards, to devour those unexpected guests.

40.

But soon as they approacht with deadly threat
The Palmer over them his staff upheld,
His mighty staff, that could all charms defeat:
Eftsoons their stubborn courages were quell'd,
And high advanced crests down meekly fell'd:
Instead of fraying, they themselves did fear,
And trembled, as them passing they beheld:
Such wondrous powre did in that staff appear,
All Monsters to subdue to him that did it bear.

41.

Of that same wood it fram'd was cunningly
Of which *Caduceus* whylom was made;
Caduceus the Rod of *Mercury*,
With which he wonts the *Stygian* Realms invade,
Through gastly horrour, and eternal shade;
Th'infernal fiends with it he can assuage,
And *Orcus* tame, whom nothing can perswade,
And rule the *Furies*, when they most do rage:
Such vertue in his staff had eke this Palmer sage.

42.

Thence passing forth, they shortly do arrive,
Whereas the *Bowre of Bliss* was situate;
A place pickt out by choice of best alive,
That Natures work by art can imitate:
In which whatever in this worldly state
Is sweet and pleasing unto living sense,
Or that may daintiest fantasie aggrate,
Was poured forth with plentiful dispence,
And made there to abound with lavish affluence.

43.

Goodly it was enclosed round about,
Aswell their entred guests to keep within,
As those unruly beasts to hold without;
Yet was the fence thereof but weak and thin:
Nought fear'd their force, that fortilage to win,
But wisdoms powre, and temperances might,
By which the mightiest things efforced bin:
And eke the gate was wrought of substance light,
Rather for pleasure, than for battery or fight.

44.

It framed was of precious Ivory,
That seem'd a work of admirable wit;
And therein all the famous History
Of *Jason* and *Medæa* was ywrit;
Her mighty charms, her furious loving fit,
His goodly conquest of the golden fleece,
His falsed faith, and love too lightly flit,
The wondred *Argo*, which in vent'rous piece
First through the *Euxine* Seas bore all the flowre of *Greece*.

45.

Ye might have seen the frothy billows fry
Under the ship as thorough them she went,
That seem'd the waves were into Ivory,
Or Ivory into the waves were sent;
And other where the snowy substance sprent,
With vermeil like the boys blood therein shed,
A piteous spectacle did represent:
And otherwhiles with gold besprinkeled,
It seem'd th'enchaunted flame, which did *Creusa* wed.

46.

All this, and more might in that goodly gate
Be read; that ever open stood to all,
Which thither came: but in the Porch there sate
A comely personage of stature tall,
And semblance pleasing, more than natural,
That Travellers to him seem'd to entise;
His looser garment to the ground did fall,
And flew about his heels in wanton wise,
Not fit for speedy pace, or manly exercise.

47.

They in that place him *Genius* did call:
Not that celestial powre, to whom the care
Of life, and Generation of all
That lives, pertains, in charge particular,
Who wondrous things concerning our welfare,
And strange phantomes doth let us oft foresee,
And oft of secret ill bids us beware:
That is our Self, whom though we do not see,
Yet each doth in himself it well perceive to be.

48.

Therefore a God him sage Antiquity
Did wisely make, and good *Agdistes* call:
But this same was to that quite contrary,
The foe of life, that good envies to all,
That secretly doth us procure to fall,
Through guileful semblants, which he makes us see.
He of this garden had the governal,
And Pleasures porter was deviz'd to be,
Holding a staff in hand for more formalitee.

49.

With diverse flowers he daintily was deckt,
And strowed round about, and by his side
A mighty Mazer bowl of wine was set,
As if it had to him been sacrify'd;
Wherewith all new-come guests he gratify'd:
So did he eke Sir *Guyon* passing by:
But he his idle courtesie defy'd,
And overthrew his bowl disdainfully; (sly.
And broke his staff, with which he charmed semblants

50.

Thus being entred, they behold around
A large and spacious Plain, on every side
Strowed with pleasance, whose fair grassy ground
Mantled with green, and goodly beautifide
With all the ornaments of *Floraes* pride,
Wherewith her Mother Art, as half in scorn
Of niggard Nature, like a pompous Bride
Did deck her, and too lavishly adorn,
When forth from Virgin bowre she comes in th'early morn

51.

Thereto the Heavens always jovial,
Lookt on them lovely, ſtill in ſtedfaſt ſtate,
Ne ſuffred ſtorm or froſt on them to fall,
Their tender buds or leaves to violate,
Nor ſcorching heat nor cold intemperate
T'afflict the creatures which therein did dwell,
But the mild air with ſeaſon moderate
Gently attempred, and diſpos'd ſo well,
That ſtill it breathed forth ſweet ſpirit & wholeſom ſmell.

52.

More ſweet and wholeſom, than the pleaſant hill
Of *Rhodopé*, on which the Nymph that bore
A giant babe, her ſelf for grief did kill;
Or the Theſſalian *Tempe*, where of yore
Fair *Daphne*, *Phœbus* heart with love did gore;
Or *Ida*, where the Gods lov'd to repair,
Whenever they their Heavenly bowres forlore;
Or ſweet *Parnaſſe*, the haunt of Muſes fair;
Or *Eden*, if that ought with *Eden* mote compare.

53.

Much wondred *Guyon* at the fair aſpect
Of that ſweet place, yet ſuffred no delight
To ſink into his ſenſe, nor mind affect,
But paſſed forth, and lookt ſtill forward right;
Bridling his will, and maiſtering his might:
Till that he came unto another gate,
No gate, but like one, being goodly dight
With boughs and branches, which did broad dilate
Their claſping Arms, in wanton wreathings intricate.

54.

So faſhioned a Porch with rare deviſe,
Archt over head with an embracing Vine,
Whoſe bunches hanging down, ſeem'd to entice
All paſſers by, to taſte their luſhious wine,
And did themſelves into their hands encline,
As freely offering to be gathered:
Some deep empurpled as the *Hyacine*,
Some as the Rubine, laughing ſweetly red,
Some like fair Emerauds, not yet well ripened.

55.

And them amongſt, ſome were of burniſht gold,
So made by Art to beautifie the reſt,
Which did themſelves emongſt the leaves enfold,
As lurking from the view of covetous gueſt,
That the weak boughs with ſo rich load oppreſt,
Did bow adown, as over-burdened.
Under that Porch a comely Dame did reſt,
Clad in fair weeds, but foul diſordered,
And garments looſe, that ſeem'd unmeet for womanhed.

56.

In her left hand a Cup of gold ſhe held,
And with her right the riper fruit did reach,
Whoſe ſappy liquor that with fulneſs ſwell'd,
Into her cup ſhe ſcruz'd, with dainty breach
Of her fine fingers, without foul impeach,
That ſo fair wine-preſs, made the wine more ſweet:
Thereof ſhe us'd to give to drink to each,
Whom paſſing by ſhe happened to meet:
It was her guiſe, all Strangers goodly ſo to greet.

57.

So ſhe to *Guyon* offred it to taſte;
Who taking it out of her tender hond,
The cup to ground did violently caſt,
That all in pieces it was broken fond,
And with the liquor ſtained all the lond:
Whereat *Exceſs* exceedingly was wroth,
Yet no'te the ſame amend, ne yet withſtond,
But ſuffred him to paſs, all were ſhe loth;
Who, not regarding her diſpleaſure, forward go'th.

58.

There the moſt dainty Paradiſe on ground,
It ſelf doth offer to his ſober eye,
In which all pleaſures plenteouſly abound,
And none does others happineſs envy:
The painted flowres, the trees upſhooting hie,
The dales for ſhade, the hills for breathing ſpace,
The trembling groves, the Cryſtal running by;
And that, which all fair works doth moſt aggrace,
The art, which all that wrought appeared in no place.

59.

One would have thought (ſo cunningly the rude
And ſcorned parts were mingled with the fine)
That Nature had for wantonneſs enſu'd
Art, and that Art at Nature did repine;
So ſtriving each th'other to undermine,
Each did the others work more beautifie;
So differing both in wills, agreed in fine:
So all agreed, through ſweet diverſity,
This Garden to adorn with all variety.

60.

And in the midſt of all, a Fountain ſtood,
Of richeſt ſubſtance that on earth might be,
So pure and ſhiny, that the ſilver flood
Through every channel running one might ſee;
Moſt goodly it with pure imageree
Was over-wrought, and ſhapes of naked boys,
Of which ſome ſeem'd with lovely jollitee
To fly about, playing their wanton toys,
Whilſt others did themſelves embay in liquid joys.

61.

And over all, of pureſt gold was ſpred
A trayl of Ivy in his native hew:
For, the rich metal was ſo coloured,
That wight, who did not well avis'd it view,
Would ſurely deem it to be Ivy true:
Low his laſcivicious arms adown did creep,
That themſelves dipping in the ſilver dew,
Their fleecy flowres they tenderly did ſteep,
Which drops of Cryſtal ſeem'd for wantonneſs to weep.

62.

Infinite ſtreams continually did well
Out of this Fountain, ſweet and fair to ſee,
The which into an ample Laver fell,
And ſhortly grew to ſo great quantity,
That like a little Lake it ſeem'd to be;
Whoſe depth exceeded not three cubits hight,
That through the waves one might the bottom ſee,
All pav'd beneath with Jaſper ſhining bright,
That ſeem'd the Fountain in that Sea did ſail upright.

And

63.

And all the margent round about was set,
With shady Laurel trees, thence to defend
The Sunny beams which on the billows bet,
And those which therein bathed, mote offend.
As *Guyon* hapned by the same to wend,
Two naked Damzels, he therein espy'd,
Which therein bathing, seemed to contend,
And wrestle wantonly, ne car'd to hide
Their dainty parts from view of any which them cy'd.

64.

Sometimes, the one would lift the other quight,
Above the waters, and then down again
Her plonge, as overmastered by might,
Where both awhile would covered remain,
And each the other from to rise restrain;
The whiles their snowy limbs, as through a vele,
So through the Crystal waves appeared plain:
Then suddenly both would themselves unhele,
And th'amorous sweet spoils to greedy eyes reveal.

65.

As that fair Star, the messenger of morn,
His dewy face out of the Sea doth rear:
Or as the *Cyprian* Goddess, newly born
Of th'Ocean's fruitful froth, did first appear,
Such seemed they, and so their yellow hear
Crystalline humour dropped down apace,
Whom such when *Guyon* saw, he drew him near,
And somewhat gan relent his earnest pace,
His stubborn brest gan secret pleasance to embrace.

66.

The wanton Maidens him espying, stood
Gazing a while at his unwonted guise;
Then th'one her self low ducked in the flood,
Abasht that her a stranger did avise:
But th'other rather higher did arise,
And her two lilly paps aloft display'd,
And all that might his melting heart entise
To her delights, she unto him bewrayd:
The rest hid underneath, him more desirous made.

67.

With that, the other likewise up arose,
And her fair locks, which formerly were bound
Up in one knot, she low adown did lose:
Which, flowing long and thick, her cloath'd around,
And th'Ivory in golden mantle gown'd:
So that fair spectacle from him was reft,
Yet that which reft it no less fair was found:
So hid in locks and waves from lookers theft,
Nought but her lovely face she for his looking left.

68.

Withal she laughed, and she blusht withal,
That blushing to her laughter gave more grace,
And laughter to her blushing, as did fall:
Now when they spy'd the Knight to slack his pace,
Them to behold, and in his sparkling face
The secret signs of kindled lust appear,
Their wanton merriments they did encrease,
And to him beckned, to approach more near,
And shew'd him many sights that courage cold could rear.

69.

On which when gazing him the Palmer saw,
He much rebuk't those wandring eyes of his,
And (counsell'd well) him forward thence did draw.
Now are they come nigh to the *Bowre of Bliss*,
Of her fond favourites so nam'd amiss:
When thus the Palmer: Now Sir, well avise;
For, here the end of all our travel is:
Here wons *Acrasia*, whom we must surprise,
Else she will slip away, and all our drift despise.

70.

Eftsoons they heard a most melodious sound,
Of all that mote delight a dainty ear,
Such as attonce might not on living ground,
Save in this Paradise, be heard elsewhere:
Right hard it was for wight which did it hear:
To read what manner musick that mote be:
For, all that pleasing is to living ear,
Was there consorted in one harmony;
Birds, voices, instruments, winds, waters, all agree.

71.

The joyous birds, shrouded in chearful shade,
Their notes unto the voice attempred sweet;
Th'Angelical soft trembling voices made
To th'instruments divine respondence meet:
The silver sounding instruments did meet
With the base murmure of the Waters fall,
The Waters fall with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call:
The gentle warbling wind low answered to all.

72.

There, whence that Musick seemed heard to be,
Was the fair Witch, her self now solacing
With a new Lover, whom through sorcery
And witchcraft, she from far did thither bring:
There she had him now laid a slumbering,
In secret shade, after long wanton joys:
Whilst round about them pleasantly did sing
Many fair Ladies, and lascivious boys,
That ever mixt their song with light licentious toys.

73.

And all the while right over him she hong,
With her false eyes fast fixed in his sight,
As seeking Medicines, when she was stong,
Or greedily depasturing delight:
And oft inclining down with kisses light,
For fear of waking him, his lips bedewd,
And through his humid eyes did suck his spright,
Quite molten into lust and pleasure lewd;
Wherewith she sighed soft, as if his case she rewd.

74.

The whiles, some one did chaunt this lovely lay;
Ah see, whoso fair thing dost fain to see,
In springing flowre the image of thy day;
Ah see the Virgin Rose, how sweetly she
Doth first peep forth with bashful modesty,
That fairer seems, the less ye see her may;
Lo, see soon after, how more bold and free
Her bared bosom she doth broad display;
Lo, see soon after, how she fades and falls away.

75.

So passeth, in the passing of a day,
Of mortal life the leaf, the bud, the flowre,
Ne more doth flourish after first decay,
That earst was sought to deck both bed and bowre
Of many a Lady, and many a Paramour:
Gather therefore the Rose, whil'st yet is prime,
For, soon comes age, that will her pride deflowre:
Gather the Rose of love, whil'st yet is time,
Whil'st loving thou maist loved be with equal crime.

76.

He ceast, and then gan all the quire of Birds
Their diverse notes t'attune unto his lay,
As in approvance of his pleasing words.
The constant pair heard all that he did say,
Yet swarved not, but kept their forward way,
Through many covert groves, and thickets close,
In which they creeping did at last display
That wanton Lady, with her Lover lose,
Whose sleepy head she in her lap did soft dispose.

77.

Upon a bed of Roses she was layd,
As faint through heat, or dight to pleasant sin,
And was array'd, or rather disarray'd,
All in a veil of silk and silver thin,
That hid no whit her alabaster skin,
But rather shew'd more white, if more might be:
More subtile Web *Arachne* cannot spin,
Nor the fine nets, which oft we woven see
Of sorched deaw, do not in th'air more lightly flee.

78.

Her snowy brest was bare to ready spoil
Of hungry eyes, which n'ote therewith be fil'd;
And yet through languor of her late sweet toyl,
Few drops, more clear than Nectar, forth distil'd.
That like pure Orient pearls adown it tril'd:
And her fair eyes sweet smiling in delight,
Moystened their fiery beams, with which she thril'd
Frail hearts, yet quenched not; like starry light
Which sparkling on the silver waves, does seem more (bright.

79.

The young man sleeping by her, seem'd to be
Some goodly swain of honourable place,
That certes it great pity was to see
Him his nobility so foul deface;
A sweet regard, and amiable grace,
Mixed with manly sternness did appear
Yet sleeping, in his well proportion'd face,
And on his tender lips the downy hair
Did now but freshly spring, and silken blossoms bear.

80.

His warlike arms (the idle instruments
Of sleeping praise) were hong upon a Tree,
And his brave shield (full of old moniments)
Was foully ras't, that none the signs might see;
Ne for them, ne for honour cared he,
Ne ought that did to his advancement tend,
But in lewd loves, and wasteful luxuree,
His days, his goods, his body he did spend:
O horrible enchantment, that him so did blend!

81.

The noble Elf, and careful Palmer drew
So nigh them (minding nought but lustful game)
That sudden forth they on them rusht, and threw
A subtile net, which only for the same
The skilful Palmer formally did frame.
So hild them under fast, the whiles the rest
Fled all away for fear of fouler shame.
The fair Enchauntress, so unwares oppress,
Try'd all her Arts, & all her sleights, thence out to wrest.

82.

And eke her Lover strove: but all in vain;
For, that same net so cunningly was wound,
That neither guile nor force might it distrain.
They took them both, and both them strongly bound
In captive bands, which there they ready found:
But her in chains of Adamant he tyde;
For nothing else might keep her safe and sound;
But *Verdant* (so he hight) he soon untyde,
And counsel sage in stead thereof to him applyde.

83.

But all those pleasant bowres, and Palace brave,
Guyon broke down, with rigour pitiless;
Ne ought their goodly workmanship might save
Them from the Tempest of his wrathfulness,
But that their bliss he turn'd to balefulness:
Their Groves he feld, their Gardens did deface,
Their Arbers spoyl'd, their Cabinets suppress,
Their Banket-houses burn, their buildings race,
And of the fairest late, now made the foulest place.

84.

Then led they her away, and eke that Knight
They with them led, both sorrowful and sad:
The way they came, the same return'd they right,
Till they arrived where they lately had
Charm'd those wild Beasts, that rag'd with fury mad.
Which now awaking, fierce at them gan fly,
As in their mistress reskew, whom they lad;
But them the Palmer soon did pacifie. (did lie.
Then *Guyon* askt, what meant those Beasts which there

85.

Said he, These seeming Beasts are men indeed,
Whom this Enchauntress hath transformed thus,
Whylom her Lovers, which her lusts did feed,
Now turned into figures hideous,
According to their minds like monstruous.
Sad end, quoth he, of life intemperate,
And mournful meed of joys delicious:
But Palmer, if it mote thee so aggrate,
Let them returned be unto their former state.

86.

Straight-way he with his vertuous staff them strook,
And straight of Beasts they comely men became;
Yet being men, they did unmanly look,
And stared gastly, some for inward shame,
And some for wrath to see their captive Dame:
But one above the rest in special,
That had an Hog been late (hight *Grill* by name)
Repined greatly, and did him miscall,
That had from Hoggish form him brought to natural.

87.

Said *Guyon*, See the mind of beaſtly man,
That hath ſo ſoon forgot the excellence
Of his creation, when he life began,
That now he chooſeth with vile difference,
To be a beaſt, and lack intelligence.
To whom the Palmer thus, The dunghil kind
Delights in filth and foul incontinence;
Let *Grill* be *Grill*, and have his hoggiſh mind,
But let us hence depart, whilſt weather ſerves and wind.

The End of the Second Book.

THE

THE

THIRD BOOK

OF THE

Fairy Queen:

CONTAINING

The Legend of *BRITOMARTIS*; or, of Chaſtity.

1.

IT falls me here to write of Chaſtity,
That faireſt vertue, far above the reſt;
For which what needs me fetch from Fairy
Foraign enſamples, it to have expreſt?
Sith it is ſhrined in my Soveraigns breſt,
And form'd ſo lively in each perfect part,
That to all Ladies which have it profeſt,
Need but behold the pourtraict of her heart,
If pourtray'd it might be by any living Art.

2.

But living Art may not leaſt part expreſs,
Nor life-reſembling pencil it can paint,
All were it *Zeuxis* or *Praxitiles*,
His dædale hand would fain, and greatly faint,
And her perfections with his error taint:
Ne Poets wit, that paſſeth Painter far
In picturing the parts of beauty daint,
So hard a workmanſhip adventure dare,
For fear through want of words her excellence to mar.

3.

How then ſhall I, Apprentice of the skill,
That whylom in divineſt wits did raign,
Preſume ſo high to ſtretch mine humble quill?
Yet now my luckleſs lot doth me conſtrain
Hereto perforce. But O, dread Soveraign,
Thus far forth pardon, ſith that choiceſt wit
Cannot your glorious pourtraict figure plain
That I in colour'd ſhows may ſhadow it,
And antique praiſes unto preſent perſons fit.

4.

But if in living colours, and right hew,
Your ſelf you covet to ſee pictured,
Who can it do more lively, or more true,
Than that ſweet verſe, with *Nectar* ſprinkled,
In which a gracious ſervant pictured
His *Cynthia*, his heavens faireſt light?
That with his melting ſweetneſs raviſhed,
And with the wonder of her beames bright,
My ſenſes lulled are in ſlumber of delight.

5.

But let that ſame delicious Poet lend
A little leave unto a ruſtick Muſe,
To ſing his Miſtreſs praiſe; and let him mend,
If ought amiſs her liking may abuſe:
Ne let his faireſt *Cynthia* refuſe,
In mirrors more than one her ſelf to ſee;
But either *Gloriana* let her chuſe,
Or in *Belphœbe* faſhioned to be:
In th'one her rule, in th'other her rare chaſtity.

CANTO I.

Guyon *encountreth* Britomart,
fair Florimel *is chaced:*
Dueſſaes *trains and* Malecaſtaes
champions are defaced.

1.

THe famous *Briton* Prince and Fairy Knight,
After long ways, and perilous pains endur'd,
Having their weary limbs to perfect plight
Reſtor'd, and ſory wounds right well recur'd,
Of the fair *Alma* greatly were procur'd
To make there longer ſojourn and abode;
But when thereto they might not be allur'd,
From ſeeking praiſe, and deeds of arms abroad,
They curteous conge took, and forth together yode.

2.

But the captiv'd *Acraſia* he ſent
Becauſe of travel long, a nigher way,
With a ſtrong guard, all reskew to prevent,
And her to Fairy-court ſafe to convay,
That her for witneſs of his hard aſſay,
Unto his Fairy Queen he might preſent:
But he himſelf betook another way,
To make more tryal of his hardiment,
And ſeek adventures, as he with Prince *Arthur* went.

3.

Long ſo they travelled through waſtful ways,
Where dangers dwelt, and perils moſt did wone,
To hunt for glory and renowned praiſe;
Full many Countries they did over-run,
From the upriſing to the ſetting Sun,
And many hard adventures did atchieve;
Of all the which they honour ever wone,
Seeking the weak oppreſſed to relieve,
And to recover right for ſuch as wrong did grieve.

4.

At laſt, as through an open Plain they yode,
They ſpy'd a Knight, that towards pricked fair,
And him beſide an aged Squire there rode,
That ſeem'd to couch under his ſhield three-ſquare,
As if that age bade him that burden ſpare,
And yield it thoſe, that ſtouter could it wield:
He them eſpying, gan himſelf prepare,
And on his arm addreſs his goodly ſhield,
That bore a Lyon paſſant in a golden field.

5.

Which ſeeing good Sir *Guyon*, dear beſought
The Prince of grace, to let him run that turn.
He granted: then the Fairy quickly raught
His poynant ſpear, and ſharply gan to ſpurn
His ſomy ſteed, whoſe fiery feet did burn
The verdant graſſe, as he thereon did tread;
Ne did the other back his foot return,
But fiercely forward came withouten dread,
And bent his dreadful ſpear againſt the others head.

6.

They been ymet, and both their poynts arrived,
But *Guyon* drove ſo furious and fell,
That ſeem'd both ſhield and plate it would have rived;
Natheleſs, it bore his foe not from his ſell,
But made him ſtagger, as he were not well:
But *Guyon* ſelf, ere well he was aware,
Nigh a ſpears length behind his crouper fell:
Yet in his fall ſo well himſelf he bare,
That miſchievous miſchance his life and limbs did ſpare.

7.

Great ſhame and ſorrow of that fall he took;
For never yet ſince warlike arms he bore,
And ſhivering ſpear in bloody field firſt ſhook,
He found himſelf diſhonoured ſo ſore.
Ah gentleſt Knight that ever armour bore,
Let not thee grieve diſmounted to have been,
And brought to ground, that never waſt before;
For, not thy fault, but ſecret power unſeen,
That ſpear enchanted was, which laid thee on the Green.

8.

But weenedſt thou what wight thee overthrew,
Much greater grief and ſhamefuller regret
For thy hard fortune then thou wouldſt renew,
That of a ſingle Damſel thou wert met
On equal Plain, and there ſo hard beſet;
For even the famous *Britomart* it was,
Whom ſtrange adventure did from *Britain* fet,
To ſeek her Lover (love far ſought alas)
Whoſe Image ſhe had ſeen in *Venus* looking glaſs.

9.

Full of diſdainful wrath, the fierce uproſe,
For to revenge that foul reprochful ſhame,
And ſnatching his bright ſword, began to cloſe
With her on foot, and ſtoutly forward came;
Dye rather would he than endure that ſame.
Which when his Palmer ſaw, he gan to fear
His toward peril and untoward blame,
Which by that new r'encounter he ſhould rear:
For, death ſate on the point of that enchanted ſpear.

10.

And haſting towards him, gan fair perſwade,
Not to provoke misfortune, nor to ween
His ſpears default to mend with cruel blade;
For, by his mighty Science he had ſeen
The ſecret vertue of that weapon keen,
That mortal puiſſance mote not withſtond;
Nothing on earth mote always happy been.
Great hazard were it, and adventure fond,
To loſe long gotten honour with one evil hond.

11.

By ſuch good means he him diſcounſelled,
From proſecuting his revenging rage;
And eke the Prince like treaty handeled,
His wrathful will with reaſon to aſſwage,
And laid the blame, not to his cariage,
But to his ſtarting ſteed, that ſwarv'd aſide,
And to the ill purveyance of his page,
That had his furnitures not firmly tide:
So in his angry courage fairly paciſide.

12.

Thus, reconcilement was between them knit,
Through goodly temp'rance, and affection chaſt;
And either vow'd with all their powre and wit,
To let not others honour be defac't
Of friend or foe, who ever it embas't,
Ne arms to bear againſt the others ſide:
In which accord the Prince was alſo plac't,
And with that golden chain of concord tyde.
So goodly all agreed, they forth yfere did ride.

13.

O goodly uſage of thoſe antique times!
In which the ſword was ſervant unto right;
When not for malice and contentious crimes,
But all for praiſe, and proof of manly might,
The Martial brood accuſtomed to fight:
Then honour was the meed of victory,
And yet the vanquiſhed had no deſpight:
Let later age that noble uſe envy,
Vile rancour to avoyd, and cruel ſurquedry.

14.

Long they thus travelled in friendly wiſe,
Through Countries waſte, and eke well edifi'd,
Seeking adventures hard, to exereiſe
Their puiſſance, whylom full dernly tryde:
At length they came into a Foreſt wide,
Whoſe hideous horror and ſad trembling ſound
Full grieſly ſeem'd: Therein they long did ride,
Yet tract of living creature none they found,
Save Bears, Lyons, and Bulls, which romed them around.

All

15.

All ſuddenly out of the thickeſt bruſh,
Upon a milk-white Palfrey all alone,
A goodly Lady did foreby them ruſh,
Whoſe face did ſeem as clear as Cryſtal ſtone,
And eke (through fear) as white as Whales bone:
Her Garments all were wrought of beaten Gold,
And all her ſteed with tinſel trappings ſhone,
Which fled ſo faſt, that nothing mote him hold,
And ſcarce them leaſure gave, her paſſing to behold.

16.

Still as ſhe fled, her eye ſhe backward threw,
As fearing evil, that purſew'd her faſt;
And her fair yellow locks behind her flew,
Looſely diſperſt with puff of every blaſt:
All as a blazing Star doth far out-caſt
His hairy beams, and flaming locks diſſpred,
At ſight whereof the people ſtand agaſt:
But the ſage Wiſard tells (as he has read)
That it importunes death, and doleful drerihead.

17.

So, as they gazed after her awhile,
Lo, where a grieſly Foſter forth did ruſh,
Breathing out beaſtly luſt her to defile:
His tyreling jade he fiercely forth did puſh,
Through thick and thin, both over bank and buſh,
In hope her to attain by hook or crook,
That from his gory ſides the blood did guſh:
Large were his limbs, and terrible his look,
And in his clowniſh hand a ſharp bore-ſpear he ſhook.

18.

Which outrage when thoſe gentle Knights did ſee,
Full of great envy, and fell jealouſie,
They ſtayd not to aviſe who firſt ſhould be,
But all ſpur'd after faſt, as they mote fly,
To reskew her from ſhameful villany.
The Prince and *Guyon* equally by live
Her ſelf purſew'd, in hope to win thereby
Moſt goodly meed, the faireſt Dame alive:
But after the foul Foſter *Timias* did ſtrive.

19.

The whiles fair *Britomart*, whoſe conſtant mind,
Would not ſo lightly follow beauties chace,
Ne reckt of Ladies love, did ſtay behind,
And them awaited there a certain ſpace,
To weet if they would turn back to that place:
But when ſhe ſaw them gone, ſhe forward went,
As lay her journey, through that perlous Pace,
With ſtedfaſt courage and ſtout hardiment;
Ne evil thing ſhe fear'd, ne evil thing ſhe ment.

20.

At laſt, as nigh out of the Wood ſhe came,
A ſtately Caſtle far away ſhe ſpyde,
To which her ſteps directly ſhe did frame.
That Caſtle was moſt goodly edifi'd,
And plac't for pleaſure nigh that Foreſt ſide:
But fair before the gate a ſpacious Plain,
Mantled with green, it ſelf did ſpredden wide,
On which ſhe ſaw ſix Knights, that did darrain
Fierce battel againſt one, with cruel might and main.

21.

Mainly they all attonce upon him lay'd,
And ſore beſet on every ſide around,
That nigh he breathleſs grew, yet nought diſmay'd,
Ne ever to them yielded foot of ground,
All had he loſt much blood through many a wound,
But ſtoutly dealt his blows, and every way
To which he turned in his wrathful ſtound,
Made them recoyl, and fly from drad decay,
That none of all the ſix before him durſt aſſay.

22.

Like daſtard Curs, that having at a bay
The ſalvage beaſt emboſt in weary chace,
Dare not adventure on the ſtubborn pray,
Ne bite before, but rome from place to place,
To get a ſnatch, when turned is his face.
In ſuch diſtreſs and doubtful jeopardy,
When *Britomart* him ſaw, ſhe ran apace
Unto his reskew, and with earneſt cry,
Bade thoſe ſame ſix forbear that ſingle enemy.

23.

But to her cry they liſt not lenden ear,
Ne ought the more their mighty ſtroaks ſurceaſe,
But gathering him round about more near,
Their direful rancour rather did increaſe;
Till that ſhe ruſhing through the thickeſt preace,
Perforce diſparted their compacted gyre,
And ſoon compel'd to hearken unto peace:
Tho gan ſhe mildly of them to inquire
The cauſe of their diſſention and outrageous ire.

24.

Whereto that ſingle Knight did anſwer frame;
Theſe ſix would me enforce by odds of might,
To change my lief, and love another Dame,
That death me liefer were than ſuch deſpight,
So unto wrong to yield my wreſted right:
For, I love one, the trueſt one on ground,
Ne liſt me change; ſhe th'*Errant Damſel* hight,
For whoſe dear ſake full many a bitter ſtound
I have endur'd, and taſted many a bloody wound.

25.

Certes, ſaid ſhe, then been ye ſix to blame,
To ween your wrong by force to juſtifie:
For, Knight to leave his Lady, were great ſhame,
That faithful is, and better were to dye.
All loſs is leſs, and leſs the Infamy
Than loſs of love, to him that loves but one;
Ne may love be compel'd by maſtery;
For, ſoon as maſtery comes, ſweet love anone
Taketh his nimble wings, and ſoon away is gone.

26.

Then ſpake one of thoſe ſix, There dwelleth here
Within this Caſtle wall a Lady fair,
Whoſe ſoveraign beauty hath no living peer;
Thereto ſo bountious and ſo debonair,
That never any mote with her compare.
She hath ordain'd this Law, which we approve,
That every Knight, which doth this way repair,
In caſe he have no Lady, nor no Love,
Shall do unto her ſervice, never to remove.

But,

27.

But, if he have a Lady or a Love,
Then muſt he her forgoe with foul defame,
Or elſe with us by dint of ſword approve,
That ſhe is fairer than our faireſt Dame,
As did this Knight, before ye hither came.
Perdy, ſaid *Britomart*, the choice is hard:
But what reward had he that overcame?
He ſhould advanced be to high regard,
Said they, and have our Ladies love for his reward.

28.

Therefore aread Sir, if thou have a Love.
Love have I ſure, quoth ſhe, but Lady none;
Yet will I not fro mine own Love remove,
Ne to your Lady will I ſervice done,
But wreak your wrongs wrought to this Knight alone,
And prove his cauſe. With that, her mortal ſpear
She mightily aventred towards one,
And down him ſmote ere well aware he were,
Then to the next ſhe rode, and down the next did bear.

29.

Ne did ſhe ſtay till three on ground ſhe lay'd,
That none of them himſelf could rear again;
The fourth was by that other Knight diſmay'd,
All were he weary of his former pain,
That now there do but two of ſix remain;
Which two did yield before ſhe did them ſmight.
Ah, ſaid ſhe then, Now may ye all ſee plain,
That truth is ſtrong, and true love moſt of might,
That for his truſty ſervants doth ſo ſtrongly fight.

30.

Too well we ſee, ſaid they, and prove too well
Our faulty weakneſs, and your matchleſs might:
For-thy fair Sir, yours be the Damozel,
Which by her own Law to your lot doth light,
And we your liege men faith unto you plight.
So underneath her feet their ſwords they ſhar'd,
And after, her beſought, well as they might,
To enter in, and reap the due reward:
She granted, and then in they all together far'd.

31.

Long were it to deſcribe the goodly frame,
And ſtately Port of *Caſtle Joyeous*,
(For, ſo that Caſtle hight by common name)
Where they were entertain'd with curteous
And comly glee of many gracious
Fair Ladies, and many a gentle Knight,
Who through a Chamber long and ſpacious,
Eftſoons them brought unto their Ladies ſight,
That of them cleeped was the *Lady of delight*.

32.

But, for to tell the ſumptuous array
Of that great Chamber, ſhould be labour loſt:
For, living wit (I ween) cannot diſplay
The royal riches and exceeding coſt
Of every pillor, and of every poſt;
Which all of pureſt bullion framed were,
And with great Pearls and pretious ſtones emboſt.
That the bright gliſter of their beames clear
Did ſparkle forth great light, and glorious did appear.

33.

Theſe ſtranger Knights through paſſing forth were led
Into an inner room, whoſe royalty
And rich purveyance might uneath be read;
Mote Princes place beſeem ſo deckt to be.
Which ſtately manner when as they did ſee,
The Image of ſuperfluous riotize,
Exceeding much the ſtate of mean degree,
They greatly wondred, whence ſo ſumptuous guiſe
Might be maintain'd, and each gan diverſly deviſe.

34.

The walls were round about apparelled
With coſtly clothes of *Arras* and of *Toure*;
In which, with cunning hand was pourtrahed
The love of *Venus* and her Paramour
The fair *Adonis*, turned to a flowre,
A work of rare deviſe, and wondrous wit.
Firſt did it ſhew the bitter baleful ſtowre,
Which her aſſay'd with many a fervent fit,
When firſt her tender heart was with his beauty ſmit.

35.

Then, with what ſleights and ſweet allurements ſhe
Entic't the Boy (as well that art ſhe knew)
And wooed him her Paramour to be;
Now making girlonds of each flowre that grew,
To crown his golden locks with honour dew;
Now leading him into a ſecret ſhade
From his Beauperes, and from bright heavens view,
Where him to ſleep ſhe gently would perſwade,
Or bath him in a fountain by ſome covert glade.

36.

And whil'ſt he ſlept, ſhe over him would ſpread
Her mantle, colour'd like the ſtarry ſkyes,
And her ſoft arm lay underneath his head,
And with ambroſial kiſſes bath his eyes;
And whil'ſt he bath'd, with her two crafty ſpyes
She ſecretly would ſearch each dainty lim,
And throw into the Well ſweet Roſemaries,
And fragrant Violets, and Pances trim,
And ever with ſweet Nectar ſhe did ſprinkle him.

37.

So did ſhe ſteal his heedleſs heart away,
And joy'd his love in ſecret uneſpide.
But, for ſhe ſaw him bent to cruel play,
To burn the ſalvage beaſt in Foreſt wide,
Dreadful of danger, that mote him betide,
She oft and oft adviz'd him to refrain
From chace of greater beaſts, whoſe brutiſh pride
Mote breed him ſcath unwares: but all in vain;
For, who can ſhun the chance that deſt'ny doth ordain?

38.

Lo, where beyond he lyeth languiſhing,
Deadly engored of a great wild Bore,
And by his ſide the Goddeſs groveling
Makes for him endleſs mone, and evermore
With her ſoft garment wipes away the gore,
Which ſtains his ſnowy ſkin with hateful hew:
But when ſhe ſaw no help might him reſtore,
Him to a dainty flowre ſhe did tranſmew,
Which in that cloth was wrought, as if it lively grew.

So

39.

So was that Chamber clad in goodly wize,
And round about it many beds were dight,
As whylom was the antique worldes guize,
Some for untimely eaſe, ſome for delight,
As pleaſed them to uſe, that uſe it might:
And all was full of Damzels, and of Squires,
Dancing and revelling both day and night,
And ſwiming deep in ſenſual deſires,
And *Cupid* ſtill emongſt them kindled luſtful fires.

40.

And all the while, ſweet Muſick did divide
Her looſer notes with *Lydian* harmony;
And all the while, ſweet Birds thereto applide
Their dainty lays and dulcet melody,
Ay caroling of love and jollity,
That wonder was to hear their trim conſort.
Which when thoſe Knights beheld, with ſcornful eye,
They ſdeigned ſuch laſcivious diſport,
And loath'd the looſe demeanure of that wanton ſort.

41.

Thence they were brought to that great Ladies view,
Whom they found ſitting on a ſumptuous bed,
That gliſtred all with Gold and glorious ſhew,
As the proud *Perſian* Queens accuſtomed:
Shee ſeem'd a Woman of great bountihed,
And of rare beauty, ſaving that aſcance
Her wanton eyes, ill ſigns of Womanhed,
Did roll too lightly, and too often glance,
Without regard of grace, or comely amenance.

42.

Long work it were, and needleſs to devize
Their goodly entertainment and great glee:
She cauſed them be led in curteous wize
Into a bowre, diſarmed for to be,
And cheared well with wine and ſpiceree:
The *Redcroſs* Knight was ſoon diſarmed there;
But the brave Maid would not diſarmed be,
But only vented up her umbriere,
And ſo did let her goodly viſage to appere.

43.

As when fair *Cynthia*, in darkſom night,
Is in a noyous clowd enveloped,
Where ſhe may find the ſubſtance thin and light,
Breaks forth her ſilver beams, and her bright head
Diſcovers to the world diſcomfited;
Of the poor Traveller that went a ſtray,
With thouſand bleſſings ſhe is heried;
Such was the beauty and the ſhining ray,
With which fair *Britomart* gave light unto the day.

44.

And eke thoſe ſix, which lately with her fought,
Now were diſarm'd, and did themſelves preſent
Unto her view, and company unſought;
For they all ſeemed curteous and gent,
And all ſix brethren, born of one parent,
Which had them train'd in all civilitee,
And goodly taught to tilt and turnament;
Now were they liegemen to this Lady free,
And her Knights-ſervice ought, to hold of her in Fee.

45.

The firſt of them by name *Gradante* hight,
A jolly perſon, and of comely view;
The ſecond was *Parlante*, a bold Knight,
And next to him *Jocante* did enſew;
Baſciante did himſelf moſt curteous ſhew;
But fierce *Bacchante*, ſeem'd too fell and keen;
And yet in arms *Noctante* greater grew:
All were fair Knights, and goodly well beſeen;
But to fair *Britomart* they all but ſhadows Been.

46.

For ſhe was full of amiable grace,
And manly terrour mixed there-withall,
That as the one ſtir'd up affections baſe,
So th'other did mens raſh deſires appall,
And hold them back, that would in errour fall;
As he that hath eſpy'd a vermeil Roſe,
To which ſharp Thorns and Briers the way forſtall,
Dare not for dread his hardy hand expoſe;
But wiſhing it far off, his idle wiſh doth looſe.

47.

Whom when the Lady ſaw ſo fair a wight,
All ignorant of her contrary ſex
(For ſhe her weend a freſh and luſty Knight)
She greatly gan enamoured to wex,
And with vain thoughts her falſed fancy vex:
Her fickle heart conceived haſty fire,
Like ſparks of fire which fall in ſlender flex,
That ſhortly brent into extream deſire,
And ranſackt all her veins with paſſion entire.

48.

Eftſoons ſhe grew to great impatience,
And into terms of open outrage burſt,
That plain diſcover'd her incontinence,
Ne reckt ſhe, who her meaning did miſtruſt;
For, ſhe was given all to fleſhly luſt,
And poured forth in ſenſual delight,
That all regard of ſhame ſhe had diſcuſt,
And meet reſpect of honour put to flight:
So, ſhameleſs beauty ſoon becomes a loathy ſight.

49.

Fair Ladies, that to love captived are,
And chaſt deſires do nouriſh in your mind,
Let not her fault your ſweet affections mar,
Ne blot the bounty of all Woman kind,
Mongſt thouſands good, one wanton Dame to find:
Emongſt the Roſes grow ſome wicked weeds;
For, this was not to love, but luſt inclin'd;
For, love do's always bring forth bounteous deeds,
And in each gentle heart deſire of honour breeds.

50.

Nought ſo of love this looſer Dame did skill,
But as a coal to kindle fleſhly flame,
Giving the bridle to her wanton will,
And treading under foot her honeſt name:
Such love is hate, and ſuch deſire is ſhame.
Still did ſhe rove at her with crafty glance
Of her falſe eyes, that at her heart did aim,
And told her meaning in her countenance;
But *Britomart* diſſembled it with ignorance.

Supper

51.

Supper was ſhortly dight, and down they ſat,
Where they were ſerved with all ſumptuous fare,
Whiles fruitful *Ceres*, and *Lyæus* fat
Pourd out their plenty, without ſpight or ſpare:
Nought wanted there, that dainty was and rare;
And aye the cups their banks did overflow,
And aye between the cups, ſhe did prepare
Way to her love, and ſecret darts did throw;
But *Britomart* would not ſuch guileful meſſage know.

52.

So when they ſlaked had the fervent heat
Of appetite with meats of every ſort,
The Lady did fair *Britomart* entreat
Her to diſarm, and with delightful ſport
To looſe her warlike limbs and ſtrong effort:
But when ſhe mote not thereunto be wone,
(For, ſhe her ſex under that ſtrange purport
Did uſe to hide, and plain appearance ſhun:)
In plainer wiſe to tell her grievance ſhe begun.

53.

And all attonce diſcovered her deſire
With ſighs, and ſobs, and plaints, and pitious grief,
The outward ſparks of her in-burning fire;
Which ſpent in vain, at laſt ſhe told her brief,
That but if ſhe did lend her ſhort relief,
And do her comfort, ſhe mote algates dye.
But the chaſt Damzel, that had never prief
Of ſuch malengine and fine forgery,
Did eaſily believe her ſtrong extremity.

54.

Full eaſie was for her to have belief,
Who, by ſelf-feeling of her feeble ſex,
And by long tryal of the inward grief,
Wherewith imperious love her heart did vex,
Could judge what pains do loving hearts perplex.
Who means no guile, be 'guiled ſooneſt ſhall,
And to fair ſemblance doth light faith annex;
The Bird, that knows not the falſe Fowlers call,
Into his hidden net full eaſily doth fall.

55.

For-thy, ſhe would not in diſcourteous wiſe,
Scorn the fair offer of good will profeſt;
For, great rebuke it is, love to deſpiſe,
Or rudely diſdeign a gentle hearts requeſt,
But with fair countenance, as beſeemed beſt,
Her entertain'd, nath'leſs, ſhe inly deem'd
Her love too light, to woe a wandring gueſt:
Which ſhe miſconſtruing, thereby eſteem'd
That from like inward fire that outward ſmoke had (ſteem'd.

56.

Therewith awhile ſhe her flit fancy fed,
Till ſhe mote win fit time for her deſire:
But yet her wound ſtill inward freſhly bled,
And through her bones the falſe inſtilled fire
Did ſpread it ſelf, and venim cloſe inſpire.
Tho, were the tables taken all away,
And every Knight, and every gentle Squire
Gan chooſe his Dame with *Baſciomani* gay,
With whom he meant to make his ſport and courtly play.

57.

Some fell to dance, ſome fell to hazardry,
Some to make love, ſome to make merriment,
As diverſe wits to diverſe things apply;
And all the while fair *Malecaſta* bent
Her crafty engins to her cloſe intent.
By this th'eternal lamps, wherewith high *Jove*
Doth light the lower world, were half yſpent,
And the moiſt Daughters of huge *Atlas* ſtrove
Into the Ocean deep to drive their weary drove.

58.

High time it ſeemed then for every wight
Them to betake unto their kindly reſt;
Eftſoons long waxen Torches weren light,
Unto their bowres to guiden every gueſt:
Tho, when the Britoneſs ſaw all the reſt
Avoided quite, ſhe gan her ſelf deſpoyl,
And ſafe commit to her ſoft fethered neſt;
Where, through long watch, and late days weary toyl,
She ſoundly ſlept, and careful thoughts did quite aſſoyl.

59.

Now, when as all the world in ſilence deep
Yſhrowded was, and every mortal wight
Was drowned in the depth of deadly ſleep,
Fair *Malecaſta*, whoſe engrieved ſpright
Could find no reſt in ſuch perplexed plight,
Lightly aroſe out of her weary bed,
And under the black veil of guilty Night,
Her with a ſcarlot mantle covered,
That was with Gold and Ermines fair enveloped.

60.

Then panting ſoft, and trembling every joynt,
Her fearful feet towards the bowre ſhe mov'd;
Where ſhe for ſecret purpoſe did appoint
To lodge the warlike maid unwiſely lov'd,
And to her bed approching, firſt ſhe prov'd,
Whether ſhe ſlept or wak't, with her ſoft hand
She ſoftly felt, if any member mov'd,
And lent her weary ear to underſtand,
If any puff of breath, or ſign of ſenſe ſhe fand.

61.

Which, when-as none ſhe fond, with eaſie ſhift,
For fear leaſt her unwares ſhe ſhould abrayd,
Th'embrodred quilt ſhe lightly up did lift,
And by her ſide her ſelf ſhe ſoftly layd,
Of every fineſt fingers touch affraid;
Ne any noyſe ſhe made, ne word ſhe ſpake,
But inly ſigh't. At laſt, the royal maid
Out of her quiet ſlumber did awake,
And chang'd her weary ſide, the better eaſe to take.

62.

Where, feeling one cloſe couched by her ſide,
She lightly leapt out of her filed bed,
And to her weapon ran, in mind to gride
The loathed leachour. But the Dame, half dead
Through ſudden fear and gaſtly drerihed,
Did ſhriek aloud, that through the houſe it rong,
And the whole Family therewith adred,
Raſhly out of their rouzed couches ſprong,
And to the troubled chamber all in arms did throng.

And

63.

And thoſe ſix Knights, that Ladies Champions,
And eke the *Redcroſs* knight ran to the ſtound,
Half arm'd and half unarm'd, with them attons:
Where when confuſedly they came, they found
Their Lady lying on the ſenſeleſs ground;
On th' other ſide, they ſaw the warlik Mayd
All in her ſnow-white ſmock, with locks unbound,
Threatning the point of her avenging blade,
That with ſo troublous terror they were all diſmayd.

64.

About their Lady firſt they flockt around:
Whom having laid in comfortable couch,
Shortly they reard out of her frozen ſwound;
And afterwards they gan with foul reproch
To ſtirr up ſtrife, and troublous conteſt broch:
But by enſample of the laſt days loſs,
None of them raſhly durſt to her approch,
Ne in ſo glorious ſpoyl themſelves emboſs;
Her ſuccourd eke the Champion of the bloudy Croſs.

65.

But one of thoſe ſix Knights, *Gardante* hight,
Drew out a deadly bow and arrow keen,
Which forth he ſent with felonous deſpight,
And fell intent againſt the Virgin ſheen:
The mortal ſteel ſtaid not, till it was ſeen
To gore her ſide; yet was the wound not deep,
But lightly raiſed her ſoft ſilken skin,
That drops of purple bloud there-out did weep,
Which did her lilly ſmock with ſteins of vermeil ſteep.

66.

Where-with enrag'd, ſhe fiercely at them flew,
And with her flaming ſword about her laid,
That none of them foul miſchief could eſchew,
But with her dreadful ſtroaks were all diſmaid:
Here, there, and every where about her ſwaid
Her wrathful ſteel, that none mote it abide;
And eke the *Redcroſs* knight gave her good aid,
Ay joyning foot to foot, and ſide to ſide,
That in ſhort ſpace their foes they have quite terrifide.

67.

Tho, when-as all were put to ſhameful flight,
The noble *Britomartis* her arraid,
And her bright arms about her body dight:
For nothing would ſhe lenger there be ſtaid,
Where ſo looſe life, and ſo ungentle trade
Was us'd of Knights and Ladies ſeeming gent:
So early, ere the groſs Earths grieſie ſhade,
Was all diſperſt out of the firmament,
They took their ſteeds, and forth upon their journey went.

CANTO II.

The Redcroſs knight to Britomart deſcribeth Artegall: The wondrous mirrour by which ſhe in love did with him fall.

1.

HEre have I cauſe, in men juſt blame to find,
That in their proper praiſe too partial be,
And not indifferent to woman-kind,
To whom, no ſhare in arms and chevalrie
They do impart, ne maken memorie
Of their brave geſts and proweſs Martiall;
Scarce do they ſpare to one, or two, or three,
Room in their writs; yet the ſame writing ſmall
Does all their deeds deface, and dims their glories all:

2.

But by record of antique times I find,
That women wont in wars to bear moſt ſway,
And to all great exploits themſelves inclin'd:
Of which they ſtill the girlond bore away,
Till envious Men (fearing their rules decay)
Gan coyn ſtraight laws to curb their liberty;
Yet ſith they warlick arms have laid away,
They have exceld in arts and policy,
That now we fooliſh men that praiſe gin eke t'envy.

3.

Of warlik puiſſance in ages ſpent,
Be thou fair *Britomart*, whoſe praiſe I write;
But of all wiſdom be thou precedent,
O ſovereign Queen, whoſe praiſe I would endite,
Endite I would as duty doth excite;
But ah! my rimes too rude and rugged arr,
When in ſo high an object they do lighte,
And ſtriving fit to make I fear do marr:
Thy ſelf thy praiſes tell, and make them knowen farr.

4.

She, travelling with *Guyon* by the way,
Of ſundry things fair purpoſe gan to find,
T' abbridge their journey long, and lingring day;
Mongſt which it fell into that Faeries mind,
To ask this Briton Maid, what uncouth wind
Brought her into thoſe parts, and what inqueſt
Made her diſſemble her diſguiſed kind:
Fair Lady ſhe him ſeemd, like Lady dreſt;
But faireſt knight alive, when armed was her breſt.

5.

Thereat ſhe ſighing ſoftly, had no powre
To ſpeak awhile, ne ready anſwer make;
But with hart-thrilling throbs and bitter ſtowre,
As if ſhe had a Fever fit, did quake,
And every dainty limb with horror ſhake;
And ever and anon the roſy red
Flaſht through her face, as it had been a flake
Of lightning, through bright heaven fulmined;
At laſt, the paſſion paſt, ſhe thus him anſwered.

6.

Fair Sir, I let you weet, that from the howre
I taken was from Nurſes tender pap,
I have been trained up in warlike ſtowre,
To toſſen ſpear and ſhield, and to affrap
The warlike rider to his moſt mishap;
Sithence I loathed have my life to lead,
As Ladies wont in pleaſures wanton lap:
To finger the fine needle and nice thread,
Me lever were with point of foe-mans ſpear be dead.

7.

All my delight on deeds of arms is ſet,
To hunt out perils and adventures hard,
By ſea, by land, where-ſo they may be met,
Onely for honour and for high regard,
Without reſpect of riches or reward.
For ſuch intent into theſe parts I came,
Withouten compaſs, or withouten card,
Far from my native ſoyl, that is by name
The greater *Britain*, here to ſeek for praiſe and fame.

8.

Fame blazed hath, that here in Faery lond
Do many famous Knights and Ladies won,
And many ſtrange adventures to be fond,
Of which great worth and worſhip may be won;
Which I to prove, this voyage have begon.
But mote I weet of you, right curteous knight,
Tydings of one, that hath unto me don
Late foul diſhonour and reprochful ſpight,
The which I ſeek to wreak, and *Artegal* he hight.

9.

The word gone out, ſhe back again would call,
As her repenting ſo to have diſmaid,
But that he it up-taking ere the fall,
Her ſhortly anſwered; Fair Martial Maid
Certes ye miſaviſed been, t'upbraid
A gentle knight with ſo unknightly blame:
For, weet ye well, of all that ever plaid
At tilt or tourney, or like warlike game,
The noble *Artegal* hath ever born the name.

10.

For-thy great wonder were it, if ſuch ſhame
Should ever enter in his bounteous thought,
Or ever do that mote diſerven blame:
The noble courage never weeneth ought,
That may unworthy of it ſelf be thought.
Therefore, fair Damzel, be ye well aware,
Leſt that too farr he have your ſorrow ſought:
You and your countrey both I wiſh welfare,
And honour both; for each of other worthy are.

11.

The royal Maid wox inly wondrous glad,
To hear her love ſo highly magnifide,
And joyd that ever ſhe affixed had
Her heart on knight ſo goodly glorifide,
How ever finely ſhe it faind to hide:
The loving mother, that nine moneths did beare,
In the dear cloſet of her painful ſide,
Her tender babe, it ſeeing ſafe appeare,
Doth not ſo much rejoyce, as ſhe rejoyced there.

12.

But to occaſion him to further talk,
To feed her humour with this pleaſing ſtile,
Her liſt in ſtrife-full terms with him to balk,
And thus replide; How ever, Sir, ye file
Your courteous tongue his praiſes to compile,
It ill beſeems a knight of gentle ſort,
Such as ye have him boaſted, to beguile
A ſimple maid, and work ſo hainous tort,
In ſhame of knighthood, as I largely can report.

13.

Let be therefore my vengeance to diſſwade,
And reed, where I that faytour falſe may find:
Ah, but if reaſon fair might you perſwade,
To ſlake your wrath, and mollifie your mind,
Said he, perhaps ye ſhould it better find:
For, hardy thing it is, to ween by might,
That man to hard conditions to bind,
Or ever hope to match in equal fight;
Whoſe proweſs paragon ſaw never living wight.

14

Ne ſoothlich is it eaſie for to read,
Where now on earth, or how he may be found;
For, he ne wonneth in one certain ſtead,
But reſtleſs walketh all the world around,
Ay dooing things, that to his fame redound,
Defending Ladies cauſe, and Orphans right,
Whereſo he hears, that any doth confound
Them comfortleſs, through tyranny or might;
So is his ſoverain honour rais'd to heavens hight.

15.

His feeling words her feeble ſenſe much pleas'd,
And ſoftly ſunk into her molten hart;
Heart, that is inly hurt, is greatly eas'd
With hope of thing that may alledge his ſmart;
For, pleaſing words are like to Magick art,
That doth the charmed Snake in ſlomber lay:
Such ſecret eaſe felt gentle *Britomart*,
Yet liſt the ſame efforce with faind gainſay;
(So, diſcord oft in Muſick makes the ſweeter lay.)

16.

And ſaid, Sir knight, theſe idle terms forbear,
And ſith it is uneath to find his haunt,
Till me ſome marks, by which he may appear,
If chance I him encounter paraunt;
For, perdy one ſhall other ſlay, or daunt:
What ſhape, what ſhield, what arms, what ſteed, what (ſteel,
And whatſo elſe his perſon moſt may vaunt;
All which the *Redcroſs* knight to point ared,
And him in every point before her faſhioned.

17.

Yet him in every part before ſhe knew,
How-ever liſt her now her knowledge fain,
Sith him whilom in *Britain* ſhe did view,
To her revealed in a mirrour plain;
Whereof did grow her firſt engraffed pain;
Whoſe root and ſtalk ſo bitter yet did taſte,
That but the fruit more ſweetneſs did contain,
Her wretched days in dolour ſhe mote waſte,
And yield the prey of love to loathſom death at laſt.

By

18.

By ſtrange occaſion ſhe did him behold,
And much more ſtrangely gan to love his ſight,
As it in books hath written been of old.
In *Debeubarth* that now South-*Wales* is hight,
What time King *Ryence* reign'd, and dealed right.
The great Magician *Merlin* had deviz'd,
By his deep Science and hell-dreaded might,
A Looking-glaſs right wondrouſly aguiz'd, (niz'd.
Whoſe vertues through the wide world ſoon were ſolem-

19.

It vertue had, to ſhew in perfect ſight,
What-ever thing was in the World contain'd,
Betwixt the loweſt Earth and Heavens hight,
So that it to the looker appertain'd;
Whatever foe had wrought, or friend had fain'd,
Therein diſcovered was, ne ought mote paſs,
Ne ought in ſecret from the ſame remain'd;
For-thy it round and hollow ſhaped was,
Like to the World it ſelf, and ſeem'd a world of glaſs.

20.

Who wonders not, that reads ſo wondrous work?
But who does wonder that has red the Towre,
Wherein th'Egyptian *Phaö* long did lurk
From all mens view, and none might her diſcoure,
Yet ſhe might all men view out of her bowre?
Great *Ptolomæe* it for his Lemans ſake
Ybuilded all of Glaſs, by Magick powre,
And alſo it impregnable did make;
Yet when his Love was falſe, he with a peaze it brake.

21.

Such was the glaſſy globe that *Merlin* made,
And gave unto King *Ryence* for his guard,
That never foes his Kingdom might invade,
But he it knew at home before he hard
Tidings thereof, and ſo them ſtill debard.
It was a famous Preſent for a Prince,
And worthy work of infinite reward,
That treaſons could bewray, and foes convince,
Happy this Realm, had it remained ever ſince.

22.

One day it fortuned, fair *Britomart*
Into her Fathers cloſet to repair;
For, nothing he from her reſerv'd apart,
Being his only Daughter and his Heir:
Where when ſhe had eſpy'd that Mirrour fair,
Her ſelf awhile therein ſhe view'd in vain;
Tho, her avizing of the vertues rare,
Which thereof ſpoken were, ſhe gan again
Her to bethink of that mote to her ſelf pertain.

23.

But as it falleth in the gentleſt harts
Imperious Love hath higheſt ſet his Throne,
And tyrannizeth in the bitter ſmarts
Of them, that to him buxom are and prone:
So thought this Maid (as maidens uſe to done)
Whom fortune for her Husband would allot,
Not that ſhe luſted after any one;
For, ſhe was pure from blame of ſinful blot,
Yet wiſt her Life at laſt muſt link in that ſame knot.

24.

Eftſoons there was preſented to her eye,
A comely Knight, all arm'd in complete wiſe,
Through whoſe bright ventayle lifted up on hie
His manly face, that did his foes agriſe,
And friends to terms of gentle truce entiſe,
Lookt forth, as *Phœbus* face out of the Eaſt
Betwixt two ſhady mountains doth ariſe;
Portly his Perſon was, and much increaſt
Through his Heroick grace, and honourable gueſt.

25.

His Creſt was covered with a couchant Hound,
And all his Armour ſeem'd of antick mould,
But wondrous maſſy and aſſured ſound,
And round about yfretted all with gold,
In which there written was with cyphers old,
Achilles arms, which Arthegall did win.
And on his ſhield enveloped ſevenfold
He bore a crowned little Ermilin,
That deckt the azure field with her fair pouldred skin.

26.

The Damzel well did view his perſonage,
And liked well, ne further faſtned not,
But went her way; ne her unguilty age
Did ween, unwares, that her unlucky lot
Lay hidden in the bottom of the pot;
Of hurt unwiſt moſt danger doth redound;
But the falſe Archer, which that arrow ſhot
So ſlily, that ſhe did not feel the wound,
Did ſmile full ſmoothly at her weetleſs woful ſtound.

27.

Thenceforth the feather in her lofty creſt,
Ruffed of Love, gan lowly to avail,
And her proud portance, and her Princely geſt,
With which ſhe earſt triumphed, now did quail:
Sad, ſolemn, ſowre, and full of fancies frail
She wox; yet wiſt ſhe neither how, nor why,
She wiſt not, ſilly maid, what ſhe did ail;
Yet wiſt, ſhe was not well at eaſe perdy,
Yet thought it was not Love, but ſome melancholy.

28.

So ſoon as night had with her pallid hew
Defac't the beauty of the ſhining ſky,
And reft from Men the worlds deſired view,
She with her Nurſe adown to ſleep did ly;
But ſleep full far away from her did fly:
Inſtead thereof ſad ſighs and ſorrows deep
Kept watch and ward about her warily;
That nought ſhe did but wail, and often ſteep
Her dainty couch with tears, which cloſely ſhe did weep.

29.

And if that any drop of ſlumbring reſt
Did chance to ſtill into her weary ſpright,
When feeble nature felt her ſelf oppreſt;
Streightway with dreams, and with fantaſtick ſight
Of dreadful things the ſame was put to flight,
That oft out of her bed ſhe did aſtart,
As one with view of ghaſtly fiends affright:
Tho, gan ſhe to renew her former ſmart,
And think of that fair viſage written in her heart.

30.

One night, when ſhe was toſt with ſuch unreſt,
Her aged Nurſe, whoſe Name was *Glaucé* hight,
Feeling her leap out of her loathed neſt,
Betwixt her feeble arms her quickly keight,
And down again in her warm bed her dight;
Ah my dear daughter, ah my deareſt dread,
What uncouth fit, ſaid ſhe, what evil plight
Hath thee oppreſt, and with ſad drearyhead
Changed thy lively chear, and living made thee dead?

31.

For, not of nought theſe ſuddain ghaſtly fears
All night afflict thy natural repoſe;
And all the day when as thine equal Peers
Their ſit diſports with fair delight do choſe,
Thou in dull corners doſt thy ſelf incloſe,
Ne taſteſt Princes pleaſures, ne doſt ſpred
Abroad thy freſh youths faireſt flowre, but loſe
Both leaf and fruit, both too untimely ſhed,
As one in wilful bale for ever buried.

32.

The time, that mortal men their weary cares
Do lay away, and all wild beaſts do reſt,
And every River eke his courſe forbears,
Then doth this wicked evil thee infeſt,
And rive with thouſand throbs thy thrilled breſt:
Like an huge *Aetn*' of deep engulfed grief,
Sorrow is heaped in thy hollow cheſt,
Whence forth it breaks in ſighs and anguiſh rife,
As ſmoak and ſulphur mingled with confuſed ſtrife.

33.

Aye me, how much I fear, leaſt love it be;
But if that love it be, as ſure I read
By knowen ſigns and paſſions, which I ſee,
Be't worthy of thy race and royal ſeed,
Then I avow by this moſt ſacred head
Of my dear foſter child, to eaſe thy grief,
And win thy will: Therefore away do dread;
For, death nor danger from thy dew relief
Shall me debar: tell me therefore my liefeſt lief.

34.

So having ſaid, her 'twixt her armes twain
She ſtraightly ſtrayn'd, and colled tenderly,
And every trembling joynt, and every vain
She ſoftly felt, and rubbed buſily,
To do the frozen cold away to fly;
And her fair dewy eyes with kiſſes dear
She oft did bathe, and oft again did dry;
And ever her importun'd, not to fear
To let the ſecret of her hearr to her appear.

35.

The Damzel paus'd, and then thus fearfully;
Ah Nurſe! what needeth thee to eke my pain?
Is not enough that I alone do dye,
But it muſt doubled be with death of twain?
For, nought for me but death there doth remain.
O daughter dear, ſaid ſhe, deſpair no whit;
For, Never ſore, but might a ſalve obtain:
That blinded god, which hath ye blindly ſmit,
Another arrow hath your Lovers hart to hit.

36.

But mine is not, quoth ſhe, like others wound;
For which no reaſon can find remedy.
Was never ſuch, but mote the like be found,
Said ſhe, and though no reaſon may apply
Salve to your ſore, yet Love can higher ſty
Than reaſons reach, and oft hath wonders done.
But neither god of Love, nor god of ſky
Can do (ſaid ſhe) that, which cannot be done.
Things oft impoſſible (ſaid ſhe) ſeem ere begone.

37.

Theſe idle words, ſaid ſhe, do nought aſſwage
My ſtubborn ſmart, but more annoyance breed:
For, no, no uſual fire, no uſual rage
It is, O Nurſe, which on my life doth feed,
And ſucks the blood, which from my hart doth bleed.
But ſith thy faithful zeal leads me not hide
My crime (if crime it be) I will it reed.
Nor Prince, nor Peer it is, whoſe love hath gryde
My feeble breſt of late, and launced this wound wide;

38.

Nor Man it is, nor other living wight,
For then ſome hope I might unto me draw;
But th'only ſhade and ſemblant of a Knight,
Whoſe ſhape or perſon yet I never ſaw,
Hath me ſubjected to Loves cruel law:
The ſame one day as me misfortune led,
I in my Father's wondrous Mirrour ſaw,
And pleaſed with that ſeeming goodly-hed,
Unwares the hidden hook with bait I ſwallowed.

39.

Sithens, it hath infixed faſter hold
Within my bleeding bowels, and ſo ſore
Now rankleth in this ſame frail fleſhly mould,
That all mine entrails flow with poyſonous gore,
And th'ulcer groweth daily more and more;
Ne can my running ſore find remedy,
Other than my hard fortune to deplore,
And languiſh as the leaf fall'n from the tree,
Till death make one end of my days and miſery.

40.

Daughter, ſaid ſhe, what need ye be diſmayd,
Or why make ye ſuch monſter of your mind?
Of much more uncouth thing I was affrayd;
Of filthy luſt, contrary unto kind.
But this affection nothing ſtrange I find;
For, who with reaſon can you aye reprove,
To love the ſemblant pleaſing moſt your mind,
And yield your heart whence ye cannot remove?
No guilt in you but in the tyranny of Love.

41.

Not ſo th'*Arabian Myrrh*' did ſet her mind;
Not ſo did *Biblis* ſpend her pining heart,
But lov'd their native fleſh againſt all kind,
And to their purpoſe uſed wicked art:
Yet play'd *Paſyphaë* a more monſtrous part,
That lov'd a Bull, and learn'd a beaſt to be;
Such ſhameful luſts who loaths not, which depart
From courſe of Nature and of modeſty?
Sweet Love ſuch lewdneſs bands from his fair company.

But

42.

But thine, my Dear (welfare thy heart my Dear)
Though ſtrange beginning had, yet fixed is
On one, that worthy may perhaps appear;
And certes ſeems beſtowed not amiſs:
Joy thereof have thou and eternal bliſs.
With that up-leaning on her elbow weak,
Her alabaſter breſt ſhe ſoft did kiſs,
Which all that while ſhe felt to pant and quake,
As it an Earth-quake were; at laſt ſhe thus beſpake:

43.

Beldame, your words do work me little eaſe;
For, though my Love be not ſo lewdly bent,
As thoſe ye blame, yet may it not appeaſe
My raging ſmart, ne ought my flame relent,
But rather doth my helpleſs grief augment.
For they, however ſhameful and unkind,
Yet did poſſeſs their horrible intent:
Short end of ſorrows they thereby did find;
So was their fortune good, though wicked were their mind.

44.

But wicked fortune mine, though mind be good,
Can have no end, nor hope of my deſire,
But feed on ſhadows, whiles I dye for food,
And like a ſhadow wex, whiles with entire
Affection I do languiſh and expire.
I fonder than *Cephiſus* fooliſh child,
Who having viewed in a fountain ſhere
His face, was with the love thereof beguil'd;
I fonder love a ſhade, the body far exil'd.

45.

Nought like, quoth ſhe, for that ſame wretched boy
Was of himſelf the idle Paramoure;
Both Love and Lover, without hope of joy,
For which he faded to a watry flowre.
But better fortune thine, and better howre,
Which lov'ſt the ſhadow of a warlike Knight;
No ſhadow, but a body hath in powre:
That body, whereſoever that it light,
May learned be by Cyphers, or by Magick might.

46.

But if thou may with reaſon yet repreſs
The growing evil e're it ſtrength have got,
And thee abandon'd wholly do poſſeſs,
Againſt it ſtrongly ſtrive, and yield thee not,
Till thou in open field adown be ſmot.
But if the paſſion maſter thy frail might,
So that needs Love or Death muſt be thy lot,
Then I avow to thee by wrong or right
To compaſs thy deſire, and find that loved Knight.

47.

Her chearful words much chear'd the feeble ſpright
Of the ſick Virgin, that her down ſhe layd
In her warm bed to ſleep, if that ſhe might;
And the old woman carefully diſplayd
The clothes about her round with buſie ayd;
So that at laſt a little creeping ſleep
Surpriz'd her ſenſe: She, therewith well apayd,
The drunken lamp down in the Oyl did ſteep,
And ſet her by to watch, and ſet her by to weep.

48.

Early the morrow next, before that day
His joyous face did to the world reveal,
They both uproſe and took their ready way
Unto the Church their prayers to appeal,
With great devotion, and with little zeal:
For, the fair Damzel from the holy herſe
Her love-ſick heart to other thoughts did ſteal;
And that old Dame ſaid many an idle verſe,
Out of her daughters heart fond fancies to reverſe:

49.

Returned home, the royal Infant fell
Into her former fit; for why, no powre
Nor guidance of her ſelf in her did dwell.
But th'aged Nurſe, her calling to her bowre,
Had gathered Rew, and Savine, and the flowre
Of *Camphara*, and Calamint, and Dill,
All which ſhe in an Earthen pot did poure,
And to the brim with Coltwood did it fill,
And many drops of milk and blood through it did ſpill.

50.

Then taking thrice three hairs from off her head,
Them trebbly braided in a threefold lace,
And round about the pots mouth, bound the thread,
And after having whiſpered a ſpace
Certain ſad words, with hollow voice and baſe,
She to the Virgin ſaid, thrice ſaid ſhe it;
Come daughter come, come; come, ſpit upon my face,
Spit thrice upon me, thrice upon me ſpit;
Th'uneven number for this buſineſs is moſt fit.

51.

That ſaid, her round about ſhe from her turn'd,
She turned her contrary to the Sun:
Thrice ſhe her turn'd contrary, and return'd,
All contrary; for ſhe the right did ſhun,
And ever what ſhe did, was ſtraight undone.
So thought ſhe to undoe her daughters Love:
But Love, that is in gentle breſt begun,
No idle charms ſo lightly may remove;
That well can witneſs, who by trial it does prove.

52.

Ne ought it mote the noble Maid avail,
Ne ſlake the fury of her cruel flame,
But that ſhe ſtill did waſte, and ſtill did wail,
That through long languor, and hart burning brame
She ſhortly like a pyned ghoſt became,
Which long hath waited by the Stygian ſtrond.
That when old *Glaucé* ſaw, for fear leaſt blame
Of her miſcarriage ſhould in her be fond,
She wiſt not how t'amend, nor how it to withſtond.

CANTO III.

Merlin *lewrays, to* Britomart,
The ſtate of Artegall;
And ſhews the famous Progeny
Which from them ſpringen ſhall.

1.

O Hſacred fire, that burneſt mightily
In living breſts, ykindled firſt above,
Emongſt th'eternal ſpheres and lamping sky,
And thence pour'd into Men, which Men call Love;
Not that ſame, which doth baſe affections move
In brutiſh minds, and filthy luſt enflame;
But that ſweet fit, that doth true beauty love,
And chooſeth Vertue for his deareſt Dame,
Whence ſpring all noble deeds, and never dying fame;

2.

Well did Antiquity a God thee deem,
That over mortal minds haſt ſo great might,
To order them, as beſt to thee doth ſeem,
And all their actions to direct aright;
The fatal purpoſe of divine foreſight
Thou doſt effect in deſtined deſcents,
Through deep impreſſion of thy ſecret might,
And ſtirred'ſt up the Heroes high intents,
Which the late world admires for wondrous moziments.

3.

But thy drad darts in none do triumph more,
Ne braver proof in any, of thy powre
Shewdſt thou, than in this Royal Maid of yore,
Making her ſeek an unknown Paramoure,
From the worlds end, through many a bitter ſtowre:
From whoſe two loyns thou afterwards did raiſe
Moſt famous fruits of Matrimonial bowre,
Which through the earth have ſpred their living praiſe
That fame in tromp of gold eternally diſplays.

4.

Begin then, O my deareſt ſacred Dame,
Daughter of *Phœbus* and of *Memory*,
That doeſt ennoble with immortal name
The warlike Worthies from Antiquity,
In thy great volume of Eternity:
Begin, O *Clio*, and report from hence
My glorious Soveraigns goodly Anceſtry,
Till that by dew degrees and long pretence,
Thou have it laſtly brought unto her Excellence.

5.

Full many ways within her troubled mind,
Old *Gaucé* caſt, to cure this Ladies grief:
Full many ways ſhe ſought, but none could find,
Nor herbs, nor charms, nor counſel, that is chief
And choiceſt Med'cine for ſick harts relief:
For-thy great care ſhe took, and greater fear,
Leſt that it ſhould her turn to foul reprief,
And ſore reproach, when ſo her Father dear
Should of his deareſt daughters hard misfortune hear.

6.

At laſt, ſhe her adviſ'd, that he, which made
That Mirrour, wherein the ſick Damoſel
So ſtrangely viewed her ſtrange Lovers ſhade,
To weet, the learned *Merlin*, well could tell,
Under what coaſt of Heaven the man did dwell,
And by what means his love might beſt be wrought:
For, though beyond the *Affrick Iſmael*,
Or th'*Indian Peru* he were, ſhe thought
Him forth through infinite endeavour to have ſought.

7.

Forthwith themſelves diſguiſing both in ſtrange
And baſe attire, that none might them bewray,
To *Maridunum*, that is now by change
Of name *Cayr-Merdin* call'd, they took their way:
There the wiſe *Merlin* whylom wont, they ſay,
To make his wonne, low underneath the ground,
In a deep delve, far from the view of day,
That of no living wight he mote be found,
When ſo he counſeld with his ſpright encompaſt round.

8.

And if thou ever happen that ſame way
To travel, go to ſee that dreadful place:
It is an hideous hollow cave, they ſay,
Under a rock that lies a little ſpace
From the ſwift *Barry*, tombling down apace,
Emongſt the woody hills of *Dynevowre*:
But dare thou not, I charge in any caſe,
To enter into that ſame baleful Bowre,
For fear the cruel Fiends ſhould thee unwares devoure.

9.

But ſtanding high aloft, low lay thine ear,
And there ſuch ghaſtly noiſe of yron chains,
And brazen Caudrons thou ſhalt rombling hear,
Which thouſand ſprights with long enduring pains
Do toſs, that it will ſtonn thy feeble brains,
And oftentimes great groans, and grievous ſtounds,
When too huge toil and labour them conſtrains:
And oftentimes loud ſtrokes, and ringing ſounds
From under that deep Rock moſt horribly rebounds.

10.

The cauſe ſome ſay is this: A little while
Before that *Merlin* dy'd, he did intend,
A brazen Wall in compaſs to compile
About *Cairmardin*, and did it commend
Unto theſe Sprights, to bring to perfect end.
During which work the Lady of the Lake,
Whom long he lov'd, for him in haſte did ſend,
Who thereby forc't his Workmen to forſake,
Them bound till his return, their labour not to ſlake.

11.

In the mean time, through that falſe Ladies train
He was ſurpris'd, and buried under bere,
Ne ever to his work return'd again:
Nath'leſs thoſe Fiends may not their work forbear,
So greatly his commandement they fear,
But there do toyl and travel day and night,
Until that brazen Wall they up do rear:
For, *Merlin* had in Magick more inſight,
Than ever him before, or after living wight.

For,

11.

For, he by words could call out of the sky
Both Sun and Moon, and make them him obay:
The land to sea, and sea to main-land dry,
And darksom night he eke could turn to day:
Huge hosts of men he could alone dismay,
And hosts of men of meanest things could frame,
When-so him list his enemies to fray:
That to this day, for terror of his fame,
The feends do quake, when any him to them does name.

12.

And, sooth, men say that he was not the son
Of mortal Sire, or other living wight;
But wondrously begotten, and begun
By false illusion of a guileful Spright,
On a fair Lady Nonn, that whilom hight
Matilda, daughter to *Pubidius*,
Who was the Lord of *Marthraval* by right,
And cosen unto king *Ambrosius*:
Whence he indued was with skill so marvellous.

13.

They here arriving, stayd awhile without,
Ne durst adventure rashly in to wend,
But of their first intent gan make new doubt
For dread of danger, which it might portend:
Until the hardy Maid (with love to friend)
First entering, the dreadful Mage there found
Deep busied 'bout work of wondrous end,
And writing strange characters in the ground,
With which the stubborn fiends he to his service bound.

14.

He nought was moved at their entrance bold:
For, of their coming well he wist afore;
Yet list them bid their business unfold,
As if ought in this world in secret store
Were from him hidden, or unknown of yore.
Then *Glauce* thus, Let not it thee offend,
That we thus rashly through thy darksom dore,
Unwares have prest: for, either fatal end,
Or other mighty cause, us two did hither send.

15.

He bad tell on: And then she thus began:
Now have three Moons with borrow'd brothers light,
Thrice shined fair, and thrice seem'd dim and wan,
Since a sore evil, which this virgin bright
Tormenteth, and doth plonge in dolefull plight,
First rooting took: but what thing it mote bee,
Or whence it sprong, I cannot read aright;
But this I read, that if but remedee,
Thou her afford, full shortly I her dead shall see.

16.

Therewith th'Enchaunter softly gan to smile
At her smooth speeches, weeting inly well,
That she to him dissembled womanish guile,
And to her said, Beldame, by that ye tell,
More need of leach-craft hath your Damozell,
Then of my skill: who help may have else-where,
In vain seeks wonders out of Magick spell.
Th'old woman wox half blank, those words to hear;
And yet was loth to let her purpose plain appear.

17.

And to him said, If any leaches kill,
Or other learned means could have redrest
This my dear daughters deep engrafted ill,
Certes I should be loth thee to molest:
But this sad evil, which doth her infest,
Doth course of natural cause far exceed,
And housed is within her hollow brest,
That either seems some curséd witches deed,
Or evil spright, that in her doth such torment breed.

18.

The wisard could no longer bear her bord,
But brusting forth in laughter, to her said;
Glauce, what needs this coulorable word,
To cloke the cause, that hath it self bewrayd?
Ne ye fair *Britomartis*, thus arrayd,
More hidden are, then Sun in clowdy vele;
Whom thy good fortune, having fate obayd,
Hath hither brought, for succour to appeale:
The which the powres to thee are pleased to reveale.

19.

The doubtful Maid, seeing her self descryde,
Was all abasht, and her pure Ivory
Into a pure clear Carnation suddain dyde;
As fair *Aurora*, rising hastily,
Doth by her blushing tell, that she did ly
All night in old *Tithonus* frozen bed,
Whereof she seems ashamed inwardly.
But her old Nurse was nought disheartened,
But vantage made of that, which *Merlin* had ared.

20.

And said, Sith then thou knowest all our grief,
(For what dost not thou know?) of grace I pray,
Pitty our plaint, and yield us meet relief.
With that, the Prophet still awhile did stay,
And then his spirit thus gan forth display;
Most noble Virgin, that by fatal lore
Hast learn'd to love, let no whit thee dismay
The hard begin, that meets thee in the dore,
And with sharp fits thy tender heart oppresseth sore.

21.

For, so must all things excellent begin,
And eke enrooted deep must be that Tree,
Whose big embodied branches shall not lin,
Till they to heavens hight forth stretched bee.
For, from thy womb a famous Progenie
Shall spring, out of the ancient *Trojane* blood,
Which shall revive the sleeping memory
Of those same antique Peers, the heavens brood,
Which *Greece* and *Asian* rivers stained with their blood.

22.

Renowned Kings, and sacred Emperors,
Thy fruitful Ofspring, shall from thee descend;
Brave Captains, and most mighty Warriors,
That shall their conquests through all lands extend,
And their decayed kingdoms all amend:
The feeble Britons, broken with long war,
They shall uprear and mightily defend
Against their forrein foe, that comes from far,
Till universal peace compound all civil jar.

23.

It was not, *Britomart*, thy wandring eye,
Glancing unwares in charmed looking-glass,
But the straight course of heavenly destiny,
Led with Eternal providence, that has
Guided thy glance, to bring his will to pass:
Ne is thy fate, ne is thy fortune ill,
To love the prowest knight, that ever was.
Therefore submit thy ways unto his will,
And do by all due means thy destiny fulfill.

24.

But read, said *Glauce*, thou Magician
What means shall she out-seek, or what ways take?
How shall she know, how shall she find the man?
Or what needs her to toyl, sith fates can make
Way for themselves, their purpose to partake?
Then *Merlin* thus; Indeed the Fates are firm,
And may not shrink, though all the world do shake:
Yet ought mens good endeavours them confirm,
And guide the heavenly causes to their constant term.

25.

The man, whom heavens have ordain'd to bee
The spouse of *Britomart*, is *Artegal*:
He wonneth in the land of *Fayree*,
Yet is no *Fary* born, ne sib at all
To Elfes, but sprong of seed terrestriall,
And whilom by false *Faeries* stoln away,
Whiles yet in infant cradle he did crall;
Ne other to himself is known this day,
But that he by an Elf was gotten of a *Fay*,

26.

But sooth he is the son of *Gorlois*,
And brother unto *Cador* Cornish king,
And for his warlik feats renowned is,
From where the day out of the sea doth spring,
Until the closure of the Evening.
From thence, him firmly bound with faithful band,
To this his native soyl thou back shalt bring,
Strongly to aid his countrey, to withstand
The powre of forreign Paynims, which invade thy land.

27.

Great aid thereto his mighty puissance,
And dreaded name, shall give in that sad day:
Where also proof of thy prow valiance
Thou then shalt make, t'increase thy Lovers pray:
Long time ye both in arms shall bear great sway,
Till thy wombs burden thee from thence do call,
And his last fate him from thee take away,
Too rathe cut off by practice criminall
Of secret foes, that him shall make in mischief fall.

28.

Where thee yet shall he leave, for memorie
Of his late puissance, his image dead,
That living him in all activitie
To thee shall represent. He from the head
Of his cosin *Constantius* without dread
Shall take the crown, that was his fathers right,
And therewith crown himself in th' others stead:
Then shall he issew forth with dreadful might,
Against his Saxon foes in bloody field to fight.

29.

Like as a Lyon, that in drowsie cave
Hath long time slept, himself so shall he shake;
And coming forth, shall spred his banner brave
Over the troubled South, that it shall make
The warlike *Mertians* for fear to quake:
Thrice shall he fight with them, and twice shall win,
But the third time shall fair accordance make:
And if he then with victory can lin,
He shall his days with peace bring to his earthly In.

30.

His son, hight *Vortipore*, shall him succeed
In kingdom, but not in felicity:
Yet shall he long time war with happy speed,
And with great honour many battels try:
But at the last, to th' importunity
Of froward fortune shall be forct to yield.
But his son *Malgo* shall full mightily
Avenge his fathers loss, with spear and shield,
And his proud foes discomfit in victorious field.

31.

Behold the man, and tell me *Britomart*,
If ay more goodly creature thou didst see;
How like a Giant in each manly part
Bears he himself with portly majestee,
That one of th'old *Heroes* seems to bee:
He the six Islands comprovinciall
In ancient times unto great Britannee,
Shall to the same reduce, and to him call
Their sundry kings to do their homage severall.

32.

All which his son *Careticus* awhile
Shall well defend, and *Saxons* pow'r suppress,
Untill a stranger king from unknown soyl
Arriving, him with multitude oppress;
Great *Gormond*, having with huge mightiness
Ireland subdewd, and therein fixt his throne,
Like a swift Otter, fell through emptiness,
Shall overswim the Sea with many one
Of his Norveyses, to assist the Britons fone.

33.

He in his fury all shall over-run,
And holy Church with faithless hands deface,
That thy sad people utterly fordon,
Shall to the utmost mountains fly apace,
Was never so great waste in any place,
Nor so foul outrage done by living men;
For all thy Cities they shall sack and rase,
And the green gras that groweth, they shall bren,
That even the wild beast shall die in starved den.

34.

Whiles thus the Britons do in languor pine,
Proud *Etheldred* shall from the North arise,
Serving th' ambitious will of *Augustine*;
And passing *Dee* with hardy enterprise,
Shall back repulse the valiant *Brockwell* twise,
And *Bangor* with massacred Martyrs fill;
But the third time shall rew his foolhardise:
For, *Cadwan*, pitying his peoples ill,
Shall stoutly him defeat, and thousand *Saxons* kill.

But

35.

But after him, *Cadwallin* mightily
On his ſon *Edwin* all thoſe wrongs ſhall wreak;
Ne ſhall avail the wicked ſorcery
Of falſe *Pellite*, his purpoſes to break,
But him ſhall ſley, and on a gallows bleak
Shall give th'enchaunter his unhappy hire:
Then ſhall the Britons, late diſmayd and weak,
From their long vaſſalage gin to reſpire,
And on their Paynim foes avenge their ranked ire.

36.

Ne ſhall he yet his wrath ſo mitigate,
Till both the ſons of *Edwin* he have ſlain,
Offrick and *Oſrick*, twins unfortunate,
Both ſlain in battel upon Layburn Plain,
Together with the King of *Louthiane*,
Hight *Adin*, and the King of *Orkeny*,
Both joynt partakers of the fatal pain:
But *Penda*, fearful of like deſtiny,
Shall yield himſelf his liege-man, and ſwear fealty.

37.

Him ſhall he make his fatal Inſtrument,
T'afflict the other *Saxons* unſubdewd;
He marching forth with fury inſolent
Againſt the good King *Oſwald*, who indewd
With heavenly powre, and by Angels reskewd,
All holding croſſes in their hands on hie,
Shall him defeat withouten bloud imbrewd:
Of which, that field for endleſs memory,
Shall *Hevenfield* be cal'd to all poſterity.

38.

Whereat *Cadwallin*, wroth, ſhall forth iſſew,
And an huge hoſt into Northumber lead,
With which he godly *Oſwald* ſhall ſubdew,
And crown with Martyrdom his ſacred head.
Whoſe brother *Oſwin*, daunted with like dread,
With price of ſilver ſhall his Kingdom buy;
And *Penda*, ſeeking him adown to tread,
Shall tread adown, and do him foully die,
But ſhall with gifts his Lord *Cadwallin* pacifie.

39.

Then ſhall *Cadwallin* dye, and then the raign
Of *Britons* eke with him attonce ſhall die;
Ne ſhall the good *Cadwallader* with pain,
Or powre, be able it to remedy,
When the full time prefixt by deſtiny,
Shall be expir'd of *Britons* regiment.
For, heaven it ſelf ſhall their ſucceſs envy,
And them with plagues and murrins peſtilent
Conſume, till their warlike puiſſance be ſpent.

40.

Yet after all theſe ſorrows, and huge hills
Of dying people, during eight years ſpace,
Cadwallader not yielding to his ills,
From *Armorick*, where long in wretched caſe
He liv'd, returning to his native place,
Shall be by viſion ſtayd from his intent:
For, the heavens have decre'ed to diſplace
The *Britons*, for their ſins dew puniſhment,
And to the *Saxons* over-give their government.

41.

Then woe, and woe, and everlaſting woe,
Be to the *Briton* babe that ſhall be born,
To live in thraldome of his fathers foe;
Late King, now captive, late Lord, now forlorn,
The worlds reproach, the cruel victors ſcorn,
Baniſht from Princely bowre to waſtful wood:
O, who ſhall help me to lament, and mourn
The royal ſeed, the antique *Trojan* blood!
Whoſe Empire longer here than ever any ſtood.

42.

The Damzel was full deep empaſſioned,
Both for his grief, and for her peoples ſake,
Whoſe future woes ſo plain he faſhioned,
And ſighing ſore, at length him thus beſpake;
Ah! but will heavens fury never ſlake,
Nor vengeance huge relent it ſelf at laſt?
Will not long miſery late mercy make,
But ſhall their name for ever be defac't,
And quite from th'earth their memory be ras'd?

43.

Nay but the term (ſaid he) is limited,
That in this thraldome *Britons* ſhall abide,
And the juſt revolution meaſured,
That they as Strangers ſhall be notifide.
For twice four hundred ſhall be full ſupplide,
Ere they to former rule reſtor'd ſhall be,
And their importune Fates all ſatisfide:
Yet during this their moſt obſcuritee,
Their beams ſhall oft break forth, that men them fair (may ſee.

44.

For *Rhodorick*, whoſe ſurname ſhall be Great,
Shall of himſelf a brave enſample ſhew,
That Saxon Kings his friendſhip ſhall intreat;
And *Howell Dha* ſhall goodly well indew
The ſalvage minds with skill of juſt and trew;
Then *Griffyth Conan* alſo ſhall up-rear
His dreaded head, and the old ſparks renew
Of native courage, that his foes ſhall fear,
Leaſt back again the Kingdom he from them ſhould bear.

45.

Ne ſhall the Saxons ſelves all peaceably
Enjoy the Crown, which they from Britons won
Firſt ill, and after ruled wickedly:
For, ere two hundred years be full out-run,
There ſhall a Raven far from riſing Sun,
With his wide wings upon them fiercely fly,
And bid his faithleſs Chickens over-run
The fruitful Plains, and with fell cruelty,
In their avenge, tread down the victours ſurquedry.

46.

Yet ſhall a third both theſe, and thine ſubdew;
There ſhall a Lion from the ſea-bord wood
Of *Neuſtria* come roring, with a crew
Of hungry whelps, his battailous bold brood,
Whoſe claws were newly dipt in cruddy blood,
That from the Daniſk Tyrants head ſhall rend
Th'uſurped Crown, as if that he were wood,
And the ſpoil of the countrey conquered
Emongſt his young ones ſhall divide with bountyhed.

47.

Tho, when the term is full accompliſhid,
There ſhall a ſpark of fire, which hath long-while
Bene in his aſhes raked up and hid,
Be freſhly kindled in the fruitful Ile
Of *Mona*, where it lurked in exile;
Which ſhall break forth into bright burning flame,
And reach into the houſe that bears the ſtile
Of royal Majeſty and ſoveraign name;
So ſhall the Briton bloud their Crown again reclame.

48.

Thenceforth eternal union ſhall be made
Between the Nations different afore,
And ſacred Peace ſhall lovingly perſwade
The warlike minds, to learn her goodly lore,
And civil arms to exerciſe no more:
Then ſhall a royal virgin raign, which ſhall
Stretch her white rod over the *Belgick* ſhore,
And the great Caſtle ſmight ſo ſore withall,
That it ſhall make him ſhake, and ſhortly learn to fall.

49.

But yet the end is not. There *Merlin* ſtayd,
As over-common of the ſpirits powre,
Or other ghaſtly ſpectacle diſmayd,
That ſecretly he ſaw, yet n'ote diſcoure:
Which ſuddain fit, and half extatick ſtoure
When the two fearful women ſaw, they grew
Greatly confuſed in behaviour;
At laſt, the fury paſt, to former hew
She turn'd again, and chearful looks as earſt did ſhew.

50.

Then, when themſelves they well inſtructed had
Of all, that needed them to be inquir'd,
They both conceiving hope of comfort glad,
With lighter hearts unto their home retir'd,
Where they in ſecret counſel cloſe conſpir'd
How to effect ſo hard an enterprize,
And to poſſeſs the purpoſe they deſir'd:
Now this, now that, twixt them they did deviſe,
And divers plots did frame, to mask in ſtrange deviſe.

51.

At laſt, the Nurſe in her foolhardy wit
Conceiv'd a bold deviſe, and thus beſpake;
Daughter, I deem that counſel aye moſt fit,
That of the time doth dew advantage take;
Ye ſee that good King *Uther* now doth make
Strong war upon the Paynim brethren, hight
Octa and *Oza*, whom he lately brake
Beſide *Cayr Verolame*, in victorious fight,
That now all *Britany* doth burn in armes bright.

52.

That therefore nought our paſſage may impeach,
Let us in feined arms our ſelves diſguiſe, (teach
And our weak hands, whom need new ſtrength ſhall
The dreadful ſpear and ſhield to exerciſe:
Ne certes daughter that ſame warlike wiſe,
I ween, would you miſſeem; for ye been tall,
And large of limb, t'atchieve an hard empriſe,
Ne ought ye want, but skill, which practice ſmall
Will bring, and ſhortly make you a mayd Martiall.

53.

And ſooth, it ought your courage much inflame,
To hear ſo often, in that royal houſe,
From whence to none inferiour ye came,
Bards tell of many women valorous
Which have full many feats adventurous
Peform'd, in Paragone of proudeſt men:
The bold *Benduca*, whoſe victorious
Exploits made *Rome* to quake, ſtout *Guendolen*,
Renowned *Martia*, and redoubted *Emmelen*.

54.

And that, which more than all the reſt may ſway,
Late days enſample, which theſe eyes beheld,
In the laſt field before *Menevia*
Which *Uther* with thoſe forrein Pagans held,
I ſaw a *Saxon* virgin, the which feld
Great *Ulfin* thrice upon the bloudy Plain,
And had not *Carados* her hand with-held
From raſh revenge, ſhe had him ſurely ſlain,
Yet *Carados* himſelf from her eſcap't with pain.

55.

Ah read, quoth *Britomart*, how is ſhe hight?
Fair *Angela*, quoth ſhe, men do her call,
No whit leſs fair, than terrible in fight:
She hath the leading of a Martiall
And mighty people, dreaded more than all
The other *Saxons*, which do for her ſake
And love, themſelves of her name *Angels* call.
Therefore fair Infant her enſample make
Unto thy ſelf, and equal courage to thee take.

56.

Her hearty words ſo deep into the mind
Of the young Damzel ſunk, that great deſire
Of warlike arms in her forthwith they tyn'd,
And generous ſtout courage did inſpire;
That ſhe reſolv'd, unweeting to her Sire,
Advent'rous knighthood on herſelf to don,
And counſel'd with her Nurſe her maids attyre
To turn into a maſſie habergeon,
And bade her all things put in readineſs anon.

57.

Th' old woman nought, that needed, did omit;
But all things did conveniently purvay:
It fortuned (ſo time their turn did fit)
A band of Britons riding on forray
Few days before, had gotten a great pray
Of Saxon goods, emongſt the which was ſeen
A goodly Armour, and full rich array,
Which long'd to *Angela*, the Saxon Queen,
All fretted round with gold, and goodly well beſeen.

58.

The ſame, with all the other ornaments,
King *Ryence* cauſed to be hanged hie
In his chief Church, for endleſs moniments
Of his ſucceſs and gladful victory:
Of which her ſelf aviſing readily,
In th'evening late old *Glaucé* thither led
Fair *Britomart*, and that ſame Armory
Down taking, her therein apparelled,
Well as ſhe might, and with brave bauldrick garniſhed.

Beſide

59.

Beſide thoſe arms there ſtood a mighty ſpear,
Which *Bladud* made by Magick art of yore,
And us'd the ſame in battail aye to bear;
Since which it had been here preſerv'd in ſtore,
For his great vertues proved long afore:
For never wight ſo faſt in ſell could ſit,
But him perforce unto the ground it bore:
Both ſpear ſhe took, and ſhield, which hong by it;
Both ſpear and ſhield of great powre, for her purpoſe fit.

60.

Thus when ſhe had the virgin all arraid,
Another hardneſs, which did hang thereby,
About her ſelf ſhe dight, that the young Maid
She might in equal arms accompany,
And as her Squire attend her carefully:
Tho, to their ready Steeds they clomb full light,
And through back ways, that none might them eſpy,
Covered with ſecret cloud of ſilent night,
Themſelves they forth convaid, and paſſed forward right.

61.

Ne reſted they, till that to fairy lond
They came, as *Merlin* them directed late:
Where meeting with this *Redcroſs* knight, ſhe fond
Of divers things diſcourſes to dilate,
But moſt of *Arthegall*, and his eſtate.
At laſt their ways ſo fell, that they mote part:
Then each to other well affectionate,
Friendſhip profeſſed with unfained heart,
The *Redcroſs* knight diverſt; but forth rode *Britomart*.

CANTO IV.

Bold Marinel *of* Britomart,
Is thrown on the rich ſtrond:
Fair Florimel *of* Arthur *is*
Long followed, but not fond.

1.

WHere is the antique glory now become,
That whilome wont in women to appear?
Where be the brave atchievements done by ſome?
Where be the battels, where the ſhield and ſpear,
And all the conqueſts, which them high did rear,
That matter made for famous Poets verſe,
And boaſtful men ſo oft abaſht to hear?
Been they all dead, and laid in doleful herſe?
Or doen they only ſleep, and ſhall again reverſe?

2.

If they be dead, then woe is me therefore:
But if they ſleep, O let them ſoon awake:
For all too long I burn with envy ſore,
To hear the warlike feats, which *Homer* ſpake
Of bold *Pantheſilee*, which made a lake
Of *Greekiſh* blood ſo oft in *Trojan* Plain;
But when I read, how ſtout *Debora* ſtrake
Proud *Siſera*, and how *Camill'* hath ſlain
The huge *Orſilochus*, I ſwell with great diſdain.

3.

Yet theſe, and all that elſe had puiſſance,
Cannot with noble *Britomart* compare,
As well for glory of great valiance,
As for pure chaſtity and vertue rare;
That all her goodly deeds do well declare.
Well worthy ſtock, from which the branches ſprong,
That in late years ſo fair a bloſſome bare,
As thee, O Queen, the matter of my ſong,
Whoſe lineage from this Lady I derive along.

4.

Who when through ſpeeches with the *Redcroſs* knight,
She learned had th'eſtate of *Arthegall*,
And in each point her ſelf inform'd aright,
A friendly league of love perpetual
She with him bound, and *Congé* took withal.
Then he forth on his journey did proceed,
To ſeek adventures, which mote him befal,
And win him worſhip through his warlike deed,
Which always of his pains he made the chiefeſt meed.

5.

But *Britomart* kept on her former courſe,
Ne ever doft her arms, but all the way
Grew penſive through that amorous diſcourſe,
By which the *Redcroſs* knight did earſt diſplay
Her lovers ſhape, and chevalrons array;
A thouſand thoughts ſhe faſhon'd in her mind,
And in her feining fancy did purtray
Him ſuch, as fitteſt ſhe for love could find,
Wiſe, warlike, perſonable, curteous, and kind.

6.

With ſuch ſelf-pleaſing thoughts her wound ſhe fed,
And thought ſo to beguile her grievous ſmart;
But ſo her ſmart was much more grievous bred,
And the deep wound more deep engor'd her hart,
That nought but death her dolour mote depart,
So forth ſhe rode without repoſe or reſt,
Searching all lands and each remoteſt part,
Following the guidance of her blinded gueſt,
Till that to the ſea-coaſt at length ſhe had addreſt.

7.

There ſhe alighted from her light-foot Beaſt,
And ſitting down upon the rocky ſhore,
Bade her old Squire unlace her lofty creaſt;
Tho, having view'd awhile the ſurges hore,
That 'gainſt the craggy clifts did loudly rore,
And in their raging ſurquedry diſdain'd
That the faſt earth affronted them ſo ſore,
And their devouring covetize reſtrain'd,
Thereat ſhe ſighed deep, and after, thus complain'd;

8.

Huge ſea of ſorrow, and tempeſtuous grief,
Wherein my feeble bark is toſſed long,
Far from the hoped Haven of relief,
Who do thy cruel billows beat ſo ſtrong,
And thy moiſt mountains each on others throng,
Threatning to ſwallow up my fearful life?
O do thy cruel wrath and ſpightful wrong
At length allay, and ſtint thy ſtormy ſtrife,
Which in theſe troubled bowels reigns, and rageth rife.

9.

For, elſe my feeble veſſel craz'd, and crackt
Through thy ſtrong buffets and outrageous blows,
Cannot endure, but needs it muſt be wrackt
On the rough rocks, or on the ſandy ſhallows,
The whiles that Love it ſteers, and Fortune rows;
Love by lewd Pilot hath a reſtleſs mind,
And fortune Boat-ſwain no aſſurance knows,
But ſail withouten ſtars, 'gainſt tide and wind:
How can they other do, ſith both are bold and blind?

10.

Thou God of winds, that reigneſt in the ſeas,
That reigneſt alſo in the Continent,
At laſt blow up ſome gentle gale of eaſe,
The which may bring my Ship, ere it be rent,
Unto the gladſome port of her intent:
Then when I ſhall my ſelf in ſafety ſee,
A table for eternal moniment
Of thy great grace, and my great jeopardy,
Great *Neptune*, I avow to hallow unto thee.

11.

Then ſighing ſoftly ſore, and inly deep,
She ſhut up all her plaint in privy grief;
For, her great courage would not let her weep,
Till that old *Glauce* 'gan with ſharp reprief
Her to reſtrain, and give her good relief,
Through hope of thoſe, which *Merlin* had her told
Should of her name and nation be chief,
And fetch their being from the ſacred mould
Of her immortal womb, to be in heaven enrol'd.

12.

Thus as ſhe her recomforted, ſhe ſpyde,
Where far away one all in armour bright,
With haſty gallop towards her did ride;
Her dolour ſoon ſhe ceaſt, and on her dight
Her helmet, to her Courſer mounting light:
Her former ſorrow into ſuddain wrath,
Both cooſen paſſions of diſtroubled ſpright,
Converting, forth ſhe beats the duſty path;
Love and Deſpight attonce her courage kindled hath.

13.

As when a foggy miſt hath overcaſt
The face of heaven, and the clear air engroſt,
The world in darkneſs dwells, till that at laſt
The watry South-wind from the ſea-bord coſt
Upblowing, doth diſperſe the vapour loſt,
And pours it ſelf forth in a ſtormy ſhowr;
So the fair *Britomart* having diſclo'ſt
Her clowdy care into a wrathful ſtowr,
The miſt of grief diſſolv'd, did into vengeance powr.

14.

Eftſoons her goodly ſhield addreſſing fair,
That mortal ſpear ſhe in her hand did take,
And unto battel did her ſelf prepare.
The knight, approching, ſternly her beſpake;
Sir knight, that do'ſt thy voyage raſhly make
By this forbidden way in my deſpight,
Ne do'ſt by others death enſample take,
I read thee ſoon retire, whiles thou haſt might,
Leaſt afterwards it be too late to take thy flight.

15.

Ythrild with deep diſdain of his proud threat,
She ſhortly thus; Fly they, that need to fly:
Words fearen babes. I mean not thee intreat
To paſs; but maugre thee will paſs or die:
Ne longer ſtaid for th'other to reply,
But with ſharp ſpear the reſt made dearly known.
Strongly the ſtrange knight ran, and ſturdily
Strook her full on the breaſt, that made her down
Decline her head, and touch her crouper with her crown.

16.

But ſhe again him in the ſhield did ſmite
With ſo fierce fury and great puiſſance,
That through his threeſquare ſcuchin pearcing quite,
And through his mailed hauberque, by miſchaunce
The wicked ſteel through his left ſide did glaunce;
Him ſo transfixed ſhe before her bore
Beyond his croup, the length of all her launce,
Till ſadly ſoucing on the ſandy ſhore,
He tombled on an heap, and wallow'd in his gore.

17.

Like as the ſacred Ox, that careleſs ſtands,
With gilden horns, and flowry girlonds crown'd,
Proud of his dying honor and dear bands,
Whiles th'altars fume with frankincenſe arownd,
All ſuddenly with mortal ſtroke aſtown'd,
Doth groveling fall, and with his ſtreaming gore
Diſtains the pillours, and the holy ground,
And the fair flowrs, that decked him afore;
So fell proud *Marinell* upon the precious ſhore.

18.

The Martial Maid ſtaid not him to lament,
But forward rode, and kept her ready way
Along the ſtrond: which as ſhe over-went,
She ſaw beſtrowed all with rich array
Of pearls and precious ſtones of great aſſay,
And all the gravel mixt with golden owr;
Whereat ſhe wondred much, but would not ſtay
For gold, or pearls, or precious ſtones an howr,
But them deſpiſed all; for, all was in her powr.

19.

Whiles thus he lay in deadly ſtoniſhment,
Tydings hereof came to his mothers ear;
His mother was the black-browd *Cymoent*,
The daughter of great *Nereus*, which did bear
This warlike ſon unto an earthly pear,
The famous *Dumarin*: who on a day
Finding the Nymph aſleep in ſecret where,
As he by chance did wander that ſame way,
Was taken with her love, and by her cloſely lay.

20.

There he this knight of her begot; whom born
She of his father *Marinell* did name,
And in a rocky cave as wight forlorn,
Long time ſhe foſtred up, till he became
A mighty man at arms, and mickle fame
Did get through great adventures by him don:
For, never man he ſuffred by that ſame
Rich ſtrond to travel, whereas he did won,
But that he muſt do battel with the Sea-nymphs ſon.

An

21.

An hundred knights of honourable name
He had ſubdew'd, and them his vaſſals made,
That through all Fairy lond his noble fame
Now blazed was, and fear did all invade,
That none durſt paſſen through that perilous glade:
And to advance his name and glory more,
Her Sea-god ſyre ſhe dearly did perſwade,
T'endow her ſon with treaſure and rich ſtore,
'Bove all the ſons, that were of earthly wombs ybore.

22.

The god did graunt his daughters dear demand,
To doen his Nephew in all riches flow;
Eftſoons his heaped waves he did command,
Out of their hollow boſom forth to throw
All the huge treaſure, which the ſea below
Had in his greedy gulf devoured deep,
And him enriched through the overthrow
And wrecks of many wretches, which did weep
And often wail their wealth, which he from them did keep.

23.

Shortly upon that ſhore there heaped was
Exceeding riches, and all precious things,
The ſpoil of all the world, that it did paſs
The wealth of th'Eaſt, and pomp of *Perſian* kings;
Gold, amber, ivory, pearls, owches, rings,
And all that elſe was precious and dear,
The ſea unto him voluntary brings,
That ſhortly he a great Lord did appear,
As was in all the lond of Fairy, or elſewhere.

24.

Thereto he was a doughty dreaded knight,
Tryde often to the ſcathe of many dear,
That none in equal arms him matchen might:
The which his mother ſeeing, 'gan to fear
Leſt his too haughty hardineſs might rear
Some hard miſhap, in hazard of his life:
For-thy ſhe oft him counſel'd to forbear
The bloody battel, and to ſtir up ſtrife,
But after all his war, to reſt his weary knife.

25.

And for his more aſſurance, ſhe requir'd
One day of *Proteus* by his mighty ſpell
(For *Proteus* was with prophecy inſpir'd)
Her dear ſons deſtiny to her to tell,
And the ſad end of her ſweet *Marinell*.
Who, through foreſight of his eternal skill,
Bade her from woman-kind to keep him well:
For, of a woman he ſhould have much ill,
A virgin ſtrange and ſtout him ſhould diſmay, or kill.

26.

For-thy ſhe gave him warning every day,
The love of women not to entertain;
A leſſon too too hard for living clay,
From love in courſe of nature to refrain:
Yet he his mothers lore did well retain,
And ever from fair Ladies love did flie;
Yet many Ladies fair did oft complain,
That they for love of him would algates die:
Die, whoſo liſt for him, he was Loves enemy.

27.

But ah, who can deceive his deſtiny,
Or ween by warning to avoid his fate?
That when he ſleeps in moſt ſecurity,
And ſafeſt ſeems, him ſooneſt doth amate,
And findeth dew effect or ſoon or late.
So feeble is the powr of fleſhly arm.
His mother bade him womens love to hate;
For, ſhe of womens force did fear no harm;
So weening to have arm'd him, ſhe did quite diſarm.

28.

This was that woman, this that deadly wound,
That *Proteus* prophecied ſhould him diſmay;
The which his mother vainly did expound,
To be heart-wounding Love, which ſhould aſſay
To bring her ſon unto his laſt decay.
So tickle be the terms of mortal ſtate,
And full of ſubtile ſophiſms, which do play
With double ſenſes, and with falſe debate,
T'approve the unknown purpoſe of eternal fate.

29.

Too true the famous *Marinell* it found,
Who through late trial, on that wealthy ſtrond
Inglorious now lies in ſenſeleſs ſwound,
Through heavy ſtroke of *Britomartis* hond.
Which when his mother dear did underſtond,
And heavy tydings heard, where-as ſhe plaid
Amongſt her watry ſiſters by a Pond,
Gathering ſweet Daffadillies, to have made
Gay girlonds, from the Sun their forheads fair to ſhade;

30.

Eftſoons both flowres and girlonds far away
She flong, and her fair deawy locks yrent,
To ſorrow huge ſhe turn'd her former play,
And gameſome mirth to grievous dreriment:
She threw her ſelf down on the Continent,
Ne word did ſpeak, but lay as in a ſwoun,
Whiles all her ſiſters did for her lament,
With yelling out-cries, and with ſhrieking ſown;
And every one did tear her girlond from her crown.

31.

Soon as ſhe up out of her deadly fit
Aroſe, ſhe bade her charet to be brought,
And all her ſiſters, that with her did ſit,
Bade eke attonce their charets to be ſought;
Tho, full of bitter grief and penſive thought,
She to her wagon clomb; clomb all the reſt,
And forth together went, with ſorrow fraught.
The waves, obedient to their beheaſt,
Them yielded ready paſſage, and their rage ſurceaſt.

32.

Great *Neptune* ſtood amazed at their ſight,
Whiles on his broad round back they ſoftly ſlid,
And eke himſelf mourn'd at their mournful plight,
Yet wiſt not what their wailing meant, yet did
For great compaſſion of their ſorrow, bid
His mighty waters to them buxome be:
Eftſoons the roaring billows ſtill abid,
And all the grieſly Monſters of the Sea
Stood gaping at their gate, and wondred them to ſee.

A temo

33.

A teme of Dolphins, ranged in array,
Drew the ſmooth charet of ſad *Cymoent*;
They were all taught by *Triton*, to obay
To the long trains, at her commandement:
As ſwift as Swallows on the waves they went,
That their broad flaggy fins no fome did rear,
Ne bubbing roundel they behind them ſent;
The reſt, of other fiſhes drawen were,
Which with their finny oars the ſwelling ſea did ſhear.

34.

Soon as they been arriv'd upon the brim
Of the *Rich ſtrond*, their charets they forlore,
And let their temed fiſhes ſoftly ſwim
Along the margent of the fomy ſhore,
Leſt they their fins ſhould bruze, and ſurbate ſore
Their tender feet upon the ſtony ground:
And coming to the place, where all in gore
And cruddy blood enwallowed they found
The luckleſs *Marinell*, lying in deadly ſwound;

35.

His mother ſwouned thrice, and the third time
Could ſcarce recovered be out of her pain;
Had ſhe not been devoid of mortal ſlime,
She ſhould not then have been reliv'd again:
But ſoon as life recovered had the rain,
She made ſo pitious moan and dear wayment,
That the hard rocks could ſcarce from tears refrain,
And all her ſiſter Nymphs with one conſent
Supplide her ſobbing breaches with ſad complement.

36.

Dear image of my ſelf, ſhe ſaid, that is,
The wretched ſon of wretched mother born,
Is this thine high advauncement? O is this
Th'immortal name, with which thee yet unborn
Thy Granſire *Nereus* promiſt to adorn?
Now lyeſt thou of life and honour reft;
Now lyeſt thou a lump of earth forlorn,
Ne of thy late life memory is left,
Ne can thy irrevocable deſtiny be weft.

37.

Fond *Proteus*, father of falſe prophecis,
And they more fond that credit to thee give,
Not this the work of womans hands ywis,
That ſo deep wound through theſe dear members drive.
I feared love: but they that love do live;
But they that die, do neither love nor hate.
Nath'leſs, to thee thy folly I forgive,
And to my ſelf, and to accurſed fate
The guilt I do aſcribe: dear wiſdom bought too late.

38.

O what avails it of immortal ſeed
To been ybred and never born to die!
Far better I it deem to die with ſpeed,
Than waſte in woe and wailful miſerie.
Who dies, the utmoſt dolour doth abie;
But who that lives, is left to wail his loſs:
So life is loſs, and death felicitie.
Sad life worſe than glad dea th: and greater croſs
To ſee friends Grave, than dea d the Grave ſelf to engroſs.

39.

But if the heavens did his days envie,
And my ſhort bliſs malign, yet mote they well
Thus much afford me, ere that he did die
That the dim eyes of my dear *Marinell*
I mote have cloſed, and him bid farwell,
Sith other offices for mother meet
They would not graunt.
Yet maulgre them, farwell my ſweeteſt ſweet;
Farwell my ſweeteſt ſon, ſith we no more ſhall meet.

40.

Thus when they all had ſorrowed their fill,
They ſoftly 'gan to ſearch his grieſly wound:
And that they might him handle more at will,
They him diſarm'd, and ſpredding on the ground
Their watchet mantles fring'd with ſilver round,
They ſoftly wip't away the jelley'd blood
From th'orifice; which having well up-bound,
They pourd-in ſoveraign Balm, and Nectar good,
Good both for earthly med'cine, and for heavenly food.

41.

Tho, when the lilly-handed *Liagore*
(This *Liagore* whylom had learned skill
In leaches craft, by great *Apolloes* lore,
Sith her whylom upon high *Pindus* hill,
He loved, and at laſt her womb did fill
With heavenly ſeed, whereof wiſe *Pæon* ſprong)
Did feel his pulſe, ſhe knew there ſtaied ſtill
Some little life his feeble ſprites emong;
Which to his mother told, deſpair ſhe from her flong.

42.

Tho, him up-taking in their tender hands,
They eaſily unto her charet bear:
Her teme at her commaundement quiet ſtands,
Whiles they the corſe into her wagon rear,
And ſtrow with flowres the lamentable bear:
Then all the reſt into their coches clim,
And through the brackiſh waves their paſſage ſhear;
Upon great *Neptunes* neck they ſoftly ſwim,
And to her watry chamber ſwiftly carry him.

43.

Deep in the bottom of the Sea, her bowr
Is built, of hollow billows heaped hie,
Like to thick clowds, that threat a ſtormy ſhowr,
And vaulted all within, like to the ſky,
In which the Gods do dwell eternally:
There they him laid in eaſie couch well dight;
And ſent in haſte for *Tryphon*, to apply
Salves to his wounds, and medicines of might:
For, *Tryphon* of Sea-gods the ſoverain leach is hight.

44.

The whiles, the Nymphs ſit all about him round,
Lamenting his miſhap and heavy plight;
And oft his mother viewing his wide wound,
Curſed the hand that did ſo deadly ſmight
Her deareſt ſon, her deareſt harts delight.
But none of all thoſe curſes overtook
The warlike Maid, th'enſample of that might,
But fairly well ſhe thriv'd, and well did brook
Her noble deeds, ne her right courſe for ought forſook.

Yet

45.

Yet did falſe *Archimage* her ſtill purſew,
To bring to paſs his miſchievous intent,
Now that he had her ſingled from the crew
Of curteous knights, the Prince, and Fairy gent,
Whom late in chace of beauty excellent
She left, purſewing that ſame foſter ſtrong;
Of whoſe foul outrage they impatient,
And full of fiery zeal, him followed long,
To reskew her from ſhame, and to revenge her wrong.

46.

Through thick and thin, through mountains and through plains,
Thoſe two great champions did attonce purſew
The fearful Damzel, with inceſſant pains:
Who from them fled, as light-foot Hare from view
Of hunters ſwift, and ſcent of houndes trew.
At laſt, they came unto a double way,
Where, doubtful which to take, her to reskew,
Themſelves they did diſpart, each to eſſay,
Whether more happy were to win ſo goodly pray.

47.

But *Timeas*, the Princes gentle Squire,
That Ladies love unto his Lord forlent,
And with proud envy and indignant ire,
After that wicked foſter fiercely went.
So been they three three ſundry ways ybent.
But faireſt fortune to the Prince befel,
Whoſe chaunce it was, that ſoon he did repent
To take that way, in which that Damozel
Was fled afore, affraid of him, as fiend of hell.

48.

At laſt, of her far off he gained view:
Then 'gan he freſhly prick his ſomy ſteed,
And ever as he nigher to her drew,
So evermore he did increaſe his ſpeed,
And of each turning ſtill kept wary heed:
Aloud to her he oftentimes did call,
To do away vain doubt, and needleſs dreed:
Full mild to her he ſpake, and oft let fall
Many meek words, to ſtay and comfort her withal.

49.

But nothing might relent her haſty flight;
So deep the deadly fear of that foul ſwain
Was earſt impreſſed in her gentle ſpright:
Like as a fearful Dove, which through the rain
Of the wide air her way does cut amain,
Having far off eſpi'd a Taſſel gent,
Which after her his nimble wings doth ſtrain,
Doubleth her haſte for fear to be fore-hent,
And with her pineons cleaves the liquid firmament.

50.

With no leſs haſte, and eke with no leſs dreed,
That fearful Lady fled from him, that ment
To her no evil thought, nor evil deed;
Yet former fear of being foully ſhent,
Carried her forward with her firſt intent:
And though, oft looking backward, well ſhe view'd,
Her ſelf freed from that foſter inſolent,
And that it was a knight, which now her ſewd,
Yet ſhe no leſs the knight feard, than that villain rude.

51.

His uncouth ſhield and ſtrange arms her diſmaid,
Whoſe like in Fairy lond were ſeldome ſeen,
That faſt ſhe from him fled, no leſs affraid
Than of wild beaſts if ſhe had chaſed been:
Yet he her follow'd ſtill with courage keen,
So long, that now the golden *Heſperus*
Was mounted high in top of heaven ſheen,
And warn'd his other brethren joyeous,
To light their bleſſed lamps in *Joves* eternal houſe.

52.

All ſuddenly dim woxe the dampiſh air,
And grieſly ſhadows covered heaven bright,
That now with thouſand ſtars was decked fair;
Which when the Prince beheld (a lothful ſight)
And that perforce, for want of longer light,
He mote ſurceaſe his ſuit, and loſe the hope
Of his long labour, he 'gan foully wite
His wicked fortune, that had turn'd aſlope,
And curſed night, that reft from him ſo goodly ſcope.

53.

Tho, when her ways he could no more deſcry,
But to and fro at diſadventure ſtraid;
Like as a ſhip, whoſe Load-ſtar ſuddainly
Covered with clouds, her Pilot hath diſmaid;
His weariſom purſuit perforce he ſtayd,
And from his lofty ſteed diſmounting low,
Did let him forage. Down himſelf he layd
Upon the graſſie ground, to ſleep a throw;
The cold earth was his couch, the hard ſteel his pillow.

54.

But gentle Sleep envide him any reſt;
In ſteed thereof ſad ſorrow, and diſdain
Of his hard hap did vex his noble breſt,
And thouſand fancies bet his idle brain
With their light wings, the ſights of ſemblants vain:
Oft did he wiſh, that Lady fair mote be
His Fairy Queen, for whom he did complain:
Or that his Fairy Queen were ſuch as ſhe:
And ever haſty Night he blamed bitterly.

55.

Night, thou foul mother of annoyance ſad,
Siſter of heavy Death, and nurſe of Woe,
Which waſt begot in Heaven, but for thy bad
And brutiſh ſhape, thruſt down to Hell below;
Where, by the grim floud of *Cocytus* flow
Thy dwelling is, in *Herebus* black hous
(Black *Herebus* thy husband is the foe
Of all the Gods) where thou ungratious,
Half of thy days doſt lead in horrour hideous.

56.

What had th'eternal Maker need of thee,
The world in his continual courſe to keep,
That doſt all things deface, ne letteſt ſee
The beauty of his work? Indeed in ſleep,
The ſlothful body, that doth love to ſteep
His luſtleſs limbs, and drown his baſer mind,
Doth praiſe thee oft, and oft from *Stygian* deep
Calls thee, his goddeſs in his errour blind,
And great dame Natures hand-maid, chearing every kind.

57.

But well I wote, that to an heavy hart
Thou art the root and nurſe of bitter cares,
Breeder of new, renewer of old ſmarts:
In ſtead of reſt thou lendeſt railing tears,
In ſtead of ſleep thou ſendeſt troublous fears,
And dreadful viſions, in the which alive
The drearie image of ſad death appears:
So from the weary ſpirit thou doſt drive
Deſired reſt, and men of happineſs deprive.

58.

Under thy mantle black there hidden lye,
Light-ſhunning theft, and trayterous intent,
Abhorred bloudſhed, and vile felony,
Shameful deceit, and danger imminent;
Foul horror, and eke helliſh dreriment:
All theſe (I wote) in thy protection be,
And light do ſhun, for fear of being ſhent:
For, light ylike is loth'd of them and thee,
And all that lewdneſs love, do hate the light to ſee.

59.

For, day diſcovers all diſhoneſt ways,
And ſheweth each thing as it is indeed:
The praiſes of high God he fair diſplays,
And his large bounty rightly doth areed.
Days dereſt children be the bleſſed ſeed,
Which darkneſs ſhall ſubdew, and heaven win:
Truth is his daughter; he her firſt did breed,
Moſt ſacred virgin, without ſpot of ſin.
Our life is day: but death with darkneſs doth begin.

60.

O when will day then turn to me again,
And bring with him his long expected light?
O *Titan*, haſte to rear thy joyous wain:
Speed thee to ſpread abroad thy beames bright,
And chaſe away this too long lingring night;
Chaſe her away, from whence ſhe came, to hell.
She, ſhe it is, that hath me done deſpight:
There let her with the damned ſpirits dwell,
And yield her room to Day, that can it govern well.

61.

Thus did the Prince that weary night out-wear,
In reſtleſs anguiſh and unquiet pain:
And early, ere the morrow did uprear
His deawy head out of the *Ocean* main,
He up aroſe, as half in great diſdain,
And clomb unto his ſteed. So forth he went,
With heavy look and lumpiſh paſe, that plain
In him bewrayd great grudge and maltalent:
His ſteed eke ſeem'd t'apply his ſteps to his intent.

CANTO V.

Prince Arthur *hears of* Florimel:
three Foſters Timeas *wound:*
Belphœbe *finds him almoſt dead,*
and reareth out of ſwound.

1.

WOnder it is to ſee, in divers minds
How diverſly Love doth his pageants play,
And ſhews his powre in variable kinds:
The baſer wit, whoſe idle thoughts alway
Are wont to cleave unto the lowly clay,
It ſtirreth up to ſenſual deſire,
And in lewd ſloth to waſte his careleſs day:
But in brave ſprite it kindles goodly fire,
That to all high deſert and honour doth aſpire.

2.

Ne ſuffereth it uncomely idleneſs,
In his free thought to build her ſluggiſh neſt:
Ne ſuffereth it thought of ungentleneſs,
Ever to creep into his noble breſt;
But to the higheſt and the worthieſt
Lifteth it up, that elſe would lowly fall:
It lets not fall, it lets it not to reſt:
It lets not ſcarce this Prince to breath at all,
But to his firſt purſuit him forward ſtill doth call:

3.

Who long time wandred through the foreſt wide,
To find ſome iſſue thence, till at the laſt
He met a Dwarf, that ſeemed terrifide
With ſome late peril, which he hardly paſt,
Or other accident, which him agaſt;
Of whom he asked, whence he lately came,
And whither now he travelled ſo faſt.
For, ſore he ſwat, and running through that ſame
Thick foreſt, was beſcratcht, and both his feet nigh lame.

4.

Panting for breath, and almoſt out of hart,
The Dwarf him anſwer'd, *Sir*, ill mote I ſtay
To tell the ſame. I lately did depart
From Fairy-court, where I have many a day
Served a gentle Lady of great ſway,
And high account through-out all Elfin land,
Who lately left the ſame, and took this way:
Her now I ſeek, and if ye underſtand
Which way ſhe fared hath, good Sir tell out of hand.

5.

What miſter wight, ſaid he, and how arrayd?
Royally clad, quoth he, in cloth of gold,
As meeteſt may beſeem a noble mayd;
Her fair locks in rich circlet be enrold,
And fairer wight did never ſun behold,
And on a Palfrey rides more white than ſnow,
Yet ſhe her ſelf is whiter manifold:
The ſureſt ſign whereby ye may her know,
Is, that ſhe is the faireſt wight alive, I trow.

Now

6.

Now certes ſwain, ſaid he, ſuch one I ween,
Faſt flying through this foreſt from her fo,
A foul ill favour'd foſter, I have ſeen;
Her ſelf (well as I might) I reskew'd tho,
But could not ſtay; ſo faſt ſhe did fore-go,
Carried away with wings of ſpeedy fear.
Ah deareſt God, quoth he, that is great wo,
And wondrous ruth to all that ſhall it hear.
But can ye read, Sir, how I may her find, or where?

7.

Perdy, me lever were to weeten that
Said he, than ranſom of the richeſt knight,
Or all the good that ever yet I gat:
But froward Fortune, and too forward Night
Such happineſs did (maulgre) to me ſpight.
And fro me reft both life and light attone.
But Dwarf aread, what is that Lady bright,
That through this foreſt wandreth thus alone?
For, of her errour ſtrange I have great ruth and mone.

8.

That Lady is, quoth he, where-ſo ſhe be,
The bountieſt virgin, and moſt debonaire,
That ever living eye I ween did ſee;
Lives none this day, that may with her compare
In ſtedfaſt chaſtity and vertue rare,
The goodly ornaments of beauty bright;
And is ycleped *Florimell* the fair,
Fair *Florimell*, belov'd of many a knight;
Yet ſhe loves none but one, that *Marinell* is hight.

9.

A Sea-nymphs ſon, that *Marinell* is hight,
Of my dear Dame is loved dearly well;
In other none, but him, ſhe ſets delight:
All her delight is ſet on *Marinell*;
But he ſets nought at all by *Florimell*:
For, Ladies love, his mother long ygo
Did him (they ſay) forwarn through ſacred ſpell.
But fame now flies, that of a forrain foe
He is yſlain, which is the ground of all our woe.

10.

Five days there be, ſince he (they ſay) was ſlain,
And four ſince *Florimell* the Court for-went,
And vowed never to return again,
Till him alive or dead ſhe did invent.
Therefore, fair Sir, for love of knighthood gent,
And honour of true Ladies, if ye may
By your good counſel, or bold hardiment,
Or ſuccour her, or me direct the way;
Do one, or other good, I you moſt humbly pray.

11.

So may you gain to you full great renown,
Of all good Ladies through the world ſo wide,
And haply in her hart find higheſt room
Of whom ye ſeek to be moſt magnifide:
At leaſt, eternal meed ſhall you abide.
To whom the Prince; Dwarf, comfort to thee take,
For, till thou tydings learn what her betide,
I heer avow thee never to forſake.
Ill wears he arms, that nill them uſe for Ladies ſake.

12.

So with the Dwarf he back return'd again,
To ſeek his Lady, where he mote her find;
But by the way, he greatly 'gan complain
The want of his good Squire late left behind,
For whom he wondrous penſive grew in mind,
For doubt of danger which mote him betide;
For, him he loved above all man-kind,
Having him true and faithful ever tride,
And bold, as ever Squire that waited by knights ſide.

13.

Who, all this while, full hardly was affaid
Of deadly danger, which to him betid;
For, whiles his Lord purſew'd that noble Maid,
After that Foſter foul he fiercely rid,
To been avenged of the ſhame he did
To that fair Damzel: Him he chaced long
Through the thick woods, wherein he would have hid
His ſhameful head from his avengement ſtrong:
And oft him threatned death for his outrageous wrong.

14.

Nath'leſs, the villain ſped himſelf ſo well,
Whether through ſwiftneſs of his ſpeedy beaſt,
Or knowledge of thoſe woods, where he did dwell,
That ſhortly he from danger was releaſt,
And out of ſight eſcaped at the leaſt;
Yet not eſcaped from the due reward
Of his bad deeds, which daily he increaſt,
Ne ceaſed not, till him oppreſſed hard
The heavy plague, that for ſuch leachours is prepar'd.

15.

For, ſoon as he was vaniſht out of ſight,
His coward courage 'gan emboldned be,
And caſt t'avenge him of that foul deſpight,
Which he had borne of his old enemee.
Tho to his brethren came: for they were three
Ungracious children of one graceleſs Sire,
And unto them complained, how that he
Had uſed been of that fool-hardy Squire;
So them with bitter words he ſtir'd to bloudy ire.

16.

Forth-with, themſelves with their ſad inſtruments
Of ſpoil and murder they 'gan arm bylive,
And with him forth into the foreſt went,
To wreak the wrath, which he did earſt revive
In their ſtern breaſts, on him which late did drive
Their brother to reproch and ſhameful flight:
For, they had vow'd, that never he alive
Out of that foreſt ſhould eſcape their might;
Vile rancour their rude harts had fil'd with ſuch deſpight.

17.

Within that wood there was a covert glade,
Fore-by a narrow foord (to them well known)
Through which it was uneath for wight to wade;
And now by fortune it was overflown:
By that ſame way, they knew that Squire unkown
Mote algates paſs; for-thy themſelves they ſet
There in awate, with thick woods over-grown,
And all the while their malice they did whet
With cruel threats, his paſſage through the ford to let.

18.

It fortuned, as they deviſed had,
The gentle Squire came riding that ſame way,
Unweeting of their wile and treaſon bad,
And through the ford to paſſen did aſſay;
But that fierce foſter, which late fled away,
Stoutly forth ſtepping on the further ſhore,
Him boldly bad his paſſage there to ſtay,
Till he had made amends, and full reſtore
For all the damage which he had him doen afore.

19.

With that, at him a quiv'ring dart he threw,
With ſo fell force and villainous deſpight,
That through his haberjeon the forkhead flew,
And through the linked mails empierced quite,
But had no powre in his ſoft fleſh to bite:
That ſtroak the hardy Squire did ſore diſpleaſe,
But more, that him he could not come to ſmite;
For, by no means the high bank he could ſeaſe,
But labour'd long in that deep ford with vain diſeaſe.

20.

And ſtill the Foſter with his long bore-ſpear
Him kept from landing at his wiſhed will;
Anon one ſent out of the thicket near
A cruel ſhaft, headed with deadly ill,
And feathered with an unlucky quill;
The wicked ſteel ſtaid not, till it did light
In his left thigh, and deeply did it thrill:
Exceeding grief that wound in him empight;
But more, that with his foes he could not come to fight.

21.

At laſt (through wrath and vengeance making way)
He on the bank arriv'd with mickle pain,
Where the third brother him did ſore aſſay,
And drove at him with all his might and main
A forreſt-bill, which both his hands did ſtrain;
But warily he did avoid the blow,
And with his ſpear requited him again,
That both his ſides were thrilled with the throw,
And a large ſtream of blood out of the wound did flow.

22.

He, tumbling down, with gnaſhing teeth did bite
The bitter earth, and bade to let him in
Into the baleful houſe of endleſs night,
Where wicked ghoſts do wail their former ſin.
Tho, 'gan the battel freſhly to begin;
For, nathemore for that ſpectacle bad,
Did th'other two their cruel vengeance blin,
But both attonce on both ſides him beſtad,
And load upon him laid, his life for t' have had.

23.

Tho, when that villain he aviz'd, which late
Affrighted had the faireſt *Florimell*,
Full of fierce fury, and indignant hate,
To him he turned; and with rigour fell
Smote him ſo rudely on the Pannikell,
That to the chin he cleft his head in twain:
Down on the ground his carcaſs grovelling fell;
His ſinful ſoul, with deſperate diſdain,
Out of her fleſhly ferm fled to the place of pain.

24.

That ſeeing now the only laſt of three,
Who with that wicked ſhaft him wounded had,
Trembling with horrour, as that did fore-ſee
The fearful end of his avengement ſad,
Through which he follow ſhould his brethren bad,
His bootleſs bow in feeble hand upcaught,
And there-with ſhot an arrow at the lad;
Which faintly fluttring, ſcarce his helmet raught,
And glauncing, fell to ground, but him annoyed naught.

25.

With that, he would have fled into the wood;
But *Timias* him lightly overhent,
Right as he entring was into the flood,
And ſtrook at him with force ſo violent,
That headleſs him into the ford he ſent:
The carcaſs with the ſtream was carried down,
But th'head fell backward on the Continent.
So miſchief fell upon the meaners crown; (nown:
They three be dead with ſhame, the Squire lives with re-

26.

He lives, but takes ſmall joy of his renown;
For, of that cruel wound he bled ſo ſore,
That from his ſteed he fell in deadly ſwoun;
Yet ſtill the bloud forth guſht in ſo great ſtore,
That he lay wallow'd all in his own gore.
Now God thee keep, thou gentleſt Squire alive:
Elſe ſhall thy loving Lord thee ſee no more;
But both of comfort him thou ſhalt deprive,
And eke thy ſelf of honour, which thou didſt atchive.

27.

Providence heavenly paſſeth living thought,
And doth for wretched mens relief make way;
For, loe, great grace or fortune thither brought
Comfort to him, that comfortleſs now lay.
In thoſe ſame woods, ye well remember may,
How that a noble huntereſs did won,
She, that baſe *Braggadocchio* did affray,
And made him faſt out of the foreſt run;
Belphœbe was her name, as fair as *Phœbus* ſun.

28.

She on a day, as ſhe purſew'd the chace
Of ſome wild beaſt, which with her arrows keen
She wounded had, the ſame along did trace
By tract of bloud, which ſhe had freſhly ſeen
To have beſprinkled all the graſſie Green;
By the great perſue which ſhe there perceav'd,
Well hoped ſhe the beaſt engor'd had been,
And made more haſte, the life to have bereav'd:
But ah! her expectation greatly was deceav'd.

29.

Shortly ſhe came, whereas that woful Squire
With bloud deformed lay in deadly ſwound:
In whoſe fair eyes, like lamps of quenched fire,
The cryſtal humour ſtood congealed round;
His locks, like faded leaves fallen to ground,
Knotted with bloud, in bunches rudely ran,
And his ſweet lips, on which before that ſtound
The bud of youth to bloſſom fair began,
Spoild of their roſie red, were woxen pale and wan.

Saw

30.

Saw never living eye more heavy ſight,
That could have made a rock of ſtone to rew,
Or rive in twain: which when that Lady bright
(Beſides all hope) with melting eyes did view,
All ſuddainly abaſht, ſhe changed hew,
And with ſtern horrour backward 'gan to ſtart:
But, when ſhe better him beheld, ſhe grew
Full of ſoft paſſion and unwonted ſmart:
The point of pity pearced through her tender hart.

31.

Meekly ſhe bowed down, to weet if life
Yet in his frozen members did remain;
And feeling by his pulſes beating rife,
That the weak ſoul her ſeat did yet retain,
She caſt to comfort him with buſie pain:
His double-folded neck ſhe rear'd upright,
And rub'd his temples, and each trembling vain;
His mail'd haberjeon ſhe did undight,
And from his head his heavy burganet did light.

32.

Into the woods thence-forth in haſte ſhe went,
To ſeek for herbs, that mote him remedy;
For, ſhe of herbs had great intendiment,
Taught of the Nymph, which from her infancy
Her nurſed had in true Nobility:
There, whether it divine *Tobacco* were,
Or *Panachæa*, or *Polygony*,
She found, and brought it to her Patient dear,
Who all this while lay bleeding out his hart-bloud near.

33.

The ſoveraign weed betwixt two marbles plain
She pownded ſmall, and did in pieces bruze,
And then atween her lilly handes twain,
Into his wound the juyce thereof did ſcruze,
And round about (as ſhe could well it uze)
The fleſh there-with ſhe ſuppled and did ſteep,
T'abate all ſpaſm, and ſoke the ſwelling bruze;
And after, having ſearcht the intuſe deep,
She with her ſcarf did bind the wound from cold to keep.

34.

By this, he had ſweet life recur'd again;
And groning inly deep, at laſt his eyes,
His watry eyes, drizling like deawy rain,
He up 'gan lift toward the azure skyes,
From whence deſcend all hopeleſs remedies:
There-with he ſigh't, and turning him aſide,
The goodly Maid (full of divinities,
And gifts of heavenly grace) he by him ſpide,
Her bowe and gilden quiver lying him beſide.

35.

Mercy, dear Lord, ſaid he, what grace is this,
That thou haſt ſhewed to me ſinful wight,
To ſend thine Angel from her bowr of bliſs,
To comfort me in my diſtreſſed plight?
Angel, or Goddeſs do I call thee right?
What ſervice may I do unto thee meet,
That haſt from darkneſs me return'd to light,
And with thy heavenly ſalves and med'cines ſweet,
Haſt dreſt my ſinful wounds? I kiſs thy bleſſed feet.

36.

Thereat ſhe bluſhing ſaid, Ah gentle Squire;
Nor Goddeſs I, nor Angel, but the Maid,
And daughter of a wooddy Nymph, deſire
No ſervice, but thy ſafety and aid;
Which if thou gain, I ſhall be well apaid.
We mortal wights, whoſe lives and fortunes be
To common accidents ſtill open laid,
Are bound with common bond of frailtee,
To ſuccour wretched wights, whom we captived ſee.

37.

By this, her Damſels, which the former chace
Had undertaken, after her arriv'd,
As did *Belphœbe*, in the bloudy place,
And thereby deem'd the beaſt had been depriv'd
Of life, whom late their Ladies arrow riv'd:
For-thy, the bloudy tract they follow faſt,
And every one to run the ſwifteſt ſtriv'd:
But two of them the reſt far overpaſt,
And where their Lady was, arrived at the laſt.

38.

Where, when they ſaw that goodly boy with blood
Defouled, and their Lady dreſs his wound,
They wondred much, and ſhortly underſtood,
How him in deadly caſe their Lady found,
And reskewed out of the heavy ſtound.
Eftſoons his warlike courſer, which was ſtrayd
Far in the woods, whiles that he lay in ſwound,
She made thoſe Damſels ſearch: which being ſtayd,
They did him ſet thereon, and forth with them convayd.

39.

Into that foreſt far they thence him led,
Where was their dwelling, in a pleaſant glade,
With mountains round about environed,
And mighty woods, which did the valley ſhade,
And like a ſtately Theatre it made,
Spreading it ſelf into a ſpatious Plain.
And in the midſt a little river plaid
Emongſt the pumy ſtones, which ſeem'd to plain
With gentle murmur, that his courſe they did reſtrain.

40.

Beſide the ſame, a dainty place there lay,
Planted with myrtle trees and laurels green,
In which the birds ſung many a lovely lay
Of Gods high praiſe, and of their loves ſweet teen,
As it an earthly Paradiſe had been:
In whoſe encloſed ſhadow there was pight
A fair Pavilion, ſcarcely to be ſeen,
The which was all within moſt richly dight,
That greateſt Princes living it mote well delight.

41.

Thither they brought that wounded Squire, and laid
In eaſie couch his feeble limbs to reſt.
He reſted him a while, and then the Maid
His ready wound with better ſalves new dreſt;
Daily ſhe dreſſed him, and did the beſt
His grievous hurt to gariſh, that ſhe might,
That ſhortly ſhe his dolour hath redreſt,
And his foul ſore reduced to fair plight:
It ſhe reduced, but himſelf deſtroyed quight.

42.

O fooliſh Phyſick, and unfruitful pain,
That heals up one, and makes another wound:
She his hurt thigh to him recur'd again,
But hurt his hart, the which before was ſound,
Through an unwary dart, which did rebound
From her fair eyes and gratious countenance.
What boots it him from death to be unbound,
To be captived in endleſs durance
Of ſorrow and deſpair without allegiance?

43.

Still as his wound did gather and grow whole,
So ſtill his hart woxe ſore, and health decaid:
Madneſs to ſave a part, and loſe the whole.
Still when-as he beheld the heavenly Maid,
Whiles daily plaiſters to his wound ſhe laid,
So ſtill his malady the more increaſt,
The whiles her matchleſs beauty him diſmaid.
Ah God! what other could he do at leaſt,
But love ſo fair a Lady, that his life releaſt?

44.

Long while he ſtrove in his courageous breſt,
With reaſon dew the paſſion to ſubdew,
And love for to diſlodge out of his neſt:
Still when her excellencies he did view,
Her ſoveraign bounty, and celeſtial hew,
The ſame to love he ſtrongly was conſtrain'd:
But when his mean eſtate he did renew,
He from ſuch hardy boldneſs was reſtrain'd,
And of his luckleſs lot and cruel love thus plain'd;

45.

Unthankful wretch, ſaid he, is this the meed,
With which her ſoveraign mercy thou doſt quight?
Thy life ſhe ſaved by her gracious deed,
But thou doſt ween with villainous deſpight
To blot her honour, and her heavenly light.
Dye rather, dye, than ſo diſloyally
Deem of her high deſert, or ſeem ſo light:
Fair death it is, to ſhun more ſhame, to die:
Dye rather, dye, than ever love diſloyally.

46.

But if to love diſloyalty it be,
Shall I then hate her, that from deathes dore
Me brought? ah! far be ſuch reproch fro me.
What can I leſs do, than her love therefore?
Sith I her due reward cannot reſtore:
Dye rather, dye, and dying do her ſerve,
Dying her ſerve, and living her adore;
Thy life ſhe gave, thy life ſhe doth deſerve:
Dye rather, dye, than ever from her ſervice ſwerve.

47.

But fooliſh boy, what boots thy ſervice baſe
To her, to whom the heavens do ſerve and ſew?
Thou a mean Squire, of meek and lowly place,
She heavenly born, and of celeſtial hew.
How then? of all, love taketh equal view:
And doth not higheſt God vouchſafe to take
The love and ſervice of the baſeſt crew?
If ſhe will not, dye meekly for her ſake;
Dye rather, dye, than ever ſo fair love forſake.

48.

Thus warred he long time againſt his will,
Till that (through weakneſs) he was forc't at laſt
To yield himſelf unto the mighty ill:
Which, as a Victor proud, 'gan ranſack faſt
His inward parts, and all his entrails waſte,
That neither blood in face, nor life in hart
It left, but both did quite dry up, and blaſt;
As pearcing levin, which the inner part
Of every thing conſumes, and calcineth by art.

49.

Which ſeeing, fair *Belphœbe* 'gan to fear,
Leſt that his wounds were inly well not heal'd,
Or that the wicked ſteel empoyſned were:
Little ſhe weend, that love he cloſe concea'ld;
Yet ſtill he waſted, as the ſnow congeal'd,
When the bright ſun his beams thereon doth beat;
Yet never he his hart to her reveal'd,
But rather choſe to dye for ſorrow great,
Than with diſhonourable terms her to intreat.

50.

She (gracious Lady) yet no pains did ſpare
To do him eaſe, or do him remedy:
Many reſtoratives, of vertues rare,
And coſtly Cordials ſhe did apply,
To mitigate his ſtubborn malady:
But that ſweet Cordial, which can reſtore
A love-ſick hart, ſhe did to him envy;
To him and all th'unworthy world forlore
She did envy that ſoverain ſalve, in ſecret ſtore.

51.

That dainty Roſe, the daughter of her Morn,
More dear than life ſhe tendered, whoſe flowr
The girlond of her honour did adorn:
Ne ſuffred ſhe the Middays ſcorching powr,
Ne the ſharp Northern wind thereon to ſhowr,
But lapped up her ſilken leaves moſt chair,
When-ſo the froward ſky began to lowr:
But ſoon as calmed was the Cryſtal air,
She did it fair diſſpred, and let it flouriſh fair.

52.

Eternal God, in his almighty powr,
To make enſample of his heavenly grace,
In Paradiſe whylom did plant this flowr;
Whence he is fetcht out of her native place,
And did in ſtock of earthly fleſh enrace,
That mortal men her glory ſhould admire:
In gentle Ladies breſt, and bountious race
Of woman-kind it fareſt flowr doth ſpire,
And beareth fruit of honour and all chaſt deſire.

53.

Fair imps of beauty, whoſe bright ſhining beams
Adorn the world with like to heavenly light,
And to your wills both Royalties and Realms
Subdew, through conqueſt of your wondrous might,
With his fair flowr your goodly girlonds dight,
Of chaſtity and vertue virginal,
That ſhall embelliſh more your beauty bright,
And crown your heads with heavenly coronal,
Such as the angels wear before Gods tribunal.

To

54.

To your fair ſelves a fair enſample frame,
Of this fair Virgin, this *Belphœbe* fair;
To whom, in perfect love and ſpotleſs fame,
Of chaſtity, none living may compair:
Ne poyſnous Envy juſtly can empair
The praiſe of her freſh flowring Maidenhead;
For-thy ſhe ſtandeth on the higheſt ſtair
Of th'honourable ſtage of woman-head,
That Ladies all may follow her enſample dead.

55.

In ſo great praiſe of ſtedfaſt chaſtity,
Nath'leſs, ſhe was ſo curteous and kind,
Tempred with grace, and goodly modeſty,
That ſeemed thoſe two vertues ſtrove to find
The higher place in her Heroick mind:
So ſtriving each did other more augment,
And both encreaſt the praiſe of woman-kind,
And both encreaſt her beauty excellent;
So all did make in her a perfect complement.

CANTO VI.

The birth of fair Belphœbe, *and of* Amoret *is told.*
The Gardens of Adonis, *fraught with pleaſures manifold.*

1.

WEll may I ween, fair Ladies, all this while
Ye wonder, how this noble Damozel
So great perfections did in her compile;
Sith that in ſalvage foreſts ſhe did dwell,
So far from Court and royal Citadel,
The great School-miſtreſs of all curteſie:
Seemeth that ſuch wild woods ſhould far expel
All civil uſage and gentility,
And gentle ſprite deform with rude ruſticity.

2.

But to this fair *Belphœbe* in her berth
The heavens ſo favourable were and free,
Looking with mild aſpect upon the earth,
In th' *Horoſcope* of her nativitee,
That all the gifts of grace and chaſtitee
On her they poured forth of plentious horn;
Jove laught on *Venus* from his ſoveraign ſee,
And *Phœbus* with fair beams did her adorn,
And all the *Graces* rockt her cradle being born.

3.

Her birth was of the womb of Morning dew,
And her conception of the joyous Prime,
And all her whole creation did her ſhew
Pure and unſpotted from all loathly crime,
That is ingenerate in fleſhly ſlime.
So was this Virgin born, ſo was ſhe bred,
So was ſhe trained up from time to time,
In all chaſt vertue, and true bounti-hed,
Till to her due perfection ſhe was ripened.

4.

Her mother was the fair *Chryſogonee*,
The daughter of *Amphiſa*, who by race
A Fairy was, yborn of high degree;
She bore *Belphœbe*, ſhe bore in like caſe
Fair *Amoretta* in the ſecond place:
Theſe two were twins, and twixt them two did ſhare
The heritage of all celeſtial grace;
That all the reſt it ſeem'd they robbed bare
Of bounty, and of beauty, and all vertues rare.

5.

It were a goodly ſtory, to declare
By what ſtrange accident fair *Chryſogone*
Conceiv'd theſe Infants, and how them ſhe bare,
In this wild foreſt wandring all alone,
After ſhe had nine months fulfill'd and gone:
For, not as other womens common brood,
They were enwombed in the ſacred throne
Of her chaſte body; nor with common food,
As other womens babes, they ſucked vital blood:

6.

But wondrouſly they were begot, and bred
Through influence of th'heavens fruitful ray,
As it in antique books is mentioned.
It was upon a Sommers ſhiny day
(When *Titan* fair his hot beams did diſplay)
In a freſh fountain, far from all mens view,
She bath'd her breſt, the boiling heat t'allay;
She bath'd with roſes red, and violets blew,
And all the ſweeteſt flowrs that in the foreſt grew;

7.

Till faint through irkſom wearineſs, adown
Upon the graſſie ground her ſelf ſhe laid
To ſleep, the whiles a gentle ſlumbring ſwoun
Upon her fell all naked bare diſplaid,
The ſun-beams bright upon her body plaid,
Being through former bathing mollifi'd,
And pearc't into her womb, where they embaid
With ſo ſweet ſenſe and ſecret power unſpi'd,
That in her pregnant fleſh they ſhortly fructifi'd.

8.

Miraculous may ſeem to him that reads,
So ſtrange enſample of conception;
But reaſon teacheth that the fruitfull ſeads
Of all things living, through impreſſion
Of the Sun-beams in moiſt complexion,
Do life conceive, and quicked are by kind:
So, after *Nilus* inundation,
Infinite ſhapes of creatures men do find,
Informed in the mud, on which the Sun hath ſhin'd.

9.

Great father he of generation
Is rightly call'd, th'authour of life and light;
And his fair ſiſter for creation
Miniſtreth matter fit, which tempred right
With heat and humour, breeds the living wight.
So ſprong theſe twins in womb of *Chryſogone*,
Yet wiſt ſhe nought thereof, but ſore affright,
Wondred to ſee her belly ſo up-blone,
Which ſtill increaſt, till ſhe her term had full out-gone.

Whereof

10.

Whereof conceiving ſhame and foul diſgrace,
Albe her guiltleſs conſcience her clear'd,
She fled into the wilderneſs a ſpace,
Till that unweeldy burden ſhe had rear'd,
And ſhun'd diſhonour, which as death ſhe fear'd:
Where weary of long travel, down to reſt
Her ſelf ſhe ſet, and comfortably chear'd;
There a ſad clowd of ſleep her overkeſt,
And ſeized every ſenſe with ſorrow ſore oppreſt.

11.

It fortuned, fair *Venus* having loſt
Her little ſon, the winged god of love,
Who for ſome light diſpleaſure, which him croſt,
Was from her fled, as ſwift as airy Dove,
And left her blisful bowr of joy above,
(So from her often he had fled away,
When ſhe for ought him ſharply did reprove,
And wandred in the world in ſtrange array, (wray.)
Diſguis'd in thouſand ſhapes, that none might him be-

12.

Him for to ſeek, ſhe left her heavenly hous
(The houſe of goodly forms and fair aſpects,
Whence all the world derives the glorious
Features of beauties, and all ſhapes ſelect,
With which high God his workmanſhip hath deckt)
And ſearched every way, through which his wings
Had borne him, or his tract ſhe mote detect:
She promiſt kiſſes ſweet, and ſweeter things
Unto the man, that of him tyding to her brings.

13.

Firſt, ſhe him ſought in Court, where moſt he us'd
Whylom to haunt, but there ſhe found him not;
But many there ſhe found, which ſore accus'd
His falſehood, and with foul infamous blot
His cruel deeds and wicked wiles did ſpot:
Ladies and Lords ſhe every where mote hear
Complaining, how with his empoyſned ſhot
Their woful harts he wounded had whylear,
And ſo had left them languiſhing 'twixt hope and fear.

14.

She then the Cities ſought, from gate to gate,
And every one did ask, did he him ſee;
And every one her anſwer'd, that too late
He had him ſeen, and felt the cruelty
Of his ſharp darts, and hot artillery;
And every one threw forth reproches rife
Of his miſchievous deeds, and ſaid, That he
Was the diſturber of all civil life,
The enemy of peace, and author of all ſtrife.

15.

Then, in the Countrey ſhe abroad him ſought,
And in the rural cottages enquir'd;
Where alſo, many plaints to her were brought,
How he their heedleſs harts with love had fir'd,
And his falſe venim through their veins inſpir'd;
And eke the gentle ſhepheard ſwains, which ſat
Keeping their fleecy flocks, as they were hir'd,
She ſweetly heard complain, both how, and what
Her ſon had to them doen; yet ſhe did ſmile thereat.

16.

But when in none of all theſe ſhe him got,
She 'gan aviſe where elſe he mote him hide:
At laſt, ſhe her be-thought, that ſhe had not
Yet ſought the ſalvage woods and foreſts wide,
In which full many lovely Nymphs abide,
'Mongſt whom might be, that he did cloſely lye,
Or that the love of ſome of them him tyde:
For-thy ſhe thither caſt her courſe t'apply,
To ſearch the ſecret haunts of *Dianes* company.

17.

Shortly, unto the waſteful woods ſhe came,
Where-as ſhe found the Goddeſs with her crew,
After late chace of their embrewed game,
Sitting beſide a fountain in a rew,
Some of them waſhing with the liquid dew
From off their dainty limbs the duſty ſweat,
And ſoyl, which did deform their lively hew;
Other lay ſhaded from the ſcorching heat;
The reſt, upon her perſon, gave attendance great.

18.

She, having hong upon a bough on high.
Her bow and painted quiver, had unlac't
Her ſilver buskins from her nimble thigh,
And her lank loyns ungirt, and breaſts unbrac't,
After her heat the breathing cold to taſte;
Her golden locks, that late in treſſes bright
Embreaded were for hindring of her haſte,
Now looſe about her ſhoulders hong undight,
And were with ſweet *Ambroſia* all beſprinkled light.

19.

Soon as ſhe *Venus* ſaw behind her back,
She was aſham'd to be ſo looſe ſurpris'd;
And woxe half wroth againſt her damſels ſlack,
That had not her thereof before avis'd,
But ſuffred her ſo careleſly diſguis'd
Be overtaken. Soon her garments looſe
Upgath'ring, in her boſom ſhe compris'd,
Well as ſhe might, and to the Goddeſs roſe,
Whilſt all her Nymphs did like a girlond her encloſe.

20.

Goodly ſhe 'gan fair *Cytherea* greet,
And ſhortly asked her what cauſe her brought
Into that wilderneſs (for her unmeet)
From her ſweet bowrs, and beds with pleaſures fraught:
That ſuddain change ſhe ſtrange adventure thought.
To whom (half weeping) ſhe thus anſwered,
That ſhe her deareſt ſon *Cupido* ſought,
Who in his frowardneſs from her was fled;
That ſhe repented ſore, to have him angered.

21.

Thereat *Diana* 'gan to ſmile in ſcorn
Of her vain plaint, and to her ſcoffing ſaid;
Great pity ſure, that ye be ſo forlorn
Of your gay ſon, that gives ye ſo good aid
To your diſports: ill mote ye been apaid.
But ſhe was more engrieved, and replide;
Fair ſiſter, ill beſeems it to upbraid
A doleful hart with ſo diſdainful pride;
The like that mine, may be your pain another tide.

22.

As you in woods and wanton wilderneſs
Your glory ſet to chace the ſalvage beaſts;
So my delight is all in joyfulneſs,
In beds, in bowrs, in bankets, and in feaſts:
And ill becomes you with your lofty creaſts,
To ſcorn the joy that *Jove* is glad to ſeek;
We both are bound to follow heavens beheaſts,
And tend our charges with obeiſance meek:
Spare (gentle ſiſter) with reproch my pain to eek;

23.

And tell me, if that ye my ſon have heard,
To lurk emongſt your Nymphs in ſecret wiſe;
Or keep their cabins: much I am affeard,
Leaſt he like one of them himſelf diſguiſe,
And turn his arrows to their exerciſe:
So may he long himſelf full eaſie hide:
For, he is fair and freſh in face and guiſe,
As any Nymph (let not it be envide.)
So ſaying, every Nymph full narrowly ſhe eyde.

24.

But *Phœbe* there-with ſore was angered,
And ſharply ſaid; Go Dame, go ſeek your boy,
Where you him lately left, in *Mars* his bed;
He comes not here, we ſcorn his fooliſh joy,
Ne lend we leiſure to his idle toy:
But if I catch him in this company,
By *Stygian* lake I vow, whoſe ſad annoy
The Gods do dread, he dearly ſhall aby:
Ile clip his wanton wings, that he no more ſhall fly.

25.

Whom when as *Venus* ſaw ſo ſore diſpleas'd,
She inly ſory was, and 'gan relent
What ſhe had ſaid: ſo her ſhe ſoon appeas'd,
With ſugred words and gentle blandiſhment,
Which as a fountain from her ſweet lips went,
And welled goodly forth, that in ſhort ſpace
She was well pleas'd, and forth her damzels ſent,
Through all the woods, to ſearch from place to place,
If any tract of him or tydings they mote trace.

26.

To ſearch the God of Love, her Nymphs ſhe ſent
Throughout the wandring foreſt every where:
And after them her ſelf eke with her went
To ſeek the fugitive, both far and nere.
So long they ſought, till they arrived were
In that ſame ſhady covert, where-as lay
Fair *Chryſogone* in ſlumbring traunce whylere:
Who in her ſleep (a wondrous thing to ſay)
Unwares had born two babes, as fair as ſpringing day.

27.

Unwares ſhe them conceiv'd, unwares ſhe bore:
She bore withouten pain, that ſhe conceiv'd
Withouten pleaſure: ne her need implore
Leucinaes aid: which when they both perceiv'd,
They were through wonder nigh of ſenſe bereav'd,
And gazing each on other, nought beſpake:
At laſt, they both agreed, her (ſeeming griev'd)
Out of her heavy ſwoun not to awake,
But from her loving ſide the tender babes to take.

28.

Up they them took; each one a babe up-took,
And with them carried, to be foſtered.
Dame *Phœbe* to a Nymph her babe betook,
To be brought up in perfect Maidenhed;
And of her ſelf, her name *Belphœbe* red:
But *Venus* hers hence far away convayd,
To be brought up in goodly womanhed,
And in her little Loves ſtead, which was ſtrayd,
Her *Amoretta* cal'd, to comfort her diſmayd.

29.

She brough her to her joyous Paradiſe,
Where moſt ſhe wons, when ſhe on earth does dwell.
So fair a place, as Nature can deviſe:
Whether in *Paphos*, or *Cytheron* hill,
Or it in *Gnidus* be, I wote not well;
But well I wote by trial, that this ſame
All other pleaſant places doth excell,
And called is by her loſt Lovers name,
The Garden of *Adonis*, far renown'd by fame.

30.

It that ſame Garden, all the goodly flowrs
Where-with dame Nature doth her beautifie,
And decks the girlonds of her Paramours,
Are fetcht: there is the firſt ſeminarie
Of all things that are born to live and die,
According to their kinds. Long work it were,
Here to account the endleſs progenie
Of all the weeds, that bud and bloſſom there;
But ſo much as doth need, muſt needs be counted here.

31.

It ſited was in fruitful ſoil of old,
And girt-in with two walls on either ſide;
The one of iron, the other of bright gold,
That none might thorough break, nor over-ſtride:
And double gates it had, which opened wide,
By which both in and out men moten paſs;
Th'one fair and freſh, the other old and dride:
Old *Genius* the Porter of them was;
Old *Genius*, the which a double nature has.

32.

He letteth in, he letteth out to wend,
All that to come into the world deſire;
A thouſand thouſand naked babes attend
About him day and night, which do require,
That he with fleſhly weeds would them attire:
Such as him liſt, ſuch as eternal fate
Ordained hath, he clothes with ſinful mire,
And ſendeth forth to live in mortal ſtate,
Till they again return back by the hinder gate.

33.

After that they again returned been,
They in that Garden planted be again;
And grow afreſh, as they had never ſeen
Fleſhly corruption, nor mortal pain.
Some thouſand years ſo doen they there remain;
And then of him are clad with other hew,
Or ſent into the changeful world again,
Till thither they return, where firſt they grew:
So like a wheel around they run from old to new.

Ne

34.

Ne needs there Gardiner to ſet, or ſow,
To plant, or prune: for of their own accord,
All things as they created were, do grow,
And yet remember well the mighty word,
Which firſt was ſpoken by th'Almighty Lord,
That bad them to increaſe and multiply:
Ne do they need with water of the ford,
Or of the clowds, to moiſten their roots dry;
For, in themſelves, eternal moiſture they imply.

35.

Infinite ſhapes of creatures there are bred,
And uncouth forms, which none yet ever knew,
And every ſort is in a ſundry bed
Set by it ſelf, and rankt in comely rew:
Some fit for reaſonable ſouls t'indew,
Some made for beaſts, ſome made for birds to wear,
And all the fruitful ſpawn of fiſhes hew
In endleſs ranks along engaged were,
That ſeem'd the *Ocean* could not contain them there.

36.

Daily they grow, and daily forth are ſent
Into the world, it to repleniſh more;
Yet is the ſtock not leſſened, nor ſpent,
But ſtill remains in everlaſting ſtore,
As it at firſt created was of yore.
For, in the wide womb of the world, their lyes
In hateful darkneſs, and in deep horrore,
An huge eternal *Chaos*, which ſupplies
The ſubſtances of Natures fruitful progenies.

37.

All things from thence do their firſt being fetch,
And borrow matter, whereof they are made;
Which, when as form and features it does ketch,
Becomes a body, and doth then invade
The ſtate of life, out of the grieſly ſhade.
That ſubſtance is etern, and bideth ſo;
Ne when the life decays, and form does fade,
Doth it conſume, and into nothing go,
But changed is, and often altred to and fro.

38.

The ſubſtance is not chang'd, nor altered,
But th'only form and outward faſhion;
For, every ſubſtance is conditioned
To change her hew, and ſundry forms to don,
Meet for her temper and complexion;
For, forms are variable, and decay
By courſe of kind, and by occaſion;
And that fair flowr of beauty fades away,
As doth the lily freſh before the ſunny ray.

39.

Great enemy to it, and all the reſt
That in the Garden of *Adonis* ſprings,
Is wicked *Time*; who with his ſcyth addreſt,
Does mow the flowring herbs and goodly things,
And all their glory to the ground down flings,
Where they do wither, and are foully mard:
He flies about, and with his flaggy wings,
Beats down both leaves and buds without regard,
Ne ever pity may relent his malice hard.

40.

Yet pity often did the gods relent,
To ſee ſo fair things mard, and ſpoiled quight:
And their great mother *Venus* did lament
The loſs of her dear brood, her dear delight;
Her hart was pearc't with pity at the ſight,
When walking through the Garden, them ſhe ſpyde,
Yet no'te ſhe find redreſs for ſuch deſpight.
For, all that lives is ſubject to that law!
All things decay in time, and to their end do draw.

41.

But were it not that *Time* their troubler is,
All that in this delightful Garden grows,
Should happy be, and have immortal bliſs:
For, here all plenty, and all pleaſure flows,
And ſweet love gentle fits emongſt them throws,
Without fell rancour, or fond jealouſie;
Frankly each paramour his leman knows,
Each bird his mate, ne any does envy
Their goodly meriment, and gay felicity.

42.

There is continual Spring, and Harveſt there
Continual, both meeting at one time:
For, both the boughs do laughing bloſſoms bear,
And with freſh colours deck the wanton Prime,
And eke attonce the heavy trees they clime,
Which ſeem to labour under their fruits lode:
The whiles the joyous birds make their paſtime
Emongſt the ſhady leaves, their ſweet abode,
And their true loves without ſuſpicion tell abrode.

43.

Right in the middeſt of that Paradiſe,
There ſtood a ſtately Mount, on whoſe round top
A gloomy grove of myrtle-trees did riſe,
Whoſe ſhady boughs ſharp ſteel did never lop,
Nor wicked beaſts their tender buds did crop,
But like a girlond compaſſed the hight,
And from their fruitful ſides ſweet gum did drop,
That all the ground with precious dew bedight,
Threw forth moſt dainty odours, and moſt ſweet delight.

44.

And, in the thickeſt covert of that ſhade,
There was a pleaſant Arbour, not by Art,
But of the trees own inclination made,
Which knitting their rank branches part to part,
With wanton Ivy-twine entrayld athwrat,
And Eglantine, and Caprifole emong,
Faſhion'd above within their inmoſt part,
That neither *Phœbus* beams could through them throng,
Nor *Æolus* ſharp blaſt could work them any wrong.

45.

And all about grew every ſort of flowr,
To which ſad lovers were transform'd of yore;
Freſh *Hyacinthus*, *Phœbus* paramour
And deareſt love,
Fooliſh *Narciſſe*, that likes the watry ſhore,
Sad *Amaranthus*, made a flowr but late,
Sad *Amaranthus*, in whoſe purple gore
Me ſeems I ſee *Amintas* wretched fate,
To whom ſweet Poets verſe hath given endleſs date.

There

46.

There wont fair *Venus* often to enjoy
Her dear *Adonis* joyous company,
And reap ſweet pleaſure of the wanton boy;
There yet ſome ſay in ſecret he does ly,
Lapped in flowrs and precious ſpicery,
By her hid from the world, and from the skill
Of *Stygian* gods, which do her love envy;
But ſhe her ſelf, when-ever that ſhe will,
Poſſeſſeth him, and of his ſweetneſs takes her fill.

47.

And ſooth, it ſeems, they ſay: for, he may not
For ever die, and ever buried be
In baleful night, where all things are forgot;
All be he ſubject to mortalitie,
Yet is etern in mutabilitie,
And by ſucceſſion made perpetual,
Transformed oft, and changed diverſly:
For, him the Father of all forms they call;
Therefore needs mote he live, that living gives to all.

48.

There now he liveth in eternal bliſs,
Joying his goddeſs, and of her enjoyd:
Ne feareth he henceforth that foe of his,
Which with his cruel tusk him deadly cloyd;
For, that wild Bore, the which him once annoyd,
She firmly hath empriſoned for aye
(That her ſweet love his malice mote avoyd)
In a ſtrong rocky Cave, which is, they ſay,
Hewen underneath that Mount, that none him looſen may.

49.

There now he lives in everlaſting joy,
With many of the gods in company,
Which thither haunt, and with the winged Boy
Sporting himſelf in ſafe felicity:
Who, when he hath with ſpoils and crueltie
Ranſackt the world, and in the woful hearts
Of many wretches ſet his triumphs hie,
Thither reſorts, and laying his ſad darts
Aſide, with fair *Adonis* plays his wanton parts.

50.

And his true love fair *Pſyche* with him plays,
Fair *Pſyche* to him latlely reconcil'd,
After long troubles and unmeet upbrays,
With which her mother *Venus* her revil'd,
And eke himſelf her cruelly exil'd:
But now in ſtedfaſt love and happy ſtate
She with him lives, and hath him born a child,
Pleaſure, that doth both gods and men aggrate;
Pleaſure, the daughter of *Cupid* and *Pſyche* late.

51.

Hither great *Venus* brought this infant fair,
The younger daughter of *Chryſogonee*,
And unto *Pſyche* with great truſt and care
Committed her, yfoſtered to bee,
And trained up in true feminitee:
Who no leſs carefully her tendered,
Than her own daughter *Pleaſure*, to whom ſhe
Made her companion, and her leſſoned
In all the lore of love, and goodly womanhead.

52.

In which when ſhe to perfect ripeneſs grew,
Of grace and beauty noble Paragone,
She brought her forth into the worldes view,
To be th'enſample of true love alone,
And Load-ſtar of all chaſt affection,
To all fair Ladies, that do live on ground.
To Fairy court ſhe came, where many one
Admir'd her goodly haveour, and found
His feeble heart wide launced with loves cruel wound.

53.

But ſhe to none of them her love did caſt,
Save to the noble knight Sir *Scudamore*,
To whom her loving heart ſhe linked faſt
In faithful love, t'abide for evermore,
And for his deareſt ſake endured ſore,
Sore trouble of an hainous enemy;
Who her would forced have to have forlore
Her former love and ſtedfaſt loyalty,
As ye may elſewhere read that rueful hiſtory.

54.

But well I ween, ye firſt deſire to learn,
What end unto that fearful Damozel,
Which fled ſo faſt from that ſame foſter ſtearn,
Whom with his brethren *Timeas* ſlew, befel:
That was to weet, the goodly *Florimell*;
Who wandring for to ſeek her lover dear,
Her lover dear, her deareſt *Marinell*,
Into misfortune fell, as ye did hear,
And from Prince *Arthur* fled with wings of idle fear.

CANTO VII.

The Witches ſon loves Florimell:
ſhe flies, he fains to die.
Satyrane *ſaves the Squire of Dames*
from Giants tyrannie.

1.

Like as an Hynd forth ſingled from the heard,
That hath eſcaped from a ravenous beaſt,
Yet flies away of her own feet affeard,
And every leaf, that ſhaketh with the leaſt
Murmur of wind, her terror hath increaſt;
So fled fair *Florimell* from her vain fear,
Long after ſhe from peril was releaſt:
Each ſhade ſhe ſaw, and each noiſe ſhe did hear,
Did ſeem to be the ſame, which ſhe eſcap't whylear.

2.

All that ſame evening ſhe in flying ſpent,
And all that night her courſe continued:
Ne did ſhe let dull ſleep once to relent,
Nor wearineſs to ſlack her haſte, but fled
Ever alike, as if her former dread
Were hard behind, her ready to arreſt:
And her white Palfrey having conquered
The maiſtring rains out of her weary wreſt,
Perforce her carried, where-ever he thought beſt.

3.

So long as breath, and able puiſſance
Did native courage unto him ſupply,
His paſe he freſhly forward did advance,
And carried her beyond all jeopardy:
But nought that wanteth reſt, can long aby.
He, having through inceſſant travel ſpent
His force, at laſt perforce adown did ly,
Ne foot could further move: The Lady gent
Thereat was ſuddain ſtrook with great aſtoniſhment;

4.

And forc't t'alight, on foot mote algates fare,
A traveller unwonted to ſuch way:
Need teacheth her this leſſon hard and rare,
That fortune all in equal lance doth ſway,
And mortal miſeries doth make her play.
So long ſhe travel'd, till at length ſhe came
To an hills ſide, which did to her bewray
A little valley, ſubject to the ſame,
All cover'd with thick woods, that quite it overcame.

5.

Through th' tops of the high trees ſhe did deſcry
A little ſmoke, whoſe vapour thin and light,
Reeking aloft, uprolled to the ſky:
Which chearful ſign did ſend unto her ſight,
That in the ſame did won ſome living wight.
Eftſoons her ſteps ſhe thereunto applide,
And came at laſt in weary wretched plight
Unto the place, to which her hope did guide,
To find ſome refuge there, and reſt her weary ſide.

6.

There, in a gloomy hollow glen ſhe found
A little cottage, built of ſticks and reeds
In homely wize, and wall'd with ſods around,
In which a Witch did dwell, in loathly weeds,
And wilful want, all careleſs of her needs;
So choſing ſolitary to abide,
Far from all neighbours, that her diveliſh deeds
And helliſh arts from people ſhe might hide.
And hurt far off unknown, whom-ever ſhe envide.

7.

The Damzel there arriving entred in;
Where ſitting on the floor the Hag ſhe found,
Buſie (as ſeem'd) about ſome wicked gin;
Who, ſoon as ſhe beheld that ſuddein ſtound,
Lightly upſtarted from the duſty ground,
And with fell look, and hollow deadly gaze
Stared on her awhile, as one aſtound,
Ne had one word to ſpeak, for great amaze;
But ſhew'd by outward ſigns, that dead her ſenſe did daze.

8.

At laſt, turning her fear to fooliſh wrath,
She askt, what divel had her thither brought,
And who ſhe was, and what unwonted path
Had guided her, unwelcomed, unſought?
To which the Damzel full of doubtful thought,
Her mildly anſwer'd: Beldam, be not wroth
With ſilly Virgin by adventure brought
Unto your dwelling, ignorant and loth,
That crave but room to reſt, while tempeſt overblo'th.

8.

With that, down out of her Cryſtal eyn,
Few trickling tears ſhe ſoftly forth let fall,
That like two orient pearls, did purely ſhine
Upon her ſnowy cheek; and therewithall
She ſighed ſoft, that none ſo beſtiall,
Nor ſalvage heart, but ruth of her ſad plight
Would make to melt, or pitiouſly appall;
And that vile Hag, all were her whole delight
In miſchief, was much moved at ſo pitious ſight.

9.

And 'gan recomfort her in her rude wiſe,
With womaniſh compaſſion of her plaint,
Wiping the tears from her ſuffuſed eyes,
And bidding her ſit down, to reſt her faint
And weary limbs awhile. She nothing quaint
Nor 'ſdeignful of ſo homely faſhion,
Sith brought ſhe was now to ſo hard conſtraint,
Sate down upon the duſty ground anon,
As glad of that ſmall reſt, as bird of tempeſt gon.

10.

Tho, 'gan ſhe gather up her garments rent,
And her looſe locks to dight in order dew,
With golden wreath, and gorgeous ornament;
Whom ſuch when-as the wicked Hag did view,
She was aſtoniſht at her heavenly hew,
And doubted her to deem an earthly wight,
But for ſome goddeſs, or of *Dianes* crew,
And thought her to adore with humble ſpright;
T'adore thing ſo divine as beauty, were but right.

11.

This wicked woman had a wicked ſon,
The comfort of her age and weary days,
A laſie loord, for nothing good to don,
But ſtretched forth in idleneſs always,
Ne ever caſt his mind to covet praiſe,
Or ply himſelf to any honeſt trade;
But all the day before the ſunny rays
He us'd to ſlug, or ſleep in ſlothful ſhade:
Such laſineſs both lewd and poor attonce him made.

12.

He, coming home at undertime, there found
The faireſt creature that he ever ſaw,
Sitting beſide his mother on the ground;
The ſight whereof did greatly him adaw,
And his baſe thought with terror and with awe
So inly ſmote, that as one which had gazed
On the bright Sun unwars, doth ſoon withdraw
His feeble eyn, with too much brightneſs dazed;
So ſtared he on her, and ſtood long while amazed.

13.

Softly at laſt he 'gan his mother ask,
What miſter wight that was, and whence derived,
That in ſo ſtrange diſguizement there did mask,
And by that accident ſhe there arrived:
But ſhe, as one nigh of her wits deprived,
With nought but ghaſtly looks him anſwered,
Like to a ghoſt, that lately is revived
From *Stygian* ſhores, where late it wandered;
So both at her, and each at other wondered.

14.

But the fair Virgin was ſo meek and mild,
That ſhe to them vouchſafed to embaſe
Her goodly port, and to their ſenſes vild
Her gentle ſpeech applide, that in ſhort ſpace
She grew familiar in that deſart place.
During which time, the Chorle through her ſo kind
And curteiſe uſe conceiv'd affection baſe,
And caſt to love her in his brutiſh mind;
No love, but brutiſh luſt, that was ſo beaſtly tin'd.

15.

Cloſely the wicked flame his bowels brent,
And ſhortly grew into outrageous fire;
Yet had he not the heart, nor hardiment,
As unto her to utter his deſire;
His caitive thought durſt not ſo high aſpire:
But with ſoft ſighs, and lovely ſemblances,
He ween'd that his affection entire
She ſhould aread; many reſemblances
To her he made, and many kind remembrances.

16.

Oft from the forreſt wildings he did bring,
Whoſe ſides empurpled were with ſmiling red,
And oft young birds, which he had taught to ſing
His miſtreſs praiſes ſweetly caroled:
Girlonds of flowres ſometimes for her fair head
He fine would dight; ſometimes the ſquirel wild
He brought to her in bands, as conquered
To be her thrall, his fellow ſervant vild;
All which ſhe of him took with countenance meek & mild.

17.

But paſt awhile, when ſhe fit ſeaſon ſaw
To leave that deſert manſion, ſhe caſt
In ſecret wiſe her ſelf thence to withdraw,
For fear of miſchief, which, ſhe did forecaſt
Might be, the witch or that her ſon compaſt:
Her weary Palfrey, cloſely as ſhe might,
Now well recovered after long repaſt,
In his proud furnitures ſhe freſhly dight,
His late miſwandred ways now to remeaſure right.

18.

And early ere the dawning day appear'd,
She forth iſſew'd, and on her journey went;
She went in peril, of each noiſe affeard,
And of each ſhade, that did it ſelf preſent;
For, ſtill ſhe feared to be over-hent
Of that vile Hag, or that uncivil ſon:
Who, when too late awaking well they kent
That their fair gueſt was gon, they both begon
To make exceeding mone, as they had been undone.

19.

But that lewd lover did the moſt lament
For her depart, that ever man did hear;
He knockt his breaſt with deſperate intent,
And ſcratcht his face, and with his teeth did tear
His rugged fleſh, and rent his ragged hear:
That his ſad mother ſeeing his ſore plight,
Was greatly wo-begon, and 'gan to fear
Leaſt his frail ſenſes were emperiſht quight,
And love to frenzy turn'd, ſith love is frantick hight.

20.

All ways ſhe ſought, him to reſtore to plight,
With herbs, with charms, with counſel, and with tears:
But tears, nor charms, nor herbs, nor counſel might
Aſſwage the fury, which his entrails tears:
So ſtrong is paſſion, that no reaſon hears.
Tho, when all other helps ſhe ſaw to fail,
She turn'd her ſelf back to her wicked lears,
And by her diveliſh arts thought to prevail
To bring her back again, or work her final bale:

21.

Eftſoons out of her hidden cave ſhe cal'd
An hideous beaſt, of horrible aſpect,
That could the ſtouteſt courage have appald;
Monſtrous miſſhap't, and all his back was ſpect
With thouſand ſpots of colours queint elect,
Thereto ſo ſwift, that it all beaſts did paſs:
Like never yet did living eye detect;
But likeſt it to an *Hyæna* was,
That feeds on womens fleſh, as others feed on graſs.

22.

It forth ſhe cal'd, and gave it ſtreight in charge,
Through thick and thin her to purſew apace,
Ne once to ſtay to reſt, or breath at large,
Till her he had attain'd, and brought in place,
Or quite devour'd her beauties ſcornful grace.
The Monſter, ſwift as word that from her went,
Went forth in haſte, and did her footing trace
So ſure and ſwiftly, through his perfect ſcent,
And paſſing ſpeed, that ſhortly he her over-hent.

23.

Whom when the fearful Damzel nigh eſpide,
No need to bid her faſt away to flie;
That ugly ſhape ſo ſore her terrifide,
That it ſhe ſhun'd no leſs, than dread to die:
And her flit Palfrey did ſo well apply
His nimble feet to her conceived fear,
That whil'ſt his breath did ſtrength to him ſupply,
From peril free he her away did bear:
But when his force 'gan fail, his paſe 'gan wex arear.

24.

Which when as ſhe perceiv'd, ſhe was diſmaid
At that ſame laſt extremity full ſore,
And of her ſafety greatly grew afraid;
And now ſhe 'gan approch to the ſea ſhore,
As it befel, that ſhe could flie no more,
But yield her ſelf to ſpoil of greedineſs.
Lightly ſhe leaped, as a wight forlore,
From her dull horſe, in deſperate diſtreſs,
And to her feet betook her doubtful ſickerneſs.

25.

Not half ſo faſt the wicked *Myrrha* fled
From dread of her revenging fathers hond:
Nor half ſo faſt to ſave her maidenhed,
Fled fearful *Daphne* on th'*Ægæan* ſtrond,
As *Florimell* fled from the Monſter yond,
To reach the ſea, ere ſhe of him were raught:
For, in the ſea to drown her ſelf ſhe fond,
Rather than of the tyrant to be caught:
Thereto fear gave her wings, and need her courage taught.

26.

It fortuned (high God did ſo ordain)
As ſhe arrived on the roring ſhore,
In mind to leap into the mighty Main,
A little boat lay hoving her before,
In which there ſlept a Fiſher old and pore,
The whiles his nets were drying on the ſand:
Into the ſame ſhe leapt, and with the ore,
Did thruſt the ſhallop from the floting ſtrand:
So ſafety found at ſea, which ſhe found not at land.

27.

The Monſter, ready on the prey to ſeaſe,
Was of his forward hope deceived quight;
Ne durſt aſſay to wade the perlous ſeas,
But greedily long gaping at the ſight,
At laſt in vain was forc't to turn his flight,
And tell the idle tidings to his Dame:
Yet to avenge his diveliſh deſpight,
He ſet upon her Palfrey tired lame,
And ſlew him cruelly ere any reskew came.

28.

And after having him embowelled,
To fill his helliſh gorge, it chaunc't a knight
To paſs that way, as forth he travelled;
It was a goodly Swain, and of great might,
As ever man that bloody field did fight;
But in vain ſhews, that wont young knights bewitch,
And courtly ſervices took no delight,
But rather joyd to be, than ſeemen ſich:
For, both to be and ſeem to him was labour lich.

29.

It was to weet, the good Sir *Satyrane*,
That rang'd abroad, to ſeek adventures wild,
As was his wont in Foreſt, and in Plain;
He was all arm'd in rugged ſteel unfil'd,
As in the ſmoaky forge it was compil'd,
And in his ſcutchin bore a Satyrs hed:
He coming preſent, where the monſter vild
Upon that milk-white Palfreys carkaſs fed,
Unto his reskew ran, and greedily him ſped.

30.

There well perceiv'd he, that it was the horſe,
Whereon fair *Florimell* was wont to ride,
That of that feend was rent without remorſe:
Much feared he, leaſt ought did ill betide
To that fair Maid, the flowr of womens pride;
For, her he dearly loved, and in all
His famous conqueſts highly magnifide:
Beſides, her golden girdle, which did fall
From her in flight, he found, that did him ſore appall.

31.

Full of ſad fear, and doubtful agony,
Fiercely he flew upon that wicked feend;
And with huge ſtrokes, and cruel battery
Him forc't to leave his prey, for to attend
Himſelf from deadly danger to defend:
Full many wounds in his corrupted fleſh
He did engrave, and much ill blood did ſpend,
Yet might not doe him die; but aye more freſh
And fierce he ſtill appear'd, the more he did him threſh.

32.

He wiſt not how him to deſpoil of life,
Ne how to win the wiſhed victory,
Sith him he ſaw ſtill ſtronger grow through ſtrife,
And himſelf weaker through infirmity;
Greatly he grew enrag'd, and furiouſly
Hurling his ſword away, he lightly lept
Upon the Beaſt, that with great cruelty
Rored, and raged to be under-kept:
Yet he perforce him held, and ſtrokes upon him hept.

33.

As he that ſtrives to ſtop a ſuddain flood,
And in ſtrong banks his violence encloſe,
Forceth it ſwell above his wonted mood,
And largely overflow the fruitful Plain,
That all the country ſeems to be a Main,
And the rich furrows flote, all quite fordone;
The woful husbandman doth loud complain,
To ſee his whole years labour loſt ſo ſoon,
For which to God he made ſo many an idle boon:

34.

So him he held, and did through might amate.
So long he held him, and him bet ſo long,
That at the laſt his fierceneſs 'gan abate,
And meekly ſtoup unto the victour ſtrong:
Who, to avenge the implacable wrong,
Which he ſuppoſed done to *Florimell*,
Sought by all means his dolour to prolong,
Sith dint of ſteel his carcaſs could not quell;
His maker with her charms had framed him ſo well.

35.

The golden ribband, which that virgin wore
About her ſlender waſte, he took in hand,
And with it bound the beaſt that loud did rore
For great deſpight of that unwonted band,
Yet dared not his victour to withſtand,
But trembled like a lamb, fled from the pray,
And all the way him follow'd on the ſtrand,
As he had long been learned to obay;
Yet never learned he ſuch ſervice, till that day.

36.

Thus as he led the Beaſt along the way,
He ſpi'd far off a mighty Gianteſs,
Faſt flying on a Courſer dapled gray,
From a bold knight, that with great hardineſs
Her hard purſewd, and ſought for to ſuppreſs:
She bore before her lap a doleful Squire,
Lying athwart her horſe in great diſtreſs,
Faſt bounden hand and foot with cords of wire,
Whom ſhe did mean to make the thrall of her deſire.

37.

Which when as *Satyrane* beheld, in haſte
He left his captive Beaſt at liberty,
And croſt the neareſt way, by which he caſt
Her to encounter, ere ſhe paſſed by:
But ſhe the way ſhund nathemore for-thy,
But forward gallopt faſt; which when he ſpide,
His mighty ſpear he couched warily,
And at her ran: ſhe, having him deſcride,
Her ſelf to fight addreſt, and threw her lode aſide.

Like

38.

Like as a Goshauk, that in foot doth bear
A trembling Culver, having spide on hight
An Ægle, that with plumy wings doth shear
The subtile air, stouping with all his might,
The quarrey throws to ground with fell despight,
And to the battel doth her self prepare:
So ran the Giantess unto the fight;
Her firy eyes with furious sparks did stare,
And with blasphemous bans High God in pieces tare.

39.

She caught in hand a huge great iron mace,
Wherewith she many had of life depriv'd:
But ere the stroke could seize his aimed place,
His spear amids her sun-broad shield arriv'd;
Yet nathemore the steel asunder riv'd,
All were the beam in bigness like a mast,
Ne her out of the stedfast saddle driv'd,
But glancing on the tempred metal, brast
In thousand shivers, and so forth beside her past.

40.

Her steed did stagger with that puissant stroke;
But she no more was moved with that might,
Than it had lighted on an aged Oke;
Or on the marble Pillour, that is pight
Upon the top of Mount *Olympus* hight,
For the brave youthly Champions to assay,
With burning charet wheels it nigh to smite:
But who that smites it, marrs his joyous play,
And is the spectacle of ruinous decay.

41.

Yet therewith sore enrag'd, with stern regard
Her dreadful weapon she to him addrest,
Which on his helmet martelled so hard,
That made him low incline his lofty crest,
And bow'd his battred visour to his brest:
Wherewith he was so stun'd, that he n'ote ride,
But reeled to and fro from East to West:
Which when his cruel enemy espide,
She lightly unto him adjoyned side to side;

42.

And on his collar laying puissant hand,
Out of his wavering seat him pluckt perforce,
Perforce him pluckt, unable to withstand,
Or help himself; and laying thwart her horse,
In loathly wise like to a carion corse,
She bore him fast way. Which when the knight
That her pursewed, saw, with great remorse
He neer was touched in his noble spright,
And 'gan increase his speed, as she increast her flight.

43.

Whom when as nigh approching she espide,
She threw away her burden angrily;
For, she list not the battel to abide,
But made her self more light away to fly:
Yet her the hardy knight pursew'd so nie,
That almost in the back he oft her strake:
But still when him at hand she did espy,
She turn'd, and semblance of fair fight did make;
But when he staid, to flight again she did her take.

44.

By this, good Sir *Satyrane* 'gan awake
Out of his dream, that did him long entrance;
And seeing none in place, he 'gan to make
Exceeding mone, and curst that cruel chance,
Which reft him from so fair a chevisance:
At length he spide, whereas that woful Squire,
Whom he had reskewed from captivance
Of his strong foe, lay tombled in the mire,
Unable to arise, or foot or hand to stire.

45.

To whom approching, well he mote perceive
In that foul plight a comely personage,
And lovely face (made fit for to deceive
Frail Ladies heart with loves consuming rage)
Now in the blossom of his freshest age:
He rear'd him up, and loos'd his iron bands,
And after 'gan enquire his parentage,
And how he fell into that Giants hands,
And who that was, which chaced her along the lands.

46.

Then trembling yet through fear, the Squire bespake;
That Giantess *Argente* is behight,
A daughter of the *Titans* which did make
War against heaven, and heaped hills on hight,
To scale the skies, and put *Jove* from his right:
Her sire *Typhœus* was, who (mad through mirth,
And drunk with blood of men, slain by his might)
Through incest, her of his own mother Earth
Whilom begot, being but half twin of that birth.

47.

For, at that birth another babe she bore,
To weet, the mighty *Ollyphant*, that wrought
Great wreak to many errant knights of yore,
And many hath to foul confusion brought.
These twins, men say (a thing far passing thought)
Whiles in their mothers womb enclos'd they were,
Ere they into the lightsome world were brought,
In fleshly lust were mingled both yfere,
And in that monstrous wise did to the world appear.

48.

So liv'd they ever after in like sin,
'Gainst Natures law, and good behaviour:
But greatest shame was to that maiden twin,
Who not content so foully to devour
Her native flesh, and strain her brothers bowr;
Did wallow in all other fleshly mire,
And suffred beasts her body to deflowr:
So hot she burned in that lustful fire;
Yet all that might not slake her sensual desire.

49.

But over all the countrey she did range,
To seek young men, to quench her flaming thurst,
And feed her fancy with delightful change:
Whom-so she fittest finds to serve her lust,
Through her main strength, in which she most doth trust,
She with her brings into a secret Ile,
Where in eternal bondage die he must,
Or be the vassal of her pleasures vile,
And in all shameful sort himself with her defile.

Me

50.

Meseely wretch she so at vantage caught,
After she long in wait for me did lie,
And meant unto her prison to have brought,
Her loathsome pleasure there to satisfie;
That thousand deaths me lever were to die,
Than break the vow, that to fair *Columbell*
I plighted have, and yet keep stedfastly:
As for my name, it mistreth not to tell;
Call me the *Squire of Dames*: that me beseemeth well.

51.

But that bold knight, whom ye pursuing saw
That Giantess, is not such, as she seem'd,
But a fair virgin, that in Martial law,
And deeds of arms above all Dames is deem'd,
And above many knights is eke esteem'd,
For her great worth; She *Palladine* is hight:
She you from death, you me from dread redeem'd.
Ne any may that Monster match in fight,
But she, or such as she, that is so chaste a wight.

52.

Her well beseems that Quest, quoth *Satyrane*:
But read, thou *Squire of Dames*, what vow is this,
Which thou upon thy self hast lately ta'ne?
That shall I you recount (quoth he) ywis,
So be you pleas'd to pardon all amiss.
That gentle Lady, whom I love and serve,
After long suite and weary servicis,
Did ask me, how I could her love deserve,
And how she might be sure, that I would never swerve.

53.

I, glad by any means her grace to gain,
Bade her command my life to save, or spill:
Eftsoons she bade me, with incessant pain,
To wander through the world abroad at will,
And every where, where with my power or skill
I might do service unto gentle Dames,
That I the same should faithfuly fulfill,
And at the twelve months end should bring their names
And pledges; as the spoils of my victorious games.

54.

So well I to fair Ladies service did,
And found such favour in their loving harts,
That ere the year his course had compassed,
Three hundred pledges for my good desarts,
And thrice three hundred thanks for my good parts
I with me brought, and did to her present:
Which when she saw, more bent to eke my smarts,
Than to reward my trusty true intent,
She 'gan for me devise a grievous punishment;

55.

To weet, that I my travel should resume,
And with like labour walk the world around,
Ne ever to her presence should presume,
Till I so many other Dames had found.
The which, for all the suit I could propound,
Would me refuse their pledges to afford,
And did abide for ever chaste and sound.
Ah gentle Squire, quoth he, tell at a word,
How many found'st thou such to put in thy record?

56.

Indeed Sir knight, said he, one word may tell
All, that I ever found so wisely staid;
For, only three they were dispos'd so well:
And yet three years I now abroad have straid,
To find them out. Mote I (then laughing said
The knight) inquire of thee, what were those three,
The which thy proffred courtesie denay'd?
Or ill they seemed sure aviz'd to be,
Or brutishly brought up, that nev'r did fashions see.

57.

The first which then refused me, said he,
Certes was but a common Courtisane,
Yet flat refus'd to have a-do with me,
Because I could not give her many a Jane.
(Thereat full hartily laught *Satyrane*)
The second was an holy Nun to chose,
Which would not let me be her Chapellane,
Because she knew, she said, I would disclose
Her counsel, if she should her trust in me repose.

58.

The third a Damzel was of low degree,
Whom I in country cottage found by chance;
Full little weened I, that chastity
Had lodging in so mean a maintenance:
Yet was she fair, and in her countenance
Dwelt simple truth in seemly fashion.
Long thus I woo'd her with due observance,
In hope unto my pleasure to have won;
But was as far at last, as when I first begon.

59.

Safe her, I never any woman found,
That chastity did for it self embrace,
But were for other causes firm and sound;
Either for want of handsom time and place,
Or else for fear of shame and foul disgrace.
Thus am I hopeless ever to attain
My Ladies love in such a desperate case,
But all my days am like to waste in vain,
Seeking to match the chaste with th'unchaste Ladies train.

60.

Perdy, said *Satyrane*, thou *Squire of Dames*,
Great labour fondly hast thou hent in hand,
To get small thanks, and therewith many blames,
That may among *Alcides* labours stand.
Thence back returning to the former land,
Where late he left the Beast he overcame,
He found him not; for, he had broke his band,
And was return'd again unto his Dame,
To tell what tidings of fair *Florimell* became.

CANT.

CANTO VIII.

The Witch creates a ſnowy Lady,
like to Florimell,
Who wrong'd by Carle, *by* Proteus *ſav'd,*
is ſought by Paridell.

1.

SO oft as I this hiſtory record,
My hart doth melt with meer compaſſion,
To think, how cauſeleſs of her own accord
This gentle Damzel whom I write upon,
Should plonged be in ſuch affliction,
Without all hope of comfort or relief,
That ſure I ween, the hardeſt hart of ſtone,
Would hardly find to aggravate her grief;
For miſery craves rather mercy, than repriefe.

2.

But that accurſed Hag, her Hoſteſs late,
Had ſo enrankled her malicious hart,
That ſhe deſir'd th'abbridgment of her fate,
Or long enlargement of her painful ſmart.
Now when the Beaſt, which by her wicked Art
Late forth ſhe ſent, ſhe back returning ſpide,
Tyde with her broken girdle; it, a part
Of her rich ſpoils, whom he had earſt deſtroyd,
She weend, and wondrous gladneſs to her hart applyde.

3.

And with it running haſt'ly to her ſon,
Thought with that ſight him much to have relieved;
Who thereby deeming ſure the thing as don,
His former grief with fury freſh revived
Much more than earſt, and would have algates rived
The hart out of his breſt: for, ſith her dead
He ſurely dempt, himſelf he thought deprived
Quite of all hope, wherewith he long had fed
His fooliſh malady, and long time had miſled.

4.

With thought thereof, exceeding mad he grew,
And in his rage his mother would have ſlain,
Had ſhe not fled into a ſecret mew,
Where ſhe was wont her Sprights to entertain
The maſters of her Art: there was ſhe fain
To call them all in order to her ayd,
And them conjure upon eternal pain,
To counſel her ſo carefully diſmayd,
How ſhe might heal her ſon, whoſe ſenſes were decayd.

5.

By their adviſe, and her own wicked wit,
She there deviz'd a wondrous work to frame,
Whoſe like on earth was never framed yit,
That even Nature ſelf envide the ſame,
And grudg'd to ſee the counterfet ſhould ſhame
The thing it ſelf. In hand ſhe boldly took
To make another like the former Dame,
Another *Florimell*, in ſhape and look
So lively and ſo like, that many it miſtook.

6.

The ſubſtance, whereof ſhe the body made,
Was pureſt ſnow in maſſie mould congeal'd,
Which ſhe had gathered in a ſhady glade
Of the *Riphæan* hills, to her reveal'd
By errant Sprights, but from all men conceal'd:
The ſame ſhe tempred with fine Mercury,
And virgin wax, that never yet was ſeal'd,
And mingled them with perfect vermily,
That like a lively ſanguine it ſeem'd to the eye.

7.

In ſtead of eyes, two burning lamps ſhe ſet
In ſilver ſockets, ſhining like the skies,
And a quick moving Spirit did arret
To ſtir and roll them, like a womans eyes:
In ſtead of yellow locks ſhe did deviſe,
With golden wire to weave her curled head;
Yet golden wire was not ſo yellow thrice
As *Florimells* fair hair: and in the ſtead
Of life, ſhe put a Spright to rule the carcaſs dead;

8.

A wicked Spright yfraught with fawning guile,
And fair reſemblance above all the reſt,
Which with the Prince of darkneſs fell ſomewhile,
From heavens bliſs and everlaſting reſt;
Him needed not inſtruct, which way were beſt
Himſelf to faſhion likeſt *Florimell*,
Ne how to ſpeak, ne how to uſe his geſt:
For, he in counterfeiſance did excel;
And all the wyles of womens wits knew paſſing well.

9.

Him ſhaped thus ſhe deckt in garments gay,
Which *Florimell* had left behind her late,
That whoſo then her ſaw, would ſurely ſay,
It was her ſelf, whom it did imitate,
Or fairer than her ſelf, if ought algate
Might fairer be. And then ſhe forth her brought
Unto her ſon, that lay in feeble ſtate;
Who ſeeing her 'gan ſtraight upſtart, and thought
She was the Lady ſelf, whom he ſo long had ſought.

10.

Tho, faſt her clipping 'twixt his armes twain,
Extreamly joyed in ſo happy ſight,
And ſoon forgot his former ſickly pain;
But ſhe, the more to ſeem ſuch as ſhe hight,
Coily rebutted his embracement light;
Yet ſtill with gentle countenance retain'd,
Enough to hold a fool in vain delight:
Him long ſhe ſo with ſhadows entertain'd,
As her Creatreſs had in charge to her ordain'd.

11.

Till, on a day, as he diſpoſed was
To walk the woods with that his Idol fair,
Her to diſport, and idle time to paſs,
In th'open freſhneſs of the gentle air,
A knight that way there chanced to repair;
Yet knight he was not, but a boaſtful Swain,
That deeds of arms had ever in deſpair,
Proud *Bragadocchio*, that in vaunting vain
His glory did repoſe, and credit did maintain.

He

12.

He seeing with that Chorle so fair a wight,
Decked with many a costly ornament,
Much merveiled thereat, as well he might,
And thought that match a foul disparagement:
His bloudy spear eftsoons he boldly bent
Against the silly clown, who dead through fear,
Fell straight to ground in great astonishment.
Villain, said he, this Lady is my dear;
Dy, if thou it gainsay: I will away her bear.

13.

The fearful Chorle durst not gainsay, nor doo,
But trembling stood, and yielded him the pray;
Who finding little leasure her to woo,
On *Trompart's* steed her mounted without stay,
And without reskew led her quite away.
Proud man himself then *Braggadocchio* deemed,
And next to none, after that happy day,
Being possessed of that spoil, which seemed
The fairest wight on ground, and most of men esteemed.

14.

But when he saw himself free from pursute,
He 'gan make gentle purpose to his Dame,
With terms of love and lewdness dissolute;
For, he could well his glozing speeches frame
To such vain uses, that him best became:
But she thereto would lend but light regard;
As seeming sory that she ever came
Into his powr, that used her so hard,
To reave her honour, which she more than life prefard.

15.

Thus as they two of kindness treated long,
There them by chance encountred on the way
An armed knight, upon a courser strong,
Whose trampling feet upon the hollow lay
Seemed to thunder, and did nigh affray
That Capons courage: yet he looked grim,
And fain'd to chear his Lady in dismay;
Who seem'd for fear to quake in every lim,
And her to save from outrage, meekly prayed him.

16.

Fiercely that stranger forward came, and nigh
Approching, with bold words, and bitter threat,
Bade that same boaster, as he mote, on high
To leave to him that Lady for excheat,
Or bide him battel without further treat.
That challenge did too peremptory seem,
And fil'd his sences with abashment great;
Yet seeing nigh him jeopardy extream,
He it dissembled well, and light seem'd to esteem;

17.

Saying, Thou foolish knight, that ween'st with words
To steal away that I with blows have won,
And brought through points of many perilous swords:
But if thee list to see thy Courser ron,
Or prove thy self, this sad encounter shon,
And seek else without hazard of thy hed.
At those proud words that other knight begon
To wex exceeding wroth, and him ared.
To turn his steed about, or sure he should be dead.

18.

Sith then, said *Braggadocchio*, needs thou wilt
Thy days abbridge, through proof of puissance,
Turn we our steeds, that both in equal tilt
May meet again, and each take happy chance.
This said, they both a furlongs mountenance
Retir'd their steeds, to ron in even race:
But *Braggadocchio* with his bloudy lance
Once having turn'd, no more return'd his face,
But left his love to loss, and fled himself apace.

19.

The knight, him seeing fly, had no regard
Him to pursew, but to the Lady rode;
And having her from *Trompart* lightly reard,
Upon his courser set the lovely lode,
And with her fled away without abode.
Well weened he, that fairest *Florimell*
It was, with whom in company he yode,
And so her self did always to him tell;
So made him think himself in heaven, that was in hell.

20.

But *Florimell* her self was far away,
Driven to great distress by fortune strange,
And taught the careful Mariner to play,
Sith late mischaunce had her compel'd to change
The land for sea, at randon there to range:
Yet there that cruel Queen avengeress,
Not satisfi'd so far her to estrange
From courtly bliss and wonted happiness,
Did heap on her new waves of weary wretchedness.

21.

For, being fled into the Fishers boat,
For refuge from the Monsters cruelty,
Long so she on the mighty Main did flote,
And with the tide drave forward carelesly;
For, th'air was mild, and cleared was the sky,
And all his winds *Dan Æolus* did keep,
From stirring up their stormy enmity,
As pitying to see her wail and weep;
But all the while the Fisher did securely sleep.

22.

At last, when drunk with drowsiness, he woke,
And saw his drover drive along the stream,
He was dismaid, and thrice his brest he stroke,
For marvel of that accident extream;
But when he saw that blazing beauties beam,
Which with rare light his boat did beautifie,
He marveil'd more, and thought he yet did dream
Not well awak't, or that some extasie
Affotted had his sense, or dazed was his eye.

23.

But when her well avizing, he perceiv'd
To be no vision, nor fantastick sight,
Great comfort of her presence he conceiv'd,
And felt in his old courage new delight
To 'gin awake, and stir his frozen spright:
Tho, rudely askt her, how she thither came.
Ah, said she, father, I n'ote read aright,
What hard misfortune brought me to the same;
Yet am I glad that here I now in safety am.

But

24.

But thou good man ſith far in Sea we be,
And the great waters gin apace to ſwell,
That now no more we can the main-land ſee,
Have care, I pray, to guide the cock-boat well,
Leaſt worſe on Sea then us on land befell.
Thereat th' old man did nought but fondly grin,
And ſaid, his boat the way could wiſely tell:
But his deceitful eyes did never lin
To look on her fair face, and mark her ſnowy skin.

25.

The ſight whereof, in his congealed fleſh,
Inſixt ſuch ſecret ſting of greedy luſt,
That the dry withered ſtock it gan refreſh,
And kindled heat, that ſoon in flame forth bruſt:
The drieſt wood is ſooneſt burnt to duſt.
Rudely to her he leapt, and his rough hand
Where ill became him, raſhly would have thruſt:
But ſhe with angry ſcorn him did withſtond,
And ſhamefully reproved for his rudeneſs fond.

26.

But, he that never good nor manners knew,
Her ſharp rebuke full little did eſteem;
Hard is to teach an old Horſe amble trew.
The inward ſmoke, that did before but ſteem,
Broke into open fire and rage extream,
And now he ſtrength gan add unto his will,
Forcing to do that did him foul miſſeem:
Beaſtly he threw her down, he car'd to ſpill
Her garments gay with ſcales of fiſh, that all did fill.

27.

The ſilly Virgin ſtrove him to withſtand,
All that ſhe might, and him in vain revil'd:
She ſtrugled ſtrongly both with foot and hand,
To ſave her honour from the villain vild,
And cride to heaven, from humane help exil'd.
O ye brave Knights, that boaſt this Ladies love,
Where be ye now, when ſhe is nigh defil'd
Of filthy wretch? well may ſhe you reprove
Of falſhood, or of ſloth, when moſt it may behove.

28.

But if that thou, Sir *Satyrane*, didſt weet,
Or thou, Sir *Peridure*, her ſory ſtate,
How ſoon would ye aſſemble many a fleet
To fetch from Sea, that ye at land loſt late?
Towres, Cities, Kingdoms ye would ruinate,
In your avengement and diſpiteous rage,
Ne ought your burning fury mote abate;
But if Sir *Calidore* could it preſage,
No living creature could his cruelty aſſwage.

29.

But ſith that none of all her Knights is nie,
See how the heavens of voluntary grace,
And ſoveraign favour towards chaſtity,
Do ſuccour ſend to her diſtreſſed caſe:
So much high God doth innocence embrace.
It fortuned, whileſt thus ſhe ſtifly ſtrove,
And the wide Sea importuned long ſpace
With ſhrilling ſhrieks, *Proteus* abroad did rove,
Along the ſomy wayes driving his finny drove.

30.

Proteas is Shepherd of the Seas of yore,
And hath the charge of *Neptunes* mighty heard;
An aged ſire with head all frory hore,
And ſprinkled froſt upon his dewy beard:
Who when thoſe pitiful outcries he heard
Through all the Seas ſo ruefully reſound,
His Charet ſwift in haſte he thither ſteard;
Which, with a teem of ſcaly *Phocas* bound,
Was drawn upon ths Waves, that ſomed him around.

31.

And coming to that Fiſhers wandring Bote,
That went at will withouten card or ſail,
He therein ſaw that yrkſome ſight, which ſmote
Deep indignation and compaſſion frail
Into his heart attonce: ſtreight did he hail
The greedy villein from his hoped prey,
Of which he now did very little fail,
And with his ſtaff that drives his heard aſtray,
Him bet ſo ſore, that life and ſenſe did much diſmay.

32.

The whiles the pitious Lady up did riſe,
Ruffled and fowly rayd with filthy ſoyl,
And blubbred face with tears of her fair eyes:
Her heart nigh broken was with weary toyl
To ſave her ſelf from that outrageous ſpoyl:
But when ſhe looked up, to weet what wight
Had her from ſo infamous fact aſſoyl'd,
For ſhame, but more for fear of his grim ſight,
Down in her lap ſhe hid her face, and loudly ſhright.

33.

Her ſelf not ſaved yet from danger dred
She thought, but chang'd from one to other fear;
Like as a fearful Partridge, that is fled
From the ſharp Hawk, which her attached near,
And falls to ground, to ſeek for ſuccour there,
Whereas the hungry Spaniels ſhe does ſpy,
With greedy jawes her ready for to tear;
In ſuch diſtreſs and ſad perplexity
Was *Florimell*, when *Proteus* ſhe did ſee thereby.

34.

But he endevoured with ſpeeches mild,
Her to recomfort, and accourage bold,
Bidding her fear no more her foeman vilde,
Nor doubt himſelf; and who he was, her told.
Yet all that could not from affright her hold,
Ne to recomfort her at all prevail'd;
For, her faint heart was with the frozen cold
Benumb'd ſo inly, that her wits nigh fail'd,
And all her ſenſes with abaſhment quite were quail'd.

35.

Her up betwixt his rugged hands he rear'd,
And with his frory lips full ſoftly kiſt,
Whiles the cold yſicles from his rough beard
Dropped adown upon her yvory breſt:
Yet he himſelf ſo buſily addreſt,
That her out of aſtoniſhment he wrought,
And out of that ſame Fiſhers filthy neſt
Removing her, into his Charet brought,
And there with many gentle terms her fair beſought.

36.

But that old leachour, which with bold assault
That beauty durst presume to violate,
He cast to punish for his hainous fault;
Then took he him yet trembling since of late,
And tyde behind his Charet, to aggrate
The virgin, whom he had abus'd so sore:
So drag'd him through the waves in scornful state,
And after cast him up upon the shore;
But *Florimell* with him unto his bowre he bore.

37.

His bowre is in the bottom of the Main,
Under a mighty Rock, gainst which do rave
The roring billows in their proud disdain;
That with the angry working of the wave,
Therein is eaten out an hollow cave,
That seems rough Masons hand with engines keen
Had long while laboured it to engrave:
There was his wone, ne living wight was seen,
Save one old Nymph, hight *Panope*, to keep it clean.

38.

Thither he brought the sory *Florimell*,
And entertained her the best he might;
And *Panope* her entertain'd eke well,
As an immortal mote a mortal wight,
To win her liking unto his delight;
With flattring words he sweetly wooed her,
And offered fair gifts t'allure her sight:
But she both offers and the offerer
Despis'd, and all the fawning of the flatterer.

39.

Daily he tempted her with this or that,
And never suffred her to be at rest:
But evermore she him refused flat,
And all his fained kindness did detest;
So firmly she had sealed up her brest.
Sometimes he boasted, that a God he hight:
But she a mortal creature loved best:
Then he would make himself a mortal wight;
But then she said she lov'd none, but a Fairy Knight.

40.

Then like a Fairy Knight himself he drest;
For, every shape on him he could endew:
Then like a King he was to her expresst,
And offred Kingdoms unto her in view,
To be his Leman and his Lady trew:
But when all this he nothing saw prevail,
With harder means he cast her to subdew,
And with sharp threats her often did assail,
So thinking for to make her stubborn courage quail.

41.

To dreadful shapes he did himself transform,
Now like a Gyant, now like to a fiend,
Then like a Centaur, then like to a storm,
Raging within the waves: thereby he weend
Her will to win unto his wished end.
But when with fear, nor favour, nor with all
He else could do, he saw himself esteem'd,
Down in a Dongeon deep he let her fall,
And threatned there to make her his eternal thrall.

42.

Eternal thraldom was to her more lief,
Then loss of chastity, or change of love:
Dye had she rather in tormenting grief,
Than any should of falseness her reprove,
Or looseness, that she lightly did remove.
Most vertuous Virgin, glory be thy meed,
And Crown of heavenly praise with Saints above,
Where most sweet hymns of this thy famous deed
Are still emongst them sung, that far my rimes exceed.

43.

Fit song, of Angels caroled to be;
But yet what so my feeble Muse can frame,
Shall be t'advance thy goodly chastity,
And to enroll thy memorable name,
In th'heart of every honourable Dame,
That they thy vertuous deeds may imitate,
And be partakers of thy endless fame.
It yrkes me leave thee in this woful state,
To tell of *Satyrane*, where I him left of late:

44.

Who having ended with that *Squire of Dames*,
A long discourse of her adventures vain,
The which himself, than Ladies more defames,
And finding not th'*Hyena* to be slain,
With that same *Squire*, returned back again
To his first way. And as they forward went,
They spide a Knight fair pricking on the Plain,
As if he were on some adventure bent,
And in his Port appeared manly hardiment.

45.

Sir *Satyrane* him towards did address,
To weet what wight he was, and what his queste:
And coming nigh, eftsoons he gan to ghess
Both by the burning heat, which in his brest
He bare, and by the colours in his creste,
That *Paridell* it was. Tho to him yode,
And him saluting, as beseemed best,
Gan first inquire of tydings far abroad;
And afterwards, on what adventure now he rode.

46.

Who thereto answering, said; The tydings bad,
Which now in Fairy Court all men do tell,
Which turned hath great mirth, to mourning sad,
Is the late ruine of proud *Marinell*,
And sudden parture of fair *Florimell*,
To find him forth: and after her are gone
All the brave Knights, that doen in arms excell,
To savegard her, ywandred all alone;
Emongst the rest, my lot (unworthy) is to be one.

47.

Ah gentle Knight, said then Sir *Satyrane*,
Thy labour all is lost, I greatly dread,
That hast a thankless service on thee ta'ne,
And offrest sacrifice unto the dead:
For dead, I surely dobut thou maist aread
Henceforth for ever *Florimell* to be;
That all the noble Knights of *Maydenhead*,
Which her ador'd, may sore repent with me,
And all fair Ladies may for ever sory be.

Which

48.

Which words, when *Paridell* had heard, his hew
Gan greatly change, and ſeem'd diſmaid to be;
Then ſaid, fair Sir, how may I ween it trew
That ye do tell in ſuch uncertainty?
Or ſpeak ye of report, or did ye ſee
Juſt cauſe of dread, that makes ye doubt ſo ſore?
For, perdy elſe how mote it ever be
That ever hand ſhould dare for to engore
Her noble blood? the heavens ſuch cruelty abhor.

49.

Theſe eyes did ſee, that they will ever rew
T'have ſeen, quoth he, when as a monſtrous beaſt
The Palfrey, whereon ſhe did travel, ſlew,
And of his bowels made a bloody feaſt:
Which ſpeaking token ſheweth at the leaſt
Her certain loſs, if not her ſure decay:
Beſides, that more ſuſpicion encreaſt,
I found her golden girdle caſt aſtray,
Diſtayn'd with durt and blood, as relique of the prey.

50.

Aye me, ſaid *Paridell*, the ſigns be ſad,
And but God turn the ſame to good ſoothſay,
That Ladies ſafety is ſore to be drad:
Yet will I not forſake my forward way,
Till trial do more certain truth bewray.
Fair Sir, quoth he, well may it you ſucceed,
Ne long ſhall *Satyrane* behind you ſtay,
But to the reſt, which in this Queſt proceed
My labour add, and be partaker of their ſpeed.

51.

Ye noble Knights, ſaid then the *Squire of Dames*,
Well may ye ſpeed in ſo praiſe-worthy pain:
But ſith the Sun now gins to ſlake his beams,
In dewy vapours of the Weſtern Main,
And loſe the teme out of his weary wain,
Mote not miſlike you alſo to abate
Your zealous haſte, till morrow next again
Both light of heaven, and ſtrength of men relate:
Which if ye pleaſe, to yonder Caſtle turn your gate.

52.

That counſel pleaſed well; ſo all yfere
Forth marched to a Caſtle them before;
Where ſoon arriving, they reſtrained were
Of ready entrance, which ought evermore
To errant Knight be common: wondrous ſore
Thereat diſpleas'd they were, till that young Squire
Gan them inform the cauſe, why that ſame dore
Was ſhut to all, which lodging did deſire:
The which to let you weet, will further time require.

CANTO. IX.

Malbecco *will no ſtrange Knights hoſt,*
for peeviſh jealouſie:
Paridel *giuſts with* Britomart;
both ſhew their aunceſtry.

1.

REdoubted Knights, and honourable Dames,
To whom I level all my labours end,
Right ſore I fear, leaſt with unworthy blames
This odious argument my rimes ſhould ſhend,
Or ought your goodly patience offend,
Whiles of a wanton Lady I do write,
Which with her looſe incontinence doth blend
The ſhining glory of your ſoveraign light,
And Knighthood foul defaced by a faithleſs Knight:

2.

But never let th'enſample of the bad
Offend the good: for, good by paragone
Of evil, may more notably be rad,
As white ſeems fairer, matcht with black attone;
Ne, all are ſhamed by the fault of one:
For lo, in heaven, whereas all goodneſs is,
Emongſt the Angels, a whole legione
Of wicked Sprights did fall from happy bliſs;
What wonder then, if one of Women all did miſs?

3.

Then liſten Lordings, if ye liſt to weet
The cauſe, why *Satyrane* and *Paridell*
Mote not be entertain'd, as ſeemed meet,
Into that Caſtle (as the Squire does tell.)
Therein a cancred crabbed Carl does dwell,
That has no skill of Court nor curteſie,
Ne cares, what men ſaid of him, ill or well;
For, all his days he drowns in privity,
Yet has full large to live, and ſpend at liberty.

4.

But all his mind is ſet on mucky pelf,
To hoord up heaps of evil gotten maſs,
For which he others wrongs, and wrecks himſelf;
Yet is he linked to a lovely Laſs,
Whoſe beauty doth his bounty far ſurpaſs,
The which to him both far unequal years,
And alſo far unlike conditions has;
For, ſhe does joy to play emongſt her peers,
And to be free from hard reſtraint & jealous fears.

5.

But he is old, and whithered like hay,
Unfit fair Ladies ſervice to ſupply;
The privy guilt whereof makes him alway
Suſpect in truth, and keep continual ſpy
Upon her with his other blinked eye;
Ne ſuffreth he reſort of living wight
Approch to her, ne keep her company,
But in cloſe bowre her mews from all mens ſight,
Depriv'd of kindly joy and natural delight.

6.

Malbecco he, and *Helenore* she hight,
Unfitly yok't together in one teem:
That is the cause, why never any Knight
Is suffred here to enter, but he seem
Such, as no doubt of him he need misdeem.
Thereat Sir *Satyrane* gan smile and say;
Extreamly mad the man I surely deem,
That weens with watch and hard restraint to stay
A Womans will which is dispos'd to go astray.

7.

In vain he fears that which he cannot shone:
For, who wotes not, that Womans subtilties
Can guilen *Argus*, when she list misdone?
It is not Iron bands, nor hundred eyes,
Nor brazen walls, nor many wakeful spyes,
That can withhold her wilful wandring feet;
But fast good will with gentle courtesies,
And timely service to her pleasures meet,
May her perhaps contain, that else would algates fleet.

8.

Then, is he not more mad, said *Paridell*,
That hath himself unto such service sold,
In doleful thraldom all his days to dwell?
For, sure a fool I do him firmly hold,
That loves his fetters, though they were of Gold.
But why do we devise of others ill,
Whiles thus we suffer this same dotard old
To keep us out, in scorn of his own will,
And rather do not ransack all, and himself kill?

9.

Nay, let us first, said *Satyrane*, intreat
The man by gentle means, to let us in,
And afterwards affray with cruel threat,
Ere that we to efforce it do begin:
Then, if all fail, we will by force it win,
And eke reward the wretch for his mesprise,
As may be worthy of his hainous sin.
That Counsel pleas'd: Then *Paridell* did rise,
And to the Castle gate approch't in quiet wise.

10.

Whereat soft knocking, entrance he desir'd.
The good-man self (which then the Porter plaid)
Him answered, that all were now retir'd
Unto their rest; and all the keys convai'd
Unto their maister, who in bed was laid,
That none him durst awake out of his dream;
And therefore them of patience gently prayd.
Then *Paridell* began to change his theam,
And threatned him with force, and punishment extream

11.

But all in vain; for nought mote him relent.
And now so long before the wicket fast
They waited, that the night was forward spent;
And the fair welkin, foully over-cast,
Gan blowen up a bitter stormy blast,
With showre and hail so horrible and dred,
That this fair many were compel'd at last
To fly for succour to a little shed,
The which beside the gate for swine was ordered.

12.

It fortuned, soon after they were gone,
Another Knight, whom tempest thither brought,
Came to that Castle; and with earnest mone,
Like as the rest, late entrance dear besought:
But, like so as the rest, he prayd for nought;
For, flatly he of entrance was refus'd.
Sorely thereat he was displeas'd, and thought
How to avenge himself so sore abus'd,
And evermore the Carl of curtesie accus'd.

13.

But, to avoid th'intolerable stowre,
He was compel'd to seek some refuge near,
And to that shed (to shrowd him from the showre)
He came, which full of guests he found whylear,
So as he was not let to enter there;
Whereat he gan to wex exceeding wroth,
And swore that he would lodge with them yfere,
Or them dislodge, all were they liefe or loth;
And them defied each, and so defide them both.

14.

Both were full loth to leave that needful tent,
And both full loth in darkness to debate;
Yet both full liefe him lodging to have lent,
And both full liefe his boasting to abate;
But chiefly *Paridell* his heart did grate,
To hear him threaten so despightfully,
As if he did a Dog to kenel rate,
That durst not bark; and rather had he dye,
Than when he was defide, in coward corner lye.

15.

Tho, hastily remounting to his steed,
He forth issew'd; like as a boistrous wind,
Which in th'earths hollow caves hath long been hid,
And shut up fast within her prisons blind,
Makes the huge element against her kind
To move, and tremble as it were agast,
Untill that it an issue forth may find;
Then forth it breaks, and with his furious blast
Confounds both Land and Seas, and Skyes doth over-cast.

16.

Their steel-head spears they strongly coucht, and met
Together with impetuous rage and force;
That with the terrour of their fierce affret,
They rudely drove to ground both man and horse,
That each (awhile) lay like a senseless corse:
But *Paridell*, sore brused with the blow,
Could not arise, the counterchange to scorce,
Till that young Squire him reared from below;
Then drew he his bright sword, & gan about him throw

17.

But *Satyrane*, forth stepping, did them stay,
And with fair treaty pacifide their ire;
Then, when they were accorded from the fray,
Against that Castles Lord they gan conspire,
To heap on him due vengeance for his hire,
They been agreed, and to the gates they go
To burn the same with unquenchable fire,
And that uncurteous Carl (their common foe)
To do foul death to dye, or wrap in grievous woe.

Mal-

18.

Malbecco, ſeeing them reſolv'd indeed
To flame the gates, and hearing them to call
For fire in earneſt, ran with fearful ſpeed;
And to them calling from the Caſtle wall,
Beſought them humbly, him to bear withall,
As ignorant of ſervants bad abuſe,
And ſlack attendance unto ſtrangers call.
The Knights were willing all things to excuſe,
Though nought believ'd, and entrance late did not refuſe.

19.

They been ybrought into a comely bowre,
And ſerv'd of all things that mote needful be;
Yet ſecretly their hoſt did on them lowre,
And welcom'd more for fear than charity;
But they diſſembled what they did not ſee,
And welcomed themſelves. Each gan undight
Their garments wet, and weary armour free,
To dry themſelves by *Vulcans* flaming light,
And eke their lately bruzed parts to bring in plight.

20.

And eke that ſtranger Knight, emongſt the reſt,
Was for like need enforc't to diſarray:
Tho, when as vailed was her lofty creſt,
Her golden locks, that were in tramels gay
Up-bounden, did themſelves adown diſplay,
And raught unto her heels; like ſunny beams,
That in a clowd their light did long time ſtay,
Their vapour vaded, ſhew their golden gleams,
And through the preſent air ſhoot forth their azure ſtreams.

21.

She alſo doft her heavy haberjeon,
Which the fair feature of her limbs did hide;
And her well plighted frock, which ſhe did won
To tuck about her ſhort when ſhe did ride,
She low let fall, that flow'd from her lank ſide
Down to her foot, with careleſs modeſty.
Then of them all ſhe plainly was eſpide
To be a Woman-wight (unwiſt to be)
The faireſt Woman-wight that ever eye did ſee.

22.

Like as *Minerva*, being late return'd
From ſlaughter of the Gyants conquered;
Where proud *Encelade*, whoſe wide noſethrils burn'd
With breathed flames, like to a furnace red,
Transfixed with the ſpear, down tumbled dead
From top of *Hemus*, by him heaped hie;
Hath loos'd her helmet from her lofty head,
And her *Gorgonian* ſhield gins to untie
From her left arm, to reſt in glorious victory.

23.

Which when as they beheld, they ſmitten were
With great amazement of ſo wondrous ſight;
And each on other, and they all on her
Stood gazing, as if ſudden great affright
Had them ſurpriz'd. At laſt, aviſing right,
Her goodly perſonage and glorious hew,
Which they ſo much miſtook, they took delight
In their firſt errour, and yet ſtill anew
With wonder of her beauty fed their hungry view.

24.

Yet n'ote their hungry view be ſatisfied;
But ſeeing, ſtill the more deſir'd to ſee,
And ever firmly fixed did abide
In contemplation of Divinity:
But moſt they marvaild at her chevalry
And noble proweſs, which they had approv'd,
That much they fain'd to know who ſhe mote be;
Yet none of all them her thereof amov'd,
Yet every one her lik't, and every one her lov'd.

25.

And *Paridell*, though partly diſcontent
With his late fall, and foul indignity,
Yet was ſoon wone his malice to relent,
Through gracious regard of her fair eye;
And Knightly worth, which he too late did try;
Yet tryed did adore. Supper was dight;
Then they *Malbecco* pray'd of curteſie,
That of his Lady they might have the ſight,
And company at meat, to do them more delight.

26.

But he, to ſhift their curious requeſt,
Gan cauſen why ſhe could not come in place;
Her craſed health, her late recourſe to reſt,
And humid evening, ill for ſick folks caſe:
But none of thoſe excuſes could take place;
Ne woud they eat till ſhe in preſence came.
She came in preſence with right comely grace,
And fairly them ſaluted, as became,
And ſhew'd her ſelf in all a gentle curteous Dame.

27.

They ſate to meat, and *Satyrane* his chance
Was her before, and *Paridell* beſide;
But he himſelf ſate looking ſtill aſcance,
Gainſt *Britomart*, and ever cloſely ey'd
Sir *Satyrane*, that glaunces might not glyde:
But his blind eye, that ſided *Paridell*,
All his demeanure from his ſight did hide:
On her fair face ſo did he feed his fill,
And ſent cloſe meſſages of love to her at will.

28.

And ever and anon, when none was ware,
With ſpeaking looks, that cloſe embaſſage bore,
He rov'd at her, and told his ſecret care:
For, all that Art he learned had of yore.
Ne was ſhe ignorant of that lewd lore,
But in his eye his meaning wiſely read,
And with the like him anſwered evermore:
She ſent at him one fiery dart, whoſe head
Empoyſned was with privy luſt, and jealous dread.

29.

He, from that deadly throw made no defence,
But to the wound his weak heart opened wide;
The wicked engine through falſe influence
Paſt through his eyes, and ſecretly did glyde
Into his heart, which it did ſorely gryde.
But nothing new to him was that ſame pain,
Ne pain at all; for he ſo oft had tryde
The power thereof, and lov'd ſo oft in vain,
That thing of courſe he counted, love to entertain.

Thence-

30.

Thence-forth to her he ſought to intimate
His inward grief, by means to him well known;
Now *Bacchus* fruit out of the ſilver plate
He on the table daſht, as overthrown,
Or of the fruitful liquor overflown,
And by the dancing bubbles did divine,
Or therein write to let his love be ſhown;
Which well ſhe read out of the learned line;
(A ſacrament profane in myſtery of Wine.)

31.

And when-ſo of his hand the pledge ſhe raught,
The guilty cup ſhe fained to miſtake,
And in her lap did ſhed her idle draught,
Shewing deſire her inward flames to ſlake:
By which cloſe ſigns they ſecret way did make
Unto their wills, and one eyes watch eſcape;
Two eyes him needeth, for to watch and wake,
Who Lovers will deceive. Thus was the ape,
By their fair handling, put into *Malbeccoes* cape.

32.

Now when of meats and drinks they had their fill,
Purpoſe was moved by that gentle Dame,
Unto thoſe Knights adventurous, to tell
Of deeds of arms, which unto them became,
And every one his kindred, and his name.
Then *Paridell* (in whom a kindly pride
Of gracious ſpeech, and skill his words to frame
Abounded) being glad of ſo fit tide
Him to commend to her, thus ſpake, of all well eyde.

33.

Troy, that art now nought but an idle name,
And in thine aſhes buried low doſt lye,
Though whylom far much greater than thy fame,
Before that angry Gods, and cruel sky
Upon thee heapt a direful deſtiny;
What boots it boaſt thy glorious deſcent,
And fetcht from heaven thy great Genealogie,
Sith all thy worthy praiſes being blent,
Their of-ſpring hath embas't, and later glory ſhent?

34.

Moſt famous Worthy of the world, by whom
That war was kindled, which did *Troy* inflame,
And ſtately Towres of *Ilion* whilom
Brought unto baleful ruine, was by name
Sir *Paris*, far renown'd through noble fame;
Who, through great proweſs and bold hardineſs,
From *Lacedæmon* fetcht the faireſt Dame
That ever *Greece* did boaſt, or Knight poſſeſs,
Whom *Venus* to him gave for meed of worthineſs.

35.

Fair *Helene*, flowre of beauty excellent,
And girlond of the mighty Conquerors,
That madeſt many Ladies dear lament
The heavy loſs of their brave Paramours,
Which they far off beheld from *Trojan* Towres,
And ſaw the fields of fair *Scamandra* ſtrown
With carcaſſes of noble warriours,
Whoſe fruitleſs lives were under furrow ſown,
And *Xanthus* ſandy banks with blood all overflown.

36.

From him, my linage I derive aright,
Who long before the ten years ſiege of *Troy*,
Whiles yet on *Ida* he a ſhepherd hight,
On fair *Oenone* got a lovely boy:
Whom, for remembrance of her paſſed joy,
She of his Father, *Parius* did name;
Who, after *Greeks* did *Priams* Realm deſtroy,
Gath'red the *Trojans* reliques ſav'd from flame,
And with them ſailing thence, to th'Ile of *Paros* came.

37.

That was by him cal'd *Paros*, which before
Hight *Nauſa*: there he many years did raign,
And built *Nauſicle* by the *Pontick* ſhore;
The which he dying, left next in remain
To *Paridas* his Son.
From whom I *Paridell* by kin deſcend;
But for fair Ladies love, and glorious gain,
My native ſoil have left, my days to ſpend
In ſewing deeds of arms, my lifes and labours end.

38.

When-as the noble *Britomart* heard tell
Of *Trojan* wars, and *Priams* City ſackt
(The rueful ſtory of Sir *Paridell*)
She was empaſſiond at that pitious act,
With zealous envy of Greeks cruel fact,
Againſt that Nation, from whoſe race of old
She heard that ſhe was lineally extract:
For, noble *Britons* ſprong from *Trojans* bold,
And *Troynovant* was built of old *Troys* aſhes cold.

39.

Then ſighing ſoft awhile, at laſt, ſhe thus:
O lamentable fall of famous town!
Which raign'd ſo many years victorious,
And of all *Aſia* bore the ſoveraign Crown,
In one ſad night conſum'd, and throwen down:
What ſtony heart, that hears thy hapleſs fate,
Is not empearc't with deep compaſſion,
And makes enſample of mans wretched ſtate,
That flowres ſo freſh at morn, and fades at evening late.

40.

Behold, Sir, how your pitiful complaint
Hath found another partner of your pain:
For, nothing may impreſs ſo dear conſtraint,
As Countries cauſe, and comon foes diſdain.
But, if it ſhould not grieve you back again
To turn your courſe, I would to hear deſire
What to *Æneas* fell; ſith that men ſayn
He was not in the Cities woful fire
Conſum'd, but did himſelf to ſafety retire.

41.

Anchyſes Son, begot of *Venus* fair,
Said he, out of the flames for ſafegard fled,
And with a remnant did to Sea prepare,
Where he through fatal error long was led
Full many years, and weetleſs wandered
From ſhore to ſhore, emongſt the *Lybick* ſands,
Erereſt he found. Much there he ſuffered,
And many perils paſt in forrain lands,
To ſave his people ſad from Victors vengeful hands.

At

42.

At laſt, in *Latium* he did arrive;
Where he with cruel war was entertain'd
Of th'inland folk, which ſought him back to drive,
Till he with old *Latinus* was conſtrain'd
To contract wedlock: (ſo the Fates ordain'd.)
Wedlock contract in blood, and eke in blood
Accompliſhed, that many dear complain'd:
The rival ſlain, the Victor (through the flood
Eſcaped hardly) hardly prais'd his wedlock good.

43.

Yet after all, he Victor did ſurvive,
And with *Latinus* did the Kingdom part.
But after, when both Nations gan to ſtrive,
Into their names the title to convart,
His Son *Julus* did from thence depart,
With all the warlike youth of *Trojans* blood,
And in long *Alba* plac't his throne apart,
Where fair it floriſhed, and long time ſtood,
Till *Romulus* renewing it, to *Rome* remov'd.

44.

There, there, ſaid *Britomart*, afreſh appear'd
The glory of the later world to ſpring,
And *Troy* again out of her duſt was rear'd,
To ſit in ſecond ſeat of ſoveraign King
Of all the world under her governing.
But a third Kingdom yet is to ariſe,
Out of the *Trojans* ſcattered off-ſpring,
That in all glory and great enterpriſe,
Both firſt and ſecond *Troy* ſhall dare to equaliſe.

45.

It *Troynouant* is hight, that with the waves
Of wealthy *Thamis* waſhed is along,
Upon whoſe ſtubborn neck (whereat he raves
With roring rage, and ſore himſelf does throng,
That all men fear to temp his billows ſtrong)
She faſtned hath her foot, which ſtands ſo hie,
That it a wonder of the world is ſong
In forrain Lands; and all which paſſen by,
Beholding it from far, do think it threats the ſky.

46.

The *Trojan Brute* did firſt that City found,
And *Hygate* made the mear thereof by Weſt,
And *Over-gate* by North: that is the bound
Toward the land; two Rivers bound the reſt.
So huge a ſcope at firſt him ſeemed beſt,
To be the compaſs of his Kingdoms ſeat:
So huge a mind could not in leſſer reſt,
Ne in ſmall mears contain his glory great,
That *Albion* had conquered firſt by warlike feat.

47.

Ah! faireſt Lady-knight, ſaid *Paridell*,
Pardon (I pray) my heedleſs over-ſight,
Who had forgot, that whylom I heard tell
From aged *Mnemon*; for, my wits been light.
Indeed, he ſaid, if I remember right,
That of the antique *Trojan* ſtock, there grew
Another plant, that raught to wondrous hight,
And far abroad his mighty branches threw,
Into the utmoſt angle of the world he knew.

48.

For, that ſame *Brute* (whom much he did advance
In all his ſpeech) was *Sylvius* his Son,
Whom having ſlain, through luckleſs arrows glance,
He fled for fear of that he had miſdone,
Or elſe for ſhame, ſo foul reproch to ſhone;
And with him led to Sea a youthly train,
Where weary wandring they long time did wone,
And many fortunes prov'd in th'*Ocean* main,
And great adventures found, that now were long to ſain.

49.

At laſt, by fatal courſe they driven were
Into an Iſland ſpacious and brode,
The furtheſt North, that did to them appear:
And (after reſt they ſeeking far abrode)
Found it the fittieſt ſoyl for their abode;
Fruitful of all things fit for living food,
But wholly waſte, and void of peoples trode,
Save an huge Nation of the Gyants brood,
That fed on living fleſh, and drunk mens vital blood.

50.

Whom he, through weary wars and labours long,
Subdew'd with loſs of many *Briton* bold:
In which, the great *Goemagot* of ſtrong
Corineus, and *Coulin* of *Debon* old
Were overthrown, and laid on th'earth full cold,
Which quaked under their ſo hideous maſs:
A famous hiſtory to be enrold
In everlaſting moniments of braſs,
That all the antique Worthies merits far did paſs.

51.

His work, great *Troynouant*, his work is eke
Fair *Lincoln*, both renowned far away,
That who from Eaſt to Weſt will end-long ſeek,
Cannot two fairer Cities find this day,
Except *Cleopolis*: ſo heard I ſay
Old *Mnemon*. Therefore Sir, I greet you well
Your Countrey kin, and you entirely pray
Of pardon for the ſtrife, which late befell
Betwixt us both unknown. So ended *Paridell*.

52.

But all the while that he theſe ſpeeches ſpent,
Upon his lips hong fair Dame *Hellenore*,
With vigilant regard, and due attent,
Faſhioning worlds of fancies evermore
In her frail wit, that now her quite forlore:
The whiles, unwares away her wondring eye
And greedy ears, her weak heart from her bore:
Which he perceiving, ever privily
In ſpeaking, many falſe belgards at her let fly.

53.

So long theſe Knights diſcourſed diverſly,
Of ſtrange affairs, and noble hardiment,
Which they had paſt with mickle jeopardy,
That now the humid night was farforth ſpent,
And heavenly lamps were halfendeal ybrent:
Which th'old man ſeeing well (who too long thought
Every diſcourſe, and every argument,
Which by the hours he meaſured) beſought
Them go to reſt. So all unto their bowrs were brought.

Canto

CANTO X.

Paridell rapeth Hellenore:
Malbecco her purſews:
Finds emongſt Satyrs, whence with him
to turn ſhe doth refuſe.

1.

THe morrow next, ſo ſoon as *Phœbus* Lamp
Bewrayed had the world with early light,
And fresh *Aurora* had the ſhady damp
Out of the goodly heaven amoved quight,
Fair *Britomart* and that ſame *Fairy* Knight
Uprooſe, for both on their journey for to wend:
But *Paridell* complain'd, that his late fight
With *Britomart*, ſo ſore did him offend,
That ride he could not, till his hurts he did amend.

2.

So forth they far'd; but he behind them ſtaid,
Maulgre his Hoſt, who grudged grievouſly
To houſe a gueſt, that would be needs obay'd,
And of his own him left not liberty:
(Might, wanting meaſure, moveth ſurquedry.)
Two things he feared, but the third was death;
That fierce young mans unruly maiſtery;
His money, which he lov'd as living breath;
And his fair Wife, whom honeſt long he kept uneath.

3.

But patience perforce: he muſt abie
What fortune and his fate on him will lay:
Fond is the fear that finds no remedy;
Yet warily he watcheth every way,
By which he feareth evil happen may:
So th'evil thinks by watching to prevent;
Ne doth he ſuffer her, nor night, nor day,
Out of his ſight her ſelf once to abſent.
So doth he puniſh her, and eke himſelf torment.

4.

But *Paridell* kept better watch, than he,
A fit occaſion for his turn to find:
Falſe love, why do men ſay, thou canſt not ſee,
And in their fooliſh fancy fein thee blind,
That with thy charms the ſharpeſt ſight doſt bind,
And to thy will abuſe? Thou walkeſt free,
And ſeeſt every ſecret of the mind;
Thou ſeeſt all, yet none at all ſees thee;
All that is by the working of thy Deitee.

5.

So perfect in that art was *Paridell*,
That he *Malbeccoes* halfen eye did wile:
His halfen eye he wiled wondrous well,
And *Hellenors* both eyes did eke beguile,
Both eyes and heart attonce, during the while
That he there ſojourned his wounds to heal;
That *Cupid* ſelf it ſeeing, cloſe did ſmile,
To weet how he her love away did ſteal,
And bade, that none their joyous Treaſon ſhould reveal.

6.

The learned Lover loſt no time nor tide,
That leaſt avantage mote to him afford,
Yet bore ſo fair a ſail, that none eſpide
His ſecret drift, till he her laid abord.
When-ſo in open place, and common bord,
He fortun'd her to meet, with common ſpeech
He courted her, yet baited every word,
That his ungentle hoſt n'ote him appeach
Of vile ungentleneſs, or hoſpitages breach.

7.

But, when apart (if ever her apart)
He found, then his falſe Engins faſt he plide,
And all the ſleights unboſom'd in his heart;
He ſigh't, he ſob'd, he ſwound, he perdy dide,
And caſt himſelf on ground her faſt beſide:
Tho, when again he him bethought to live,
He wept, and way'd, and falſe laments belide,
Saying, but if ſhe Mercy would him give,
That he mote algates dye, yet did his death forgive.

8.

And other-whiles, with amorous delights,
And pleaſing toyes he would her entertain,
Now ſinging ſweetly, to ſurpriſe her ſprights,
Now making layes of love and Lovers pain,
Branſles, Ballads, virelayes, and verſes vain;
Oft purpoſes, oft riddles he deviſ'd,
And thouſands like, which flowed in his brain,
With which he fed her fancy, and entis'd
To take to his new love, and leave her old deſpis'd.

9.

And every where he might, and every while
He did her ſervice dutiful, and ſewed
At hand with humble pride, and pleaſing guile,
So cloſely yet, that none but ſhe it viewed,
Who well perceived all, and all indewed.
Thus finely did he his falſe nets diſſpred,
With which he many weak hearts had ſubdewed
Of yore, and many had ylike miſled:
What wonder then, if ſhe were likewiſe carried?

10.

No fort ſo ſenſible, no walls ſo ſtrong,
But that continual battery will rive,
Or daily ſiege through diſpurvayance long,
And lack of reskewes will to parley drive;
And Peece, that unto parley ear will give,
Will ſhortly yield it ſelf, and will be made
The vaſſal of the Victors will by live:
That ſtratagem had oftentimes aſſai'd
This crafty Paramour, and now it plain diſplay'd.

11.

For, though his trains he her intrapped hath,
That ſhe her love and heart hath wholly ſold
To him, without regard of gain, or ſcath,
Or care of credit, or of Husband old,
Whom ſhe hath vow'd to dub a fair Cuckold.
Nought wants but time and place, which ſhortly ſhe
Devized hath, and to her Lover told.
It pleaſed well. So well they both agree;
So ready ripe to ill, ill Womens counſels be.

Dark

12.

Dark was the Evening, fit for lovers ſtealth,
When chanc't *Malbecco* buſie be elſe-where,
She to his cloſet went, where all his wealth
Lay hid: thereof ſhe countleſs ſums did rear,
The which ſhe meant away with her to bear;
The reſt, ſhe fir'd for ſport, or for deſpight;
As *Hellene*, when ſhe ſaw aloft appear
The *Trojane* flames, and reach to heavens hight,
Did clap her hands, and joyed at that doleful ſight.

13.

This ſecond *Hellene*, fair Dame *Hellenore*,
The whiles her Husband ran with ſory haſte
To quench the flames which ſhe had tyn'd before,
Laught at his fooliſh labour ſpent in waſte;
And ran into her Lovers arms right faſt;
Where ſtraight embraced, ſhe to him did cry,
And call aloud for help, ere help were paſt;
For, lo, that Gueſt would bear her forcibly,
And meant to raviſh her, that rather had to dye.

14.

The wretched man, hearing her call for aid,
And ready ſeeing him with her to fly,
In his diſquiet mind was much diſmaid:
But, when again he backward caſt his eye,
And ſaw the wicked fire ſo furiouſly
Conſume his heart, and ſcorch his Idols face,
He was there-with diſtreſſed diverſly,
Ne wiſt he how to turn, nor to what place;
Was never wretched man in ſuch a woful caſe.

15.

Ay when to him ſhe cride, to her he turn'd,
And left the fire; love, money overcame:
But, when he marked how his money burn'd,
He left his Wife; money did love diſclaim:
Both was he loth to loſe his loved Dame,
And loth to leave his liefeſt pelf behind,
Yet ſith he n'ote ſave both, he ſav'd that ſame
Which was the deareſt to his dunghil mind,
The God of his deſire, the joy of miſers blind.

16.

Thus, whilſt all things in troublous uprore were,
And all men buſie to ſuppreſs the flame,
The loving couple need to reskew fear,
But leaſure had, and liberty to frame
Their purpoſt flight, free from all mens reclame;
And Night (the Patroneſs of love-ſtealth fair)
Gave them ſafe conduct, till to end they came:
So been they gone yfear (a wanton pair
Of lovers looſely knit) where liſt them to repair.

17.

Soon as the cruel flames yſlaked were,
Malbecco, ſeeing how his loſs did lye,
Out of the flames, which he had quencht whylere
Into huge waves of grief and jealouſie
Full deep emplonged was, and drowned nie,
Twixt inward dool and felonous deſpight;
He rav'd, he wept, he ſtampt, he loud did cry,
And all the paſſions that in man may light,
Did him attonce oppreſs, and vex his caitive ſpright.

18.

Long thus he chawd the cud of inward grief,
And did conſume his gall with anguiſh ſore:
Still when he muſed on his late miſchief,
Then ſtill the ſmart thereof increaſed more,
And ſeem'd more grievous than it was before:
At laſt, when ſorrow he ſaw booted nought,
Ne grief might not his love to him reſtore,
He gan deviſe, how her he rekew mought,
Ten thouſand ways he caſt in his confuſed thought.

19.

At laſt, reſolving like a pilgrim poor
To ſearch her forth, where ſo ſhe might be fond,
And bearing with him treaſure in cloſe ſtore,
The reſt he leaves in ground: So takes in hond
To ſeek her endlong, both by Sea and Lond.
Long he her ſought, he ſought her far and near,
And every where that he mote underſtond,
Of Knights and Ladies any meetings were,
And of each one he met, he tydings did inquere.

20.

But all in vain, his Woman was too wiſe,
Ever to come into his cloutch again,
And he too ſimple ever to ſurpriſe
The jolly *Paridell*, for all his pain.
One day, as he fore-paſſed by the Plain
With weary paſe, he far away eſpyde
A couple (ſeeming well to be his twain)
Which hoved cloſe under a Foreſt ſide,
As if they lay in wait, or elſe themſelves did hide.

21.

Well weened he, that thoſe the ſame mote be:
And as he better did their ſhape avize,
Him ſeemed more their manner did agree;
For, th'one was armed all in warlike wize,
Whom, to be *Paridell* he did devize;
And th'other, all yclad in Garments light,
Diſcolour'd like to Womaniſh diſguize,
He did reſemble to his Lady bright;
And ever his faint heart much yearned at the ſight.

22.

And ever fain he towards them would go,
But yet durſt not for dread approchen nie,
But ſtood aloof, unweeting what to do;
Till that prickt forth with loves extremity,
That is the Father of foal jealouſie,
He cloſely nearer crept, the truth to weet:
But, as he nigher drew, he eaſily
Might'ſcern, that it was not his ſweeteſt ſweet,
Ne yet her Belamour, the partner of his ſheet.

23.

But it was ſcornful *Braggadocchio*,
That with his ſervant *Trompart* hover'd there,
Since late he fled from his too earneſt foe:
Whom ſuch when as *Malbecco* ſpyed clear,
He turned back, and would have fled arear;
Till *Trompart* running haſt'ly, him did ſtay,
And bade before his ſoveraign Lord appear:
That was him loath, yet durſt he not gain-ſay,
And coming him before, low louted on the lay.

24.

The Boaſter, at him ſternly bent his brow,
As if he could have kil'd him with his look,
That to the ground him meekly made to bow,
And awful terror deep into him ſtrook,
That every member of his body quook.
Said he, thou man of nought, what doſt thou here,
Unfitly furniſht with thy bag and book,
Where I expected one with ſhield and ſpere,
To prove ſome deeds of arms upon an equal pere.

25.

The wretched man, at his imperious ſpeech,
Was all abaſht, and low proſtrating, ſaid;
Good Sir, let not my rudeneſs be no breach
Unto your patience, ne be ill ypaid;
For, I unwares this way by fortune ſtraid,
A ſilly Pilgrim driven to diſtreſs,
That ſeek a Lady. There he ſudden ſtaid,
And did the reſt with grievous ſighs ſuppreſs,
While tears ſtood in his eyes (few drops of bitterneſs.)

26.

What Lady, man? ſaid *Trompart*, take good heart,
And tell thy grief, if any hidden lye;
Was never better time to ſhew thy ſmart
Then now, that noble ſuccour is thee by,
That is the whole worlds common remedy.
That chearful word his weak heart much did chear,
And with vain hope his ſpirits faint ſupply,
That bold he ſaid; O moſt redoubted Pere,
Vouchſafe with mild regard a wretches caſe to hear.

27.

Then ſighing ſore, It is not long, ſaid he,
Since I enjoy'd the gentleſt Dame alive;
Of whom a Knight, no Knight at all perdee,
But ſhame of all that do for honour ſtrive,
By treacherous deceit did me deprive;
Through open out-rage he her bore away,
And with foul force unto his will did drive,
Which all good Knights, that arms do bear this day,
Are bound for to revenge, and puniſh if they may.

28.

And you (moſt noble Lord) that can and dare
Redreſs the wrong of miſerable wight,
Cannot employ your moſt victorious ſpear
In better quarrel, than defence of right,
And for a Lady, gainſt a faithleſs Knight;
So ſhall your glory be advanced much,
And all fair Ladies magnifie your might,
And eke my ſelf (albe I ſimple ſuch)
Your worthy pain ſhall well reward with guerdon rich.

29.

With that, out of his bouget forth he drew
Great ſtore of treaſure, there-with him to tempt;
But he on it lookt ſcornfully askew,
As much diſdeigning to be ſo miſdempt,
Or a war-monger to be baſely nempt;
And ſaid; Thy offers baſe I greatly loth,
And eke thy words uncourteous and unkempt;
I tread in duſt thee and thy money both,
That, were it not for ſhame; So turned from him wroth.

30.

But *Trompart*, that his maſters humour knew,
In lofty looks to hide an humble mind,
Was inly tickled with that golden view,
And in his ear him rounded cloſe behind:
Yet ſtoopt he not, but lay ſtill in the wind,
Waiting advantage on the prey to ſeaſe;
Till *Trompart* lowly to the ground inclin'd,
Beſought him his great courage to appeaſe,
And pardon ſimple man, that raſh did him diſpleaſe.

31.

Big looking, like a doughty Douzepere,
At laſt, he thus; Thou clod of vileſt clay,
I pardon yield, and with thy rudeneſs bear;
But weet henceforth, that all that golden pray,
And all that elſe the vain world vaunten may,
I loath as dung, ne deem my dew reward:
Fame is my meed, and glory vertues pay.
But minds of mortal men are muchell mar'd,
And mov'd amiſs with maſſie mucks unmeet regard.

32.

And more, I grant to thy great miſery
Gracious reſpect, thy Wife ſhall back be ſent:
And that vile Knight, who ever that he be,
Which hath thy Lady reft, and Knighthood ſhent,
By *Sanglamort* my ſword, whoſe deadly dent
The blood hath of ſo many thouſands ſhed,
I ſwear, ere long ſhall dearly it repent;
Ne he twixt heaven and earth ſhall hide his head,
But ſoon he ſhall be found, and ſhortly doen be dead.

33.

The fooliſh man thereat woxe wondrous blith,
As if the word ſo ſpoken were half done,
And humbly thanked him a thouſand ſith,
That had from death to life him newly wone.
Tho, forth the Boaſter marching, brave begone
His ſtolen ſteed to thunder furiouſly,
As if he heaven and hell would over-rone,
And all the world confound with cruelty,
That much *Malbecco* joyed in his jollity.

34.

Thus, long they three together travelled,
Through many a Wood, and many an uncouth way,
To ſeek his Wife, that was far wandered,
But thoſe two ſought nought but the preſent pray.
To weet, the treaſure, which he did bewray,
On which their eyes and hearts were wholly ſet,
With purpoſe how they might it beſt betray;
For, ſith the hour that firſt he did them let (whet.
The ſame behold, there-with their keen deſires were

35.

It fortuned as they together far'd,
They ſpide where *Paridell* came pricking faſt
Upon the Plain, the which himſelf prepar'd
To giuſt with that brave ſtranger Knight a caſt,
As on adventure by the way he paſt:
Alone he rode without his Paragone;
For, having filcht her bels, her up he caſt
To the wide world, and let her fly alone,
He n'ould be clog'd. So had he ſerved many one.

The

36.

The gentle Lady, looſe at randon left,
The green-wood long did walk, and wander wide
At wild adventure, like a forlorn weſt,
Till on a day the *Satyrs* her eſpide
Straying alone withouten groom or guide;
Her up they took, and with them home her led,
With them as houſewife ever to abide,
To milk their Goats, and make them cheeſe and bread,
And every one as common good her handeled.

37.

That ſhortly ſhe *Malbecco* has forgot,
And eke Sir *Paridell*, all were he dear;
Who from her went to ſeek another lot,
And now (by fortune) was arrived here,
Where thoſe two guilers with *Malbecco* were:
Soon as the old man ſaw Sir *Paridell*,
He fainted, and was almoſt dead with fear,
Ne word he had to ſpeak, his grief to tell,
But to him louted lowe, and greeted goodly well.

38.

And after, asked him for *Hellenore*,
I take no keep of her, ſaid *Paridell*:
She wonneth in the Foreſt there before.
So forth he rode, as his adventure fell;
The whiles, the Boaſter from his lofty ſell
Fain'd to alight, ſomething amiſs to mend;
But the freſh Swain would not his leaſure dwell,
But went his way; whom when he paſſed kend,
He up remounted light, and after fain'd to wend.

39.

Perdy nay, ſaid *Malbecco*, ſhall ye not:
But let him paſs as lightly as he came:
For, little good of him is to be got,
And mickle peril to be put to ſhame.
But, let us go to ſeek my deareſt Dame,
Whom he hath left in yonder Foreſt wild:
For, of her ſafety in great doubt I am,
Leaſt ſalvage Beaſts her perſon have deſpoyl'd:
Then all the world is loſt, and we in vain have toyl'd.

40.

They all agree, and forward them addreſt:
Ah! but ſaid crafty *Trompart*, weet ye well,
That yonder in that waſtfull wilderneſs
Huge Monſters haunt, and many dangers dwell;
Dragons, and Minotaures, and fiends of hell,
And many wild wood-men, which rob and rend
All travellers; therefore aviſe ye well,
Before ye enterpriſe that way to wend:
One may his journey bring too ſoon to evil end.

41.

Malbecco ſtopt in great aſtoniſhment,
And with pale eyes faſt fixed on the reſt,
Their counſel crav'd, in danger imminent.
Said *Trompart*, You that are the moſt oppreſt
With burden of great treaſure, I think beſt
Here for to ſtay in ſafety behind;
My Lord and I will ſearch the wild Foreſt.
That counſel pleaſed not *Malbecco*'s mind;
For, he was much affraid, himſelf alone to find.

42.

Then is it beſt, ſaid he, that ye do leave
Your treaſure here in ſome ſecurity,
Either faſt cloſed in ſome hollow grave,
Or buried in the ground from jeopardy,
Till we return again in ſafety:
As for us two, leſt doubt of us ye have,
Hence far away we will blindfolded lye,
Ne privy be unto your treaſures Grave.
It pleaſed: ſo he did, Then they march forward brave.

43.

Now, when amid the thickeſt woods they were,
They heard a noyſe of many bagpipes ſhrill,
And ſhrieking Hububs them approching near,
Which all the Foreſt did with horror fill:
That dreadful ſound the boaſters heart did thrill,
With ſuch amazement, that in haſte he fled,
Ne ever looked back for good or ill,
And after him eke fearful *Trompart* ſped;
The old man could not flye, but fell to ground half dead.

44.

Yet afterwards, cloſe creeping as he might,
He in a buſh did hide his fearful hed:
The jolly *Satyrs*, full of freſh delight,
Came dancing forth, and with them nimbly led
Fair *Hellenore*, with girlonds all beſpred,
Whom their May-lady they had newly made:
She proud of that new honour, which they red,
And of their lovely fellowſhip full glade,
Danc't lively, and her face did with a Lawrel ſhade.

45.

The ſilly man that in the thicket lay,
Saw all this goodly ſport, and grieved ſore,
Yet durſt he not againſt it do or ſay,
But did his heart with bitter thoughts engore,
To ſee th'unkindneſs of his *Hellenore*.
All day they danced with great luſtihed,
And with their horned feet the green graſs wore,
The whiles their Goats upon the brouzes fed,
Till drooping *Phœbus* gan to hide his golden hed.

46.

Tho, up they gan their merry pipes to truſs,
And all their goodly heards did gather round;
But every *Satyr* firſt did give a buſs
To *Hellenore*: ſo buſſes did abound.
Now gan the humid vapour ſhed the ground
With pearly deaw, and the Earths gloomy ſhade
Did dim the brightneſs of the welkin round,
That every bird and beaſt awarned made
To ſhrowd themſelves, whiles ſleep their ſenſes did invade.

47.

Which when *Malbecco* ſaw, out of the buſh
Upon his hands and feet he crept full light,
And like a Goat emongſt the Goats did ruſh,
That through the help of his fair horns on hight,
And miſty damp of miſconceiving night,
And eke through likeneſs of his Goatiſh beard,
He did the better counterfeit aright:
So home he marcht emongſt the horned heard,
That none of all the *Satyrs* him eſpide or heard.

48.

At night, when all they went to sleep, he viewd,
Where-as his lovely Wife emongst them lay,
Embraced of a *Satyr* rough and rude,
Who all the night did mind his joyous play:
Nine times he heard him come aloft ere day,
That all his heart with jealousie did swell;
But yet that nights ensample did bewray,
That not for nought his Wife them lov'd so well,
When one so oft a night did ring his matins bell.

49.

So closely as he could, he to them crept,
When weary of their sport to sleep they fell;
And to his Wife, that now full soundly slept,
He whisper'd in her ear, and did her tell,
That it was he, which by her side did dwell,
And therefore pray'd her wake, to hear him plain.
As one out of a dream not waked well,
She turn'd her, and returned back again:
Yet her for to awake he did the more constrain.

50.

At last, with irksom trouble she abraid;
And then perceiving that it was indeed
Her old *Malbecco*, which did her upbraid,
With looseness of her love, and loathly deed,
She was astonisht with exceeding dreed,
And would have wak't the *Satyr* by her side;
But he her prayd, for mercy, or for meed,
To save his life, ne let him be descride,
But harken to his lore, and all his counsel hide.

51.

Tho, gan he her perswade, to leave that lewd
And loathsome life, of God and man abhord,
And home return, where all should be renewd
With perfect peace, and bands of fresh accord,
And she receiv'd again to bed and bord,
As if no trespas ever had been done:
But she it all refused at one word,
And by no means would to his will be wone,
But chose emongst the jolly *Satyrs* still to wone.

52.

He wooed her, till day spring he espide;
But all in vain: and then turn'd to the heard,
Who butted him with horns on every side,
And trode down in the durt, where his hore beard
Was fouly dight, and he of death affeard.
Early before the heavens fairest light
Out of the ruddy East was fully rear'd,
The heards out of their folds were loosed quight,
And he emongst the rest crept forth in sory plight.

53.

So soon as he the Prison door did pass,
He ran as fast as both his feet could bear,
And never looked who behind him was,
Ne scarcely who before: like as a Bear
That creeping close, emongst the hives to rear
An hony-comb, the wakeful dogs espy,
And him assayling, sore his carcas tear,
That hardly he away with life does fly,
Ne stayes, till safe himself he see from jeopardy.

54.

Ne staid he, till he came unto the place
Where late his treasure he entombed had;
Where when he found it not (for, *Trompart* base
Had it purloyned for his maister bad:)
With extream fury he became quite mad,
And ran away, ran with himself away:
That who so strangely had him seen bestad,
With upstart hair, and staring eyes dismay,
From *Limbo* lake him late escaped sure would say.

55.

High over hills and over dales he fled,
As if the wind him on his wings had born,
Ne bank nor bush could stay him, when he sped
His nimble feet, as treading still on thorn:
Grief, and despight, and jealousie, and scorn
Did all the way him follow hard behind:
And he himself, himself loath'd so forlorn,
So shamefully forlorn of Woman-kind;
That, as a Snake, still lurked in his wounded mind.

56.

Still fled he forward, looking backward still,
Ne staid his flight, nor fearful agony,
Till that he came unto a rocky hill,
Over the Sea suspended dreadfully,
That living creature it would terrifie
To look adown, or upward to the hight:
From thence he threw himself despiteously,
All desperate of his fore-damned spright,
That seem'd no help for him was left in living sight:

57.

But through long anguish, and self-murdring thought,
He was so wasted and fore-pined quight,
That all his substance was consum'd to nought,
And nothing left, but like an airy Spright,
That on the rocks he fell so flit and light,
That he thereby receiv'd no hurt at all,
But chanced on a craggy cliff to light;
Whence he with crooked claws so long did crall,
That at the last he found a Cave with entrance small.

58.

Into the same he creeps, and thence-forth there
Resolv'd to build his baleful mansion,
In drery darkness, and continual fear
Of that rocks fall; which ever and anon
Threats with huge ruine him to fall upon,
That he dare never sleep, but that one eye
Still ope he keeps for that occasion;
Ne ever rests he in tranquillity,
The roring billows beat his bowre so boistrously.

59.

Ne ever is he wont on ought to feed,
But Toads and Frogs (his pasture poysonous)
Which in his cold complexion do breed
A filthy blood, or humour rancorous,
Matter of doubt and dread suspicious,
That doth with careless care consume the heart,
Corrupts the stomack with gall vitious,
Cross-cuts the liver with internal smart,
And doth transfix the soul with deaths eternal dart.

Yet

60.

Yet can he never dye, but dying lives,
And doth himſelf with ſorrow new ſuſtain,
That death and life attonce unto him gives,
And painful pleaſure turns to pleaſing pain.
There dwells he ever, miſerable ſwain,
Hateful both to himſelf, and every wight;
Where he through privy grief, and horrour vain,
Is woxen ſo deform'd, that he has quight
Forgot he was a man, and *Jealouſie* is hight.

CANTO XI.

Britomart *chaceth* Ollyphant,
finds Scudamour *diſtreſt:*
Aſſayes the houſe of Buſyrane,
where Loves ſpoyles are expreſt.

1.

O Hateful helliſh Snake, what fury firſt
Brought thee from baleful houſe of *Proſerpine,*
Where in her boſom ſhe thee long had nurſt,
And foſtred up with bitter milk of tine,
Foul Jealouſie, that turneſt love divine
To joyleſs dread, and mak'ſt the loving heart
With hateful thoughts to languiſh and to pine,
And feed it ſelf with ſelf-conſuming ſmart?
Of all the paſſions in the mind thou vileſt art.

2.

O! let him far be baniſhed away,
And in his ſtead let Love for ever dwell;
Sweet Love, that doth his golden wings embay
In bleſſed Nectar, and pure Pleaſures Well,
Untroubled of vile fear, or bitter fell.
And ye fair Ladies, that your Kingdoms make
In th'hearts of men, them govern wiſely well,
And of fair *Britomart* enſample take,
That was as true in love, as Turtle to her make.

3.

Who with Sir *Satyrane* (as earſt ye red)
Forth riding from *Malbeccoes* hoſtleſs hous,
Far off eſpide a young man, the which fled
From an huge Gyant, that with hideous
And hateful out-rage long him chaced thus;
It was that *Ollyphant*, the Brother dear
Of that *Argante* vile and vitious,
From whom the *Squire of Dames* was reft whylere;
This all as bad as ſhe, and worſe, if worſe ought were.

4.

For, as the Siſter did in feminine
And filthy luſt exceed all Woman-kind,
So he ſurpaſſed his ſex maſculine,
In beaſtly uſe that I did ever find;
Whom when as *Britomart* beheld behind
The fearful boy ſo greedily purſew,
She was emmoved in her noble mind,
T'imploy her puiſſance to his reskew,
And pricked fiercely forward, where ſhe him did view.

5.

Ne was Sir *Satyrane* her far behind,
But with like fierceneſs did enſew the chace:
Whom, when the Gyant ſaw, he ſoon reſign'd
His former ſuit, and from them fled apace;
They after both, and boldly bade him bace,
And each did ſtrive the other to out-go:
But he them both out-ran a wondrous ſpace;
For, he was long, and ſwift as any Roe,
And now made better ſpeed, t'eſcape his feared foe.

6.

It was not *Satyrane* whom he did fear,
But *Britomart*, the flowre of chaſtity;
For, he the powre of chaſt hands might not bear;
But always did their drad encounter fly:
And now ſo faſt his feet he did apply,
That he was gotten to a Foreſt near,
Where he is ſhrowded in ſecurity:
The Wood they enter, and ſearch every where,
They ſearched diverſly; ſo both divided were.

7.

Fair *Britomart* ſo long him followed,
That ſhe at laſt came to a fountain ſhear,
By which there lay a Knight all wallowed
Upon the graſſy ground, and by him near
His haberjeon, his helmet, and his ſpear;
A little off, his ſhield was rudely thrown,
On which the winged boy in colours clear
Depainted was, full eaſie to be known,
And he thereby, where-ever it in field was ſhown.

8.

His face upon the ground did groveling lye,
As if he had been ſlumbring in the ſhade,
That the brave Maid would not for curteſie,
Out of his quiet ſlumber him abrade,
Nor ſeem too ſuddenly him to invade:
Still as ſhe ſtood, ſhe heard with grievous throb
Him grone, as if his heart were peeces made,
And with moſt painful pangs to ſigh and ſob,
That pity did the Virgins heart of patience rob.

9.

At laſt, forth breaking into bitter plaints,
He ſaid: O ſoveraign Lord that ſitſt on hie,
And raign'ſt in bliſs emongſt thy bleſſed Saints,
How ſuffreſt thou ſuch ſhameful cruelty,
So long unwreaked of thine enemy?
Or haſt thou, Lord, of good mens cauſe no heed?
Or doth thy juſtice ſleep, and ſilent ly?
What booteth then the good and righteous deed,
If goodneſs find no grace, nor righteouſneſs no meed?

10.

If good find grace, and righteouſneſs reward,
Why then is *Amoret* in caitive band,
Sith that more bountious creature never far'd
On foot, upon the face of living land?
Or if that heavenly juſtice may withſtand
The wrongful out-rage of unrighteous men,
Why then is *Buſirane* with wicked hand
Suffred, theſe ſeven moneths day, in ſecret den
My Lady and my love ſo cruelly to pen?

My

11.

My Lady and my Love, is cruell'pend
In doleful darkneſs from the view of day,
Whil'ſt deadly torments do her chaſt breſt rend,
And the ſharp ſteel doth rive her heart in tway,
All for ſhe *Scudamore* will not denay.
Yet thou, vile man, vile *Scudamore*, art ſound,
Ne canſt her aid, ne canſt her foe diſmay;
Unworthy wretch to tread upon the ground,
For whom ſo fair a Lady feels ſo ſore a wound.

12.

There an huge heap of ſingults did oppreſs
His ſtrugling ſoul, and ſwelling throbs empeach
His foltring tongue with pangs of drerineſs,
Choking the remnant of his plaintif ſpeech,
As if his days were come to their laſt reach.
Which when ſhe heard, and ſaw the gaſtly fit,
Threatning into his life to make a breach,
Both with great ruth and terrour ſhe was ſmit,
Fearing leaſt from her cage the weary ſoul would flit.

13.

Tho, ſtooping down, ſhe him amoved light;
Who there-with ſome-what ſtarting, up gan look,
And ſeeing him behind a ſtranger Knight,
Where-as no living creature he miſtook,
With great indignance he that ſight forſook,
And down again himſelf diſdainfully
Abjecting, th'earth with his fair forhead ſtrook:
Which the bold Virgin ſeeing, gan apply
Fit medicine to his grief, and ſpake thus curteſly.

14.

Ah! gentle Knight, whoſe deep conceived grief
Well ſeems t'exceed the powre of patience,
Yet if that heavenly grace ſome good relief
You ſend, ſubmit you to high providence;
And ever in your noble heart prepenſe,
That all the ſorrow in the world, is leſs
Than vertues might, and values confidence:
For, who nill bide the burden of diſtreſs,
Muſt not here think to live; for, life is wretchedneſs.

15.

Therefore (fair Sir) do comfort to you take,
And freely read, what wicked felon ſo
Hath out-rag'd you, and thrald your gentle make.
Perhaps this hand may help to eaſe your woe,
And wreak your ſorrow on your cruel foe,
At leaſt, it fair endeavour will apply.
Thoſe feeling words ſo near the quick did go,
That up his head he reared eaſily;
And leaning on his elbow, theſe few words let fly.

16.

What boots it plain, that cannot be redreſt,
And ſow vain ſorrow in a fruitleſs ear,
Sith powre of hand, nor skill of learned breſt,
Ne worldly price cannot redeem my dear,
Out of her thraldome, and continual fear?
For, he (the Tyrant) which her hath in ward
By ſtrong enchantments, and black Magick lear,
Hath in a dungeon deep her cloſe embard,
And many dreadful fiends hath pointed to her gard.

17.

There he tormenteth her moſt terribly,
And day and night afflicts with mortal pain,
Becauſe to yield him love ſhe doth deny,
Once to me yold, not to be yold again:
But yet by torture he would her conſtrain
Love to conceive in her diſdainful breſt;
Till ſo ſhe do, ſhe muſt in dool remain,
Ne may by living means be thence releſt:
What boots it then to plain, that cannot be redreſt?

18.

With this ſad herſal of his heavy ſtreſs,
The warlike Damzel was empaſſion'd ſore,
And ſaid; Sir Knight, your cauſe is nothing leſs
Than is your ſorrow, certes if not more;
For, nothing ſo much pity doth implore,
As gentle Ladies helpleſs miſery.
But yet, if pleaſe ye liſten to my lore,
I will (with proof of laſt extremity)
Deliver her fro thence, or with her for you dye.

19.

Ah! gentleſt Knight alive, ſaid *Scudamore*;
What huge heroick magnanimity (more
Dwells in thy bountious breſt? what could'ſt thou
If ſhe were thine, and thou as now am I?
O ſpare thy happy days, and them apply
To better boot, but let me dye that ought;
More is more loſs: one is enough to dye.
Life is not loſt; ſaid ſhe, for which is bought
Endleſs renown, that more than death is to be ſought.

20.

Thus, ſhe at length perſwaded him to riſe,
And with her wend, to ſee what new ſucceſs
Mote him befall upon new enterpriſe.
His arms, which he had vow'd to diſprofeſs,
She gathered up, and did about him dreſs,
And his forwandred ſteed unto him got:
So forth they both yfere make their progreſs,
And march not paſt the mount'naunce of a ſhot,
Till they arriv'd, where-as their purpoſe they did plot.

21.

There they diſmounting, drew their weapons bold,
And ſtoutly came unto the Caſtle gate;
Where-as no gate they found them to with-hold,
Nor ward to wait at morn and evening late;
But in the Porch (that did them ſore amate)
A flaming fire, ymixt with ſmouldry ſmoke,
And ſtinking Sulphure, that with grieſly hate
And dreadful horror did all entrance choke,
Enforced them their forward footing to revoke.

22.

Greatly thereat was *Britomart* diſmay'd,
Ne in that ſtownd wiſt how her ſelf to bear;
For, danger vain it were, to have aſſaid
That cruel element, which all things fear,
Ne none can ſuffer to approchen near:
And turning back to *Scudamore*, thus ſaid;
What monſtrous enmity provoke we here,
Fool-hardy, as th'Earths children, the which made
Battel againſt the Gods? ſo we a God invade.

[Danger

23.

Danger without diſcretion to attempt,
Inglorious, beaſt-like is: therefore, Sir Knight,
Aread what courſe of you is ſafeſt dempt,
And how we with our foe may come to fight.
This is, quoth he, the dolorous deſpight,
Which earſt to you I plain'd: for neither may
This fire be quencht by any wit or might,
Ne yet by any means remov'd away,
So mighty be th'enchauntments which the ſame do ſtay.

24.

What is there elſe, but ceaſe theſe fruitleſs pains,
And leave me to my former languiſhing?
Fair *Amoret* muſt dwell in wicked chains,
And *Scudamore* here dye with ſorrowing.
Perdy not ſo, ſaid ſhe; for, ſhameful thing
It were t'abandon noble cheviſaunce,
For ſhew of peril, without venturing:
Rather let try extremities of chaunce,
Then enterpriſed praiſe for dread to diſavaunce.

25.

There-with, reſolv'd to prove her utmoſt might,
Her ample ſhield ſhe threw before her face,
And (her ſwords point directing forward right)
Aſſail'd the flame, the which eftſoons gave place,
And did it ſelf divide with equal ſpace,
That through ſhe paſſed; as a thunder-bolt
Pearceth the yielding ayr, and doth diſplace
The ſoring clowds into ſad ſhowres ymolt;
So to her yold the flames, and did their force revolt.

26.

Whom, when as *Scudamore* ſaw paſt the fire,
Safe and untoucht, he likewiſe gan aſſay,
With greedy will, and envious deſire,
And bade the ſtubborn flames to yield him way:
But cruel *Mulciber* would not obay
His threatful pride; but did the more augment
His mighty rage, and his imperious ſway
Him forc't (maulgre) his fierceneſs to relent,
And back retire, all ſcorcht and pitifully brent.

27.

With huge impatience he inly ſwelt,
More for great ſorrow that he could not paſs,
Than for the burning torment which he felt,
That with fell woodneſs he effierced was,
And wilfully him throwing on the graſs,
Did beat and bounſe his head and breaſt full ſore:
The whiles, the Championeſs now entred has
The utmoſt room, and paſt the formoſt dore,
The utmoſt room abounding with all precious ſtore.

28.

For, round about, the walls yclothed were
With goodly Arras of great Majeſty,
Woven with Gold and ſilk ſo cloſe and near,
That the rich metal lurked privily,
As faining to be hid from envious eye;
Yet here, and there, and every where unwares
It ſhew'd it ſelf, and ſhone unwillingly;
Like a diſcolour'd Snake, whoſe hidden ſnares (clares.
Throgh the green graſs, his long bright burniſht back de-

29.

And in thoſe Tapets weren faſhioned
Many fair pourtraicts, and many a fair feat:
And all of Love, and all of luſty-hed,
As ſeemed by their ſemblaunt, did entreat;
And eke all *Cupids* Wars they did repeat,
And cruel battels, which he whylom fought
Gainſt all the gods, to make his Empire great;
Beſides the huge maſſacres, which he wrought
On mighty Kings and Keſars, into thraldom brought.

30.

Therein was writ, how often thundring *Jove*
Had felt the point of his heart-pearcing dart,
And leaving heavens Kingdom, here did rove
In ſtrange diſguiſe, to ſlake his ſcalding ſmart;
Now like a Ram, fair *Helle* to pervart,
Now like a Bull, *Europa* to withdraw:
Ah, how the fearful Ladies tender heart
Did lively ſeem to tremble, when ſhe ſaw
The huge Seas under her t'obay her ſervants law!

31.

Soon after that into a golden ſhowre
Himſelf he chang'd, fair *Danae* to vew,
And through the roof of her ſtrong braſen towre
Did rain into her lap an hony dew,
The whiles her fooliſh guard, that little knew
Of ſuch deceit, kept th'yron dore faſt bard,
And watcht, that none ſhould enter, nor iſſew;
Vain was the watch, and bootleſs all the ward,
When as the god to golden hew himſelf transfar'd.

32.

Then was he turn'd into a ſnowy Swan,
To win fair *Læda* to his lovely trade:
O wondrous ſkill, and ſweet wit of the man,
That her in Daffadillies ſleeping made,
From ſcorching heat her dainty limbs to ſhade:
Whiles the proud Bird ruffing his feathers wide,
And bruſhing his fair breaſt, did her invade;
She ſlept, yet twixt her eye-lids cloſely ſpide,
How towards her he ruſht, and ſmiled at his pride.

33.

Then ſhew'd it, how the *Thebane Semelee*,
Deceiv'd of jealous *Juno* did require
To ſee him in his ſoveraign Majeſty,
Arm'd with his thunder-bolts and lightning fire,
Whence dearly ſhe with death bought her deſire,
But fair *Alcmena* better match did make,
Joying his love in likeneſs more entire;
Three Knights in one, they ſay, that for her ſake
He then did put, his pleaſures longer to partake.

34.

Twice was he ſeen in ſoaring Eagles ſhape,
And with wide wings to beat the buxom air:
Once when he with *Aſterie* did ſcape;
Again, when as the *Trojan* boy ſo fair
He ſnatch from *Ida* hill, and with him bare:
Wondrous delight it was, there to behold,
How the rude Shepherds after him did ſtare,
Trembling through fear leaſt down he fallen ſhould,
And often to him calling, to take ſurer hold.

In

35.

In *Satyres* shape, *Antiopa* he snatcht:
And like a fire, when he *Ægin'* assay'd:
A shepherd, when *Mnemosyne* he catcht:
And like a Serpent to the *Thracian* maid.
Whiles thus on earth great *Jove* these pageants playd,
The winged boy did thrust into his throne,
And scoffing thus unto his Mother said,
Lo, now the heavens obey to me alone,
And take me for their *Jove*, whiles *Jove* to earth is gone.

36.

And thou, fair *Phœbus*, in thy colours bright
Wast there enwoven, and the sad distress
In which that boy thee plonged, for despight
That thou bewraidst his Mothers wantonness,
When she with *Mars* was meynt in joyfulness:
For-thy he thrild thee with a leaden dart,
To love fair *Daphne*, which thee loved less:
Less she thee lov'd, then was thy just desart;
Yet was thy love her death, and her death was thy smart.

37.

So lovedst thou the lusty *Hyacinct*,
So lovedst thou the fair *Coronis* dear:
Yet both are of thy hapless hand extinct,
Yet both in flowres do live, and love thee bear,
The one a Paunce, the other a sweet breare;
For grief whereof, ye mote have lively seen
The god himself rending his golden heare,
And breaking quite his girlond ever green,
With other signs of sorrow, and impatient teen.

38.

Both for those two, and for his own dear Son,
The Son of *Clymene* he did repent,
Who bold to guide the Charet of the Sun,
Himself in thousand peeces fondly rent,
And all the world with flashing fire brent,
So like, that all the walls did seem to flame.
Yet cruel *Cupid*, not herewith content,
Forc't him eftsoons to follow other game,
And love a Shepheards Daughter for his dearest Dame.

39.

He loved *Isse* for his dearest Dame,
And for her sake her Cattel fed awhile,
And for her sake a Cow-heard vile became,
The servant of *Admetus* Cow-heard vile,
Whiles that from heaven he suffered exile.
Long were to tell each other lovely fit,
Now like a Lyon, hunting after spoyl,
Now like a Hag, now like a Falcon flit:
All which in that fair Arras was most lively writ.

40.

Next unto him was *Neptune* pictured,
In his divine resemblance wondrous like:
His face was rugged, and his hoary head
Dropped with brackish deaw; his three-forkt Pike
He sternly shook, and therewith fierce did strike
The raging billowes, that on every side
They trembling stood, and made a long broad dike,
That his swift Charet might have passage wide,
Which four great *Hippodames* did draw in teme-wise tide.

41.

His Sea-horses did seem to snort amain,
And from their nosethrilles blow the briny stream,
That made the sparkling waves to smoake again,
And flame with gold: but the white foamy cream
Did shine with silver, and shoot forth his beam.
The god himself did pensive seem and sad,
And hong adown his head, as he did dream:
For, privy love his breast empearced had;
Ne ought, but dear *Byssaltis*, ay could make him glad.

42.

He loved eke *Iphimedia* dear,
And *Æolus* fair Daughter *Arne* hight;
For whom he turn'd himself into a Stear,
And fed on Fodder, to beguile her sight.
Also to win *Deucalions* Daughter bright,
He turn'd himself into a Dolphin fair;
And like a winged horse he took his flight,
To snaky-lockt *Meduſa* to repair,
On whom he got fair *Pegasus*, that flitteth in the air.

43.

Next, *Saturn* was, (but who would ever ween,
That sullen *Saturn* ever ween'd to love?
Yet love is sullen, and *Saturn*-like seen,
As he did for *Erigone* it prove.)
That to a *Centaure* did himself transmove:
So prov'd it eke that gracious god of wine,
When for to compass *Philliras* hard love,
He turn'd himself into a fruitful vine,
And into her fair bosom made his grapes decline.

44.

Long were to tell the amorous assayes,
And gentle pangs, with which he maked meek
The mighty *Mars*, to learn his wanton playes:
How oft for *Venus*, and how often eke
For many other Nymphs he sore did shreek;
With Womanish tears, and with unwarlike smarts,
Privily moistening his horrid cheek.
There was he painted full of burning darts,
And many wide wounds lanced through his inward parts.

45.

Ne did he spare (so cruel was the Elf)
His own dear Mother, (ah why should he so!)
Ne did he spare sometime to prick himself,
That he might taste the sweet consuming woe,
Which he had wrought, to many others moe,
But, to declare the mournful Tragedies,
And spoyles, wherewith he all the ground did strow,
More eath to number with how many eyes
High heaven beholds sad Lovers nightly theeveries.

46.

Kings, Queens, Lords, Ladies, Knights, and Damzels
Were heap't together with the vulgar sort, (gent,
And mingled with the rascal rablement,
Without respect of person or of port,
To shew Dan *Cupids* powre and great effort:
And round about, a border was entrayl'd
Of broken boaws and arrows shivered short,
And a long bloody River through them rayl'd,
So lively and so like, that living sense it fayl'd.

And

47.

And at the upper end of that fair room,
There was an Altar built of precious ſtone,
Of paſſing value, and of great renown,
On which there ſtood an Image all alone,
Of maſſy gold, which with his own light ſhone;
And wings it had with ſundry colours dight,
More ſundry colours, then the proud *Pavone*,
Bears in his boaſted fan, or *Iris* bright, (bright.
When her diſcolour'd bow ſhe ſpreads through Heaven

48.

Blindfold he was, and in his cruel fiſt
A mortal bow and arrows keen did hold,
With which he ſhot at random, when him liſt,
Some headed with ſad lead, ſome with pure gold;
(Ah Man beware, how thou thoſe darts behold.)
A wounded Dragon under him did lie,
Whoſe hideous tail his left foot did enfold,
And with a ſhaft was ſhot through either eye,
That no Man forth might draw, ne no Man remedy.

49.

And underneath his feet was written thus,
Unto the Victor of the Gods this be:
And all the people in that ample houſe
Did to that Image bow their humble knee,
And oft committed foul Idolatry.
That wondrous ſight fair *Britomart* amaz'd,
Ne ſeeing could her wonder ſatisfie,
But ever more and more upon it gaz'd,
The whiles the paſſing brightneſs her frail ſenſes daz'd.

50.

Tho, as ſhe backward caſt her buſie eye,
To ſearch each ſecret of that goodly ſted,
Over the door thus written ſhe did ſpy,
Be bold: ſhe oft and oft it over-read,
Yet could not find what ſence it figured:
But whatſo were therein or writ or ment,
She was no whit thereby diſcouraged
From proſecuting of her firſt intent,
But forward with bold ſteps into the next room went.

51.

Much fairer than the former, was that room,
And richlier by many parts array'd:
For, not with arras made in painful loom,
But with pure gold, it all was overlaid,
Wrought with wild Anticks, which their follies plaid,
In the rich metal, as they living were:
A thouſand monſtrous forms therein were made,
Such as falſe love doth oft upon him wear.
For, love in thouſand monſtrous forms doth oft appear.

52

And all about, the gliſtring walls were hong
With warlike ſpoils, and with victorious prays
Of mighty Conquerours and Captains ſtrong,
Which were whylome captived in their days
To cruel love, and wrought their own decays:
There Swords & ſpears were broke,& hauberques rent,
And their proud girlonds of tryumphant bays
Trodden in duſt with fury inſolent,
To ſhew the Victors might and mercileſs intent.

53.

The warlike Maid, beholding earneſtly
The goodly ordinance of this rich place,
Did greatly wonder, ne could ſatisfie
Her greedy eyes with gazing, a long ſpace:
But more ſhe marvail'd, that no footings trace,
Nor wight appear'd, but waſtful emptineſs,
And ſolemn ſilence over all that place:
Strange thing it ſeem'd that none was to poſſeſs
So rich purveyance, ne them keep with carefulneſs.

54.

And as ſhe lookt about, ſhe did behold
How over that ſame door was likewiſe writ,
Be bold, *Be bold*, and every where *Be bold*;
That much ſhe muz'd, yet could not conſtrue it
By any ridding skill, or common wit.
At laſt ſhe ſpy'd, at that rooms upper end,
Another Iron door, on which was writ
Be not too Bold; whereto though ſhe did bend
Her earneſt mind, yet wiſt not what it might intend.

55.

Thus there ſhe waited until even-tide,
Yet living creature none ſhe ſaw appear:
And now ſad ſhadows gan the World to hide,
From mortal view, and wrap in darkneſs dear;
Yet n'ould ſhe d'off her weary arms, for fear
Of ſecret danger, ne let ſleep oppreſs
Her heavy eyes with Natures burden dear,
But drew her ſelf aſide in ſickerneſs,
And her well-pointed weapons did about her dreſs.

CANTO XII.

The Mask of Cupid, *and th' enchanted*
Chamber are diſplaid;
Whence Britomart *redeems fair*
Amoret, *through charms decay'd.*

1.

THo, when as chearleſs Night ycovered had
Fair Heaven with an Univerſal cloud,
That every wight, diſmay'd with darkneſs ſad,
In ſilence and in ſleep themſelves did ſhroud,
She heard a ſhrilling Trumpet ſound aloud,
Sign of nigh battel, or got victory;
Nought therewith daunted was her courage proud,
But rather ſtir'd to cruel enmity,
Expecting ever, when ſome foe ſhe might deſcry.

2.

With that, an hideous ſtorm of Wind aroſe,
With dreadful Thunder and Lightning atwixt,
And an Earth-quake, as if it ſtreight would loſe
The Worlds Foundations from his Centre fixt;
A direful ſtench of ſmoak and ſulphur mixt
Enſew'd, whoſe noyance fill'd the fearful ſted,
From the fourth hour of night until the ſixt;
Yet the bold *Britoneſs* was nought ydred,
Though much emmov'd, but ſtedfaſt ſtill perſevered.

3.

All ſuddenly a ſtormy whirlwind blew
Throughout the houſe, that clapped every dore:
With which, that Iron Wicket open flew,
As it with mighty levers had been tore:
And forth iſſu'd, as on the ready flore
Of ſome Theater, a grave Perſonage,
That in his hand a branch of Laurel bore,
With comely havcour and count'nance ſage,
Yclad in coſtly garments fit for Tragick Stage.

4.

Proceeding to the midſt, he ſtill did ſtand,
As if in mind he ſomewhat had to ſay;
And to the vulgar beckning with his hand,
In ſign of ſilence as to hear a Play,
By lively actions he gan bewray
Some Argument of matter paſſioned;
Which doen, he back retired ſoft away;
And paſſing by, his name diſcovered,
Eaſe, on his Robe in golden Letters cyphered.

5.

The noble Maid, ſtill ſtanding, all this view'd,
And marvail'd at his ſtrange intendiment.
With that, a joyous fellowſhip iſſu'd
Of Minſtrals, making goodly merriment,
With wanton Bards, and Rymers impudent;
All which together ſung full chearfully
A lay of loves delight, with ſweet concent:
After whom, marcht a jolly company,
In manner of a mask, enranged orderly.

6.

The whiles a moſt delicious harmony,
In full ſtrange notes was ſweetly heard to ſound,
That the rare ſweetneſs of the melody
The feeble ſenſes wholly did confound,
And the frail Soul in deep delight nigh drown'd:
And when it ceaſt ſhrill Trumpets loud did bray,
That their report did far away rebound,
And when they ceaſt, it gan again to play,
The whiles the Maskers marched forth in trim array.

7.

The firſt was *Fancy*, like a lovely boy,
Of rare Aſpect, and Beauty without peer;
Matchable either to that imp of *Troy*,
Whom *Jove* did love, and choſe his cup to bear,
Or that ſame dainty Lad, which was ſo dear
To great *Alcides*, that when as he dy'd,
He wailed woman-like with many a tear,
And every Wood and every Valley wide
He fill'd with *Hylas* name; the Nymphs eke *Hylas* cry'd.

8.

His garment neither was of ſilk nor ſay,
But painted plumes, in goodly order dight,
Like as the Sun-burnt *Indians* do array
Their tawny bodies, in their proudeſt plight:
As thoſe ſame plumes, ſo ſeem'd he vain and light,
That by his gate might eaſily appear;
For, ſtill he far'd as dancing in delight,
And in his hand a windy fan did bear,
That in the idle Air he mov'd ſtill here and there.

9.

And him beſide marcht amorous *Deſire*,
Who ſeem'd of riper years than th'other Swain;
Yet was that other Swain this Elders Sire,
And gave him being, common to them twain:
His garment was diſguiſed very vain,
And his embrodered Bonet ſat awry;
Twixt both his hands few ſparks he cloſe did ſtrain,
Which ſtill he blew, and kindled buſily,
That ſoon they life conceiv'd, & forth in flames did fly.

10.

Next after him went *Doubt*, who was yclad
In a diſcolour'd cote, of ſtrange diſguiſe,
That at his back a broad Capuccio had,
And ſleeves dependant *Albaneſe*-wiſe:
He lookt askew with his miſtruſtfull eyes,
And nicely trode, as thorns lay in his way,
Or that the flore to ſhrink he did aviſe,
And one a broken reed he ſtill did ſtay
His feeble ſteps, which ſhrunk, when hard thereon he lay.

11

With him went *Danger*, cloth'd in ragged weed,
Made of Bears skin, that him more dreadfull made:
Yet his own face was dreadfull, ne did need
Strange horror, to deform his grieſly ſhade;
A net in th'one hand, and a ruſty blade
In th'other was: this Miſchief, that Miſhap;
With th'one his foes he threatned to invade,
With th'other he his friends ment to enwrap;
For, whom he could not kill, he practiz'd to entrap:

12.

Next him was *Fear*, all arm'd from top to toe,
Yet thought himſelf not ſafe enough thereby,
But feard each ſhadow moving to and fro:
And his own arms when glittering he did ſpy,
Or claſhing heard, he faſt away did fly,
As aſhes pale of hew, and wingy-heeld;
And evermore on danger fixt his eye,
Gainſt whom he always bent a brazen ſhield,
Which his right hand unarmed fearfully did wield.

13.

With him went *Hope* in rank, a handſom Mayd,
Of chearfull look, and lovely to behold;
In ſilken ſamite ſhe was light arrayd,
And her fair locks were woven up in gold;
She alway ſmil'd, and in her hand did hold
An holy water Sprinkle, dipt in deaw,
With which ſhe ſprinkled favours manifold,
On whom ſhe liſt, and did great liking ſhew;
Great liking unto many, but true love to few.

14.

And after them *Diſſemblance* and *Suſpect*
Marcht in one rank, yet an unequal pair:
For, ſhe was gentle, and of mild aſpect,
Courteous to all, and ſeeming debonair,
Goodly adorned, and exceeding fair:
Yet was that all but painted, and purloynd,
And her bright brows were deckt with borrowed hair,
Her deeds were forged, and her words falſe coynd,
And always in her hand two clews of ſilk ſhe twynd.

But

15.

But he was foul, ill-favoured, and grim,
Under his eye-brows looking ſtill aſcaunce;
And ever as *Diſſemblance* laught on him,
He lowr'd on her with dangerous eye-glance;
Shewing his nature in his countenance;
His rolling eyes did never reſt in place,
But walkt each where, for fear of hid miſchance,
Holding a lattice ſtill before his face,
Through which he ſtill did peep, as forward he did paſs.

16.

Next him went *Grief*, and *Fury* matcht yfere;
Grief all in ſable, ſorrowfully clad,
Down-hanging his dull head with heavy chear,
Yet inly being more than ſeeming ſad:
A pair of pincers in his hand he had,
With which he pinched people to the hart,
That from thenceforth a wretched life they lad,
In wilful langour and conſuming ſmart,
Dying each day with inward wounds of dolours dart.

17.

But *Fury* was full ill apparelled
In rags, that naked nigh ſhe did appear,
With ghaſtful looks and dreadful drerihed;
For, from her back her garments ſhe did tear,
And from her head oft rent her ſnarled hear:
In her right hand a fire-brand ſhe did toſs
About her head, ſtill roming here and there;
As a diſmayed Deer in chace emboſt,
Forgetful of his ſafety, hath his right way loſt.

18.

After them, went *Diſpleaſure* and *Pleaſance*;
He looking lompiſh and full ſullen ſad,
And hanging down his heavy countenance;
She chearful freſh and full of joyance glad,
As if no ſorrow ſhe ne felt, ne drad;
That evil matched pair they ſeem'd to be:
An angry Waſp th'one in a Vial had:
Th'other in hers an hony-lady Bee;
Thus marched theſe ſix couples forth in fair degree.

19.

After all theſe, there marcht a moſt fair Dame,
Led of two gryſie villains, th'one *Deſpight*,
The other cleped *Cruelty* by name:
She doleful Lady, like a dreary ſpright,
Call'd by ſtrong charms out of Eternal night,
Had Deaths own Image figur'd in her face,
Full of ſad ſigns, fearful to living ſight;
Yet in that horrour ſhew'd a ſeemly grace,
And with her feeble feet did move a comely pace.

20.

Her breſt all naked, as net Ivory,
Without adorn of gold or ſilver bright,
Wherewith the Craftſ-man wonts it beautifie,
Of her due honour was deſpoyled quight,
And a wide wound therein (O rueful ſight!)
Entrenched deep with knife accurſed keen,
Yet freſhly bleeding forth her fainting ſpright
(The work of cruel hand) was to be ſeen,
That dy'd in Sanguine red her skin all ſnowy clean.

21.

At that wide orifice, her trembling hart
Was drawn forth, and in ſilver baſin laid,
Quite through transfixed with a deadly dart,
And in her blood yet ſteeming freſh embay'd:
And thoſe two Villains which her ſteps upſtaid,
When her weak feet could ſcarcely her ſuſtain,
And fading vital powers gan to fade,
Her forward ſtill with torture did conſtrain,
And evermore encreaſed her conſuming pain.

22.

Next after her, the winged God himſelf
Came riding on a Lyon ravenous,
Taught to obey the menage of that Elf,
That Man and Beaſt with powre imperious
Subdueth to his Kingdom tyrannous:
His blindful eyes he bade a while unbind,
That his proud ſpoil of that ſame dolorous
Fair Dame he might behold in perfect kind;
Which ſeen, he much rejoyced in his cruel mind.

23.

Of which full proud, himſelf up-rearing hye,
He looked round about with ſtern diſdain;
And did ſurvey his goodly company:
And marſhalling the evil ordered train,
With that the darts which his right hand did ſtrain,
Full dreadfully he ſhook that all did quake,
And clapt on high his coloured wings twain,
That all his many it afraid did make:
Tho, blinding him again, his way he forth did take.

24.

Behind him was *Reproach*, *Repentance*, *Shame*;
Reproach the firſt, *Shame* next, *Repent* behind:
Repentance feeble, ſorrowful and lame:
Reproach deſpightful, careleſs, and unkind;
Shame moſt ill-favour'd, beaſtial, and blind:
Shame lowr'd, *Repentance* ſigh't, *Reproach* did ſcold;
Reproach ſharp ſtings, *Repentance* whips entwyn'd,
Shame burning brond-yrons in her hand did hold:
All three to each unlike, yet all made in one mould.

25.

And after them a rude confuſed rout
Of perſons flockt, whoſe names is hard to read:
Emongſt them was ſtern *Strife*, and *Anger* ſtout,
Unquiet *Care*, and fond *Unthriftyhed*,
Lewd *Loſs of Time*, and *Sorrow* ſeeming dead,
Inconſtant *Change*, and falſe *Diſloyalty*,
Conſuming *Rioti ſe*, and guilty *Dread*
Of Heavenly vengeance, faint *Infirmity*,
Vile *Poverty*, and laſtly *Death* with infamy.

26.

There were full many moe like maladies,
Whoſe names and natures I no'te readen well;
So many moe, as there be fantaſies
In wavering womens wit, that none can tell,
Or pains in Love, or puniſhments in Hell;
All which diſguiſed marcht in masking wiſe,
About the chamber with that Damozell,
And then returned (having marched thrice)
Into the inner room from whence they firſt did riſe.

27.

So soon as they were in, the door streightway
Fast locked, driven with that stormy blast,
Which first it opened; and bore all away.
Then the brave Maid, which all this while was plac't,
In secret shade, and saw both first and last,
Issued forth, and went unto the dore,
To enter in, but found it locked fast:
In vain she thought with rigorous uprore
For to efforce, when charms had closed it afore.

28.

Where force might not avail, there sleights and Art
She cast to use, both fit for hard emprize;
For-thy, from that same room not to depart
Till morrow next, she did her self avize,
When that same Mask again should forth arize.
The morrow next appear'd with joyous chear,
Calling Men to their daily exercise;
Then she, as morrow fresh, her self did rear
Out of her secret stand, that day for to outwear.

29.

All that day she outwore in wondering,
And gazing on that Chambers ornament,
Till that again the second evening
Her covered with her sable vestiment,
Wherewith the World's fair beauty she hath blent:
Then when the second watch was almost past,
That brazen door flew open, and in went
Bold *Britomart*, as she had late forecast,
Neither of idle shews, nor of false charms aghast.

30.

So soon as she was entred, round about
She cast her eyes, to see what was become
Of all those persons, which she saw without:
But lo, they straight were vanisht all and some,
Ne living wight she saw in all that room,
Save that same woful Lady; both whose hands
Were bounden fast, that did her ill become,
And her small waste girt round with Iron bands,
Unto a brazen pillar, by the which she stands.

31.

And her before, the vile Enchanter sate,
Figuring strange Characters of his Art:
With living blood he those characters wrote,
Dreadfully dropping from her dying hart,
Seeming transfixed with a cruel dart;
And all perforce to make her him to love.
Ah! who can love the worker of her smart?
A thousand charms he formerly did prove;
Yet thousand charms could not her stedfast hart remove.

32.

Soon as that Virgin Knight he saw in place,
His wicked books in haste he overthrew,
Not caring his long labours to deface;
And fiercely running to the Lady true,
A murd'rous knife out of his pocket drew;
The which he thought, for villainous despight,
In her tormented body to embrue:
But the stout Damzel to him leaping light,
His cursed hand withheld, and maistered his might.

33.

From her, to whom his fury first he ment,
The wicked Weapon rashly he did wrest;
And turning to her self his fell intent,
Unwares it strook into her snowy chest,
That little drops empurpled her fair brest.
Exceeding wroth therewith the Virgin grew,
Albe the wound were nothing deep imprest,
And fiercely forth her mortal blade she drew,
To give him the reward for such vile outrage due.

34.

So mightily she smote him, that to ground
He fell half dead; next stroke him should have slain,
Had not the Lady which by him stood bound,
Dernly unto her called to abstain,
From doing him to dye. For, else her pain
Should be remedilesse, sith none but he,
Which wrought it, could the same recure again.
Therewith she staid her hand loth staid to be;
For, life she him envy'd, and long'd revenge to see:

35.

And to him said, Thou wicked man, whose meed
For so huge mischief, and vile villany,
Is death, or if that ought do death exceed,
Be sure, that nought may save thee from to dy,
But if that thou this Dame do presently
Restore unto her health, and former state;
This doe and live, else dye undoubtedly.
He glad of life, that lookt for death but late,
Did yield himself right willing to prolong his date.

36.

And rising up, gan streight to overlook
Those cursed leaves, his charms back to reverse;
Full dreadful things out of that baleful book
He read and measured many a sad verse,
That horrour gan the Virgins heart to pierse,
And her fair locks up stared stiff on end,
Hearing him those same bloody lines rehearse;
And all the while he read, she did extend
Her Sword high over him, if ought he did offend.

37.

Anon she gan perceive the house to quake,
And all the doors to rattle round about;
Yet all that did not her dismayed make,
Nor slack her threatful hand for dangers dout:
But still with stedfast eye and courage stout
Abode, to weet what end would come of all.
At last, that mighty chain, which round about
Her tender waste was wound, adown gan fall,
And that great brazen pillar broke in pieces small.

38.

The cruel steel which thrill'd her dying hart,
Fell softly forth, as of his own accord:
And the wide wound, which lately did dispart
Her bleeding breast, and riven bowels gor'd,
Was closed up, as it had not been bor'd:
And every part to safety full sound,
As she were never hurt, was soon restor'd.
Tho, when she felt her self to be unbound,
And perfect whole, prostrate she fell unto the ground:

Before

39.

Before fair *Britomart*, she fell prostrate,
Saying; Ah noble Knight, what worthy meed
Can wretched Lady, quit from woful state,
Yield you in lieu of this your gracious deed?
Your vertue self her own reward shall breed,
Even immortal praise, and glory wide,
Which I your vassal, by your prowess freed,
Shall through the World make to be notify'd,
And goodly well advance, that goodly well was try'd.

40.

But *Britomart*, uprearing her from ground,
Said, Gentle Dame, reward enough I ween
For many labours more than I have found,
This, that in safety now I have you seen,
And mean of your deliverance have been:
Henceforth fair Lady comfort to you take,
And put away remembrance of late teen;
Instead thereof know, that your loving Make
Hath no less grief endured for your gentle sake.

41.

She much was chear'd to hear him mention'd,
Whom of all living wights she loved best.
Then laid the noble Championess strong hond
Upon th'Enchanter, which had her distrest
So sore, and with foul outrages oppress:
With that great chain, wherewith not long ygo
He bound that pitious Lady prisoner, now releast,
Himself she bound, more worthy to be so,
And captive with her led to wretchedness and wo.

42.

Returning back, those goodly rooms, which erst
She saw so rich and royally array'd,
Now vanisht utterly, and clean subverst
She found, and all their glory quite decay'd,
That sight of such a change her much dismay'd.
Thence forth descending to that perlous Porch,
Those dreadful flames she also found delay'd,
And quenched quite, like a consumed torch,
That erst all entrers wont so cruelly to scorch.

43.

More easie issue now, then entrance late
She found: for, now that fained dreadful flame,
Which chok't the porch of that enchanted gate,
And passage barr'd to all that thither came,
Was vanisht quite, as it were not the same,
And gave her leave at pleasure forth to pass.
Th'Enchanter self, which all that fraud did frame,
To have effoer't the love of that fair Lass,
Seeing his work now wasted, deep engrieved was.

44.

But when the Victoress arrived there,
Where late she left the pensive *Scudamore*,
With her own trusty Squire, both full of fear,
Neither of them she found where she them lore:
Thereat her noble heart was stonisht sore;
But most, fair *Amoret*, whose gentle spright
Now gan to feed on hope, which she before
Conceived had, to see her own dear Knight,
Being thereof beguil'd was fill'd with new affright.

45

But he sad Man, when he had long in dreed
Awaited there for *Britomarts* return,
Yet saw her not nor sign of her good speed,
His expectation to despair did turn,
Misdeeming sure that her those flames did burn;
And therefore gan advize with her old Squire,
Who her dear nourslings loss no less did mourn,
Thence to depart for further aid t'enquire:
Where let them wend at will, whil'st here I do respire.

The End of the Third Book.

A Viſion upon this Conceipt of the FAIRY QUEEN.

METhought I ſaw the Grave, where *Laura* lay,
Within that Temple, where the Veſtal flame
Was wont to burn; and paſſing by that way,
To ſee that buried duſt of living Fame,
Whoſe Tomb fair Love, and fairer Vertue kept,
All ſuddenly I ſaw the *Fairy Queen*:
At whoſe approach the Soul of *Petrark* wept,
And from thenceforth thoſe Graces were not ſeen.
For, they this Queen attended, in whoſe ſtead
Oblivion laid him down on *Lauras* Herſe:
Hereat the hardeſt Stones were ſeen to bleed,
And groans of buried Ghoſts the Heavens did perſe;
Where *Homers* ſpright did tremble all for grief,
And curſt th'acceſs of that Celeſtial Thief.

Another of the ſame.

THe praiſe of meaner Wits this work like profit brings,
As doth the Cuckoes Song when *Philumena* ſings.
If thou haſt formed right true Vertues Face herein:
Vertue her ſelf can beſt diſcern, to whom they written bin.
If thou haſt Beauty prais'd, let her ſole looks Divine
Judge if ought therein be amiſs, and mend it by her Eyne.
If Chaſtity want ought, or Temperance her due,
Behold her Princely mind aright, and wright thy Queen anew.
Mean while ſhe ſhall perceive, how far her vertues ſore
Above the reach of all that live, or ſuch as wrote of yore:
And thereby will excuſe and favour thy good will:
Whoſe Vertue cannot be expreſt, but by an Angels quill:
Of me no Lines are lov'd, nor Letters are of price,
Of all which ſpeak our *Engliſh* Tongue, but thoſe of thy device.

W. R.

To the Learned SHEPHERD.

COllin, I ſee by thy new taken task,
Some Sacred Fury hath enricht thy Brains,
That leads thy Muſe in haughty Verſe to Mask,
And loath the Lays that longs to lowly Swains,
That lifts thy notes from Shepherds unto Kings,
So like the lively Lark that mounting ſings.

Thy lovely *Roſalinde* ſeems now forlorn,
And all thy gentle flocks forgotten quight.
Thy chainged heart now holds thy Pipes in ſcorn,
Thoſe pritty Pipes that did thy Mates delight;
Thoſe truſty Mates, that loved thee ſo well,
Whom thou gav'ſt mirth: as they gave thee the bell.

Yet as thou earſt with thy ſweet Roundelays,
Didſt ſtir to glee our Lads in homely Bowres,
So mought'ſt thou now in theſe refined Lays,
Delight the dainty ears of higher Powers.
And ſo mought they in their deep ſcanning skill
Allow and grace our *Collin*'s flowing quill.

And fair befal that *Fairy Queen* of thine,
In whoſe fair eyes Love linkt with Vertue ſits;
Enfuſing, by thoſe Beauties fires Divine,
Such high conceits into thy humble Wits,
As raized hath poor Paſtors Oaten Reeds,
From Ruſtick Tunes, to chaunt Heroick deeds.

So mought thy *Red-croſs Knight* with happy hand
Victorious be in that fair Iſlands right,
Which thou doſt vail in type of Fairy Land,
Elyza's bleſſed field, that *Albion* hight:
That ſhields her Friends, and wars her mighty foes,
Yet ſtill with people, peace, and plenty flows.

But (jolly Shepherd) though, with pleaſing ſtile,
Thou feaſt the humour of the courtly train:
Let not conceit thy ſettled ſenſe beguil,
Ne daunted be through envy or diſdain.
Subject thy doom to her Empyring ſpright,
From whence thy Muſe, and all the World takes light.

Hobynoll.

THE SECOND PART OF THE FAIRY QUEEN:

CONTAINING

The { FOURTH, / FIFTH, and / SIXTH } BOOK.

By *EDMUND SPENSER.*

LONDON,

Printed by *Henry Hills* for *Jonathan Edwin*, at the Three Roſes in *Ludgate-ſtreet.* 1678.

LONDON

PARIS

SECOND

LINE

THE

FOURTH BOOK

OF THE

Fairy Queen:

CONTAINING

The Legend of *CAMBEL* and *TELAMOND*; or, of Friendſhip.

1.

THe rugged Forhead, that with grave foreſight
Wields Kingdoms cauſes, and affairs of State,
My looſer rimes, I wot, doth ſharply wite,
For prayſing Love as I have done of late,
And magnifying Lovers dear debate;
By which, frail youth is oft to folly led,
Through falſe allurement of that pleaſing bait,
That were in vertues better diſcipled,
Then with vain Poems weeds to have their fancies fed.

2.

Such one's ill judge of love, that cannot love.
Ne in their frozen hearts feel kindly flame:
For-thy they ought not thing unknown reprove,
Ne natural affection faultleſs blame,
For fault of few that have abus'd the ſame.
For, it of honour and all vertue is
The Root, and brings forth glorious flowres of fame,
That crown true Lovers with immortal bliſs,
The meed of them that love, and do not live amiſs.

3.

Which whoſo liſt look back to former ages,
And call to count the things that then were done,
Shall find, that all the workers of thoſe wiſe Sages,
And brave exploits which great Heroes won.
In Love were either ended or begun:
Witneſs the Father of Philoſophy,
Which to his *Critias*, ſhaded oft from Sun,
Of Love full many Leſſons did apply,
The which theſe Stoick Cenſoures cannot well deny.

4.

To ſuch therefore I do not ſing at all;
But to that ſacred Saint my Soveraign Queen,
In whoſe chaſte breſt all bounty natural,
And Treaſure of true Love enlocked been,
But all her Sex that ever yet was ſeen;
To her I ſing of love, that loveth beſt,
And beſt is lov'd of all alive I ween:
To her, this ſong moſt fitly is addreſt, (bleſt.
The Queen of Love, and Prince of Peace from Heaven

5.

Which that ſhe may the better deign to hear,
Do thou drad Infant, *Venus* dearling dove,
From her high Spirit chaſe imperious fear,
And uſe of aweful Majeſty remove:
Inſtead whereof with drops of melting love,
Dew'd with Ambroſial kiſſes, by thee gotten
From thy ſweet ſmiling mother from above,
Sprinkle her heart, and haughty courage ſoften,
That ſhe may hark to love, and read this leſſon often.

CANTO I.

Fair Britomart *ſaves* Amoret:
Dueſſa *diſcord breeds*,
'Twixt Scudamour *and* Blandamour:
Their fight and warlike deeds.

1.

OF Lovers ſad calamities of old,
Full many pitious ſtories do remain:
But none more pitious ever was ytold,
Than that of *Amorets* hart-binding chain,
And this of *Florimels* unworthy pain:
The dear compaſſion of whoſe bitter fit
My ſoftned heart ſo ſorely doth conſtrain,
That I with tears full oft do pity it,
And oftentimes do wiſh it never had been writ.

2.

For, from the time that *Scudamour* her bought
In perilous fight, ſhe never joyed day,
A perilous fight when he with force her brought
From twenty Knights that did him all aſſay:
Yet fairly well he did them all diſmay:
And with great glory both the ſhield of Love,
And eke the Lady ſelf he brought away;
Whom having wedded as did him behove,
A new unknowen miſchief did from him remove.

3.

For, that ſame vile Enchaunter *Buſyran*,
The very ſelf ſame day that ſhe was wedded,
Amidſt the bridal feaſt, whil'ſt every man
Surcharg'd with wine, were heedleſs and ill headed,
All bent to mirth before the bride was bedded,
Brought in that Maske of love which late was ſhown:
And there the Lady ill of friends beſtedded,
By way of ſport, as oft in Masks is known,
Conveyed quite away to living wight unknown.

4.

Seven moneths he ſo her kept in bitter ſmart,
Becauſe his ſinful luſt ſhe would not ſerve,
Until ſuch time as noble *Britomart*
Releaſed her, that elſe was like to ſterve,
Through cruel knife that her dear heart did kerve.
And now ſhe is with her upon the way,
Marching in lovely wiſe, that could deſerve
No ſpot of blame, though ſpite did oft aſſay
To blot her with diſhonour of ſo fair a pray.

5.

Yet ſhould it be a pleaſant tale to tell
The diverſe uſage and demeanure daint,
That each to other made, as oft befell,
For, *Amoret* right fearful was and faint,
Leſt ſhe with blame her honour ſhould attaint,
That every word did tremble as ſhe ſpake,
And every look was coy, and wondrous quaint,
And every limb that touched her did quake:
Yet could ſhe not but courteous countenance to her make.

6.

For, well ſhe wiſt, as true it was indeed,
That her lives Lord, and Patron of her health,
Right well deſerved as his dueful meed,
Her love, her ſervice, and her utmoſt wealth.
All is his juſtly, that all freely dealth:
Natheleſs her honour, dearer than her life,
She ſought to ſave, as thing reſerv'd from ſtealth;
Dye had ſhe lever with Enchanters knife,
Than to be falſe in love, profeſt a virgin Wife.

7.

Thereto her fear was made ſo much the greater
Through fine abuſion of that Briton maid:
Who, for to hide her fained ſex the better,
And maſk her wounded mind, both did and ſaid
Full many things ſo doubtful to be waid,
That well ſhe wiſt not what by them to gheſs:
For, otherwhiles to her ſhe purpoſe made
Of love, and otherwhiles of luſtfulneſs,
That much ſhe fear'd his mind wold grow to ſome exceſs.

8.

His will ſhe fear'd; for him ſhe ſurely thought
To be a man, ſuch as indeed he ſeem'd;
And much the more, by that he lately wrought,
When her from deadly thraldome he redeem'd,
For which no ſervice ſhe too much eſteem'd;
Yet dread of ſhame, and doubt of foul diſhonour,
Made her not yield ſo much, as due ſhe deem'd.
Yet *Britomart* attended duly on her,
As well became a Knight, and did to her all honour.

9.

It ſo befell one evening, that they came
Unto a Caſtle, lodged there to be,
Where many a Knight, and many a lovely Dame
Was then aſſembled, deeds of arms to ſee:
Amongſt all which was none more fair than ſhe,
That many of them mov'd to eye her ſore.
The cuſtom of that place was ſuch, that he
Which had no Love nor Lemman there in ſtore,
Should either win him one, or lye without the door.

10.

Amongſt the reſt there was a jolly Knight,
Who being asked for his Love, avow'd
That faireſt *Amoret* was his by right,
And offred that to juſtifie alowd.
The war-like Virgin, ſeeing his ſo prowd
And boaſtful chalenge, wexed inly wroth,
But for the preſent did her anger ſhrowd;
And ſaid, her Love to loſe ſhe was full loth,
But either he ſhould neither of them have, or both.

11.

So forth they went, and both together giuſted;
But that ſame younker ſoon was over-thrown,
And made repent, that he had raſhly luſted
For thing unlawful, that was not his own:
Yet ſith he ſeemed valiant, though unknown,
She that no leſs was curteous and ſtout,
Caſt how to ſalve, that both the cuſtom ſhown
Were kept, and yet that Knight not locked out;
That ſeem'd full hard t'accord two things ſo far in dout.

12.

The Seneſchal' was call'd to deem the right:
Whom ſhe requir'd, that firſt fair *Amoret*
Might be to her allow'd, as to a Knight,
That did her win, and free from challenge ſet:
Which ſtraight to her was yielded without let.
Then ſith that ſtrange Knights Love from him was quitted,
She claim'd that to her ſelf, as Ladies det,
He as a Knight might juſtly be admitted:
So none ſhould be out-ſhut, ſith all of Loves were fitted.

13.

With that, her gliſtring helmet ſhe unlac'd;
Which doft, her golden locks, that were up-bound
Still in a knot, unto her heels down trac'd,
And like a ſilken veil in compaſs round
About her back and all her body wound:
Like as the ſhining sky in Summers night,
What time the days with ſcorching heat abound,
Is creaſted all with lines of fiery light,
That it prodigious ſeems in common peoples ſight.

14.

Such when thoſe Knights and Ladies all about
Beheld her, all were with amazement ſmit,
And every one gan grow in ſecret dout
Of this and that, according to each wit.
Some thought, that ſome enchauntment fained it;
Some, that *Bellona* in that warlike wiſe
To them appear'd, with ſhield and armour fit;
Some, that it was a maſk of ſtrange diſguiſe:
So diverſly each one did ſundry doubts deviſe.

But

15.

But that young Knight, which through her gentle deed
Was to that goodly fellowſhip reſtor'd,
Ten thouſand thanks did yield her for her meed,
And doubly overcommen, her ador'd:
So did they all their former ſtrife accord;
And eke fair *Amoret*, now freed from fear,
More frank affection did to her afford,
And to her bed, which ſhe was wont forbear,
Now freely drew, and found right ſafe aſſurance there.

16.

Where, all that night they of their Loves did treat,
And hard adventures twixt themſelves alone,
That each the other gan with paſſion great,
And grief-full pity privately be-mone.
The morrow next, ſo ſoon as *Titan* ſhone,
They both up-roſe, and to their ways them dight:
Long wandred they, yet never met with one
That to their wills could them direct aright,
Or to them tydings tell, that mote their hearts delight.

17.

Lo, thus they rode, till at the laſt they ſpide
Two armed Knights, that toward them did paſe,
And each of them had riding by his ſide
A Lady, ſeeming in ſo far a ſpace:
But Ladies none they were, albe in face
And outward ſhew fair ſemblance they did bear;
For, under mask of beauty and good grace,
Vile treaſon and foul falſhood hidden were,
That mote to none but to the wary wiſe appear.

18.

The one of them, the falſe *Dueſſa* hight,
That now had chang'd her former wonted hew:
For, ſhe could d'on ſo many ſhapes in ſight,
As ever could Chameleon colours new;
So could ſhe forge all colours, ſave the trew.
The other, no whit better was than ſhe,
But that ſuch as ſhe was, ſhe plain did ſhew;
Yet otherwiſe much worſe, if worſe might be,
And daily more offenſive unto each degree.

19.

Her name was *Ate*, Mother of debate,
And all diſſention, which doth daily grow
Amongſt frail men, that many a publick ſtate
And many a private oft doth over-throw.
Her, falſe *Dueſſa*, who full well did know
To be moſt fit to trouble noble Knights
Which hunt for honour, raiſed from below
Out of the dwellings of the damned ſprights,
Where ſhe in darkneſs waſts her curſed days and nights.

20.

Hard by the gates of Hell her dwelling is,
There where-as all the plagues and harms abound,
Which puniſh wicked men, that walk amiſs:
It is a darkſom delve far under ground,
With thorns and barren brakes environd round,
That none the ſame may eaſily out-win;
Yet many ways to enter may be found,
But none to iſſue forth when one is in:
For, diſcord harder is to end than to begin.

21.

And all within, the riven walls were hung,
With ragged monuments of times fore-paſt;
All which, the ſad effects of diſcord ſung:
There were rent robes, and broken ſcepters plac't,
Altars defil'd, and holy things defac't,
Diſhevered ſpears, and ſhields ytorn in twain,
Great Cities ranſackt, and ſtrong Caſtles ras't,
Nations captived, and huge armies ſlain:
Of all which ruines there ſome reliques did remain.

22.

There was the ſign of antique Babylon,
Of fatal Thebes, of Rome that raigned long,
Of ſacred Salem, and ſad Ilion,
For memory of which, on high there hong
The golden Apple (cauſe of all their wrong)
For which the three fair Goddeſſes did ſtrive:
There alſo was the name of *Nimrod* ſtrong,
Of *Alexander*, and his Princes five,
Which ſhar'd to them the ſpoyls that he had got alive.

23.

And there the reliques of the drunken fray,
The which amongſt the *Lapithees* befell,
And of the bloody feaſt, which ſent away
So many *Centaures* drunken ſouls to hell,
That under great *Alcides* fury fell:
And of the dreadful diſcord, which did drive
The noble *Argonauts* to out-rage fell,
That each of life ſought others to deprive,
All mindleſs of the Golden-fleece, which made them (ſtrive.

24.

And eke of private perſons many moe,
That were too long a work to count them all;
Some of ſworn friends, that did their faith forgoe;
Some of born brethren prov'd unnatural;
Some of dear Lovers, foes perpetual:
Witneſs their broken bands there to be ſeen,
Their girlonds rent, their bowres deſpoyled all;
The moniments whereof there byding been,
As plain as at the firſt, when they were freſh and green.

25.

Such was her houſe within; but all without,
The barren ground was full of wicked weeds,
Which ſhe her ſelf had ſowen all abour,
Now growen great, at firſt of little ſeeds,
The ſeeds of evil words, and factious deeds;
Which when to ripeneſs due they growen are,
Bring forth an infinite increaſe, that breeds
Tumultuous trouble and contentious jar,
The which moſt often end in blood-ſhed and in war.

26.

And thoſe ſame curſed ſeeds do alſo ſerve
To her for bread, and yield her living food:
For, life it is to her, when others ſterve
Through miſchievous debate, and deadly feood,
That ſhe may ſuck their life, and drink their blood,
With which ſhe from her childhood had been fed.
For, ſhe at firſt was born of helliſh brood,
And by infernal Furies nouriſhed,
That by her monſtrous ſhape might eaſily be red.

27.

Her face moſt foul and filthy was to ſee,
With ſquinted eyes contrary ways intended,
And loathly mouth, unmeet a mouth to be,
That nought but gall and venim comprehended,
And wicked words, that God and man offended:
Her lying tongue was in two parts divided,
And both the parts did ſpeak, and both contended;
And as her tongue, ſo was her heart diſcided,
That never thought one thing, but doubly ſtill was guided.

28.

Als as ſhe double ſpake, ſo heard ſhe double,
With matchleſs ears deformed and diſtort,
Fild with falſe rumors and ſeditious trouble,
Bred in aſſemblies of the vulgar ſort,
That ſtill are led with every light report.
And as her ears, ſo eke her feet were odd,
And much unlike; th' one long, the other ſhort,
And both miſplac't; that when th' one forward yode,
The other back retired, and contrary trode.

29.

Likewiſe unequal were her handes twain:
That one did reach, the other puſht away;
That one did make, the other mar'd again,
And ſought to bring all things unto decay;
Whereby great riches, gathered many a day,
She in ſhort ſpace did often bring to nought,
And their poſſeſſors often did diſmay.
For, all her ſtudy was, and all her thought, (wrought.
How ſhe might overthrow the things that Concord

30.

So much her malice did her might ſurpaſs,
That even th'Almighty ſelf ſhe did maligne,
Becauſe to man ſo merciful he was,
And unto all his creatures ſo benigne,
Sith ſhe her ſelf was of his grace indigne:
For, all this worlds fair workmanſhip ſhe tride,
Unto his laſt confuſion to bring,
And that great golden chain quite to divide,
With which it bleſſed Concord hath together tide.

31.

Such was that hag, which with *Dueſſa* rode;
And ſerving her in her malicious uſe,
To hurt good Knights, was as it were her bawd,
To ſell her borrowed beauty to abuſe.
For, though like whithered tree, that wanteth juyce,
She old and crooked were, yet now of late,
As freſh and fragrant as the Flowre-deluce
She was become, by change of her eſtate,
And made full goodly joyance to her new found mate.

32.

Her mate he was a jolly youthful Knight,
That bore great ſway in arms and chivalry,
And was indeed a man of mickle might:
His name was *Blandamour*, that did deſcry
His fickle mind full of inconſtancy.
And now himſelf he fitted had right well,
With two companions of like quality,
Faithleſs *Dueſſa*, and falſe *Paridell*,
That whether were more falſe, full hard it is to tell.

33.

Now when this gallant, with his goodly crew,
From fare ſpide the famous *Britomart*,
A like Knight adventurous in outward view,
With his fair Paragon (his conqueſts part)
Approching nigh, eftſoons his wanton hart
Was tickled with delight, and jeſting ſaid;
Lo there, Sir *Paridell*, for your deſart,
Good luck preſents you with yond lovely maid,
For pity that ye want a fellow for your aid.

34.

By that, the lovely pair drew nigh to hond:
Whom when as *Paridell* more plain beheld,
Albe in heart he like affection fond,
Yet mindful how he late by one was fel'd,
That did thoſe arms and that ſame ſcutchion wel'd,
He had ſmall luſt to buy his Love ſo dear:
But anſwered, Sir, him wiſe I never held,
That having once eſcaped peril near,
Would afterwards afreſh the ſleeping evil rear.

35.

This Knight too late his manhood and his might
I did aſſay, that me right dearly coſt;
Ne liſt I for revenge provoke new fight,
Ne for light Ladies love, that ſoon is loſt.
The hot-ſpur youth ſo ſcorning to be croſt,
Take then to you this Dame of mine, quoth he,
And I without your peril or your coſt,
Will challenge yond ſame other for my fee:
So forth he fiercely prickt, that one him ſcarce could ſee.

36.

The warlike *Britonneſs* her ſoon addreſt,
And with ſuch uncouth welcome did receive
Her fained Paramour, her forced gueſt.
That being forc't his ſaddle ſoon to leave,
Himſelf he did of his new Love deceave:
And made himſelf th'enſample of his folly.
Which done, ſhe paſſed forth not taking leave,
And left him now as ſad, as whilom jolly,
Well warned to beware with whom he dar'd to dally.

37.

Which when his other company beheld,
They to his ſuccour ran with ready aid:
And finding him unable once to wel'd,
They reared him on Horſe-back, and up-ſtaid,
Till on his way they had him forth convay'd:
And all the way with wondrous grief of mind
And ſhame, he ſhew'd himſelf to be diſmay'd,
More for the Love which he had left behind,
Than that which he had to Sir *Paridell* reſign'd.

38.

Nath'leſs, he forth did march well as he might,
And made good ſemblance to his company,
Diſſembling his diſeaſe and evil plight;
Till that ere long they chanced to eſpy
Two other Knights, that towards them did ply
With ſpeedy courſe, as bent to charge them new.
Whom, when as *Blandamour*, approching nigh,
Perceiv'd to be ſuch as they ſeem'd in view,
He was full woe, and gan his former grief renew.

For,

39.

For, th' one of them he perfectly deſcride,
To be Sir *Scudamore*, by that he bore
That God of Love, with wings diſplayed wide;
Whom mortally he hated evermore,
Both for his worth (that all men did adore)
And eke becauſe his Love he wone by right:
Which when he thought, it grieved him full ſore,
That through the bruzes of his former fight,
He now unable was to wreak his old deſpight.

40.

For-thy, he thus to *Paridell* beſpake,
Fair Sir, of friendſhip let me now you pray,
That as I late adventur'd for your ſake,
The hurts whereof me now from battel ſtay,
Ye will me now with like good turn repay,
And juſtifie my cauſe on yonder Knight.
Ah Sir! ſaid *Paridell*, do not diſmay
Your ſelf for this; my ſelf will for you fight,
As ye have done for me: the left hand rubs the right.

41.

With that, he put his ſpurs unto his ſteed,
With ſpear in reſt, and toward him did fare,
Like ſhaft out of a bow preventing ſpeed.
But *Scudamore* was ſhortly well aware
Of his approch, and gan himſelf prepare
Him to receive with entertainment meet.
So furiouſly they met, that either bare
The other down under their Horſes feet,
That what of them became, themſelves did ſcarcely weet.

42.

As when two billows in the Iriſh ſownds,
Forcibly driven with contrary tydes,
Do meet together, each aback rebownds
With roring rage; and daſhing on all ſides,
That filleth all the Sea with ſome, divides
The doubtful current into divers ways:
So fell thoſe two in ſpight of both their prides;
But *Scudamore* himſelf did ſoon up-raiſe,
And mounting light, his foe for lying long upbrayes.

43.

Who, rolled on a heap, lay ſtill in ſwound,
All careleſs of his taunt and bitter rail:
Till that the reſt him ſeeing lye on ground,
Ran haſtily, to weet what did him ail.
Where, finding that the breath gan him to fail,
With buſie care they ſtrove him to awake,
And doft his helmet, and undid his mail:
So much they did, that at the laſt they brake
His ſlumber, yet ſo mazed, that he nothing ſpake.

44.

Which when-as *Blandamour* beheld, he ſaid,
Falſe faitour *Scudamore*, that haſt by ſlight
And foul advantage this good Knight diſmay'd,
A Knight much better than thy ſelf behight;
Well falls it thee that I am not in plight,
This day, to wreak the damage by thee done:
Such is thy wont, that ſtill when any Knight
Is weakned, then thou doſt him over-rone;
So haſt thou to thy ſelf falſe honour often wone.

45.

He little anſwer'd, but in manly heart
His mighty indignation did forbear;
Which was not yet ſo ſecret, but ſome part
Thereof did in his frowning face appear:
Like as a gloomy clowd, the which doth bear
An hideous ſtorm, is by the Northern blaſt
Quite over-blown, yet doth not paſs ſo clear,
But that it all the sky doth over-caſt
With darkneſs drad, and threatens all the world to waſte.

46.

Ah! gentle Knight, then falſe *Dueſſa* ſaid,
Why do ye ſtrive for Ladies love ſo ſore,
Whoſe chief deſire is love and friendly aid
Mongſt gentle Knights to nouriſh evermore?
Ne be ye wroth Sir *Scudamore* therefore,
That ſhe your Love liſt love another Knight,
Ne do your ſelf diſlike awhit the more;
For, Love is free, and led with ſelf delight,
Ne will enforced be with maiſterdome or might.

47.

So falſe *Dueſſa*: but vile *Ate* thus;
Both fooliſh Knights, I can but laugh at both,
That ſtrive and ſtorm with ſtir out-rageous,
For her that each of you alike doth loth,
And loves another, with whom now ſhe go'th
In lovely wiſe, and ſleeps, and ſports, and plays;
Whil'ſt both you here with many a curſed oth,
Swear ſhe is yours, and ſtir up bloody frays,
To win a Willow-bough, whil'ſt other wears the Bays.

48.

Vile hag, ſaid *Scudamore*, why doſt thou lye?
And falſly ſeek'ſt a vertuous wight to ſhame?
Fond Knight, ſaid ſhe, the thing that with this eye
I ſaw, why ſhould I doubt to tell the ſame?
Then tell, quoth *Blandamour*, and fear no blame,
Tell what thou ſaw'ſt, maulgre who-ſo it hears.
I ſaw, quoth ſhe, a ſtranger Knight, whoſe name
I wote not well, but in his ſhield he bears
(That well I wote) the heads of many broken ſpears.

49.

I ſaw him have your *Amoret* at will,
I ſaw him kiſs, I ſaw him her embrace,
I ſaw him ſleep with her all night his fill,
All many nights, and many by in place,
That preſent were to teſtifie the caſe.
Which when as *Scudamore* did hear, his heart
Was thrild with inward grief, as when in chace
The Parthian ſtrikes a Stag with ſhivering dart,
The beaſt aſtoniſht ſtands in middeſt of his ſmart.

50.

So ſtood Sir *Scudamore* when this he heard;
Ne word he had to ſpeak for great diſmay,
But lookt on *Glauce* grim, who wox affear'd
Of out-rage for the words which ſhe heard ſay,
Albe untrue ſhe wiſt them by aſſay.
But *Blandamour*, when-as he did eſpy
His change of cheer, that anguiſh did bewray,
He wox full blith, as he had got thereby,
And gan thereat to triumph without victory.

La,

51.

Lo, recreant, ſaid he, the fruitleſs end
Of thy vain boaſt, and ſpoyl of love miſgotten,
Whereby the name of Knight-hood thou doſt ſhend,
And all true Lovers with diſhonour blotten:
All things not rooted well, will ſoon be rotten.
Fie, fie, falſe Knight, then falſe *Dueſſa* cride,
Unworthy life that love with guile haſt gotten;
Be thou, where-ever thou do go or ride,
Loathed of Ladies all, and of all Knights deſide.

52.

But *Scudamore* (for paſſing great deſpight)
Staid not to anſwer, ſcarcely did refrain,
But that in all thoſe Knights and Ladies ſight,
He for revenge had guiltleſs *Glauce* ſlain:
But being paſt, he thus began amain;
Falſe traytor Squire, falſe Squire of falſeſt Knight,
Why doth mine hand from thine avenge abſtain,
Whoſe Lord hath done my Love this foul deſpight?
Why do I not it wreak on thee, now in my might?

53.

Diſcourteous, diſloyal *Britomart*,
Untrue to God, and unto man unjuſt,
What vengeance due can equal thy deſart,
That haſt with ſhameful ſpot of ſinful luſt
Defil'd the pledge committed to thy truſt?
Let ugly ſhame, and endleſs infamy
Colour thy name with foul reproches ruſt.
Yet thou falſe Squire his fault ſhalt dear aby,
And with thy puniſhment his penance ſhall ſupply.

54.

The aged Dame him ſeeing ſo enrag'd,
Was dead with fear; nath'leſs as need requir'd,
His flaming fury ſought to have aſſwag'd
With ſober words, that ſufferance deſir'd,
Till time the tryal of her truth expir'd:
And evermore ſought *Britomart* to clear.
But he, the more with furious rage was fir'd,
And thrice his hand to kill her did uprear,
And thrice he drew it back: ſo did at laſt forbear.

CANTO II.

Blandamour *wins falſe* Florimell,
Paridell *for her ſtrives,*
They are accorded: Agape
doth lengthen her Sons lives.

1.

FIrebrand of Hell, firſt tin'd in *Phlegeton*,
By thouſand Furies, and from thence out-thrown
Into this world, to work confuſion,
And ſet it all on fire (by force unknown)
Is wicked Diſcord; whoſe ſmall ſparks, once blown,
None but a God, or god-like man can ſlake;
Such as was *Orpheus*, that when ſtrife was grown
Amongſt thoſe famous Imps of *Greece*, did take
His ſilver Harp in hand, and ſhortly friends them make.

2.

Or ſuch as that celeſtial Pſalmiſt was,
That when the wicked fiend his Lord tormented,
With heavenly notes that did all other paſs,
The out-rage of his furious fit relented.
Such muſick is wiſe words with time conſented,
To moderate ſtiff minds, diſpos'd to ſtrive:
Such as that prudent Roman well invented,
What time his people into parts did rive,
Them reconcil'd again, and to their homes did drive.

3.

Such us'd wiſe *Glauce* to that wrathful Knight,
To calm the Tempeſt of his troubled thought:
Yet *Blandamour*, with tearms of foul deſpight,
And *Paridell* her ſcorn'd, and ſet at nought,
As old and crooked, and not good for ought.
Both they unwiſe, and wareleſs of the evil,
That by themſelves, unto themſelves is wrought,
Through that falſe Witch and that foul aged drevil,
The one a fiend, the other an incarnate devil.

4.

With whom, as they thus rode accompanide,
They were encountred of a luſty Knight,
That had a goodly Lady by his ſide,
To whom he made great dalliance and delight.
It was to weet the bold Sir *Ferraugh* hight,
He that from *Braggadocchio* whilom reft
The ſnowy *Florimell*, whoſe beauty bright
Made him ſeem happy for ſo glorious theft;
Yet was it in due tryal but a wandring weft.

5.

Which, when as *Blandamour* (whoſe fancy light
Was always flitting, as the wavering wind,
After each beauty that appear'd in ſight)
Beheld, eftſoons it prickt his wanton mind
With ſting of luſt that reaſons eye did blind,
That to Sir *Paridell* theſe words he ſent;
Sir Knight, why ride ye dumpiſh thus behind,
Sith ſo good fortune doth to you preſent
So fair a ſpoyl, to make you joyous meriment?

6.

But *Paridell*, that had too late a tryal
Of the bad iſſue of his counſel vain,
Liſt not to hark, but made this fair denial;
Laſt turn was mine, well proved to my pain:
This now be yours, God ſend you better gain.
Whoſe ſcoffed words he taking half in ſcorn,
Fiercely forth prickt his ſteed, as in diſdain
Againſt that Knight, ere he him well could torn;
By means whereof, he hath him lightly over-born.

7.

Who, with the ſudden ſtroke aſtoniſht ſore,
Upon the ground a while in ſlumber lay;
The whiles, his Love away the other bore,
And ſhewing her, did *Paridell* upbray;
Lo, ſluggiſh Knight, the Victors happy pray:
So fortune friends the bold. Whom *Paridell*
Seeing ſo fair indeed (as he did ſay)
His heart with ſecret envy gan to ſwell,
And inly grudge at him, that he had ſped ſo well.

Nath'-

8.

Nath'leſs, proud man himſelf the other deem'd,
Having ſo peerleſs paragon ygot:
For, ſure the faireſt *Florimel* him ſeem'd,
To him was fallen for his happy lot,
Whoſe like alive on earth he weened not:
Therefore he her did court, did ſerve, did woe,
With humbleſt ſuit that he imagine mot,
And all things did deviſe, and all things do,
That might her love prepare, and liking win thereto.

9.

She, in regard thereof, him recompenc't
With golden words, and goodly countenance,
And ſuch fond favours ſparingly diſpenc't:
Sometimes him bleſſing with a light eye-glance,
And coy looks tempring with looſe dalliance;
Some-times eſtranging him in ſterner wiſe,
That having caſt him in a fooliſh trance,
He ſeemed brought to bed in Paradiſe,
And prov'd himſelf moſt fool, in what he ſeem'd moſt wiſe.

10.

So great a miſtreſs of her art ſhe was,
And perfectly practiz'd in Womans craft,
That though therein himſelf he thought to paſs,
And by his falſe allurements wylie draft,
Had thouſand Women of their love beraft,
Yet now he was ſurpriz'd: for, that falſe ſpright,
Which that ſame Witch had in his form engraft,
Was ſo expert in every ſubtile flight,
That it could over-reach the wiſeſt earthly wight.

11.

Yet he to her did daily ſervice more,
And daily more deceived was thereby;
Yet *Paridell* him envied therefore,
As ſeeming plac't in ſole felicity:
So blind is luſt, falſe colours to deſcry.
But *Ate* ſoon diſcovering his deſire,
And finding now fit opportunity
To ſtir up ſtrife, twixt love, and ſpight, and ire,
Did privily put coals unto his ſecret fire.

12.

By ſundry means there-to ſhe prickt him forth;
Now with remembrance of thoſe ſpightful ſpeeches,
Now with opinion of his own more worth,
Now with recounting of like former breaches
Made in their friendſhip, as that Hag him teaches:
And ever when his paſſion is allayd,
She it revives, and new occaſion reaches:
That on a time, as they together way'd,
He made him open chalenge, and thus boldly ſaid:

13.

Too boaſtful *Blandamour*, too long I bear
The open wrongs thou doſt me day by day;
Well know'ſt thou, when we friendſhip firſt did ſwear,
The covenant was, that every ſpoyl or pray
Should equally be ſhar'd betwixt us tway:
Where is my part then of this Lady bright,
Whom to thy ſelf thou takeſt quite away?
Render therefore therein to me my right,
Or anſwer for thy wrong, as ſhall fall out in fight.

14.

Exceeding wroth thereat was *Blandamour*,
And gan this bitter anſwer to him make;
Too fooliſh *Paridell*, that faireſt flowre
Would'ſt gather fain, and yet no pains would'ſt take:
But not ſo eaſie will I her forſake;
This hand her wone, this hand ſhall her defend.
With that, they gan their ſhivering ſpears to ſhake,
And deadly points at eithers breſt to bend,
Forgetful each to have been ever others friend.

15.

Their firy ſteeds, with ſo untamed force,
Did bear them both to fell avenges end,
That both their ſpears with pitileſs remorſe,
Through ſhield and mail, and haberjeon did wend,
And in their fleſh a grieſly paſſage rend,
That with the fury of their own affret,
Each other horſe and man to ground did ſend;
Where lying ſtill awhile, both did forget
The perilous preſent ſtound, in which their lives were ſet.

16.

As when two warlike Brigandines at Sea,
With murdrous weapons arm'd to cruel fight,
Do meet together on the watry lea,
They ſtem each other with ſo fell deſpight,
That with the ſhock of their own heedleſs might,
Their woodden ribs are ſhaken nigh aſunder;
They which from ſhore behold the dreadful ſight
Of flaſhing fire, and hear the ordenance thonder,
Do greatly ſtand amaz'd at ſuch unwonted wonder.

17.

At length, they both upſtarted in amaze;
As men awaked raſhly out of dream,
And round about themſelves awhile did gaze,
Till ſeeing her that *Florimell* did ſeem,
In doubt to whom ſhe victory ſhould deem,
There-with their dulled ſprights they edg'd anew,
And drawing both their ſwords with rage extream,
Like two mad maſtiffs, each on other flew,
And ſhields did ſhare, and mails did raſh, and helms did hew.

18.

So furiouſly each other did aſſail,
As if their ſouls they would attonce have rent
Out of their breaſts, that ſtreams of blood did rail
Adown, as if their ſprings of life were ſpent;
That all the ground with purple blood was ſprent,
And all their armours ſtain'd with bloody gore:
Yet ſcarcely once to breath would they relent;
So mortal was their malice and ſo ſore,
Become of fained friendſhip which they vow'd afore.

19.

And that which is for Ladies moſt befitting,
To ſtint all ſtrife, and foſter friendly peace,
Was from thoſe Dames ſo far and ſo unfitting,
As that in ſtead of praying them ſurceaſe,
They did much more their cruelty encreaſe;
Bidding them fight for honour of their love,
And rather dye than Ladies cauſe releaſe.
With which vain terms ſo much they did them move,
That both reſolv'd the laſt extremities to prove.

There

20.

There they (I ween) would fight until this day,
Had not a Squire (even he the Squire of Dames)
By great adventure travelled that way;
Who seeing both bent to so bloody games,
And both of old well knowing by their names,
Drew nigh, to weet the cause of their debate:
And first, laid on those Ladies thousand blames,
That did not seek t'appease their deadly hate.
But gazed on their harms, not pittying their estate.

21.

And then, those Knights he humbly did beseech
To stay their hands, till he awhile had spoken:
Who lookt a little up at that his speech,
Yet would not let their battel so be broken,
Both greedy fierce on other to be wroken.
Yet he to them so earnestly did call,
And them conjur'd by some well known token,
That they at last, their wrathful hands let fall,
Content to hear him speak, and glad to rest withall.

22.

First, he desir'd their cause of strife to see:
They said, it was for love of *Florimell*.
Ah! gentle Knights, quoth he, how may that be?
And she so far astray, as none can tell.
Fond Squire, full angry then said *Paridell*,
Seest not the Lady there before thy face?
He looked back, and her avising well,
Weend as he said, by that her outward grace,
That fairest *Florimell* was present there in place.

23.

Glad man was he to see that joyous sight
(For none alive but joy'd in *Florimell*)
And lowly to her louting, thus behight;
Fairest of fair, that fairness dost excell,
This happy day I have to greet you well,
In which you safe I see, whom thousand late
Misdoubted lost through mischief that befell;
Long may you live in health and happy state.
She little answer'd him, but lightly did aggrate.

24.

Then turning to those Knights, he gan anew;
And you Sir *Blandamour* and *Paridell*,
That for this Lady present in your view,
Have rais'd this cruel war and out-rage fell,
Certes (me seems) been not advised well:
But rather ought in friendship for her sake
To joyn your force, their forces to repell
That seek perforce her from you both to take;
And of your gotten spoyl, their own triumph to make.

25.

There-at, Sir *Blandamour*, with count'nance stern,
All full of wrath, thus fiercely him bespake;
Aread, thou Squire, that I the man may learn,
That dare fro me think *Florimell* to take.
Not one, quoth he, but many do partake
Herein, as thus: It lately so befell,
That *Satyrane* a girdle did up-take,
Well known to appertain to *Florimell*;
Which for her sake he wore, as him beseemed well.

26.

But, when as she her self was lost and gone,
Full many Knights, that loved her like dear,
Thereat did greatly grudge, that he alone
That lost fair Ladies ornament should wear,
And gan therefore close spight to him to bear:
Which he to shun, and stop vile Envies sting,
Hath lately caus'd to be proclaim'd each where
A solemn Feast, with publique turneying,
To which all Knights with them their Ladies are to (bring.

27.

And of them all, she that is fairest found,
Shall have that golden girdle for reward;
And of those Knights who is most stout on ground,
Shall to that fairest Lady be prefar'd.
Sith therefore she her self is now your ward,
To you that ornament of hers pertains,
Against all those that challenge it to gard,
And save her honour with your ventrous pains;
That shall you win more glory, than ye here find gains.

28.

When they the reason of his words had hard,
They gan abate the rancour of their rage,
And with their honours and their loves regard,
The furious flames of malice to asswage.
Tho, each to other did his faith engage,
Like faithful friends thence-forth to joyn in one
With all their force, and battel strong to wage
Gainst all those Knights, as their professed fone,
That challeng'd ought in *Florimell*, save they alone.

29.

So well accorded, forth they rode together
In friendly sort, that lasted but awhile;
And of all old dislikes they made fair weather:
Yet all was forg'd, and spred with golden foyl,
That under it hid hate and hollow guile.
Ne certes can that friendship long endure,
How-ever gay and goodly be the stile,
That doth ill cause or evil end enure:
For, vertue is the band, that bindeth hearts most sure.

30.

Thus, as they marched all in close disguise
Of fained love, they chanc't to over-take
Two Knights, that linked rode in lovely wise,
As if they secret counsels did partake;
And each not far behind him had his make,
To weet, two Ladies of most goodly hew,
That twixt themselves did gentle purpose make,
Unmindful both of that discordful crew,
The which with speedy pase did after them pursew.

31.

Who, as they now approched nigh at hand,
Deeming them doughty as they did appear,
They sent that Squire afore, to understand
What mote they be: who viewing them more near
Returned ready newes, that those same were
Two of the prowest Knights in Fairy lond,
And those two Ladies their two Lovers dear,
Couragious *Cambell*, and stout *Triamond*,
With *Canacee* and *Cambine*, linkt in lovely bond.

Why-

32.

Whylom, as antique ſtories tellen us,
Thoſe two were foes, the felloneſt on ground,
And battel made, the draddeſt dangerous
That ever ſhrilling trumpet did reſound;
Though now their acts be no where to be found,
As that renowned Poet them compil'd,
With warlike numbers, and Heroick ſound,
Dan *Chaucer* (Well of Engliſh undefil'd)
On Fames eternal bead-roll worthy to be fil'd.

33.

But wicked *Time*, that all good thoughts doth waſte,
And works of nobleſt wits to nought out-wear,
That famous moniment hath quite defac't,
And rob'd the world of treaſure endleſs dear,
The which mote have enriched all us here.
O curſed Eld! the canker-worm of writs;
How may theſe rimes (ſo rude as doth appear)
Hope to endure, ſith works of heavenly wits
Are quite devour'd, and brought to nought by little bits?

34.

Then pardon, O moſt ſacred happy ſpirit,
That I thy labours loſt may thus revive,
And ſteal from thee the meed of thy due merit,
That none durſt ever whil'ſt thou waſt alive,
And being dead, in vain yet many ſtrive:
Ne dare I like, but through infuſion ſweet
Of thine own ſpirit (which doth in me ſurvive)
I follow here the footing of thy feet,
That with thy meaning ſo I may the rather meet.

35.

Cambelloes Siſter was fair *Canacee*,
That was the learneſt Lady in her days,
Well ſeen in every Science that mote be,
And every ſecret work of Natures ways;
In witty riddles, and in wiſe ſooth-ſays,
In power of herbs, and tunes of Beaſts and Birds:
And (that augmented all her other praiſe)
She modeſt was in all her deeds and words,
And wondrous chaſte of life, yet lov'd of Knights & Lords.

36.

Full many Lords, and many Knights her lov'd,
Yet ſhe to none of them her liking lent,
Ne ever was with fond affection mov'd,
But rul'd her thoughts with goodly government,
For dread of blame, and honours blemiſhment:
And eke unto her looks a law ſhe made,
That none of them once out of order went;
But like to wary Centonels well ſtay'd,
Still watcht on every ſide, of ſecret foes affraid.

37.

So much the more as ſhe refus'd to love,
So much the more ſhe loved was and ſought,
That oftentimes unquiet ſtrife did move
Amongſt her Lovers, and great quarrels wrought:
That oft for her in bloody arms they fought.
Which, when-as *Cambell* (that was ſtout and wiſe)
Perceiv'd would breed great miſchief, he bethought
How to prevent the peril that mote riſe,
And turn both him and her to honour in this wiſe.

38.

One day, when all that Troop of war-like Wooers
Aſſembled were, to weet whoſe ſhe ſhould be;
All mighty men, and dreadful derring dooers
(The harder it to make them well agree)
Amongſt them all this end he did decree;
That of them all which love to her did make,
They by conſent ſhould chuſe the ſtouteſt three,
That with himſelf ſhould combat for her ſake,
And of them all, the Victor ſhould his Siſter take.

39.

Bold was the challenge, as himſelf was bold,
And courage full of haughty hardiment,
Approved oft in perils manifold,
Which he atchiev'd to his great ornament:
But yet his Siſters skill unto him lent
Moſt confidence and hope of happy ſpeed,
Conceived by a ring, which ſhe him ſent;
That mongſt the many vertues (which we reed)
Had power to ſtaunch all wounds that mortally did bleed.

40.

Well was that rings great vertue known to all;
That dread thereof, and his redoubted might,
Did all that youthly rout ſo much appall,
That none of them durſt undertake the fight:
More wiſe they ween'd to make of love delight,
Than life to hazard for fair Ladies look;
And yet uncertain by ſuch outward ſight
(Though for her ſake they all that peril took)
Whether ſhe would them love, or in her liking brook.

41.

Amongſt thoſe Knights, there were three brethren bold
(Three bolder brethren never were yborn)
Born of one Mother in one happy mold,
Born at one burden in one happy morn;
Thrice happy Mother, and thrice happy morn,
That bore three ſuch, three ſuch not to be fond:
Her name was *Agape*, whoſe children wern
All three as one: the firſt hight *Priamond*,
The ſecond, *Diamond*, the youngeſt, *Triamond*.

42.

Stout *Priamond*, but not ſo ſtrong to ſtrike;
Strong *Diamond*, but not ſo ſtout a Knight;
But *Triamond* was ſtout and ſtrong alike:
On horſe-back uſed *Triamond* to fight,
And *Priamond* on foot had more delight,
But horſe and foot knew *Diamond* to wield:
With curtax uſed *Diamond* to ſmite,
And *Triamond* to handle ſpear and ſhield,
But ſpear and curtax both us'd *Priamond* in field.

43.

Theſe three did love each other dearly well,
And with ſo firm affection were allide,
As if but one ſoul in them all did dwell,
Which did her powre into three parts divide;
Like three fair branches budding far and wide,
That from one root deriv'd their vital ſap:
And like that root that doth her life divide,
Their Mother was, and had full bleſſed hap,
Theſe three ſo noble babes to bring forth at one clap.

44.

Their Mother was a Fay, and had the skill
Of ſecret things, and all the powres of Nature,
Which ſhe by art could uſe unto her will,
And to her ſervice bind each living creature,
Through ſecret underſtanding of their feature.
There-to ſhe was right fair, when-ſo her face
She liſt diſcover, and of goodly ſtature;
But ſhe (as Fays are wont) in privy place
Did ſpend her days, and lov'd in Foreſts wild to ſpace.

45.

There, on a day, a noble youthly Knight,
Seeking adventures in the ſalvage wood,
Did by great fortune get of her the ſight,
As ſhe ſate careleſs by a cryſtal flood,
Combing her golden locks, as ſeem'd her good:
And unawares upon her laying hold,
That ſtrove in vain him long to have withſtood,
Oppreſſed her, and there (as hath been told) (bold.
Got theſe three lovely babes, that prov'd three champions.

46.

Which ſhe, with her, long foſtred in that wood,
Till that to ripeneſs of mans ſtate they grew:
Then ſhewing forth ſigns of their Fathers blood,
They loved arms, and Knight-hood did enſew,
Seeking adventures where they any knew.
Which when their Mother ſaw, ſhe gan to doubt
Their ſafety; leaſt by ſearching dangers new,
And raſh provoking perils all about, (ſtout.
Their days mote be abbridged through their courage

47.

Therefore, deſirous th' end of all their days
To know, and them t'enlarge with long extent,
By wondrous skill, and many hidden ways,
To the three fatal Siſters houſe ſhe went.
Far under ground from tract of living went,
Down in the bottom of the deep *Abyſs*,
Where *Demogorgon* in dull darkneſs pent,
Far from the view of Gods and heavens bliſs,
The hideous *Chaos* keeps, their dreadful dwelling is.

48.

There ſhe them found, all ſitting round about
The direful diſtaff ſtanding in the mid;
And with unwearied fingers drawing out
The lines of life, from living knowledge hid.
Sad *Clotho* held the rock, the whiles the thrid
By grieſly *Lacheſis* was ſpun with pain,
That cruel *Atropos* eftſoons undid,
With curſed knife cutting the twiſt in twain:
Moſt wretched men, whoſe days depend on thrids ſo vain!

49.

She them ſaluting, there by them ſate ſtill,
Beholding how the thrids of life they ſpan:
And when at laſt ſhe had beheld her fill,
Trembling in hart, and looking pale and wan,
Her cauſe of comming ſhe to tell began.
To whom, fierce *Atropos*; Bold Fay, that durſt
Come ſee the ſecret of the life of man,
Well worthy thou to be of *Jove* accurſt,
And eke thy childrens thrids to be aſunder burſt.

50.

Where-at ſhe ſore affrayd, yet her beſought
To grant her boon, and rigour to abate,
That ſhe might ſee her childrens thrids forth brought,
And know the meaſure of their utmoſt date,
To them ordained by eternal Fate.
Which *Clotho* granting, ſhewed her the ſame:
That when ſhe ſaw, it did her much amate,
To ſee their thrids ſo thin, as ſpiders frame,
And eke ſo ſhort, that ſeem'd their ends out ſhortly came.

51.

She then began them humbly to intreat
To draw them longer out, and better twine,
That ſo their lives might be prolonged late.
But *Lacheſis* thereat gan to repine,
And ſaid, Fond Dame, that deem'ſt of things divine
As of humane, that they may altred be,
And chang'd at pleaſure for thoſe Imps of thine.
Not ſo; for, what the Fates do once decree,
Not all the Gods can change, nor *Jove* himſelf can free.

52.

Then ſith, quoth ſhe, the tearm of each mans life
For nought may leſſened nor enlarged be,
Grant this, that when ye ſhred with fatal knife
His line, which is the eldeſt of the three,
Which is of them the ſhorteſt, as I ſee,
Eftſoons his life may paſs into the next:
And when the next ſhall likewiſe ended be,
That both their lives may likewiſe be annext
Unto the third, that his may ſo be trebly wext.

53.

They granted it; and then that careful Fay
Departed thence with full contented mind;
And coming home, in warlike freſh array
Them found all three according to their kind:
But unto them what deſtiny was aſſign'd,
Or how their lives were ekt, ſhe did not tell;
But evermore, when ſhe fit time could find,
She warned them to tend their ſafeties well,
And love each other dear, what-ever them befell.

54.

So did they ſurely during all their days,
And never diſcord did amongſt them fall;
Which much augmented all their other praiſe,
And now, t'increaſe affection natural,
In love of *Canacee* they joyned all:
Upon which ground this ſame great battel grew
(Great matter growing of begining ſmall;)
The which for length I will not here purſew,
But rather will reſerve it for a Canto new.

CANT.

CANTO III.

The battel twixt three brethren, with
Cambell *for* Canacee.
Cambina *with true friendſhips bond*
doth their long ſtrife agree.

1.

O Why do wretched men ſo much deſire
To draw their days unto the utmoſt date,
And do not rather wiſh them ſoon expire,
Knowing the miſery of their eſtate,
And thouſand perils which them ſtill awate,
Toſſing them like a Boat amid the Main,
That every howre they knock at Deathes gate?
And he that happy ſeems, and leaſt in pain,
Yet is as nigh his end, as he that moſt doth plain.

2.

Therefore this Fay I hold her fond and vain,
The which in ſeeking for her children three
Long life, thereby did more prolong their pain:
Yet whil'ſt they lived, none did ever ſee
More happy creatures than they ſeem'd to be,
Nor more ennobled for their curteſie:
That made them dearly lov'd of each degree;
Ne more renowned for their chevalry:
That made them dreaded much of all men far and nie.

3.

Theſe three that hardy challenge took in hand,
For *Canacee* with *Cambell* for to fight:
The day was ſet, that all might underſtand,
And pledges pawn'd the ſame to keep aright.
That day (the dreddeſt day that living wight
Did ever ſee upon this world to ſhine)
So ſoon as heavens window ſhewed light,
Theſe warlike Champions, all in armour ſhine,
Aſſembled were in field, the challenge to define.

4.

The field with liſts was all about enclos'd,
To bar the preaſe of people far away;
And at th'one ſide ſix Judges were diſpos'd,
To view and deem the deeds of arms that day:
And on the other ſide, in freſh array,
Fair *Canacee* upon a ſtately ſtage
Was ſet, to ſee the fortune of that fray,
And to be ſeen, as his moſt worthy wage,
That could her purchaſe with his lives adventur'd gage.

5.

Then entred *Cambell* firſt into the liſt,
With ſtately ſteps, and fearleſs countenance,
As if the conqueſt his he ſurely wiſt.
Soon after, did the brethren three advance,
In brave array, and goodly amenance,
With ſcutchins gilt, and banners broad diſplay'd:
And marching thrice in warlike ordinance,
Thrice louted lowly to the noble Maid,
The whiles ſhrill trumpets & loud clarions ſweetly play'd.

6.

Which doen, the doughty Challenger came forth,
All arm'd to point, his challenge to abet;
Gainſt whom, Sir *Priamond* with equal worth,
And equal arms himſelf did forward ſet.
A trumpet blew; they both together met,
With dreadful force, and furious intent,
Careleſs of peril in their fierce affret,
As if that life to loſs they had forelent,
And cared not to ſpare, that ſhould be ſhortly ſpent.

7.

Right practick was Sir *Priamond* in fight,
And throughly skil'd in uſe of ſhield and ſpear;
Ne leſs approved was *Cambelloes* might,
Ne leſs his skill in weapons did appear,
That hard it was to ween which harder were.
Full many mighty ſtrokes on either ſide
Were ſent, that ſeemed death in them to bear:
But they were both ſo watchful and well eyde,
That they avoided were, and vainly by did ſlide.

8.

Yet one of many was ſo ſtrongly bent
By *Priamond*, that with unlucky glance,
Through *Cambells* ſhoulder it unwarely went,
That forced him his ſhield to diſadvance:
Much was he grieved with that graceleſs chance;
Yet from the wound no drop of blood there fell,
But wondrous pain, that did the more enhance
His haughty courage to avengement fell: (ſwell.
Smart daunts not mighty hearts, but makes them more to

9.

With that, his poynant ſpear he fierce adventured,
With double force cloſe underneath his ſhield,
That through the mayles into his thigh it entred,
And there arreſting ready way did yield,
For blood to guſh forth on the gratſie field;
That he for pain himſelf n'ote right up-rear,
But to and fro in great amazement reel'd,
Like an old Oake, whoſe pith and ſap is ſear,
At puff of every ſtorm doth ſtagger here and there.

10.

Whom ſo diſmaid when *Cambell* had eſpide,
Again he drove at him with double might,
That nought mote ſtay the ſteel, till in his ſide
The mortal point moſt cruelly empight:
Where faſt infixed, whil'ſt he ſought by ſlight
It forth to wreſt, the ſtaff aſunder brake,
And left the head behind: with which deſpight
He all enrag'd, his ſhivering ſpear did ſhake,
And charging him afreſh, thus felly him beſpake.

11.

Lo faitour, there thy meed unto thee take,
The meed of thy miſchallenge and abet:
Not for thine own, but for thy Siſters ſake,
Have I thus long thy life unto thee let:
But, to forbear, doth not forgive the det.
The wicked weapon heard his wrathful vow;
And paſſing forth with furious affret,
Peatc't through his bever quite into his brow,
That with the force it backward forced him to bow.

12.

There-with a ſunder in the midſt it braſt,
And in his hand nought but the troncheon left,
The other half behind yet ſticking faſt,
Out of his head-peece *Cambell* fiercely reft:
And with ſuch fury back at him it heft,
That making way unto his deareſt life,
His weaſand pipe it through his gorget cleft:
Thence ſtreams of purple blood, iſſuing rife,
Let forth his weary ghoſt, and made an end of ſtrife.

13.

His weary ghoſt, aſſoyl'd from fleſhly band,
Did not (as others wont) directly fly
Unto her reſt in *Plutoes* grieſly land;
Ne into air did vaniſh preſently,
Ne changed was unto a ſtar in sky:
But through traduction was eftſoons deriv'd,
Like as his Mother pray'd the Deſtiny,
Into his other brethren, that ſurviv'd;
In whom he liv'd anew, of former life depriv'd.

14.

Whom, when on ground his Brother next beheld,
Though ſad and ſory for ſo heavy ſight,
Yet leave unto his ſorrow did not yield:
But rather ſtird to vengeance and deſpight,
Through ſecret feeling of his generous ſpright,
Ruſht fiercely forth, the battel ro renew,
As in reverſion of his Brothers right;
And challenging the Virgin as his dew.
His foe was ſoon addreſt: the Trumpets freſhly blew.

15.

With that, they both together fiercely met,
As if that each meant other to devour;
And with their axes both ſo ſorely bet,
That neither plate nor mail, where-as their powre
They felt, could once ſuſtain the hideous ſtowre,
But rived were, like rotten wood aſunder,
Whil'ſt through their rifts the ruddy blood did ſhowre,
And fire did flaſh, like lightning after thunder,
That fil'd the lookers on attonce with ruth and wonder.

16.

As when two Tygers prickt with hungry rage
Have by good fortune found ſome beaſts freſh ſpoyl,
On which they ween their famine to aſſwage,
And gain a feaſtful guerdon of their toyl,
Both falling out, do ſtir up ſtrife-ful broyl,
And cruel battel twixt themſelves do make,
Whiles neither lets the other touch the ſoyl,
But either ſdeignes with other to partake:
So cruelly theſe Knights ſtrove for that Ladies ſake.

17.

Full many ſtrokes, that mortally were ment,
The whiles were enterchanged twixt them two:
Yet they were all with ſo good wariment
Or warded, or avoyded and let goe,
That ſtill the life ſtood fearleſs of her foe:
Till *Diamond*, diſdeigning long delay
Of doubtful fortune wavering to and fro,
Reſolv'd to end it one or other way;
And heav'd his murdrous axe at him with mighty ſway.

18.

The dreadful ſtroke, in caſe it had arriv'd,
Where it was meant (ſo deadly was it ment)
The ſoul had ſure out of the body rived,
And ſtinted all the ſtrife incontinent.
But *Cambels* fate that fortune did prevent:
For, ſeeing it at hand, he ſwarv'd aſide,
And ſo gave way unto his fell intent:
Who miſſing of the mark which he had eyde, (ſlide.
Was with the force nigh fel'd, whilſt his right food did

19.

As when a Vulture greedy of his prey,
Through hunger long, that heart to him doth lend,
Strikes at a Heron with all his bodies ſway,
That from his force ſeems nought may it defend;
The wary fowl, that ſpyes him toward bend,
His dreadful ſouſe avoyds, it ſhunning light,
And maketh him his wing in vain to ſpend;
That with the weight of his own weedleſs might,
He falleth nigh to ground, and ſcarce recovereth flight.

20.

Which fair adventure when *Cambello* ſpide,
Full lightly, ere himſelf he could recover
From dangers dread to ward his naked ſide,
He can let drive at him with all his power,
And with his axe him ſmote in evil howre,
That from his ſhoulders quite his head he reft:
The headleſs trunk, as heedleſs of that ſtowre,
Stood ſtill awhile, and his faſt footing kept,
Till feeling life to fail, it fell, and deadly ſlept.

21.

They, which that pitious ſpectacle beheld,
Were much amaz'd the head-leſs trunk to ſee
Stand up ſo long, and weapon vain to weld,
Unweeting of the Fates divine decree,
For lifes ſucceſſion in thoſe brethren three.
For, notwithſtanding that one ſoul was reft,
Yet had the body not diſmembred be,
It would have lived, and revived eft;
But, finding no fit ſeat, the life-leſs corſe it left.

22.

It left; but that ſame ſoul which therein dwelt,
Straight entring into *Triamond*, him fil'd
With double life, and grief; which when he felt,
As one whoſe inner parts had been ythrild
With poynt of ſteel, that cloſe his hart-blood ſpild,
He highly leapt out of his place of reſt,
And ruſhing forth into the empty field,
Againſt *Cambello* fiercely him addreſt;
Who, him affronting, ſoon to fight was ready preſt.

23.

Well mote ye wonder, how that noble Knight
After he had ſo often wounded been,
Could ſtand on foot, now to renew the fight.
But had ye then him forth advancing ſeen,
Some new-born wight ye would him ſurely ween:
So freſh he ſeemed, and ſo fierce in ſight;
Like as a Snake, whom weary Winters teen
Hath worn to nought, now feeling Sommers might,
Caſts off his ragged skin, and freſhly doth him dight.

All

24.

All was through vertue of the Ring he wore,
The which not only did not from him let
One drop of blood to fall, but did reſtore
His weakned powers, and dulled ſpirits whet,
Through working of the ſtone therein yſet.
Elſe how could one of equal might with moſt,
Againſt ſo many no leſs mighty met,
Once think to match three ſuch on equal coſt?
Three ſuch as able were to match a puiſſant hoſt.

25.

Yet nought thereof was *Triamond* adred,
Ne deſperate of glorious victory,
But ſharply him aſſayl'd, and ſore beſted,
With heaps of ſtrokes, which he at him let fly,
As thick as hail forth poured from the sky:
He ſtroke, he ſouſt, he foyn'd, he hew'd, he laſht,
And did his iron brond ſo faſt apply,
That from the ſame the fiery ſparkles flaſht,
As faſt as water-ſprinkles gainſt a rock are daſht.

26.

Much was *Cambello* daunted with his blows:
So thick they fell, and forcibly were ſent,
That he was forc't (from danger of the throws)
Back to retire, and ſome-what to relent,
Till th'heat of his fierce fury he had ſpent:
Which when for want of breath gan to abate,
He then afreſh, with new encouragement,
Did him aſſail, and mightily amate,
As faſt as forward earſt, now backward to retrate.

27.

Like as the tyde that comes fro th' Ocean main,
Flow's up the Shenan with contrary force
And over-ruling him in his own rain,
Drives back the current of his kindly courſe,
And makes it ſeem to have ſome other ſourſe:
But when the flood is ſpent, then back again
His borrowed waters forc't to redisbourſe,
He ſends the Sea his own with double gain,
And tribute eke withall, as to his Soveraign.

28.

Thus did the battel vary to and fro,
With diverſe fortune doubtful to be deem'd:
Now this the better had, now had his foe;
Then he half vanquiſht, then the other ſeem'd;
Yet Victors both themſelves always eſteem'd.
And all the while, the diſentrayled blood,
Adown their ſides like little rivers ſtrem'd;
That with the waſting of his vital flood,
Sir *Triamond* at laſt, full faint and feeble ſtood.

29.

But *Cambell* ſtill more ſtrong and greater grew,
Ne felt his blood to waſte, ne powres emperiſht,
Through that Rings vertue, that with vigour new,
Still when as he enfeebled was, him cheriſht,
And all his wounds, and all his bruſes guariſht:
Like as a whithered Tree through husbands toyl
Is often ſeen full freſhly to have floriſht,
And fruitful Apples to have born awhile,
As freſh as when it firſt was planted in the ſoyl.

30.

Through which advantage, in his ſtrength he roſe,
And ſmote the other with ſo wondrous might,
That through the ſeam, which did his hauberk cloſe,
Into his throat and life it pierced quight,
That down he fell, as dead in all mens ſight:
Yet dead he was not, yet he ſure did dye,
As all men do, that loſe the living ſpright:
So did one ſoul out of his body fly
Unto her native home, from mortal miſery.

31.

But natheleſs, whilſt all the lookers on
Him dead behight, as he to all appear'd,
All unawares he ſtarted up anon,
As one that had out of a dream been rear'd,
And freſh aſſay'd his foe; who half affear'd
Of th'uncouth ſight, as he ſome ghoſt had ſeen,
Stood ſtill amaz'd, holding his idle ſweard;
Till having often by him ſtriken been,
He forced was to ſtrike, and ſave himſelf from teen.

32.

Yet, from thence-forth, more warily he fought,
As one in fear the *Stygian* gods t'offend,
Ne follow'd on ſo faſt, but rather ſought
Himſelf to ſave, and danger to defend,
Than life and labour both in vain to ſpend.
Which *Triamond* perceiving, weened ſure
He gan to faint, toward the battels end,
And that he ſhould not long on foot endure;
A ſign which did to him the victory aſſure.

33.

Whereof full blith, eftſoons his mighty hand
He heav'd on high, in mind with that ſame blow
To make an end of all that did withſtand:
Which *Cambell* ſeeing come, was nothing ſlow
Himſelf to ſave from that ſo deadly throw;
And at that inſtant reaching forth his ſword,
Cloſe underneath his ſhield, that ſcarce did ſhow,
Strook him, as he his hand to ſtrike up-rear'd,
In th'arm-pitful, that through both ſides the wound ap-
(pear'd.

34.

Yet ſtill that direful ſtroke kept on his way,
And falling heavy on *Cambelloes* creſt,
Strook him ſo hugely, that in ſwoun he lay,
And in his head an hideous wound impreſt:
And ſure, had it not happily found reſt
Upon the brim of his broad plated ſhield,
It would have cleft his brain down to his breſt,
So both at once fell dead upon the field,
And each to other ſeem'd the victory to yield.

35.

Which when as all the lookers on beheld,
They weened ſure the war was at an end,
And Judges roſe, and Marſhals of the field
Broke up the liſts, their arms away to rend,
And *Canacee* gan wail her deareſt friend.
All ſuddenly they both upſtarted light,
The one out of the ſwound, which him did blend,
The other breathing now another ſpright,
And fiercely each aſſayling, gan afreſh to fight.

Long

36.

Long while they then continued in that wiſe,
As if but then the battel had begone:
Strokes, wounds, wards, weapons, all they did deſpiſe,
Ne either car'd to ward, or peril ſhone,
Deſirous both to have the battel done;
Ne either cared life to ſave or ſpill,
Ne which of them did win, ne which were wone.
So weary, both of fighting had their fill,
That life it ſelf ſeem'd loathſom, and long ſafety ill.

37.

Whil'ſt thus the caſe in doubtful balance hong,
Unſure to whether ſide it would incline,
And all mens eyes and hearts which there among
Stood gazing, filled were with rueful tine,
And ſecret fear to ſee their fatal fine;
All ſuddenly they heard a troublous noyſe,
That ſeem'd ſome perilous tumult to define,
Confus'd with Womens cries, and ſhouts of boys,
Such as the troubled Theaters oft-times annoys.

38.

Thereat the Champions both ſtood ſtill a ſpace,
To weeten what that ſudden clamour ment;
Lo, where they ſpide with ſpeedy whirling paſe,
One in a Charet of ſtrange furniment,
Towards them driving like a ſtorm out ſent.
The Charet decked was in wondrous wiſe,
With gold and many a gorgeous ornament,
After the Perſian Monarks antique guiſe
Such as the maker ſelf could beſt by art deviſe.

39.

And drawn it was (that wonder is to tell)
Of two grim Lyons, taken from the wood,
In which their powre all others did excell;
Now made forget their former cruel mood,
T'obey their riders heſt, as ſeemed good.
And therein ſate a Lady paſſing fair
And bright, that ſeemed born of Angels brood,
And with her beauty, bounty did compare,
Whether of them in her ſhould have the greater ſhare.

40.

Thereto ſhe learned was in Magick lear,
And all the arts that ſubtil wits diſcover,
Having therein been trained many a year,
And well inſtructed by the Fay her Mother,
That in the ſame ſhe far excel'd all other.
Who underſtanding by her mighty art,
Of th' evil plight, in which her deareſt Brother
Now ſtood, came forth in haſte to take his part,
And pacifie the ſtrife, which caus'd ſo deadly ſmart.

41.

And as ſhe paſſed through th' unruly preace
Of people thronging thick her to behold,
Her angry team breaking their bonds of peace,
Great heaps of them, like ſheep in narrow fold,
For haſte did over-run, in duſt enrould;
That thorough rude confuſion of the rout,
Some fearing ſhrike, ſome being harmed hould,
Some laught for ſport, ſome did for wonder ſhout,
And ſom that wold ſeem wiſe, their wonder turn'd to dout.

42.

In her right hand a rod of peace ſhe bore,
About the which two Serpents weren wound,
Entrayled mutually in lovely lore,
And by the tayls together firmly bound,
And both were with one Olive garland crown'd,
Like to the rod which *Maias* Son doth wiel'd,
Wherewith the helliſh fiends he doth confound.
And in her other hand a cup ſhe hild,
The which was with Nepenthe to the brim up-fil'd.

43.

Nepenthe is a drink of ſoveraign grace,
Deviſed by the gods, for to aſſwage
Hearts grief, and bitter gall away to chace,
Which ſtirs up anguiſh and contentious rage:
In ſtead thereof, ſweet peace and quiet age
It doth eſtabliſh in the troubled mind.
Few men, but ſuch as ſober are and ſage,
Are by the gods to drink thereof aſſin'd;
But ſuch as drink, eternal happineſs do find.

44.

Such famous men, ſuch Worthies of the earth,
As *Jove* will have advanced to the sky,
And there made gods, though born of mortal berth,
For their high merits and great dignity,
Are wont, before they may to heaven fly,
To drink hereof; whereby, all cares forepaſt
Are waſht away quite from their memory.
So did thoſe old Heroes hereof taſte,
Before that they in bliſs amongſt the gods were plac't.

45.

Much more of price, and of more gracious powre
Is this, than that ſame water of Ardenne,
The which *Rinaldo* drunk in happy houre,
Deſcribed by that famous Tuſcane penne:
For, that had might to change the harts of men
Fro love to hate, a change of evil choice:
But this doth hatred make in love to brenne,
And heavy heart with comfort doth rejoyce.
Who would not to this vertue rather yield his voice?

46.

At laſt, arriving by the liſtes ſide,
She with her rod did ſoftly ſmite the rail;
Which ſtreight flew ope, and gave her way otride.
Eftſoons out of her Coach ſhe gan avail,
And paſſing fairly forth did bid All hail,
Firſt to her Brother, whom ſhe loved dear,
That ſo to ſee him made her heart to quail:
And next to *Cambell*, whoſe ſad rueful chear
Made her to change her hew, and hidden love t'appear.

47.

They lightly her requit (for, ſmall delight
They had as then her long to entertain.)
And eft them turned both again to fight.
Which when ſhe ſaw, down on the bloody Plain
Her ſelf ſhe threw, and tears gan ſhed amain;
Amongſt her tears immixing prayers meek,
And (with her prayers, reaſons to reſtrain
From bloody ſtrife, and bleſſed peace to ſeek)
By all that unto them was dear, did them beſeek.

But

48.

But when as all might nought with them prevail,
She ſmote them lightly with her powreful wand.
Then ſuddenly, as if their harts did fail,
Their wrathful blades down fell out of their hand,
And they, like men aſtoniſht, ſtill did ſtand.
Thus whil'ſt their minds were doubtfully diſtraught,
And mighty ſpirits bound with mightier band,
Her golden cup to them for drink ſhe raught,
Whereof full glad for thirſt, each drunk an harty draught.

49.

Of which ſo ſoon as they once taſted had
(Wonder it is that ſudden change to ſee.)
In ſtead of ſtrokes, each other kiſſed glad,
And lovely haulſt from fear of treaſon free,
And plighted hands for ever friends to be.
When all men ſaw this ſudden change of things,
So mortal foes ſo friendly to agree,
For paſſing joy, which ſo great marvail brings,
They all gan ſhout aloud, that all the heaven rings.

50.

All which, when gentle *Canacee* beheld,
In haſte ſhe from her lofty chair deſcended,
To weet what ſudden tidings was befeld:
Where when ſhe ſaw that cruel war ſo ended,
And deadly foes ſo faithfully affrended,
In lovely wiſe ſhe gan that Lady greet,
Which had ſo great diſmay ſo well amended;
And entertaining her with curt'ſies meet,
Profeſt to her true friendſhip and affection ſweet.

51.

Thus when they all accorded goodly were,
The Trumpets ſounded, and they all aroſe,
Thence to depart with glee and gladſome cheer.
Thoſe warlike Champions both together choſe,
Homeward to march, themſelves there to repoſe:
And wiſe *Cambina*, taking by her ſide
Fair *Canacee* as freſh as morning roſe,
Unto her Coach remounting, home did ride,
Admir'd of all the people, and much glorifide.

52.

Where making joyous feaſts, their days they ſpent
In perfect love, devoid of hateful ſtrife,
Allide with bands of mutual complement;
For, *Triamond* had *Canacee* to Wife,
With whom he led a long and happy life;
And *Cambell* took *Cambina* to his fere,
The which as life were each to other lief,
So all alike did love, and loved were,
That ſince their days ſuch lovers were not found elſwhere.

CANTO IV.

Satyrane *makes a Turneyment for love of* Florimell:
Britomart *wins the prize from all, and* Artegall *doth quell.*

1.

IT often falls (as here it earſt befell)
That mortal foes do turn to faithful friends;
That friends profeſt, are chang'd to fo-men fell:
The cauſe of both, of both their lives depends;
And th'end of both, likewiſe of both their ends.
For, enmity, that of no ill proceeds,
But of occaſion, with th'occaſion ends;
And friendſhip, which a faint affection breeds
Without regard of good, dyes like ill grounded ſeeds:

2.

That well (me ſeems) appears, by that of late
Twixt *Cambell* and Sir *Triamond* befell;
As als by this, that now a new debate
Stird up twixt *Clandamour* and *Paridell*,
The which by courſe befalls me here to tell:
Who, having thoſe two other Knights eſpide
Marching afore, as ye remember well,
Sent forth their Squire to have them both deſcride,
And eke thoſe masked Ladies riding them beſide.

3.

Who, back returning, told as he had ſeen,
That they were doughty Knights of dreaded name;
And thoſe two Ladies, their two loves unſeen;
And therefore wiſht them without blot or blame,
To let them paſs at will, for dread of ſhame.
But *Blandamour* full of vain glorious ſpright,
And rather ſtird by his diſcordful Dame,
Upon them gladly would have prov'd his might,
But that he yet was ſore of his late luckleſs fight.

4.

Yet nigh approching, he them foul beſpake,
Diſgracing them, himſelf thereby to grace,
As was his wont; ſo weening way to make
To Ladies love, where-ſo he came in place,
And with lewd tearms their lovers to deface.
Whoſe ſharp provokement them incenſt ſo ſore,
That both were bent t'avenge his uſage baſe,
And gan their ſhields addreſs themſelves afore:
For, evil deeds may better than bad words be bore.

5.

But fair *Cambina*, with perſwaſions mild,
Did mitigate the fierceneſs of their mode,
That for the preſent they were reconcil'd,
And gan to treat of deeds of arms abroad,
And ſtrange adventures, all the way they rode:
Amongſt the which they told, as then befell,
Of that great Turney, which was blazed broad,
For that rich girdle of fair *Florimell*,
The prize of her, which did in beauty moſt excell.

To

6.

To which folk-mote they all with one conſent,
Sith each of them his Lady had him by,
Whoſe beauty each of them thought excellent,
Agreed to travel, and their fortunes try.
So as they paſſed forth, they did eſpy
One in bright arms with ready ſpear in reſt,
That toward them his courſe ſeem'd to apply,
Gainſt whom Sir *Paridell* himſelf addreſt,
Him weening, ere he nigh approcht, to have repreſt.

7.

Which th'other ſeeing, gan his courſe relent,
And vaunted ſpear eftſoons to diſadvance,
As if he nought but peace and pleaſure ment,
Now faln into their fellowſhip by chance;
Whereat they ſhewed courteous countenance.
So as he rode with them accompanide,
His roving eye did on the Lady glance,
Which *Blandamour* had riding by his ſide:
Whom ſure he weend, that he ſomewhere tofore had eyde.

8.

It was to weet, that ſnowy *Florimell*,
Which *Ferrau* late from *Braggadocchio* won:
Whom he now ſeeing, her remembred well,
How having reft her from the Witches Son,
He ſoon her loſt: wherefore he now begon
To challenge her anew, as his own prize,
Whom formerly he had in battel won,
And proffer made by force her to repriſe:
Which ſcornful offer *Blandamour* gan ſoon deſpiſe.

9.

And ſaid, Sir Knight, ſith ye this Lady clame,
Whom he that hath, were loth to loſe ſo light,
(For, ſo to loſe a Lady, were great ſhame)
Ye ſhall her win, as I have done in fight:
And lo ſhe ſhall be placed here in ſight,
Together with this Hag beſide her ſet,
That who-ſo wins her, may her have by right:
But he ſhall have the Hag that is ybet,
And with her always ride, till he another get.

10.

That offer pleaſed all the company.
So *Florimell* with *Ate* forth was brought;
At which they all gan laugh full merrily:
But *Braggadocchio* ſaid, he never thought
For ſuch an Hag, that ſeemed worſe than nought,
His perſon to imperil ſo in fight.
But if to match that Lady they had ſought
Another like, that were like fair and bright,
His life he then would ſpend to juſtifie his right.

11.

At which his vain excuſe they all gan ſmile,
As ſcorning his unmanly cowardiſe:
And *Florimell* him foully gan revile,
That for her ſake refus'd to enterpriſe
The battel, offred in ſo Knightly wiſe.
And *Ate* eke provok't him privily,
With love of her, and ſhame of ſuch meſpriſe.
But nought he car'd for friend or enemy,
For, in baſe mind nor friendſhip dwells nor enmity.

12.

But *Cambell* thus did ſhut up all in jeſt,
Brave Knights and Ladies, certes ye do wrong
To ſtir up ſtrife, when moſt us needeth reſt,
That we may us reſerve both freſh and ſtrong,
Againſt the Turneyment which is not long;
When who-ſo liſt to fight, may fight his fill:
Till then your challenges ye may prolong;
And then it ſhall be tried if ye will,
Whether ſhall have the Hag, or hold the Lady ſtill.

13.

They all agreed: ſo turning all to game,
And pleaſant bord, they paſt forth on their way.
And all that while, where-ſo they rode or came,
That masked Mock-knight was their ſport and play.
Till that at length upon th'appointed day,
Unto the place of Turneyment they came;
Where they before them found in freſh array
Many a brave Knight, and many a dainty dame
Aſſembled, for to get the honour of that game.

14.

There this fair crew arriving, did divide
Themſelves aſunder: *Blandamour* with thoſe
Of his, on th'one; the reſt on th'other ſide.
But boaſtful *Braggadocchio* rather choſe,
For glory vain their fellowſhip to loſe,
That men on him the more might gaze alone.
The reſt themſelves in Troops did elſe diſpoſe,
Like as it ſeemed beſt to every one;
The Knights in couples marcht, with Ladies linkt attone.

15.

Then firſt of all forth came Sir *Satyrane*,
Bearing that precious relique in an ark
Of gold, that bad eyes might it not profane:
Which drawing ſoftly forth out of the dark,
He open ſhew'd, that all men it mote mark;
A gorgeous girdle, curiouſly emboſt
With pearl and precious ſtone, worth many a mark;
Yet did the workmanſhip far paſs the coſt:
It was the ſame which lately *Florimell* had loſt.

16.

That ſame aloft he hung in open view,
To be the prize of beauty and of might;
The which eftſoons, diſcovered, to it drew
The eyes of all, allur'd with cloſe delight.
And hearts quite robbed with ſo glorious ſight,
That all men threw out vows and wiſhes vain.
Thrice happy Lady, and thrice happy Knight,
Them ſeem'd, that could ſo goodly riches gain,
So worthy of the peril, worthy of the pain.

17.

Then took the bold Sir *Satyrane* in hand
An huge great ſpear, ſuch as he wont to wield,
And vancing forth from all the other band
Of Knights, addreſt his maiden-headed ſhield,
Shewing himſelf all ready for the field.
Gainſt whom, there fingled from the other ſide
A Painim Knight, that well in arms was skild,
And had in many a battel oft been tride,
Hight *Bruncheval* the bold, who fiercely forth did ride.

So

18.

So furiouſly they both together met;
That neither could the others force ſuſtain.
As two fierce Bulls, that ſtrive the rule to get
Of all the herd, meet with ſo hideous main,
That both rebutted, tumble on the Plain:
So theſe two Champions to the ground were feld,
Where in a maze they both did long remain,
And in their hands their idle troncheons held,
Which neither able were to wag, or once to weld.

19.

Which when the noble *Ferramont* eſpide;
He pricked forth in aid of *Satyran*;
And him againſt, Sir *Blandamour* did ride
With all the ſtrength and ſtifneſs that he can.
But the more-ſtrong and ſtifly that he ran,
So much more ſorely to the ground he fell,
That on a heap were tumbled horſe and man.
Unto whoſe reskew forth rode *Paridell*;
But him likewiſe with that ſame ſpear he eke did quell.

20.

Which *Braggadocchio* ſeeing, had no will
To haſten greatly to his parties aid,
Albe his turn were next; but ſtood there ſtill,
As one that ſeemed doubtful or diſmaid.
But *Triamond*, half wroth to ſee him ſtaid,
Sternly ſtept forth, and raught away his ſpear,
With which ſo ſore he *Ferramont* aſſaid,
That horſe and man to ground he quite did bear,
That neither could in haſte themſelves again uprear.

21.

Which to avenge, Sir *Devon* him did dight,
But with no better fortune than the reſt:
For, him likewiſe he quickly down did ſmight,
And after him, Sir *Douglas* him addreſt,
And after him, Sir *Palimord* forth preſt:
And none of them againſt his ſtrokes could ſtand;
But all the more, the more his praiſe increaſt.
For, either they were left upon the land,
Or went away ſore wounded of his hapleſs hand.

22.

And now by this, Sir *Satyrane* abraid,
Out of the ſwoun, in which too long he lay;
And looking round about, like one diſmaid,
When as he ſaw the mercileſs affray,
Which doughty *Triamond* had wrought that day,
Unto the noble Knights of Maidenhead,
His mighty heart did almoſt rend in tway,
For very gall, that rather wholly dead
Himſelf he wiſht have been, than in ſo bad a ſtead.

23.

Eftſoons he 'gan to gather up around
His weapons, which lay ſcattered all abroad;
And as it fell, his ſteed he ready found.
On whom remounting, fiercely forth he rode,
Like ſpark of fire, that from the anvile glode,
There where he ſaw the valiant *Triamond*
Chaſing, and laying on them heavy lode,
That none his force were able to withſtond,
So dreadful were his ſtrokes, ſo deadly was his hond.

24.

With that, at him his beam-like ſpear he aim'd,
And thereto all his powr and might applide:
The wicked ſteel for miſchief firſt ordain'd,
And having now misfortune got for guide,
Staid not, till it arrived in his ſide,
And therein made a very grieſly wound,
That ſtreams of blood his armour all bedide.
Much was he daunted with that direful ſtound,
That ſcarce he him upheld from falling in a ſwound.

25.

Yet as he might, himſelf he ſoft with-drew
Out of the field, that none perceiv'd it plain.
Then 'gan the part of Challengers anew
To range the field, and Victor-like to rain,
That none againſt them battel durſt maintain.
By that the gloomy evening on them fell,
That forced them from fighting to refrain,
And trumpets ſound to ceaſe did them compell.
So *Satyrane* that day was judg'd to bear the bell.

26.

The morrow next the Turney 'gan anew,
And with the firſt, the hardy *Satyrane*
Appear'd in place, with all his noble crew:
On th'other ſide, full many a warlike ſwain
Aſſembled were, that glorious prize to gain.
But 'mongſt them all was not Sir *Triamond*,
Unable he new battel to darrain,
Through grievance of his late received wound,
That doubly did him grieve, when-ſo himſelf he found.

27.

Which *Cambell* ſeeing, though he could not ſalve,
Ne done undo, yet for to ſalve his name,
And purchaſe honour in his friends behalve,
This goodly counterfeiſance he did frame.
The ſhield and arms well known to be the ſame,
Which *Triamond* had worn, unwares to wight,
And to his friend unwiſt, for doubt of blame,
If he miſdid; he on himſelf did dight,
That none could him diſcern, and ſo went forth to fight.

28.

There *Satyrane* Lord of the field he found;
Triumphing in great joy and jolity;
'Gainſt whom none able was to ſtand on ground;
That much he 'gan his glory to envy.
And caſt t'avenge his friends indignity.
A mighty ſpear eftſoons at him he bent;
Who ſeeing him come on ſo furiouſly,
Met him mid-way with equal hardiment,
That forcibly to ground they both together went.

29.

They up again themſelves can lightly rear,
And to their tryed ſwords themſelves betake;
With which they wrought ſuch wondrous marvels there
That all the reſt it did amazed make,
Ne any dar'd their peril to partake;
Now cuffing cloſe, now chaſing to and fro,
Now hurtling round, advantage for to take:
As two wild Boars together grapling goe,
Chauſing, and foming choler, each againſt his foe.

30.

So as they courſt, and turneyd here and there,
It chaunſt Sir *Satyrane* his ſteed at laſt,
Whether through foundring or through ſodain fear,
To ſtumble, that his rider nigh he caſt;
Which vantage *Cambell* did purſue ſo faſt,
That ere himſelf he had recovered well,
So ſore he ſowſt him on the compaſt creaſt,
That forced him to leave his lofty ſell,
And rudely tumbling down under his horſe feet fell.

31.

Lightly *Cambello* leapt down from his ſteed,
For to have rent his ſhield and arms away,
That whylom wont to be the Victors meed;
When all unwares he felt an hideous ſway
Of many ſwords that load on him did lay.
An hundred knights had him enclоſed round,
To reſcue *Satyrane* out of his pray;
All which at once huge ſtrokes on him did pound,
In hope to take him priſoner, where he ſtood on ground.

32.

He with their multitude was nought diſmaid,
But with ſtout courage turn'd upon them all,
And with his brondiron round about him laid;
Of which he dealt large alms, as did befall:
Like as a Lion that by chaunce doth fall
Into the hunters toil, doth rage and rore,
In royal heart diſdaining to be thrall;
But all in vain: for what might one do more?
They have him taken captive, though it grieve him ſore.

33.

Whereof when news to *Triamond* was brought,
There as he lay, his wound he ſoon forgot;
And ſtarting up, ſtraight for his armour ſought:
In vain he ſought; for, there he found it not;
Cambello it away before had got:
Cambello's arms therefore he on him threw,
And lightly iſſewd forth to take his lot.
There he in troup found all that warlike crew,
Leading his friend away, full ſory to his view.

34.

Into the thickeſt of that knightly preace
He thruſt, and ſmote down all that was between,
Caried with fervent zeal; ne did he ceaſe,
Till that he came where he had *Cambell* ſeen,
Like captive thrall two other Knights atween,
There he amongſt them cruel havock makes;
That they which lead him, ſoon enforced been
To let him looſe to ſave their proper ſtakes:
Who, being freed, from one a weapon fiercely takes.

35.

With that he drives at them with dreadful might,
Both in remembrance of his friends late harm,
And in revengement of his own deſpight;
So both together give a new alarm,
As if but now the battel waxed warm.
As when two greedy Wolves do break by force
Into an heard, far from the husband farm,
They ſpoil and ravin without all remorſe;
So did theſe two through all the field, their foes enforce.

36.

Fiercely they follow'd on their bold emprize,
Till trumpets ſound did warn them all to reſt;
Then all with one conſent did yield the prize
To *Triamond* and *Cambell* as the beſt.
But *Triamond* to *Cambell* it releaſt.
And *Cambell* it to *Triamond* transfer'd;
Each labouring to advance the others geſt,
And makes his praiſe before his own prefer'd:
So that the doom was to another day defer'd.

37.

The laſt day came, when all thoſe knights again
Aſſembled were, their deeds of arms to ſhew.
Full many deeds that day were ſhewed plain:
But *Satyrane* above all the other crew,
His wondrous worth declar'd in all mens view,
For, from the firſt he to the laſt endur'd:
And though ſome while Fortune from him withdrew,
Yet evermore his honour he recur'd,
And with unwearied powr his party ſtill aſſur'd.

38.

Ne was there Knight that ever thought of arms,
But that his utmoſt proweſs there made known,
That by their many words, and careleſs harms,
By ſhivered ſpear, and ſwords all under ſtrown,
By ſcattered ſhields was eaſie to be ſhown.
There might ye ſee looſe ſteeds at randon rone,
Whoſe luckleſs riders late were overthrown;
And Squires make haſte to help their Lords fordone:
But ſtill the Knights of Maidenhead the better wone;

39.

Till that there entred on the other ſide,
A ſtranger Knight, from whence no man could reed,
In queint diſguiſe, full hard to be deſcride.
For, all his armour was like ſalvage weed,
With woody moſs bedight, and all his ſteed
With oaken leaves attrapt, that ſeemed fit
For ſalvage wight, and thereto well agreed
His word which on his ragged ſhield was writ,
Salvageſſe ſans fineſſe, ſhewing ſecret wit.

40.

He at his firſt in-coming, charg'd his ſpear
At him, that firſt appeared in his ſight:
That was to weet, the ſtout Sir *Sangliere*,
Who well was known to be a valiant Knight,
Approved oft in many a perlous fight.
Him at the firſt encounter down he ſmote,
And over-bore beyond the crouper quight,
And after him another Knight, that hote
Sir *Brianor*, ſo ſore, that none him life behote.

41.

Then ere his hand he reard, he overthrew
Seven Knights, one after other as they came:
And when his ſpear was burſt, his ſword he drew,
The inſtrument of wrath, and with the ſame
Far'd like a lion in his bloudy game,
Hewing, and ſlaſhing ſhields, and helmets bright,
And beating down what ever nigh him came;
That every one 'gan ſhun his dreadful ſight,
No leſs than death it ſelf in dangerous affright.

Much

42.

Much wondred all men, what or whence he came,
That did amongſt the troups ſo tyrannize;
And each of other 'gan enquire his name.
But when they could not learn it by no wiſe,
Moſt anſwerable to his wild diſguiſe
It ſeemed, him to term the ſalvage knight.
But certes his right name was otherwiſe,
Though known to few, that *Arthegall* he hight,
The doughtieſt knight that liv'd that day, and moſt of (might.

43.

Thus was Sir *Satyrane* with all his band,
By his ſole manhood and atchievement ſtout
Diſmaid, that none of them in field durſt ſtand,
But beaten were, and chaſed all about.
So he continued all that day throughout,
Till evening, that the Sun 'gan downward bend.
Then ruſhed forth out of the thickeſt rout
A ſtranger knight, that did his glory ſhend;
So, nought may be eſteemed happy till the end.

44.

He at his entrance charg'd his pow'rful ſpear
At *Arthegall*, in middeſt of his pride;
And therewith ſmote him on his Umbriere
So ſore, that tumbling back, he down did ſlide
Over his horſes tail above a ſtride;
Whence little luſt he had to riſe again.
Which *Cambell* ſeeing, much the ſame envide,
And ran at him with all his might and main;
But ſhortly was likewiſe ſeen lying on the Plain.

45.

Whereat full inly wroth was *Triamond*,
And caſt t'avenge the ſhame do'n to his friend:
But by his friend himſelf eke ſoon he fond
In no leſs need of help, than him he weend.
All which when *Blandamour* from end to end
Beheld, he woxe therewith diſpleaſed ſore,
And thought in mind it ſhortly to amend:
His ſpear he feutred, and at him it bore;
But with no better fortune, than the reſt afore.

46.

Full many others at him likewiſe ran:
But all of them likewiſe diſmounted were.
Ne certes wonder; for, no powr of man
Could bide the force of that enchanted ſpear,
The which this famous *Britomart* did bear;
With which ſhe wondrous deeds of arms atchiev'd,
And overthrew what ever came her near,
That all thoſe ſtranger knights full ſore agriev'd,
And that late weaker band of challengers reliev'd.

47.

Like as in ſummers day, when raging heat
Doth burn the earth, and boiled rivers dry,
That all brute beaſts forc't to refrain fro meat,
Do hunt for ſhade, where ſhrowded they may lie,
And miſſing it, fain from themſelves to flie;
All travellers tormented are with pain:
A watry cloud doth overcaſt the skie,
And poureth forth a ſuddain ſhour of rain,
That all the wretched world recomforteth again:

48.

So did the warlike *Britomart* reſtore
The prize, to knights of Maidenhead that day
(Which elſe was like to have been loſt) and bore
The praiſe of proweſs from them all away.
Then ſhrilling trumpets loudly 'gan to bray,
And bade them leave their labours and long toil,
To joyous feaſt and other gentle play,
Where beauties prize ſhould win that precious ſpoil:
Where I with ſound of trump will alſo reſt awhile.

CANTO V.

The Ladies for the girdle ſtrive
of famous Florimell.
Scudamour, *coming to* Cares *houſe*,
doth ſleep from him expell.

1.

IT hath been through all ages ever ſeen,
That with the praiſe of arms and chevalry,
The prize of beauty ſtill hath joyned been;
And that for reaſons ſpecial privity:
For, either doth on other much rely.
For, he me ſeems moſt fit the fair to ſerve,
That can her beſt defend from villeny;
And ſhe moſt fit his ſervice doth deſerve,
That faireſt is, and from her faith will never ſwerve.

2.

So fitly now here cometh next in place,
After the proof of proweſs ended well,
The controverſe of beauties ſoveraign grace;
In which to her that doth the moſt excell,
Shall fall the girdle of fair *Florimell*:
That many wiſh to win for glory vain,
And not for vertuous uſe, which ſome do tell
That glorious belt did in it ſelf contain,
Which Ladies ought to love, and ſeek for to obtain.

3.

That girdle gave the vertue of chaſte love,
And wivehood true, to all that did it bear:
But whoſoever contrary doth prove,
Might not the ſame about her middle wear,
But it would looſe, or elſe aſunder tear.
Whilom it was (as Fairies wont report)
Dame *Venus* girdle, by her ſteemed dear,
What time ſhe us'd to live in wively ſort;
But laid aſide, when ſo ſhe us'd her looſer ſport.

4.

Her husband *Vulcan* whylom for her ſake,
When firſt he loved her with heart entire,
This precious ornament they ſay did make,
And wrought in *Lemnos* with unquenched fire:
And afterwards did for her loves firſt hire,
Give it to her for ever to remain,
Therewith to bind laſcivious deſire,
And looſe affections ſtreightly to reſtrain;
Which vertue it for ever after did retain.

5.

The ſame one day, when ſhe her ſelf diſpos'd
To viſit her beloved Paramour,
The god of War, ſhe from her middle loos'd,
And left behind her in her ſecret bowr,
On *Aridalian* mount, where many an howr,
She with the pleaſant *Graces* wont to play.
There *Florimell* in her firſt ages flowr
Was foſtred by thoſe *Graces*, (as they ſay)
And brought with her from thence that goodly belt away.

6.

That goodly belt was *Ceſtus* hight by name,
And as her life by her eſteemed dear.
No wonder then, if that to win the ſame
So many Ladies ſought, as ſhall appear;
For, peerleſs ſhe was thought, that did it bear.
And now by this, their feaſt all being ended,
The Judges which thereto ſelected were,
Into the Martian field adown deſcended,
To deem this doubtful caſe, for which they all contended.

7.

But firſt was queſtion made, which of thoſe Knights
That lately turneyd, had the wager wone:
There was it judged by thoſe worthy wights,
That *Satyrane* the firſt day beſt had done:
For, he laſt ended, having firſt begone:
The ſecond was to *Triamond* behight,
For that he ſav'd the Victor from fordone:
For, *Cambell* Victor was in all mens ſight,
Till by miſhap he in his foe-mens hand did light.

8.

The third days prize unto the ſtranger Knight,
Whom all men term'd Knight of the Hebene ſpear,
To *Britomart* was given by good right;
For that with puiſſant ſtroke ſhe down did bear
The *Salvage* Knight, that Victor was whilear,
And all the reſt, which had the beſt afore,
And to the laſt unconquer'd did appear;
For, laſt is deemed beſt. To her therefore
The faireſt Lady was adjudg'd for Paramore.

9.

But thereat greatly grudged *Arthegall*,
And much repin'd, that both of Victors meed,
And eke of honour ſhe did him foreſtall.
Yet mote he not withſtand what was decreed;
But inly thought of that deſpightful deed
Fit time t'await avenged for to be.
This being ended thus, and all agreed,
The next enſew'd the Paragon to ſee
Of beauties praiſe, and yield the faireſt her due fee.

10.

Then firſt *Cambello* brought unto their view
His fair *Cambina*, covered with a veal;
Which being once with-drawn, moſt perfect hew
And paſſing beauty did eftſoons reveal,
That able was weak hearts away to ſteal.
Next, did Sir *Triamond* unto their ſight
The face of his dear *Canacee* unheal;
Whoſe beauties beam eftſoons did ſhine ſo bright,
That daz'd the eyes of all, as with exceeding light.

11.

And after her did *Paridell* produce
His falſe *Dueſſa*, that ſhe might be ſeen;
Who with her forged beauty did ſeduce
The hearts of ſome, that faireſt her did ween;
As diverſe wits affected diverſe been.
Then did Sir *Ferramont* unto them ſhew
His *Lucida*, that was full fair and ſheen,
And after theſe an hundred Ladies moe
Appear'd in place, the which each other did out-goe.

12.

All which who-ſo dare think for to enchace,
Him needeth ſure a golden pen I ween,
To tell the feature of each goodly face.
For, ſince the day that they created been,
So many heavenly faces were not ſeen
Aſſembled in one place: ne he that thought
For *Chian* folk to pourtraict beauties Queen,
By view of all the faireſt to him brought,
So many fair did ſee, as here he might have ſought.

13.

At laſt, the moſt redoubted *Britonneſs*,
Her lovely *Amoret* did open ſhew:
Whoſe face diſcovered, plainly did expreſs
The heavenly pourtraict of bright Angels hew.
Well weened all, which her that time did view,
That ſhe ſhould ſurely bear the bell away,
Till *Blandamour*, who thought he had the trew
And very *Florimell*, did her diſplay:
The ſight of whom once ſeen, did all the reſt diſmay.

14.

For, all afore that ſeemed fair and bright,
Now baſe and contemptible did appear,
Compar'd to her, that ſhone as *Phœbes* light,
Amongſt the leſſer ſtars in evening clear.
All that her ſaw, with wonder raviſht were,
And ween'd no mortal creature ſhe ſhould be,
But ſome celeſtial ſhape, that fleſh did bear:
Yet all were glad there *Florimell* to ſee;
Yet thought that *Florimell* was not ſo fair as ſhe.

15.

As guileful Goldſmith that by ſecret skill,
With golden foyl doth finely over-ſpred
Some baſer metal, which commend he will
Unto the vulgar for good gold inſted,
He much more goodly gloſs thereon doth ſhed,
To hide his falſhood, than if it were trew:
So hard, this Idol was to be ared,
That *Florimell* her ſelf in all mens view
She ſeem'd to paſs: ſo forged things do faireſt ſhew.

16.

Then was the golden belt by doom of all
Graunted to her, as to the faireſt Dame.
Which being brought, about her middle ſmall
They thought to gird, as beſt it her became;
But by no means they could it thereto frame.
For, ever as they faſtned it, it loos'd
And fell away, as feeling ſecret blame.
Full oft about her waſte ſhe it enclos'd;
And it as oft was from about her waſte diſclos'd.

That

17.

That all men wondred at the uncouth ſight,
And each one thought, as to their fancies came.
And ſhe her ſelf did think it done for ſpight,
And touched was with ſecret wrath and ſhame
Therewith, as thing devis'd her to defame.
Then many other Ladies likewiſe tride,
About their tender loyns to knit the ſame;
But it would not on none of them abide,
But when they thought it faſt, eftſoons it was untide.

18.

Which when that ſcornful *Squire of Dames* did view,
He loudly 'gan to laugh and thus to jeſt;
Alas for pity that ſo fair a crew,
As like cannot be ſeen from Eaſt to Weſt,
Cannot find one this girdle to inveſt.
Fie on the man that did it firſt invent,
To ſhame us all with this, *Ungirt unbleſt*.
Let never Lady to his love aſſent,
That hath this day ſo many ſo unmanly ſhent.

19.

Thereat all Knights 'gan laugh, and Ladies lowr;
Till that at laſt the gentle *Amoret*
Likewiſe aſſaid, to prove that girdles powr;
And having it about her middle ſet,
Did find it fit, withouten breach or let.
Whereat the reſt 'gan greatly to envy:
But *Florimell* exceedingly did fret,
And ſnatching from her hand half angrily
The belt again, about her body 'gan it tie.

20.

Yet nathemore would it her body fit;
Yet natheleſs to her, as her dew right,
It yielded was by them, that judged it:
And ſhe herſelf adjudged to the Knight,
That bore the Hebene ſpear, as wone in fight.
But *Britomart* would not thereto aſſent,
Ne her own *Amoret* forgoe ſo light
For that ſtrange Dame, whoſe beauties wonderment
She leſs eſteem'd, than th'others vertuous government.

21.

Whom when the reſt did ſee her to refuſe,
They were full glad, in hope themſelves to get her:
Yet at her choice they all did greatly muſe.
But after that, the Judges did arret her
Unto the ſecond beſt, that lov'd her better;
That was the *Salvage* Knight: but he was gone
In great diſpleaſure that he could not get her.
Then was ſhe judged *Triamond* his one;
But *Triamond* lov'd *Canacee*, and other none.

22.

Tho, unto *Satyran* ſhe was adjudged,
Who was right glad to gain ſo goodly meed:
But *Blandamour* thereat full greatly grudged,
And little prais'd his labours evil ſpeed,
That for to win the ſaddle, loſt the ſteed.
Ne leſs thereat did *Paridell* complain,
And thought t'appeal from that which was decreed,
To ſingle combat with Sir *Satyran*.
Thereto him *Ate* ſtir'd, new diſcord to maintain.

23.

And eke with theſe; full many other Knights
She through her wicked working did incenſe,
Her to demaund, and challenge as their rights,
Deſerved for their perils recompenſe.
Amongſt the reſt, with boaſtful vain pretenſe
Stept *Braggadocchio* forth, and as his thrall
Her claim'd, by him in battel wone long ſince:
Whereto her ſelf he did to witneſs call;
Who being askt accordingly confeſſed all.

24.

Thereat exceeding wroth was *Satyran*;
And wroth with *Satyran* was *Blandamour*;
And wroth with *Blandamour* was *Erivan*;
And at them both Sir *Paridell* did lour.
So all together ſtir'd up ſtrifeful ſtour,
And ready were new battel to darrain.
Each one profeſt to be her Paramour,
And vow'd with ſpear and ſhield it to maintain;
Ne Judges powr, ne reaſons rule mote them reſtrain.

25.

Which troublous ſtir when *Satyran* aviz'd,
He 'gan to caſt how to appeaſe the ſame;
And to accord them all, this means deviz'd:
Firſt in the midſt to ſet that faireſt Dame,
To whom each one his challenge ſhould diſclame,
And he himſelf his right would eke releaſe:
Then look to whom ſhe voluntary came,
He ſhould without diſturbance her poſſeſs:
Sweet is the love that comes alone with willingneſs.

26.

They all agreed: and then that ſnowy Mayd
Was in the middeſt plac't among them all;
All on her gazing wiſht, and vowd, and prayd,
And to the Queen of beauty cloſe did call,
That ſhe unto their portion might befall.
Then when ſhe long had lookt upon each one,
As though ſhe wiſhed to have pleas'd them all,
At laſt, to *Braggodocchio* ſelf alone
She came of her accord, in ſpight of all his fone.

27.

Which when they all beheld, they chaf't and rag'd,
And woxt nigh mad for very hearts deſpight,
That from revenge their wills they ſcarce aſſwag'd:
Some thought from him her to have reft by might;
Some proffer made with him for her to fight.
But he nought car'd for all that they could ſay:
For, he their words as wind eſteemed light.
Yet not fit place he thought it there to ſtay,
But ſecretly from thence that night her bore away.

28.

They which remain'd, ſo ſoon as they perceiv'd,
That ſhe was gone, departed thence with ſpeed,
And follow'd them, in mind her to have reav'd
From wight unworthy of ſo noble meed.
In which purſuit how each one did ſucceed,
Shall elſe be told in order, as it fell.
But now of *Britomart* it here doth need
The hard adventures and ſtrange haps to tell;
Since with the reſt ſhe went not after *Florimell*.

That

For

29.

For, ſoon as ſhe them ſaw to diſcord ſet,
Her liſt no longer in that place abide;
But taking with her lovely *Amoret*,
Upon her firſt adventure forth did ride,
To ſeek her lov'd, making blind Love her guide.
Unlucky Maid to ſeek her enemy!
Unlucky Maid to ſeek him far and wide,
Whom, when he was unto her ſelf moſt nie,
She through his late diſguizement could him not deſcrie.

30.

So much the more her grief, the more her toil:
Yet neither toil nor grief, ſhe once did ſpare,
In ſeeking him, that ſhould her pain aſſoil;
Where to great comfort in her ſad miſfare
Was *Amoret*, companion of her care:
Who likewiſe ſought her lover long miſ-went,
The gentle *Scudamour*, whoſe heart whilare
That ſtriveful hag with jealous diſcontent
Had fil'd, that he to fell revenge was fully bent;

31.

Bent to revenge on blameleſs *Britomart*
The crime, which curſed *Ate* kindled earſt,
The which like thorns did prick his jealous heart,
And through his ſoul like poiſoned arrow pearc't,
That by no reaſon it might be reverſt,
For ought that *Glauce* could or do or ſay.
For, aye the more that ſhe the ſame rehearſt,
The more it gauld, and griev'd him night and day,
That nought but dire revenge his anger mote defray.

32.

So as they travelled, the drouping night
Covered with cloudy ſtorm and bitter ſhowr,
That dreadful ſeem'd to every living wight,
Upon them fell, before her timely howr;
That forced them to ſeek ſome covert bowr,
Where they might hide their heads in quiet reſt,
And ſhroud their perſons from that ſtormy ſtowr.
Not far away, not meet for any gueſt
They ſpide a little cottage, like ſome poor mans neſt.

33.

Under a ſteep hills ſide it placed was;
There where the mouldred earth had cav'd the bank;
And faſt beſide a little brook did paſs
Of muddy water, that like puddle ſtank;
By which, few crooked ſallows grew in rank:
Whereto approching nigh, they heard the ſound
Of many iron hammers beating rank,
And anſwering their weary turns around,
That ſeemed ſom black-ſmith dwelt in that deſert ground.

34.

There entring in, they found the goodman ſelf,
Full buſily unto his work ybent;
Who was to weet, a wretched weariſh elf,
With hollow eyes and raw-bone cheeks forſpent,
As if he had in priſon long been pent:
Full black and grieſly did his face appear,
Beſmeard with ſmoak that nigh his eye-ſight blent;
With rugged beard, and hoary ſhagged hear,
The which he never wont to comb, or comely ſhear.

35.

Rude was his garment and to rags all rent,
Ne better had he, ne for better car'd:
With bliſtered hands emongſt the cinders brent,
And fingers filthy, with long nails prepar'd,
Right fit to rend the food, on which he far'd.
His name was *Care*; a black-ſmith by his trade,
That neither day nor night, from working ſpar'd,
But to ſmall purpoſe iron wedges made;
Thoſe be unquiet thoughts, that carefull minds invade.

36.

In which his work he had ſix ſervants preſt,
About the Anvile ſtanding evermore,
With huge great hammers, that did never reſt
From heaping ſtroaks, which thereon ſouſed ſore:
All ſix, ſtrong grooms, but one than other more;
For, by degrees they all were diſagreed;
So likewiſe did the hammers which they bore,
Like bells in greatneſs orderly ſucceed,
That he which was the laſt, the firſt did far exceed.

37.

He like a monſtrous Giant ſeem'd in ſight,
Far paſſing *Bronteus*, or *Piracmon* great,
The which in *Lipari* doe day and night
Frame thunder-bolts for *Joves* avengeful threat.
So dreadfully he did the Anvile beat,
That ſeem'd to duſt he ſhortly would it drive:
So huge his hammer and ſo fierce his heat,
That ſeem'd a rock of Diamond it could rive,
And rend aſunder quite, if he thereto liſt ſtrive.

38.

Sir *Scudamore* there entring, much admir'd
The manner of their work and weary pain;
And having long beheld, at laſt enquir'd
The cauſe and end thereof: but all in vain;
For, they for nought would from their work refrain,
Ne let his ſpeeches come unto their ear.
And eke the breathfull bellows blew amain,
Like to the Nothren wind, that none could hear:
Thoſe *Penſivenes* did move; and *Sighes* the bellows were.

39.

Which when that Warriour ſaw, he ſaid no more,
But in his armour laid him down to reſt:
To reſt, he laid him down upon the flore,
(Whilom for ventrous knights the bedding beſt)
And thought his weary limbs to have redreſt.
And that old aged Dame, his faithful Squire,
Her feeble joynts laid eke adown to reſt,
That needed much her weak age to deſire,
After ſo long a travell, which them both did tire.

40.

There lay Sir *Scudamore* long while expecting,
When gentle ſleep his heavy eyes would cloſe;
Oft changing ſides, and oft new place electing,
Where better ſeem'd he mote himſelf repoſe,
And oft in wrath he thence again uproſe;
And oft in wrath he laid him down again.
But whereſoere he did himſelf diſpoſe,
He by no means could wiſhed eaſe obtain:
So every place ſeem'd painful, and each changing vain.

And

41.

And evermore, when he to ſleep did think,
The hammers ſound his ſenſes did moleſt;
And evermore when he began to wink,
The bellows noiſe diſturb'd his quiet reſt,
Ne ſuffred ſleep to ſettle in his breſt.
And all the night the dogs did bark and houl
About the houſe, at ſcent of ſtranger gueſt:
And now the crowing Cock, and now the Owl
Lowd ſhriking him afflicted to the very ſoul.

42.

And if by fortune any little nap,
Upon his heavy eye-lids chaunc't to fall,
Ettſoons one of thoſe villains him did rap
Upon his head-piece with his iron mall;
That he was ſoon awaked therewithall,
And lightly ſtarted up as one affraid;
Or as if one him ſuddenly did call.
So, oftentimes he out of ſleep abraid,
And then lay muzing long, on that him ill apaid.

43.

So long he muzed, and ſo long he lay,
That at the laſt his weary ſpirit oppreſt
With fleſhly weakneſs, which no creature may
Long time reſiſt, gave place to kindly reſt,
That all his ſenſes did full ſoon arreſt:
Yet in his ſoundeſt ſleep, his daily fear
His ydle brain 'gan buſily moleſt,
And made him dream thoſe two diſloyal were:
The things that day moſt minds, at night do moſt appear.

44.

With that, the wicked carle, the maſter Smith,
A pair of red hot iron tongs did take
Out of the burning cinders, and therewith,
Under his ſide him nipt; that forc't to wake
He felt his very heart for pain to quake,
And ſtarted up avenged for to bee
On him, the which his quiet ſlumber brake:
Yet looking round about him none could ſee;
Yet did the ſmart remain, though he himſelf did flee.

45.

In ſuch diſquiet and heart-fretting pain,
He all that night, that too long night did paſs.
And now the day out of the Ocean main
Began to peep about this earthly maſs,
With pearly dew ſprinkling the morning graſs,
Then up he roſe like heavy lump of lead;
That in his face, as in a looking glaſs,
The ſigns of anguiſh one mote plainly read,
And gueſs the man to be diſmayd with jealous dread.

46.

Unto his lofty ſteed he clomb anon,
And forth upon his former voyage far'd,
And with him eke that aged Squire attone;
Who, whatſoever peril was prepar'd,
Both equal pains, and equal peril ſhar'd:
The end whereof and dangerous event
Shall for another Canticle be ſpar'd.
But here my weary teme nigh over-ſpent
Shall breath it ſelf awhile, after ſo long a went.

CANTO VI.

Both Scudamour *and* Arthegal
Do fight with Britomart:
He ſees her face; doth fall in love;
And ſoon from her depart.

1.

WHat equal torment to the grief of mind,
And pining anguiſh hid in gentle heart,
That inly feeds it ſelf with thoughts unkind,
And nouriſheth her own conſuming ſmart?
What medicine can any Leaches art
Yield ſuch a ſore, that doth her grievance hide,
And will to none her malady impart?
Such was the wound that *Scudamour* did gride;
For which, *Dan Phœbus* ſelf cannot a ſalve provide.

2.

Who, having left that reſtleſs houſe of *Care*,
The next day, as he on his way did ride,
Full of melancholy and ſad miſfare,
Through miſconceit; all unawares eſpide
An armed Knight under a foreſt ſide,
Sitting in ſhade beſide his grazing ſteed;
Who, ſoon as them approaching he deſcride,
'Gan towards them to prick with eager ſpeed,
That ſeem'd he was full bent to ſome miſchievous deed.

3.

Which, *Scudamour* perceiving, forth iſſew'd
To have r'encountred him in equal race;
But, ſoon as th'other, nigh approching, view'd
The arms he bore, his ſpear he 'gan abaſe.
And void his courſe: at which ſo ſuddein caſe
He wondred much. But th'other thus can ſay;
Ah! gentle *Scudamour*, unto your grace
I me ſubmit, and you of pardon pray,
That almoſt had againſt you treſpaſſed this day.

4.

Whereto thus *Scudamour*; Small harm it were
For any Knight, upon a ventrous Knight
Without diſpleaſance for to prove his ſpear.
But read you Sir, ſith ye my name have hight,
What is your own? that I mote you requite.
Certes, ſaid he, ye mote as now excuſe
Me from diſcovering you my name aright:
For time yet ſerves that I the ſame refuſe,
But call ye me the *Salvage Knight*, as others uſe.

5.

Then this, Sir *Salvage Knight*, quoth he, areed;
Or, do you here within this foreſt wone?
(That ſeemeth well to anſwer to your weed)
Or, have ye it for ſome occaſion done?
That rather ſeems, ſith knowen arms ye ſhone.
This other day, ſaid he, a ſtranger Knight
Shame and diſhonour hath unto me done;
On whom I wait to wreak that foul deſpight,
When-ever he this way ſhall paſs by day or night.

Shame

6.

Shame be his meed, quoth he, that meaneth ſhame.
But what is he, by whom ye ſhamed were?
A ſtranger knight ſaid he, unknown by name,
But known by fame, and by an Hebene ſpear,
With which, he all that met him, down did bear.
He in an open Turney lately held,
Fro me the honour of that game did rear;
And having me, all weary earſt, down feld,
The faireſt Lady reft, and ever ſince with-held.

7.

When *Scudamour* heard mention of that ſpear,
He wiſt right well, that it was *Britomart*,
The which from him his faireſt Love did bear.
Tho, 'gan he ſwell in every inner part,
For fell deſpight, and gnaw his jealous heart,
That thus he ſharply ſaid; Now by my head,
Yet is not this the firſt unknightly part,
Which that ſame knight, whom by his launce I read,
Hath do'n to noble knights, that many makes him dread.

8.

For, lately he my Love hath fro me reft,
And eke defiled with foul villany
The ſacred pledge, which in his faith was left,
In ſhame of knighthood and fidelity;
The which ere long full dear he ſhall aby.
And if to that avenge by you decreed
This hand may help, or ſuccour ought ſupply,
It ſhall not fail, when-ſo ye ſhall it need.
So both to wreak their wraths on *Britomart* agreed.

9.

Whiles thus they communed, lo far away
A knight ſoft riding towards them they ſpide,
Attir'd in forain arms and ſtrange array:
Whom when they nigh approacht, they plain deſcride
To be the ſame, for whom they did abide.
Said then Sir *Scudamour*, Sir *Salvage* knight,
Let me this crave, ſith firſt I was deſide,
That firſt I may that wrong to him requite:
And if I hap to fail, you ſhall recure my right.

10.

Which being yielded, he his threatful ſpear,
'Gan fewter, and againſt her fiercely ran.
Who, ſoon as ſhe him ſaw approaching near
With ſo fell rage, herſelf ſhe lightly 'gan
To dight, to welcome him, well as ſhe can;
But entertain'd him in ſo rude a wiſe,
That to the ground ſhe ſmote both horſe and man;
Whence neither greatly haſted to ariſe,
But on their common harms together did deviſe.

11.

But *Artegall*, beholding his miſchance,
New matter added to his former fire;
And eft aventring his ſteel-headed lance,
Againſt her rode, full of diſpiteous ire,
That nought but ſpoil and vengeance did require.
But to himſelf his felonous intent
Returning, diſappointed his deſire,
Whiles unawares his ſaddle he forwent,
And found himſelf on ground in great amazement.

12.

Lightly he ſtarted up out of that ſtound;
And ſnatching forth his direful deadly blade,
Did leap to her, as doth an eager hound
Thruſt to an Hynd within ſome covert glade,
Whom without peril he cannot invade.
With ſuch fell greedineſs he her aſſail'd,
That though ſhe mounted were, yet he her made
To give him ground (ſo much his force prevail'd)
And ſhun his mighty ſtrokes, gainſt which no arms avail'd.

13.

So as they courſed here and there, it chaunc't
That in her wheeling round, behind her creſt
So ſorely he her ſtrook, that thence it glaunc't
Adown her back, the which it fairly bleſt
From foul miſchaunce; ne did it ever reſt,
Till on her horſes hinder parts it fell;
Where biting deep, ſo deadly it impreſt,
That quite it chyn'd his back behind the ſell,
And to alight on foot her algates did compell:

14.

Like as the lightning brond from riven ſky,
Thrown out by angry *Jove* in his vengeance,
With dreadful force falls on ſome ſteeple hie;
Which battring, down it on the Church doth glance,
And tears it all with terrible miſchance.
Yet ſhe no whit diſmaid, her ſteed forſook,
And caſting from her that enchanted lance,
Unto her ſword and ſhield her ſoon betook;
And therewithal at him right furiouſly ſhe ſtrook.

15.

So furiouſly ſhe ſtrook in her firſt heat,
Whiles with long fight on foot he breathleſs was,
That ſhe him forced backward to retreat,
And yield unto her weapon way to paſs:
Whoſe raging rigour neither ſteel nor braſs
Could ſtay, but to the tender fleſh it went,
And pour'd the purple blood forth on the graſs;
That all his mail yriv'd, and plates yrent,
Shew'd all his body bare unto the cruel dent.

16.

At length, when as he ſaw her haſty heat
Abate, and panting breath begin to fail,
He through long ſufferance growing now more great,
Roſe in his ſtrength, and 'gan her freſh aſſail,
Heaping huge ſtroaks, as thick as ſhowr of hail,
And laſhing dreadfully at every part,
As if he thought her ſoul to diſentrail.
Ah! cruel hand, and thrice more cruel hart,
That work'ſt ſuch wreck on her, to whom thou deareſt art.

17.

What iron courage ever could endure,
To work ſuch outrage on ſo fair a creature?
And in his madneſs think with hands impure
To ſpoil ſo goodly workmanſhip of Nature,
The Maker ſelf reſembling in her feature?
Certes, ſome helliſh fury, or ſome fiend
This miſchief fram'd, for their firſt loves defeature,
To bathe their hands in blood of deareſt friend,
There-by to make their loves beginning, their lives end.

18.

Thus long they trac't, and traverſt to and fro,
Sometimes purſewing, and ſometimes purſew'd,
Still as advantage they eſpide thereto:
But toward th'end, Sir *Arthegal* renew'd
His ſtrength ſtill more, but ſhe ſtill more decrew'd:
At laſt, his luckleſs hand he heav'd on hie,
Having his forces all in one accrew'd;
And there-with ſtrook at her ſo hideouſly,
That ſeemed nought but death mote be her deſtinie.

19.

The wicked ſtroke upon her helmet chanc't,
And with the force which in it ſelf it bore,
Her vental ſhar'd away, and thence forth glanc't
Adown in vain, ne harm'd her any more.
With that, her Angels face (unſeen afore)
Like to the ruddy morn appear'd in ſight,
Deawed with ſilver drops, through ſweating ſore;
But ſomewhat redder than beſeem'd aright,
Through toilſom heat, and labour of her weary fight.

20.

And round about the ſame, her yellow hair
Having through ſtirring loos'd their wonted band,
Like to a golden border did appear,
Framed in Goldſmiths forge with cunning hand:
Yet Goldſmiths cunning could not underſtand
To frame ſuch ſubtile wire ſo ſhinie clear.
For, it did gliſter like the golden ſand,
The which *Pactolus* with his waters ſhere,
Throws forth upon the rivage round about him nere.

21.

And as his hand he up again did rear,
Thinking to work on her his utmoſt wrack,
His powerleſs arm benumbd with ſecret fear,
From his revengefull purpoſe ſhrunk aback;
And cruel ſword out of his fingers ſlack
Fell down to ground, as if the ſteel had ſenſe,
And felt ſome ruth, or ſenſe his hand did lack:
Or both of them did think, obedience
To do to ſo divine a beauties excellence.

22.

And he himſelf, long gazing thereupon,
At laſt fell humbly down upon his knee,
And of his wonder made religion,
Weening ſome heavenly goddeſs he did ſee,
Or elſe unweeting what it elſe might bee;
And pardon her beſought his errour frail,
That had done out-rage in ſo high degree:
Whil'ſt trembling horror did his ſenſe aſſail,
And made each member quake, and manly hart to quail.

23.

Nath'leſs, ſhe full of wrath for that late ſtroke,
All that long while up-held her wrathfull hand,
With fell intent, on him to been yroke,
And looking ſtern, ſtill over him did ſtand,
Threatning to ſtrike, unleſs he would withſtand:
And bade him riſe, or ſurely he ſhould die.
But die or live, for nought he would up-ſtand,
But her of pardon praid more earneſtly,
Or wreak on him her will for ſo great injury.

24.

Which when as *Scudamore*, who now abraid,
Beheld, where-as he ſtood not far aſide,
He was there-with right wondrouſly diſmaid:
And drawing nigh, when as he plain deſcride
That peerleſs pattern of Dame Natures pride,
And heavenly image of perfection,
He bleſt himſelf, as one ſore terrifide;
And turning fear to faint devotion,
Did worſhip her as ſome celeſtial viſion.

25.

But *Glauce*, ſeeing all that chanced there,
Well weening how their error to aſſoyl,
Full glad of ſo good end, to them drew nere,
And her ſalewd with ſeemly bel-accoyl,
Joyous to ſee her ſafe after long toyl.
Then her beſought, as ſhe to her was deer,
To grant unto thoſe warriours truce awhile;
Which yielded, they their bevers up did rear,
And ſhew'd themſelves to her, ſuch as indeed they were.

26.

When *Britomart* with ſharp avizeful eye
Beheld the lovely face of *Arthegal*,
Tempred with ſterneſs and ſtout majeſty,
She gan eftſoons it to her mind to call,
To be the ſame which in her fathers hall
Long ſince in that enchanted glaſs ſhe ſaw.
Therewith her wrathful courage gan appall,
And haughty ſpirits meekly to adaw,
That her enhanced hand ſhe down can ſoft with-draw.

27.

Yet ſhe is forc't to have again up-held,
As faining choler, which was turn'd to cold:
But ever when his viſage ſhe beheld,
Her hand fell down, and would no longer hold
The wrathful weapon gainſt his countnance bold:
But when in vain to fight ſhe oft aſſai'd,
She arm'd her tongue, and thought at him to ſcold;
Nath'leſs, her tongue not to her will obaid; (ſaid.
But brought forth ſpeeches mild, when ſhe wold have miſ-

28.

But *Scudamore*, now woxen inly glad,
That all his jealous fear he falſe had found,
And how that Hag his love abuſed had,
With breach of faith, and loyalty unſound,
The which long time his grieved hart did wound,
He thus be-ſpake; Certes, Sir *Arthegall*,
I joy to ſee you lout ſo low on ground,
And now become to live a Ladies thrall,
That whylom in your mind wont to deſpiſe them all.

29.

Soon as ſhe heard the name of *Arthegall*,
Her hart did leap, and all her hart-ſtrings tremble,
For ſuddain joy, and ſecret fear withall,
And all her vital powres with motions nimble,
To ſuccour it themſelves gan there aſſemble;
That by the ſwift recourſe of fluſhing blood
Right plain appear'd, though ſhe it would diſſemble,
And fained ſtill her former angry mood.
Thinking to hide the depth by troubling of the flood:

30.

When *Glauce* thus gan wisely all up-knit;
Ye gentle Knights, whom fortune here hath brought,
To be spectators of this uncouth fit,
Which secret fate hath in this Lady wrought,
Against the course of kind: ne mervail nought,
Ne henceforth fear the thing that hitherto,
Hath troubled both your minds with idle thought,
Fearing least she your Loves away should wo.
Feared in vain, sith means ye see there wants thereto.

31

And you Sir *Arthegal*, the salvage knight,
Hence-forth may not disdain, that womans hand
Hath conquered you, anew in second fight:
For, whylom they have conquered sea and land,
And heaven it self, that nought may them withstand.
Ne henceforth be rebellious unto love,
That is the crown of knighthood, and the band
Of noble minds derived from above:
Which, beeing knit with virtue, never will remove.

32.

And you fair Lady knight, my dearest Dame,
Relent the rigour of your wrathful will,
Whose fire were better turn'd to other flame;
And wiping out remembrance of all ill,
Grant him your grace; but so that he fulfill
The penance, which ye shall to him empart:
For, Lovers heaven must pass by sorrows hell.
There-at full inly blushed *Britomart*:
But *Arthegal*, close smiling, joy'd in secret hart.

33.

Yet durst he not make love so suddenly,
Ne think th' affection of her hart to draw,
From one to other so quite contrary:
Besides, her modest countenance he saw
So goodly grave, and full of Princely aw,
That it his raging fancie did refrain,
And looser thoughts to lawful bounds with-draw;
Whereby the passion grew more fierce and fain,
Like to a stubborn steed whom strong hand wold restrain.

34.

But *Scudamore*, whose hart twixt doubtful fear
And feeble hope hung all this while suspence,
Desiring of his *Amoret* to hear
Some gladfull news and sure intelligence,
Her thus bespake; But sir, without offence
Mote I request you tydings of my Love,
My *Amoret*, sith you her freed from thence,
Where she captived long, great woes did prove;
That where ye left, I may her seek, as doth behove.

35.

To whom, thus *Britomart*; Certes, Sir Knight,
What is of her become, or whither reft,
I cannot unto you aread aright.
For, from that time I from Enchanters theft
Her freed, in which ye her all hopeless left,
I her preserv'd from peril and from fear,
And evermore from villanie her kept:
Ne ever was there wight to me more dear
Than she, ne unto whom I more true love did bear.

36.

Till on a day, as through a desert wild
We travelled both weary of the way,
We did alight, and sate in shadow mild;
Where fearless I to sleep me down did lay.
But when as I did out of sleep abray,
I found her not, where I her left whylear,
But thought she wandred was, or gone astray.
I call'd her loud, I sought her far and near;
But no where could her find, nor tydings of her hear.

37.

When *Scudamore* those heavy tydings heard,
His hart was thrild with poynt of deadly fear;
Ne in his face or blood or life appear'd,
But senseless stood, like to amazed Stear,
That yet of mortal stroke the stound doth bear:
Till *Glauce* thus; Fair Sir, be nought dismaid
With needless dread, till certainty ye hear:
For, yet she may be safe, though some what straid;
It's best to hope the best, though of the worst afraid.

38.

Nath'less, he hardly of her cheerful speech
Did comfort take, or in his troubled sight
Shew'd change of better cheer: so sore a breach
That sudden news had made into his spright;
But *Britomart* him fairly thus behight;
Great cause of sorrow, certes Sir ye have:
But comfort take: for, by this heavens light
I vow, you dead or living not to leave,
Till I her find, and wreak on him that her did reave.

39.

Therewith he rested, and well pleased was.
So peace being confirm'd amongst them all,
They took their steeds, and forward thence did pass,
Unto some resting place which mote befall;
All being guided by Sir *Arthegal*.
Where goodly solace was unto them made,
And daily feasting both in bowre and hall,
Until that they their wounds well healed had,
And weary limbs recur'd, after late usage bad.

40.

In all which time, Sir *Arthegal* made way
Unto the love of noble *Britomart*:
And with meek service and much suit did lay
Continual siege unto her gentle hart;
Which, being whylom lanc't with lovely dart,
More eath was new impression to receive,
How ever she her paind with womanish art
To hide her wound, that none might it perceive:
Vain is the art that seeks it self for to deceive.

41.

So well he woo'd her, and so well he wrought her,
With fair entreaty and sweet blandishment,
That at the length, unto obay he brought her,
So as she to his speeches was content
To lend an ear, and softly to relent.
At last, through many vows which forth he pour'd,
And many othes, she yielded her consent
To be his Love, and take him for her Lord,
Till they with mariage meet might finish that accord.

The,

42.

Tho, when they had long time there taken reſt,
Sir *Arthegall* (who all this while was bound
Upon a hard adventure yet in queſt)
Fit time for him thence to depart it found,
To follow that, which he did long propound;
And unto her his congee came to take.
But her there-with full ſore diſpleas'd he found,
And loth to leave her late betrothed Make;
Her deareſt Love full loth ſo ſhortly to forſake.

43.

Yet he with ſtrong perſwaſions her aſſwaged,
And wone her will to ſuffer him depart;
For which, his faith with her he faſt engaged,
And thouſand vows from bottom of his hart,
That all ſo ſoon as he by wit or art
Could that atchieve, where-to he did aſpire,
He unto her would ſpeedily revert:
No longer ſpace there-to he did deſire,
But till the horned Moon three courſes did expire.

44.

With which, ſhe for the preſent was appeas'd,
And yielded leave, how ever malcontent
She inly were, and in her mind diſpleas'd.
So, early on the morrow next he went
Forth on his way, to which he was ybent;
Ne wight him to attend, or way to guide,
As whylom was the cuſtom ancient
'Mongſt Knights, when on adventures they did ride,
Save that the algates him awhile accompanide.

45.

And by the way, ſhe ſundry purpoſe found
Of this or that, the time for to delay,
And of the perils where-to he was bound,
The fear whereof ſeem'd much her to affray:
But all ſhe did was but to wear out day.
Full often-times ſhe leave of him did take;
And eft again deviz'd ſome-what to ſay,
Which ſhe forgot, whereby excuſe to make:
So loth ſhe was his company for to forſake.

46.

At laſt, when all the ſpeeches ſhe had ſpent,
And new occaſion fail'd her more to find,
She left him to his fortunes government,
And back returned with right heavy mind,
To *Scudamour*, whom ſhe had left behind:
With whom ſhe went to ſeek fair *Amoret*,
Her ſecond care, though in another kind;
For virtues only ſake (which doth beget
True love and faithful friendſhip) ſhe by her did ſet.

47.

Back to that deſert foreſt they retir'd,
Where ſory *Britomart* had loſt her late;
There they her ſought, and every where inquir'd,
Where they might tydings get of her eſtate;
Yet found they none. But by what hapleſs fate,
Or hard misfortune ſhe was thence convayd,
And ſtoln away from her beloved Mate,
Were long to tell; therefore I here will ſtay
Until another tide, that I it finiſh may.

CANTO VII.

Amoret rapt by greedy luſt
Belphœbe ſaves from dread:
The Squire her loves, and being blam'd
his days in dool doth lead.

1.

GReat God of Love, that with thy cruel darts
Doſt conquer greateſt Conquerors on ground,
And ſett'ſt thy kingdom in the captive harts
Of Kings and Keaſars, to thy ſervice bound,
What glory, or what guerdon haſt thou found
In feeble Ladies tyranning ſo ſore;
And adding anguiſh to the bitter wound,
With which their lives thou launcedſt long afore,
By heaping ſtorms of trouble on them daily more?

2.

So whylom didſt thou to fair *Florimell*,
And ſo and ſo to noble *Britomart*:
So doſt thou now to her of whom I tell,
The lovely *Amoret*; whoſe gentle hart
Thou martyreſt with ſorrow and with ſmart,
In ſalvage Foreſts, and in Deſerts wide,
With Bears and Tigers taking heavy part,
Withouten comfort, and withouten guide;
That pity is to hear the perils which ſhe tride.

3.

So ſoon as ſhe, with that brave *Britonneſs*,
Had left that Turneyment for beauties prize,
They travell'd long; that now for wearineſs,
Both of the way, and war-like exerciſe,
Both through a foreſt riding, did deviſe
T'alight, and reſt their weary limbs awhile.
There, heavy ſleep the eye-lids did ſurpriſe
Of *Britomart* after long tedious toil,
That did her paſſed pains in quiet reſt aſſoil.

4.

The whiles, fair *Amoret* (of nought affeard)
Walt through the wood, for pleaſure, or for need;
When ſuddenly behind her back ſhe heard
One ruſhing forth out of the thickeſt weed:
That, ere ſhe back could turn to taken heed,
Had unawares her ſnatcht up from the ground.
Feebly ſhe ſhriekt; but ſo feebly indeed,
That *Britomart* heard not the ſhrilling ſound,
There where through weary travel ſhe lay ſleeping ſound.

5.

It was to weet, a wild and ſalvage man;
Yet was no man, but only like in ſhape,
And eke in ſtature higher by a ſpan,
All over-grown with hair, that could awhape
An hardy heart; and his wide mouth did gape
With huge great teeth, like to a tusked Bore:
For, he liv'd all on ravin and on rape
Of men and beaſts; and fed on fleſhly gore,
The ſign whereof yet ſtain'd his bloody lips afore.

6.

His neather lip was not like man nor beaſt,
But like a wide deep poke, down hanging low,
In which he wont the reliques of his feaſt
And cruel ſpoil, which he had ſpar'd, to ſtow:
And over it, his huge great noſe did grow,
Full dreadfully empurpled all with blood;
And down both ſides, two wide long ears did glow,
And rought down to his waſte, when up he ſtood,
More great than th'ears of Elephants by *Indus* flood.

7.

His waſte was with a wreath of Ivy green
Engirt about, ne other garment wore:
For, all his hair was like a garment ſeen;
And in his hand a tall young Oak he bore,
Whoſe knotty ſnags were ſharpned all afore,
And beath'd in fire for ſteel to be in ſted.
But whence he was, or of what womb ybore,
Of beaſts, or of the earth, I have not red:
But certes was with milk of Wolves and Tigers fed.

8.

This ugly creature, in his arms her ſnatcht,
And through the foreſt bore her quite away,
With bryers and buſhes all to rent and ſcratcht;
Ne care he had, ne pity of the pray,
Which many a knight had ſought ſo many a day.
He ſtayed not, but his arms her bearing,
Ran till he came to th'end of all his way,
Unto his Cave, far from all peoples hearing, (ring.
And there he threw her in, nought feeling, ne nought fea-

9.

For, ſhe (dear Lady) all the way was dead,
Whil'ſt he in arms her bore; but when ſhe felt
Her ſelf down ſouſt, ſhe waked out of dread
Straight into grief, that her dear heart nigh ſwelt,
And eft 'gan into tender tears to melt.
Then, when ſhe lookt about, and nothing found
But darkneſs and dread horrour where ſhe dwelt,
She almoſt fell again into a ſwound;
Ne wiſt whether above ſhe were, or under ground.

10.

With that, ſhe heard ſome one cloſe by her ſide
Sighing and ſobbing ſore, as if the pain
Her tender heart in pieces would divide:
Which ſhe long liſtning, ſoftly askt again
What miſter wight it was that ſo did plain?
To whom, thus anſwer'd was: Ah! wretched wight,
That ſeeks to know anothers grief in vain,
Unweeting of thine own like hapleſs plight:
Self to forget to mind another, is ore-ſight.

11.

Ay me! ſaid ſhe, where am I, or with whom?
Emong the living, or emong the dead?
What ſhall of me unhappy maid become?
Shall death be th'end, or ought elſe worſe, aread.
Unhappy maid, then anſwer'd ſhe, whoſe dread
Untride, is leſs than when thou ſhalt it try:
Death is to him that wretched life doth lead,
Both grace and gain; but he in hell doth lie,
That lives a loathed life, and wiſhing cannot die.

12.

This diſmal day, hath thee a caytive made,
And vaſſal to the vileſt wretch alive;
Whoſe curſed uſage and ungodly trade
The heavens abhor, and into darkneſs drive:
For on the ſpoil of women he doth live,
Whoſe bodies chaſte, when ever in his powr
He may them catch, unable to gain-ſtrive,
He with his ſhameful luſt doth firſt deflowr,
And afterwards themſelves doth cruelly devour.

13.

Now twenty days (by which the ſons of men
Divide their works) have paſt through heaven ſheen,
Since I was brought into this doleful den;
During which ſpace, theſe ſory eyes have ſeen
Seven women by him ſlain, and eaten cleen.
And now no more for him but I alone,
And this old woman here remaining been,
Till thou cam'ſt hither to augment our mone;
And of us three, to morrow he will ſure eat one.

14.

Ah! dreadful tydings which thou doſt declare,
Quoth ſhe, of all that ever hath been known:
Full many great calamities and rare
This feeble breſt endured hath, but none
Equal to this, where ever I have gone.
But what are you, whom like unlucky lot
Hath linkt with me in the ſame chain attone?
To tell, quoth ſhe, that which ye ſee, needs not;
A woful wretched maid, of God and man forgot.

15.

But what I was, it irks me to reherſe;
Daughter unto a Lord of high degree:
That joyd in happy peace, till Fates perverſe
With guileful love did ſecretly agree,
To over-throw my ſtate and dignitie.
It was my lot to love a gentle Swain,
Yet was he but a Squire of low degree;
Yet was he meet, unleſs mine eye did fain,
By any Ladies ſide for Leman to have lain.

16.

But for his meanneſs and diſparagement,
My Sire (who me too dearly well did love)
Unto my choice by no means would aſſent,
But often did my folly foul reprove.
Yet nothing could my fixed mind remove,
But whether will'd or nilled friend or foe,
I me reſolv'd the utmoſt end to prove;
And rather than my Love abandon ſo,
Both, Sire, and friends, and all for ever to forgo.

17.

Thence-forth, I ſought by ſecret means to work
Time to my will; and from his wrathful ſight
To hide th'intent, which in my heart did lurk,
Till I thereto had all things ready dight.
So on a day, unweeting unto wight,
I with that Squire agreed away to flit,
And in a privy place, betwixt us hight,
Within a Grove appointed him to meet;
To which I boldly came upon my feeble feet.

But

18.

But ah! unhappy howr me thither brought:
For, in that place where I him thought to find,
There was I found contrary to my thought,
Of this accurſed Carle of helliſh kind;
The ſhame of men, and plague of woman-kind:
Who truſſing me, as Eagle doth his pray,
Me hither brought with him, as ſwift as wind,
Where yet untouched till this preſent day,
I reſt his wretched thrall, the ſad *Æmilia*.

19.

Ah! ſad *Æmilia*, then ſaid *Amoret*,
Thy rueful plight I pity as mine own.
But read to me, by what deviſe or wit,
Haſt thou in all this time, from him unknown,
Thine honour ſav'd, though into thraldom thrown?
Through help, quoth ſhe, of this old woman here
I have ſo done, as ſhe to me hath ſhown:
For, ever when he burnt in luſtful fire,
She in my ſtead ſupplide his beſtial deſire.

20.

Thus, of their evils as they did diſcourſe,
And each did other much bewail and mone;
Lo, where the villain ſelf, their ſorrows ſourſe,
Came to the Cave; and rolling thence the ſtone,
Which wont to ſtop the mouth thereof, that none
Might iſſue forth, came rudely ruſhing in;
And ſpredding over all the flore alone,
'Gan dight himſelf unto his wonted ſin;
Which ended, then his bloody banket ſhould begin.

21.

Which, when-as fearful *Amoret* perceiv'd,
She ſtaid not th'utmoſt end thereof to try,
But like a ghaſtly Gelt, whoſe wits are reav'd,
Ran forth in haſte with hideous out-cry,
For horrour of his ſhameful villany.
But after her full lightly he up-roſe,
And her purſew'd as faſt as ſhe did fly:
Full faſt ſhe flies, and far afore him goes,
Ne feels the thorns and thickets prick her tender toes.

22.

Nor hedge, nor ditch, nor hill, nor dale ſhe ſtays,
But over-leaps them all, like Roebuck light,
And through the thickeſt makes her nigheſt ways;
And ever-more when with regardful ſight
She looking back, eſpies that grieſly wight
Approching nigh, ſhe 'gins to mend her paſe;
And makes her fear a ſpur to haſte her flight:
More ſwift than *Myrrh*' or *Daphne* in her race,
Or any of the *Thracian* Nymphs in ſalvage chaſe.

23.

Long ſo ſhe fled, and ſo he follow'd long;
Ne living aid for her on earth appears,
But if the heavens help redreſs her wrong,
Moved with pity of her plentious tears.
It fortuned *Belphœbe* with her Peers
The wooddy Nymphs, and with that lovely boy,
Was hunting then the Libbards and the Bears
In theſe wild woods, as was her wonted joy,
To baniſh ſloth, that oft doth noble minds annoy.

24.

It ſo befel (as oft it falls in chace)
That each of them from other ſundred were,
And that ſame gentle Squire arriv'd in place,
Where this ſame curſed caytive did appear,
Purſuing that fair Lady full of fear;
And now he her quite over-taken had:
And now he her away with him did bear
Under his arm, as ſeeming wondrous glad,
That by his grenning laughter mote far off be rad.

25.

Which drery ſight the gentle Squire eſpying,
Doth haſte to croſs him by the neareſt way,
Led with that woful Ladies pitious crying,
And him aſſails with all the might he may:
Yet will not he the lovely ſpoil down lay,
But with his craggy club in his right hand,
Defends himſelf, and ſaves his gotten pray.
Yet had it been right hard him to withſtand,
But that he was full light, and nimble on the land.

26.

There-to the villain uſed craft in fight;
For, ever when the Squire his Javeling ſhook,
He held the Lady forth before him right,
And with her body, as a buckler, broke
The puiſſance of his intended ſtroke.
And if it chanc't (as need it muſt in fight)
Whil'ſt he on him was greedy to be wroke,
That any little blow on her did light,
Then would he laugh aloud, and gather great delight.

27.

Which ſubtile ſlight did him encumber much,
And made him oft, when he would ſtrike, forbear;
For, hardly could he come the Carle to touch,
But that he her muſt hurt, or hazard near:
Yet he his hand ſo carefully did bear,
That at the laſt he did himſelf attain,
And therein left the pike-head of his ſpear.
A ſtream of cole-black blood thence guſht amain,
That all her ſilken garments did with blood beſtain.

28.

With that, he threw her rudely on the flore,
And laying both his hands upon his glave,
With dreadful ſtrokes let drive at him ſo ſore,
That forc't him flie aback, himſelf to ſave:
Yet he there-with ſo felly ſtill did rave,
That ſcarce the Squire his hand could once up-rear,
But (for advantage) ground unto him gave,
Tracing and traverſing, now here, now there;
For, bootleſs thing it was to think ſuch blows to bear.

29.

Whil'ſt thus in battel they embuſied were,
Belphœbe (ranging in that foreſt wide)
The hideous noiſe of their huge ſtrokes did hear,
And drew thereto, making her ear her guide.
Whom, when that thief approching nigh eſpide,
With bow in hand, and arrows ready bent,
He by his former combat would not bide,
But fled away with ghaſtly dreriment,
Well knowing her to be his deaths ſole inſtrument.

Whom,

30.

Whom, ſeeing fly, ſhe ſpeedily purſew'd
With winged feet, as nimble as the wind;
And ever in her bpaw ſhe ready ſhew'd
The arrow, to his deadly mark deſign'd:
As when *Latonaes* daughter, cruel kind,
In vengement of her mothers great diſgrace,
With fell deſpight her cruel arrows tind
'Gainſt woful *Niobes* unhappy race,
That all the gods did mone her miſerable caſe.

31.

So well ſhe ſped her, and ſo far ſhe ventred
That ere unto his helliſh den he raught,
Even as he ready was there to have entred,
She ſent an arrow forth with mighty draught,
That in the very door him over-caught,
And in his nape arriving, through it thrild
His greedy throat, there-with in two diſtraught,
That all his vital ſpirits there-by ſpild,
And all his hairy breſt with gory blood was fild.

32.

Whom, when on ground ſhe groveling ſaw to roul,
She ran in haſte his life to have bereft:
But ere ſhe could him reach, the ſinful ſoul,
Having his carrion corſe quite ſenſeleſs left,
Was fled to hell, ſurcharg'd with ſpoil and theft.
Yet over him ſhe there long gazing ſtood,
And oft admir'd his monſtrous ſhape, and oft
His mighty limbs, whil'ſt all with filthy blood
The place there, over-flown, ſeem'd like a ſudden flood.

33.

Thence, forth ſhe paſt into his dreadful den,
Where nought but darkſom drerineſs ſhe found,
The creature ſaw, but harkned now and then
Some little whiſpring, and ſoft groning ſound.
With that, ſhe askt, what ghoſts there under ground
Lay hid in horrour of eternal night?
And bade them, if ſo be they were not bound,
To come and ſhew themſelves before the light,
Now freed from fear and danger of that diſmal wight.

34.

Then forth the ſad *Æmilia* iſſewed,
Yet trembling every joynt through former fear;
And after her the Hag, there with her mewed,
A foul and lothſom creature did appear;
A Leman fit for ſuch a Lover dear.
That mov'd *Belphœbe* her no leſs to hate,
Than for to rue the others heavy chear;
Of whom ſhe 'gan enquire of her eſtate.
Who all to her at large, as hapned, did relate.

35.

Thence ſhe them brought, toward the place where late
She left the gentle Squire with *Amoret*:
There ſhe him found by that new lovely Mate,
Who lay the whiles in ſwoun, full ſadly ſet,
From her fair eyes wiping the dewy wet,
Which ſoftly ſtil'd, and kiſſing them atween,
And handling ſoft the hurts, which ſhe did get.
For, of that Carle ſhe ſorely bruz'd had been.
Als of his own raſh hand one wound was to be ſeen.

36.

Which when ſhe ſaw, with ſuddain glancing eye,
Her noble heart with ſight thereof was fil'd
With deep diſdain, and great indignity,
That in her wrath ſhe thought them both have thril'd,
With that ſelf arrow, which the Carle had kil'd:
Yet held her wrathful hand from vengeance ſore,
But drawing nigh, ere he her well beheld;
Is this the faith, ſhe ſaid, and ſaid no more,
But turn'd her face, and fled away for evermore.

37.

He, ſeeing her depart, aroſe up light,
Right ſore agrieved at her ſharp reproof,
And follow'd faſt: but when he came in ſight,
He durſt not nigh approch, but kept aloof,
For dread of her diſpleaſures utmoſt proof.
And evermore, when he did grace intreat,
And framed ſpeeches fit for his behoof,
Her mortal arrows ſhe at him did threat,
And forc't him back with foul diſhonour to retreat.

38.

At laſt, when long he follow'd had in vain,
Yet found no eaſe of grief, nor heap of grace,
Unto thoſe woods he turned back again,
Full of ſad anguiſh, and in heavy caſe:
And finding there fit ſolitary place
For woful wight, choſe out a gloomy glade,
Where hardly eye mote ſee bright heavens face
For moſſie trees, which covered all with ſhade
And ſad melancholy: there he his cabin made.

39.

His wonted warlike weapons all he broke
And threw away, with vow to uſe no more,
Ne thence-forth ever ſtrike in battel ſtroke,
Ne ever word to ſpeak to woman more;
But in the wilderneſs (of men forlore,
And of the wicked world forgotten quight)
His hard miſhap in dolour to deplore,
And waſte his wretched days in woful plight;
So on himſelf to wreak his follies own deſpight.

40.

And eke his garment, to be there-to meet,
He wilfully did cut and ſhape anew;
And his fair locks, that wont with oyntment ſweet
To be embalm'd, and ſwet out dainty dew,
He let to grow, and grieſly to concrew,
Uncom'd, uncurl'd, and careleſly unſhed;
That in ſhort time his face they over-grew,
And over all his ſhoulders did diſpred,
That who he whylom was, uneath was to be red.

41.

There he continued in this careful plight,
Wretchedly wearing out his youthful years,
Through wilful penury conſumed quight,
That like a pined ghoſt he ſoon appears.
For, other food than that wild foreſt bears,
Ne other drink there did he ever taſte
Than running water, tempred with his tears,
The more his weakned body ſo to waſte;
That out of all mens knowledge he was worn at laſt.

For,

42.

For, on a day (by fortune as it fell)
His own dear Lord Prince *Arthur* came that way,
Seeking adventures where he mote hear tell;
And as he through the wandring wood did ſtray,
Having eſpide this cabin far away,
He to it drew, to weet who there did won:
Weening therein ſome holy Hermet lay,
That did reſort of ſinful people ſhun, (ſun.
Or elſe ſome wood-man ſhrouded there from ſcorching

43.

Arriving there, he found this wretched man,
Spending his days in dolour and deſpair;
And through long faſting woxen pale and wan,
All over-grown with rude and rugged hair;
That albeit his own dear Squire he were,
Yet he him knew not, ne avis'd at all;
But like ſtrange wight, whom he had ſeen no where,
Saluting him, 'gan into ſpeech to fall,
And pity much his plight, that liv'd like out-caſt thrall.

44.

But to his ſpeech he anſwered no whit,
But ſtood ſtill mute, as if he had been dum,
Ne ſign of ſenſe did ſhew, ne common wit,
As one with grief and anguiſh over-cum,
And unto every thing did anſwer Mum:
And ever when the Prince unto him ſpake,
He louted lowly, as did him becum,
And humble homage did unto him make,
Midſt ſorrow ſhewing joyous ſemblance for his ſake.

45.

At which his uncouth guiſe and uſage quaint,
The Prince did wonder much, yet could not gueſs
The cauſe of that his ſorrowful conſtraint;
Yet ween'd by ſecret ſigns of manlineſs,
Which cloſe appear'd in that rude brutiſhneſs
That he whylom ſome gentle Swain had been,
Train'd up in feats of arms and knightlineſs;
Which he obſerv'd, by that he him had ſeen
To weild his naked ſword, and try the edges keen.

46.

And eke by that he ſaw on every tree,
How he the name of one engraven had,
Which likely was his lieſeſt Love to be,
For whom he now ſo ſorely was beſtad;
Which was by him *BELPHEBE* rightly rad.
Yet who was that *Belphœbe*, he ne wiſt;
Yet ſaw he often how he wexed glad,
When he it heard, and how the ground he kiſt,
Wherein it written was, and how himſelf he bliſt.

47.

Tho, when he long had marked his demeanor,
And ſaw that all he ſaid and did was vain,
Ne ought mote make him change his wonted tenor,
Ne ought mote eaſe or mitigate his pain,
He left him there in langour to remain,
Till time for him ſhould remedy provide,
And him reſtore to former grace again.
Which, for it is too long here to abide,
I will defer the end unto another tide.

CANTO VIII.

The gentle Squire recovers grace:
Slander her gueſts doth ſtain:
Corflambo *chaſeth* Placidas,
and is by Arthur *ſlain.*

1.

WEll ſaid the Wiſeman, now prov'd true by this,
Which to this gentle Squire did happen late;
That the diſpleaſure of the Mighty is
Than death it ſelf more drad and deſperate:
For, nought the ſame may calm, ne mitigate,
Till time the tempeſt do thereof delay
With ſufferance ſoft, which rigour can abate,
And have the ſtern remembrance wip't away
Of bitter thoughts, which deep therein infected lay.

2.

Like as it fell to this unhappy boy,
Whoſe tender heart the fair *Belphœbe* had
With one ſtern look ſo daunted, that no joy
In all his life, which afterwards he lad,
Ne ever taſted; but with penance ſad,
And penſive ſorrow, pin'd and wore away,
He ever laught, ne once ſhew'd countenance glad;
But always wept and wailed night and day,
As blaſted blooſm through heat doth languiſh and decay;

3.

Till on a day (as in his wonted wiſe
His dool he made) there chanc't a Turtle-Dove
To come, where he his dolors did deviſe,
That likewiſe late had loſt her deareſt Love;
Which loſs, her made like paſſion alſo prove,
Who ſeeing his ſad plight, her tender hart
With dear compaſſion deeply did emmove,
That ſhe 'gan mone his undeſerved ſmart,
And with her doleful accent, bear with him a part.

4.

She, ſitting by him, as on ground he lay,
Her mournful notes full pitiouſly did frame,
And thereof made a lamentable lay,
So ſenſibly compil'd, that in the ſame
He ſeemed oft he heard his own right name.
With that, he forth would pour ſo plentious tears,
And beat his breaſt unworthy of ſuch blame,
And knock his head, and rend his rugged hears,
That could have pierc't the hearts of Tygers and of Bears.

5.

Thus, long this gentle bird to him did uſe,
Withouten dread of peril to repair
Unto his wone; and with her mournful Muſe
Him to recomfort in his greateſt care,
That much did eaſe his mourning and misfare:
And every day, for guerdon of her ſong,
He part of his ſmall feaſt to her would ſhare;
That at the laſt, of all his woe and wrong,
Companion ſhe became, and ſo continued long.

Upon

6.

Upon a day, as ſhe him ſate beſide,
By chance he certain miniments forth drew,
Which yet with him as reliques did abide
Of all the bounty which *Belphœbe* threw
On him, whil'ſt goodly grace ſhe did him ſhew:
Amongſt the reſt, a jewel rich he found,
That was a Ruby of right perfect hew,
Shap't like a heart yet bleeding of the wound,
And with a little golden chain about it bound.

7.

The ſame he took, and with a riband new
(In which his Ladies colours were) did bind
About the Turtles neck, that with the view
Did greatly ſolace his engrieved mind.
All unawares the bird, when ſhe did find
Her ſelf ſo deckt, her nimble wings diſplaid,
And flew away, as lightly as the wind:
Which ſudden accident him much diſmaid,
And looking after long, did mark which way ſhe ſtraid.

8.

But, when as long he looked had in vain,
Yet ſaw her forward ſtill to make her flight,
His weary eye return'd to him again,
Full of diſcomfort and diſquiet plight,
That both his Jewel he had loſt ſo light,
And eke his dear companion of his care.
But that ſweet bird departing, flew forth right
Through the wide region of the waſtful air,
Until ſhe came where wonned his *Belphœbe* fair.

9.

There found ſhe her (as then it did betide)
Sitting in covert ſhade of arbors ſweet,
After late weary toyl, which ſhe had tride
In ſalvage chaſe, to reſt as ſeem'd her meet.
There ſhe alighting, fell before her feet,
And gan to her her mournful plaint to make,
As was her wont: thinking to let her weet
The great tormenting grief, that for her ſake
Her gentle Squire through her diſpleaſure did partake.

10.

She, her beholding with attentive eye,
At length did mark about her purple breſt
That precious Jewel, which ſhe formerly
Had known right well, with coulourd ribband dreſt:
There-with ſhe roſe in haſte, and her addreſt
With ready hand it to have reft away.
But the ſwift bird obayd not her beheſt,
But ſwarv'd aſide, and there again did ſtay;
She follow'd her, and thought again it to aſſay.

11.

And ever when ſhe nigh approch't, the Dove
Would flit a little forward, and then ſtay
Till ſhe drew near, and then again remove:
So tempting her ſtill to purſue the pray,
And ſtill from her eſcaping ſoft away:
Till that at length, into that foreſt wide
She drew her far, and led with ſlow delay.
In th'end, ſhe her unto that place did guide,
Where-as that woful man in languor did abide.

12.

Eftſoons ſhe flew unto his fearleſs hand,
And there a pitious ditty new deviz'd,
As if ſhe would have made him underſtand,
His ſorrows cauſe to be of her deſpis'd.
Whom when ſhe ſaw in wretched weeds diſguiz'd,
With heary glib deform'd, and meiger face,
Like Ghoſt late riſen from his Grave agryz'd,
She knew him not, but pitied much his caſe,
And wiſht it were in her to do him any grace.

13.

He her beholding, at her feet down fell,
And kiſt the ground on which her ſole did tread,
And waſht the ſame with water, which did well
From his moiſt eyes, and like two ſtreams proceed;
Yet ſpake no word, whereby ſhe might aread
What miſter wight he was, or what he ment:
But as one daunted with her preſence dread,
Only few ruful looks unto her ſent,
As meſſengers of his true meaning and intent.

14.

Yet nathemore, his meaning ſhe ared,
But wondred much at his ſo ſelcouth caſe;
And by his perſons ſecret ſeemlihed
Well weend, that he had been ſome man of place,
Before misfortune did his hew deface:
That being mov'd with ruth ſhe thus beſpake;
Ah! woful man, what heavens hard diſgrace,
Or wrath of cruel wight on thee ywrake,
Or ſelf diſliked life, doth thee thus wretched make?

15.

If heaven, then none may it redreſs or blame,
Sith to his power we all are ſubject born:
If wrathful wight, then foul rebuke and ſhame
Be theirs, that have ſo cruel thee forlorn;
But if through inward grief, or wilful ſcorn
Of life it be, then better do aviſe.
For, he whoſe days in wilful woe are worn,
The grace of his Creator doth deſpiſe,
That will not uſe his gifts for thankleſs nigardiſe.

16.

When ſo he heard her ſay, eftſoons he brake
His ſudden ſilence, which he long had pent,
And ſighing inly deep, he thus beſpake;
Then have they all themſelves againſt me bent:
For heaven (firſt author of my languiſhment)
Envying my too great felicity,
Did cloſely with a cruel one conſent,
To cloud my days in doleful miſery,
And make me loath this life, ſtill longing for to dye.

17.

Ne any but your ſelf, O deareſt dred,
Hath done this wrong; to wreak on worthleſs wight
Your high diſpleaſure, through miſdeeming bred:
Then when your pleaſure is to deem aright,
Ye may redreſs, and me reſtore to light.
Which ſory words, her mighty hart did mate
With mild regard, to ſee his rueful plight,
That her in-burning wrath ſhe gan abate,
And him receiv'd again to former fayours ſtate.

In

18.

In which, he long time afterwards did lead
An happy life, with grace and good accord;
Fearleſs of Fortunes change, or Envies dread,
And eke all mindleſs of his own dear Lord
The noble Prince, who never heard one word
Of tydings, what did unto him betide,
Or what good fortune did to him afford;
But through the endleſs world did wander wide,
Him ſeeking evermore, yet no where him deſcride;

19.

Till on a day, as through that wood he rode,
He chanc't to come where thoſe two Ladies late,
Æmylia and *Amoret* abode,
Both in full ſad and ſorrowful eſtate;
The one right feeble, through the evil rate
Of food, which in her Dureſſe ſhe had found:
The other, almoſt dead and deſperate
Through her late hurts, & through that hapleſs wound,
With which the Squire in her defence her ſore aſtound.

20.

Whom when the Prince beheld, he gan to rew
The evil caſe in which thoſe Ladies lay,
But moſt was moved at the pittious view
Of *Amoret*, ſo near unto decay,
That her great danger did him much diſmay.
Eftſoons that precious liquor forth he drew,
Which he in ſtore about him kept alway,
And with few drops thereof did ſoftly dew
Her wounds, that unto ſtrength reſtor'd her ſoon anew.

21.

Tho, when they both recovered were right well,
He gan of them inquire, what evil guide
Them thither brought; and how their harms befell.
To whom they told all that did them betide,
And how from thraldom vile they were untide
Of that ſame wicked Carl, by Virgins hond;
Whoſe bloody corſe they ſhew'd him there beſide,
And eke his Cave, in which they both were bond:
At which he wondred much, when all thoſe ſigns he fond.

22.

And ever-more, he greatly did deſire
To know, what Virgin did them thence unbind;
And oft of them did earneſtly inquire,
Where was her wone, and how he mote her find.
But, when as nought according to his mind
He could out-learn, he them from ground did rear
(No ſervice loathſom to a gentle kind)
And on his war-like beaſt them both did bear,
Himſelf by them on foot, to ſuccour them from fear.

23.

So, when that Foreſt they had paſſed well,
A little Cotage far away they ſpide,
To which they drew, ere night upon them fell;
And entring in, found none therein abide;
But one old Woman ſitting there beſide,
Upon the ground in ragged rude attire,
With filthy locks about her ſcattered wide,
Gnawing her nails for felneſs and for ire,
And there-out ſucking venim to her parts entire.

24.

A foul and loathly creature ſure in ſight,
And in conditions to be loath'd no leſs:
For, ſhe was ſtuft with rancour and deſpight
Up to the throat; that oft with bitterneſs
It forth would break, and guſh in great exceſs,
Pouring out ſtreams of poyſon and of gall,
Gainſt all that truth or vertue do profeſs;
Whom ſhe with leaſings lewdly did miſcall,
And wickedly back-bite: Her name men *Slaunder* call.

25.

Her nature is, all goodneſs to abuſe,
And cauſeleſs crimes continually to frame;
With which ſhe guiltleſs perſons may accuſe,
And ſteal away the Crown of their good name:
Ne never Knight ſo bold, ne ever Dame
So chaſte and loyal liv'd, but ſhe would ſtrive
With forged cauſe them falſly to defame:
Ne ever thing ſo well was doen alive,
But ſhe with blame would blot, and of due praiſe deprive.

26.

Her words were not as common words are ment,
T'expreſs the meaning of the inward mind;
But noyſom breath, and poyſonous ſpirit ſent
From inward parts, with cankred malice lin'd,
And breathed forth with blaſt of bitter wind; (hart,
Which, paſſing through the ears, would pearce the
And wound the ſoul it ſelf with grief unkind:
For, like the ſtings of Aſpes, that kill with ſmart,
Her ſpightful words did prick, and wound the inner part.

27.

Such was that Hag, unmeet to hoſt ſuch gueſts,
Whom greateſt Princes Court would welcome fain;
But need (that anſwers not to all requeſts)
Bade them not look for better entertain;
And eke that age deſpiſed niceneſs vain,
Enur'd to hardneſs and to homely fare,
Which them to war-like diſcipline did train,
And manly limbs endur'd with little care,
Againſt all hard miſhaps, and fortuneleſs misfare.

28.

Then all that evening (welcommed with cold
And chearleſs hunger) they together ſpent;
Yet found no fault, but that the Hag did ſcold
And rail at them with grudgeful diſcontent,
For lodging there without her own conſent:
Yet they endured all with patience mild,
And unto reſt themſelves all only lent,
Regardleſs of that quean ſo baſe and vilde,
To be unjuſtly blam'd, and bitterly revil'd.

29.

Here well I ween, when as theſe rimes be red
With miſ-regard, that ſome raſh witted wight,
Whoſe looſer thought will lightly be miſled,
Theſe gentle Ladies will miſdeem too light,
For thus converſing with this noble Knight;
Sith now of days ſuch temperance is rare
And hard to find, that heat of youthful ſpright
For ought will from his greedy pleaſure ſpare,
More hard for hungry ſteed t'abſtain from pleaſant lare.

30.

But antique age, yet in the infancy
Of time, did live then like an innocent,
In ſimple truth and blameleſs chaſtity,
Ne then of guile had made experiment;
But void of vile and treacherous intent,
Held vertue for it ſelf in ſoverain awe:
Then loyal love had royal regiment,
And each unto his luſt did make a law,
From all forbidden things his liking to with-draw.

31.

The Lyon there did with the Lamb conſort,
And eke the Dove ſate by the Faulcons ſide;
Ne each of other feared fraud or tort,
But did in ſafe ſecurity abide,
Withouten peril of the ſtronger pride:
But when the world wox old, it wox war old
(Whereof it hight) and having ſhortly tride
The trains of wit, in wickedneſs wox bold,
And dared of all ſins the ſecrets to unfold.

32.

Then beauty, which was made to repreſent
The great Creators own reſemblance bright,
Unto abuſe of lawleſs luſt was lent,
And made the bait of beſtial delight:
Then fair grew foul, and foul grew fair in ſight;
And that which wont to vanquiſh God and Man,
Was made the vaſſal of the Victors might;
Then did her glorious flowre wex dead and wan,
Deſpis'd and troden down of all that over-ran.

33.

And now it is ſo utterly decay'd,
That any bud thereof doth ſcarce remain,
But if few plants (preſerv'd through heavenly aid)
In Princeſs Court do hap to ſprout again,
Dew'd with her drops of bounty ſoverain,
Which from that goodly glorious flowre proceed,
Sprung of the ancient ſtock of Princes ſtrain,
Now th' only remnant of that royal breed,
Whoſe noble kind at firſt was ſure of heavenly ſeed.

34.

Tho, ſoon as day diſcovered heavens face
To ſinful men with darkneſs over-dight,
This gentle crew gan from their eye-lids chace
The drowzie humour of the dampiſh night,
And did themſelves unto their journey dight.
So forth they yode, and forward ſoftly paſed,
That them to view had been an uncouth ſight;
How all the way the Prince on foot-paſe traced,
The Ladies both on Horſe, together faſt embraced.

35.

Soon as they thence departed were afore,
That ſhameful Hag (the ſlander of her ſex)
Them follow'd faſt, and them reviled ſore,
Him calling Thief, them Whores; that much did vex
His noble hart: there-to ſhe did annex
Falſe crimes and facts, ſuch as they never ment,
That thoſe two Ladies much aſham'd did wex:
The more did ſhe purſue her lewd intent,
And rayl'd and rag'd, till ſhe had all her poyſon ſpent.

36.

At laſt, when they were paſſed out of ſight,
Yet ſhe did not her ſpightful ſpeech forbear,
But after them did bark, and ſtill back-bite,
Though there were none her hateful words to hear:
Like as a Cur doth felly bite and tear
The ſtone, which paſſed ſtranger at him threw;
So ſhe them ſeeing paſt the reach of ear,
Againſt the ſtones and trees did rail anew;
Till ſhe had dull'd the ſting which in her tongs end grew.

37.

They, paſſing forth, kept on their ready way,
With eaſie ſteps ſo ſoft as foot could ſtride,
Both for great feebleneſs, which did oft aſſay
Fair *Amoret*, that ſcarcely ſhe could ride;
And eke through heavy arms, which ſore annoy'd
The Prince on foot, not wonted ſo to fare:
Whoſe ſteady hand was fain his ſteed to guide,
And all the way from trotting hard to ſpare,
So was his toyl the more, the more that was his care.

38.

At length they ſpide, where towards them with ſpeed
A Squire came galloping, as he would fly;
Bearing a little Dwarf before his ſteed,
That all the way full loud for aid did cry,
That ſeem'd his ſhrikes would rend the braſen sky:
Whom after did a mighty man purſew,
Riding upon a Dromedare on hie,
Of ſtature huge, and horrible of hew,
That would have maz'd a man his dreadful face to view.

39.

For, from his fearful eyes two fiery beams
More ſharp than points of needles did proceed,
Shooting forth far away two flaming ſtreams,
Full of ſad powre, that poyſonous bale did breed
To all that on him lookt without good heed,
And ſecretly his enemies did ſlay:
Like as the Baſilisk, of ſerpents ſeed,
From powreful eyes cloſe venim doth convay
Into the lookers hart, and killeth far away.

40.

He all the way did rage at that ſame Squire,
And after him full many threatnings threw,
With curſes vain in his avengeful ire:
But none of them (ſo faſt away he flew)
Him over-took, before he came in view.
Where, when he ſaw the Prince in armour bright,
He cal'd to him aloud, his caſe to rew,
And reskew him through ſuccour of his might,
From that his cruel foe, that him purſew'd in ſight.

41.

Eftſoons the Prince took down thoſe Ladies twain
From lofty ſteed, and mounting in their ſtead
Came to that Squire, yet trembling every vain:
Of whom he gan enquire his cauſe of dread;
Who, as he gan the ſame to him aread,
Lo, hard behind his back his foe was preſt,
With dreadful weapon aimed at his head:
That unto death had doen him unredreſt,
Had not the noble Prince his ready ſtroke repreſt.

Who,

42.

Who, thruſting boldly twixt him and the blow,
The burden of the deadly brunt did bear
Upon his ſhield; which lightly he did throw
Over his head, before the harm came near.
Nath'leſs, it fell with ſo deſpiteous drear
And heavy ſway, that hard unto his crown
The ſhield it drove, and did the covering rear:
There-with both Squire and Dwarf did tumble down.
Unto the earth, and lay long while in ſenſeleſs ſwoun.

43.

Where-at, the Prince full wroth, his ſtrong right hand
In full avengement heaved up on hie,
And ſtrook the Pagan with his ſteely brand
So ſore, that to his ſaddle-bow thereby
He bowed low, and ſo awhile did lye:
And ſure, had not his maſſie Iron mace
Betwixt him and his hurt been happily,
It would have cleft him to the girding place:
Yet as it was, it did aſtoniſh him long ſpace.

44.

But, when he to himſelf return'd again,
All full of rage he gan to curſe and ſwear;
And vow by *Mahoun* that he ſhould be ſlain.
With that, his murdrous mace he up did rear,
That ſeemed nought the ſouſe thereof could bear,
And there-with ſmote at him with all his might.
But ere that it to him approched near,
The royal child, with ready quick fore-ſight,
Did ſhun the proof thereof, and it avoyded light.

45.

But ere his hand he could recure again;
To ward his body from the baleful ſtound,
He ſmote at him with all his might and main,
So furiouſly, that ere he wiſt, he found
His head before him tumbling on the ground.
The whiles, his babling tongue did yet blaſpheme
And curſe his God, that did him ſo confound;
The whiles his life ran forth in bloody ſtream,
His ſoul deſcended down into the *Stygian* ream.

46.

Which when that Squire beheld, he wox full glad
To ſee his foe breath out his ſpright in vain:
But that ſame Dwarf right ſory ſeem'd and ſad,
And howl'd aloud to ſee his Lord there ſlain,
And rent his hair, and ſcratcht his face for pain.
Then gan the Prince at leaſure to inquire
Of all the accident, there hapned plain,
And what he was, whoſe eyes did flame with fire;
All which was thus to him declared by that Squire.

47.

This mighty man, quoth he, whom you have ſlain,
Of an huge Gianteſs whylom was bred;
And by his ſtrength, rule to himſelf did gain
Of many Nations into thraldom led,
And mighty Kingdoms of his force adred:
Whom yet he conquer'd not by bloody fight,
Ne hoſts of men with banners brode diſſpred,
But by the powre of his infectious ſight,
With which he killed all that came within his might.

48.

Ne was he ever vanquiſhed afore,
But ever vanquiſht all with whom he fought:
Ne was there man ſo ſtrong but he down bore,
Ne Woman yet ſo fair, but he her brought
Unto his bay, and captived her thought.
For, moſt of ſtrength and beauty his deſire
Was ſpoyl to make, and waſte them unto nought,
By caſting ſecret ſlakes of luſtful fire
From his falſe eyes, into their hearts and parts entire.

49.

Therefore *Corflambo* was he cal'd aright,
Though nameleſs there his body now doth lye,
Yet hath he left one Daughter that is hight
The fair *Pæana*; who ſeems outwardly
So fair, as ever yet ſaw living eye:
And, were her vertue like her beauty bright,
She were as fair as any under sky.
But (ah!) ſhe given is to vain delight,
And eke too looſe of life, and eke of love too light.

50.

So as it fell, there was a gentle Squire
That lov'd a Lady of high Parentage;
But for his mean degree might not aſpire
To match ſo high: her friends with counſel ſage,
Diſſwaded her from ſuch a diſparage.
But ſhe, whoſe heart to love was wholly lent,
Out of his hands could not redeem her gage,
But firmly following her firſt intent,
Reſolv'd with him to wend, gainſt all her friends conſent.

51.

So twixt themſelves they pointed time and place:
To which, when he according did repair,
And hard miſhap and diſadventrous caſe
Him chanc't; in ſtead of his *Æmylia* fair
This Giants Son, that lies there on the lair
And headleſs heap, him unawares there caught;
And, all diſmay'd through mercileſs deſpair,
Him wretched thrall into his dungeon brought,
Where he remains, of all unſuccour'd and unſought.

52.

This Giants Daughter came upon a day
Unto the Priſon in her joyous glee,
To view the thrals which there in bondage lay:
Amongſt the reſt ſhe chanced there to ſee
This lovely ſwain, the Squire of low degree;
To whom ſhe did her liking lightly caſt,
And wooed him her Paramour to be:
From day to day ſhe woo'd and pray'd him faſt,
And for his love, him promiſt liberty at laſt.

53.

He, though affide unto a former Love,
To whom his faith he firmly meant to hold,
Yet ſeeing not how thence he mote remove,
But by that means, which fortune did unfold,
Her granted love, but with affection cold,
To win her grace his liberty to get.
Yet ſhe him ſtill detains in captive hold;
Fearing leaſt if ſhe ſhould him freely ſet,
He would her ſhortly leave, and former love forget.

54.

Yet ſo much favour ſhe to him hath hight
Above the reſt, that he ſometimes may ſpace
And walk about her gardens of delight,
Having a Keeper ſtill with him in place;
Which Keeper is this Dwarf, her dearling baſe,
To whom the keys of every Priſon dore
By her committed be, of ſpecial grace,
And at his will may whom he liſt reſtore,
And whom he liſt reſerve to be afflicted more.

55.

Whereof when tydings came unto mine ear
(Full inly ſory for the fervent zeal,
Which I to him as to my ſoul did bear)
I thither went; where I did long conceal
My ſelf, till that the Dwarf did me reveal,
And told his Dame, her Squire of low degree
Did ſecretly out of her Priſon ſteal;
For, me he did miſtake that Squire to be:
For, never two ſo like did living creature ſee.

56.

Then was I taken, and before her brought:
Who, through the likeneſs of my outward hew,
Being likewiſe beguiled in her thought,
Gan blame me much for being ſo untrew,
To ſeek by flight her fellowſhip t'eſchew,
That lov'd me dear, as deareſt thing alive.
Thence ſhe commanded me to Priſon new;
Whereof I glad, did not gain-ſay nor ſtrive,
But ſuffred that ſame Dwarf me to her dungeon drive.

57.

There did I find mine only faithful friend
In heavy plight and ſad perplexity;
Whereof I ſory, yet my ſelf did bend,
Him to recomfort with my company.
But him the more agriev'd I found thereby:
For, all his joy, he ſaid, in that diſtreſs,
Was mine and his *Æmylias* liberty.
Æmylia well he lov'd, as I mote gheſs;
Yet greater love to me than her he did profeſs.

58.

But I, with better reaſon him aviz'd,
And ſhew'd him, how through error and miſthought
Of our like perſons each to be diſguiz'd,
Or his exchange, or freedom might be wrought.
Where-to full loth was he, ne would for ought
Conſent that I, who ſtood all fearleſs free,
Should wilfully be into thraldom brought,
Till fortune did perforce it ſo decree:
Yet over-ul'd, at laſt he did to me agree.

59.

The morrow next, about the wonted howre,
The Dwarf cal'd at the door of *Amyas*,
To come forth-with unto his Ladies bowre.
In ſtead of whom, forth came I *Placidas*,
And undiſcerned, forth with him did paſs.
There, with great joyance and with gladſome glee,
Of fair *Pœana* I received was,
And oft imbrac't, as if that I were he,
And with kind words accoy'd, vowing great love to me.

60.

Which I, that was not bent to former Love,
As was my friend, that had her long refus'd,
Did well accept, as well it did behove,
And to the preſent need it wiſely us'd.
My former hardneſs, firſt, I fair excus'd;
And after, promiſt large amends to make.
With ſuch ſmooth tearms, her error I abus'd,
To my friends good, more than for mine own ſake,
For whoſe ſole liberty, I love and life did ſtake.

61.

Thence-forth, I found more favour at her hand;
That to her Dwarff, which had me in his charge,
She bade to lighten my too heavy band,
And grant more ſcope to me to walk at large.
So on a day, as by the flowry marge
Of a freſh ſtream I with that Elf did play,
Finding no means how I might us enlarge,
But if that Dwarf I could with me convay,
I lightly ſnatch him up, and with me bore away.

62.

There-at he ſhriekt aloud, that with his cry
The Tyrant ſelf came forth with yelling bray,
And me purſew'd; but nathemore would I
Forgoe the purchaſe of my gotten pray,
But have perforce him hither brought away.
Thus as they talked, loe-where nigh at hand
Thoſe Ladies two (yet doubtful through diſmay)
In preſence came, deſirous t'underſtand
Tydings of all, which there had hapned on the land.

63.

Where, ſoon as ſad *Æmylia* did eſpy
Her captive Lovers friend, young *Placidas*;
All mindleſs of her wonted modeſty,
She to him ran, and him with ſtraight embras
Enfolding ſaid, And lives yet *Amyas*?
He lives, quoth he, and his *Æmylia* loves.
Then leſs, ſaid ſhe, by all the woe I paſs,
With which my weaker patience fortune proves,
But what miſhap thus long him fro my ſelf removes?

64.

Then gan he all his ſtory to renew,
And tell the courſe of his captivity;
That her dear heart full deeply made to rew,
And ſigh full ſore, to hear the miſery,
In which ſo long he mercileſs did lye.
Then, after many tears and ſorrows ſpent,
She dear beſought the Prince of remedy:
Who there-to did with ready will conſent,
And well perform'd, as ſhall appear by his event.

CANT.

CANTO IX.

The Squire of low degree, releaſt,
Pœana *takes to Wife:*
Britomart *fights with many Knights;*
Prince Arthur *ſtints their ſtrife.*

1.

HArd is the doubt, and difficult to deem,
When all three kinds of love together meet,
And do diſpart the heart with powre extream,
Whether ſhall weigh the ballance down; to weet
The dear Affection unto kindred ſweet,
Or raging fire of Love to Woman-kind,
Or Zeal of friends combin'd with vertues meet.
But of them all, the band of vertuous mind
Me ſeems the gentle hart ſhould moſt aſſured bind.

2.

For, natural Affection ſoon doth ceſs,
And quenched is with *Cupids* greater flame:
But faithful Friendſhip doth them both ſuppreſs,
And them with maiſtring diſcipline doth tame,
Through thoughts aſpiring to eternal fame.
For, as the ſoul doth rule the earthly maſs,
And all the ſervice of the body frame;
So love of ſoul doth love of body paſs,
No leſs than perfect gold ſurmounts the meaneſt braſs.

3.

All which who liſt by tryal to aſſay,
Shall in this ſtory find approved plain;
In which, this Squires true friendſhip more did ſway,
Than either care of Parents could refrain,
Or love of faireſt Lady could conſtrain.
For, though *Pœana* were as fair as morn,
Yet did this truſty Squire with proud diſdain,
For his friends ſake her offred favours ſcorn,
And ſhe her ſelf her ſire, of whom ſhe was yborn.

4.

Now after that Prince *Arthur* granted had,
To yield ſtrong ſuccour to that gentle ſwain,
Who now long time had lyen in Priſon ſad,
He gan adviſe how beſt he mote darrain
That enterprize for greateſt glories gain.
That headleſs Tyrants trunk he rear'd from ground,
And having ympt the head to it again,
Upon his uſual beaſt it firmly bound,
And made it ſo to ride, as it alive was found.

5.

Then did he take that chaced Squire, and laid
Before the rider, as he captive were,
And made his Dwarf (though with unwilling aid)
To guide the beaſt, that did his maiſter bear,
Till to his Caſtle they approched near.
Whom, when the watch that kept continual ward
Saw coming home; all voyd of doubtful fear,
He running down, the gate to him upbar'd;
Whom ſtraight the Prince enſuing, in together far'd.

6.

There he did find in her delicious bour,
The fair *Pœana* playing on a Rote,
Complayning of her cruel Paramour,
And ſinging all her ſorrow to the note,
As ſhe had learned readily by rote;
That with the ſweetneſs of her rare delight,
The Prince half rapt began on her to dote:
Till better him bethinking of the right,
He her unwares attach't, and captive held by might.

7.

Whence being forth produc't, when ſhe perceiv'd
Her own dear Sire, ſhe cal'd to him for aid.
But when of him no anſwer ſhe receiv'd,
But ſaw him ſenſeleſs by the Squire up-ſtaid,
She weened well, that then ſhe was betray'd:
Then gan ſhe loudly cry, and weep, and wail,
And that ſame Squire of treaſon to upbraid.
But all in vain, her plaints might not prevail,
Ne none there was to reskew her, ne none to bail.

8.

Then took he that ſame Dwarf, and him compel'd
To open unto him the Priſon dore,
And forth to bring thoſe thrals that there he held.
Thence, forth were brought to him about a ſcore
Of Knights and Squires to him unknown afore:
All which he did from bitter bondage free,
And unto former liberty reſtore.
Amongſt the reſt, that Squire of low degree
Came forth full weak and wan, not like himſelf to be.

9.

Whom ſoon as fair *Æmylia* beheld,
And *Placidas*, they both unto him ran,
And him embracing faſt betwixt them held,
Striving to comfort him all that they can,
And kiſſing oft his viſage pale and wan;
That fair *Pœana* them beholding both,
Gan both envy, and bitterly to ban;
Through jealous paſſion weeping inly wroth,
To ſee the ſight perforce, that both her eyes were loth.

10.

But when a while they had together been,
And diverſly conferred of their caſe;
She, though full oft ſhe both of them had ſeen
Aſunder, yet not ever in one place,
Began to doubt, when ſhe them ſaw embrace,
Which was the captive Squire ſhe lov'd ſo dear,
Deceived through great likeneſs of their face.
For, they ſo like in perſon did appear,
That ſhe uneath diſcerned, whether whether were.

11.

And eke the Prince, when as he them aviz'd,
Their like reſemblance much admired there,
And maz'd how Nature had ſo well diſguiz'd
Her work, and counterfet her ſelf ſo near,
As if that by one pattern ſeen ſomewhere,
She had them made a Paragone to be;
Or, whether it through skill, or error were.
Thus gazing long, at them much wondred he,
So did the other Knights and Squires, which him did ſee.

Then

12.

Then gan they ranſack that ſame Caſtle ſtrong,
In which he found great ſtore of hoorded treaſure;
The which, that tyrant gathered had by wrong
And tortious powre, without reſpect or meaſure.
Upon all which the Briton Prince made ſeaſure,
And afterwards continu'd there awhile,
To reſt himſelf, and ſolace in ſoft pleaſure
Thoſe weaker Ladies after wary toyl;
To whom he did divide part of his purchaſt ſpoil.

13.

And for more joy, that captive Lady fair
The fair *Pæana* he enlarged free;
And by the reſt did ſet in ſumptuous chair,
To feaſt and frollick; nathemore would ſhe
Shew gladſome countenance nor pleaſant glee:
But grieved was for loſs both of her ſire,
And eke of Lordſhip, with both land and fee:
But moſt ſhe touched was with grief entire,
For loſs of her new Love, the hope of her deſire.

14.

But her the Prince, through his well wonted grace,
To better tearms of mildneſs did entreat,
From that foul rudeneſs, which did her deface;
And that ſame bitter corſive, which did eat
Her tender heart, and made refrain from meat,
He with good thewes and ſpeeches well applide,
Did mollifie, and calm her raging heat.
For, though ſhe were moſt fair, and goodly dide,
Yet ſhe it all did mar, with cruelty and pride.

15.

And for to ſhut up all in friendly love,
Sith love was firſt the ground of all her grief,
That truſty Squire he wiſely well did move
Not to deſpiſe that Dame, which lov'd him lief,
Till he had made of her ſome better prief,
But to accept her to his wedded Wife.
Thereto he offred for to make him chief
Of all her land and Lordſhip during life:
He yielded, and her took; ſo ſtinted all their ſtrife.

16.

From that day forth, in peace and joyous bliſs,
They liv'd together long without debate:
Ne private jar, ne ſpite of enimis
Could ſhake the ſafe aſſurance of their ſtate.
And ſhe, whom Nature did ſo fair create
That ſhe mote match the faireſt of her days,
Yet with lewd loves and luſt intemperate
Had it defac't; thenceforth reformed her ways, (praiſe.
That all men much admir'd her change, and ſpake her

17.

Thus when the Prince had perfectly compil'd
Theſe pairs of friends in peace and ſetled reſt;
Himſelf, whoſe mind did travel as with child
Of his old love, conceiv'd in ſecret breaſt,
Reſolved to purſue his former gueſt;
And taking leave of all, with him did bear
Fair *Amoret*, whom Fortune by requeſt
Had left in his protection whilear,
Exchanged out of one into an other fear.

18.

Fear of her ſafety did her not conſtrain.
For, well ſhe wiſt now in a mighty hond,
Her perſon late in peril, did remain,
Who able was, all dangers to withſtond.
But now in fear of ſhame ſhe more did ſtond,
Seeing her ſelf all ſoly ſuccourleſs,
Left in the Victors powre, like vaſſal bond;
Whoſe will her weakneſs could no way repreſs,
In caſe his burning luſt ſhould break into exceſs.

19.

But cauſe of fear ſure had ſhe none at all
Of him, who goodly learned had of yore
The courſe of looſe affection to foreſtall,
And lawleſs luſt to rule with reaſons lore;
That all the while he by his ſide her bore,
She was as ſafe as in a Sanctuary.
Thus many miles they two together wore,
To ſeek their Loves diſperſed diverſly,
Yet neither ſhew'd to other their hearts privity.

20.

At length they came, where-as a troop of Knights
They ſaw together skirmiſhing, as ſeem'd:
Six they were all, and full of fell deſpight;
But four of them the battel beſt beſeem'd,
That which of them was beſt, mote not be deem'd.
Thoſe four were they, from whom falſe *Florimell*
By *Braggadocchio* lately was redeem'd;
To weet, ſtern *Druon*, and lewd *Claribell*,
Love-laviſh *Blandamour*, and luſtful *Paridell*.

21.

Druons delight was all in ſingle life,
And unto Ladies love would lend no leaſure:
The more was *Claribell* enraged rife
With fervent flames, and loved out of meaſure:
So eke lov'd *Blandamour*, but yet at pleaſure
Would change his liking, and new Lemans prove:
But *Paridell* of love did make no treaſure,
But luſted after all that him did move.
So diverſly theſe four diſpoſed were to love.

22.

But thoſe two other, which beſide them ſtood,
Were *Britomart*, and gentle *Scudamour*,
Who all the while beheld their wrathful mood,
And wondred at their impacable ſtoure,
Whoſe like they never ſaw till that ſame houre,
So dreadful ſtrokes each did at other drive,
And laid on load with all their might and powre,
As if that every dint the ghoſt would rue
Out of their wretched corſes, and their lives deprive.

23.

As when *Dan Æolus* in great diſpleaſure,
For loſs of his dear Love by *Neptune* hent,
Sends forth the winds out of his hidden treaſure,
Upon the Sea to wreak his fell intent;
They breaking forth with rude unruliment,
From all four parts of heaven, do rage full ſore,
And toſs the deeps, and tear the firmament,
And all the world confound with wide uprore,
As it in ſtead thereof, they *Chaos* would reſtore.

Cauſe

24.

Cauſe of their diſcord, and ſo fell debate,
Was for the love of that ſame ſnowy maid,
Whom they had loſt in Turneyment of late;
And ſeeking long to weet which way ſhe ſtraid,
Met here together: where, through lewd upbraid
Of *Ate* and *Dueſſa* they fell out;
And each one taking part in others aid,
This cruel conflict raiſed there-about;
Whoſe dangerous ſucceſs depended yet in dout.

25.

For, ſometimes *Paridell* and *Blandamour*
The better had, and bet the others back;
Eftſoons the others did the field recoure,
And on their foes did work full cruel wrack:
Yet neither would their fiend-like fury ſlack,
But evermore their malice did augment;
Till that unneath they forced were for lack
Of breath, their raging rigour to relent,
And reſt themſelves, for to recover ſpirits ſpent.

26.

There gan they change their ſides, and new parts take;
For, *Paridell* did take to *Druons* ſide,
For old deſpight, which now forth newly brake
Gainſt *Blandamour*, whom always he envide:
And *Blandamour* to *Clæribell* relide.
So all afreſh gan former fight renew:
As when two Barks, this carried with the tide,
That with the wind, contrary courſes ſew,
If wind and tide do change, their courſes change anew.

27.

Thence-forth, they much more furiouſly gan fare,
As if but then the battel had begone;
Ne helmets bright, ne hawberks ſtrong did ſpare,
That through the clifts the vermel blood out ſpone,
And all adown their riven ſides did rone.
Such mortal malice, wonder was to ſee
In friends profeſt, and ſo great out-rage done:
But ſooth is ſaid, and tride in each degree,
Faint friends when they fall out, moſt cruel foe-men be.

28.

Thus they long while continued in fight,
Till *Scudamour*, and that ſame Briton maid,
By fortune in that place did chance to light:
Whom ſoon as they with wrathful eye bewraid,
They gan remember of the foul up-braid,
The which that Britonneſs had to them done,
In that late Turney for the ſnowy maid;
Where ſhe had them both ſhamefully fordone,
And eke the famous prize of beauty from them wone.

29.

Eftſoons all burning with a freſh deſire
Of full revenge, in their malicious mood,
They from themſelves gan turn their furious ire,
And cruel blades yet ſteeming with hot blood,
Againſt thoſe two let drive, as they were wood:
Who wandring much at that ſo ſudden fit,
Yet nought diſmaid, them ſtoutly well withſtood;
Ne yielded foot, ne once aback did flit,
But being doubly ſmitten, likewiſe doubly ſmit.

30.

The war-like Dame was on her part aſſai'd
Of *Claribell* and *Blandamour* attone;
And *Paridell* and *Druon* fiercely laid
At *Scudamour*, both his profeſſed fone.
Four charged two, and two ſurcharged one:
Yet did thoſe two themſelves ſo bravely bear,
That th'other little gained by the lone,
But with their own repayed duely were,
And uſury withall: ſuch gain was gotten dear.

31.

Full oftentimes did *Britomart* aſſay
To ſpeak to them, and ſome emparlance move;
But they for nought their cruel hands would ſtay,
Ne lend an ear to ought that might behove.
As when an eager maſtiff once doth prove
The taſte of blood of ſome engored beaſt,
No words may rate, nor rigour him remove
From greedy hold of that his bloody feaſt:
So little did they hearken to her ſweet beheaſt.

32.

Whom when the Briton Prince afar beheld
With ods of ſo unequal match oppreſt,
His mighty heart with indignation ſweld,
And inward grudge fild his heroick breſt:
Eftſoons himſelf he to their aid addreſt;
And thruſting fierce into the thickeſt preaſe,
Divided them, however loth to reſt,
And would them fain from battel to ſurceaſe,
With gentle words perſwading them to friendly peace.

33.

But they ſo far from peace or patience were,
That all attonce at him gan fiercely fly,
And lay on load, as they him down would bear;
Like to a ſtorm, which hovers under ſky
Long here and there, and round about doth fly,
At length breaks down in rain, and hail, and ſleet,
Firſt, from one coaſt, till nought thereof be dry;
And then another, till that likewiſe fleet;
And ſo from ſide to ſide, till all the world it weet.

34.

But now their forces greatly were decay'd,
The Prince yet being freſh untoucht afore;
Who them with ſpeeches mild gan firſt diſſwade
From ſuch foul out-rage, and them long forbore:
Till ſeeing them through ſuffrance hartned more,
Himſelf he bent their furies to abate:
And laid at them ſo ſharply and ſo ſore,
That ſhortly them compelled to retreat,
And being brought in danger, to relent too late.

35.

But now his courage being throughly fir'd,
He meant to make them know their follies priſe,
Had not thoſe two him inſtantly deſir'd
T'aſſwage his wrath, and pardon their meſpriſe.
At whoſe requeſt he gan himſelf adviſe
To ſtay his hand, and of a truce to treat
In milder tearms, as liſt them to deviſe:
Mongſt which, the cauſe of their ſo cruel heat
He did them ask: who all that paſſed gan repeat;

And

36.

And told at large, how that ſame errant Knight,
To weet, fair *Britomart*, them late had foyl'd
In open turney, and by wrongful fight,
Both of their publique praiſe had them deſpoyl'd,
And alſo of their private Loves beguil'd;
Of two, full hard to read the harder theft.
But ſhe, that wrongful challenge ſoon aſſoyl'd,
And ſhew'd that ſhe had not that Lady reft
(As they ſuppos'd) but her had to her liking left.

37.

To whom, the Prince thus goodly well repli'd;
Certes, Sir Knight, ye ſeemen much to blame,
To rip up wrong, that battel once hath tri'd;
Wherein the honour both of Arms ye ſhame,
And eke the love of Ladies foul defame;
To whom the world this franchiſe ever yielded,
That of their loves choice they might freedom clame,
And in that right, ſhould by all Knights be ſhielded:
Gainſt which me ſeems this war ye wrongfully have wielded.

38.

And yet, quoth ſhe, a greater wrong remains:
For, I thereby my former Love have loſt;
Whom ſeeking ever ſince with endleſs pains,
Hath me much ſorrow and much travel coſt:
Aye me! to ſee that gentle maid ſo toſt.
But *Scudamour*, then ſighing deep, thus ſaid;
Certes, her loſs ought me to ſorrow moſt,
Whoſe right ſhe is, where-ever ſhe be ſtraid,
Through many perils won, and many fortunes waid.

39.

For, from the firſt that I her love profeſt,
Unto this howre, this preſent luckleſs howre,
I never joyed happineſs nor reſt;
But, thus turmoil'd from one to other ſtowre,
I waſte my life, and do my days devour
In wretched anguiſh, and inceſſant woe,
Paſſing the meaſure of my feeble powre,
That living thus, a wretch, and loving ſo,
I neither can my love, ne yet my life forgo.

40.

Then good Sir *Claribell* him thus beſpake;
Now were it not Sir *Scudamour* to you
Diſlikeful pain, ſo ſad a task to take,
Mote we entreat you, ſith this gentle crew
Is now ſo well accorded all anew;
That as we ride together on our way,
Ye will recount to us in order dew
All that adventure, which ye did aſſay
For that fair Ladies love: paſt perils well apay.

41.

So gan the reſt him likewiſe to require;
But *Britomart* did him importune hard,
To take on him that pain: whoſe great deſire
He glad to ſatisfie, himſelf prepar'd
To tell through what misfortune he had far'd,
In that atchievement, as to him befell:
And all thoſe dangers unto them declar'd:
Which ſith they cannot in this Canto well
Compriſed be, I will them in another tell.

CANTO X.

Scudamour doth his Conqueſt tell of vertuous Amoret: *Great* Venus *Temple is deſcrib'd, and Lovers life forth ſet.*

1.

TRue he it ſaid, what-ever man it ſaid,
That love with gall and hony doth abound:
But if the one be with the other way'd,
For every dram of hony therein found,
A pound of gall doth over it redound.
That I too true by tryal have approv'd:
For, ſince the day that firſt with deadly wound
My heart was launc't, and learned to have lov'd,
I never joyed howre, but ſtill with care was mov'd.

2.

And yet ſuch grace is given them from above,
That all the cares and evil which they meet,
May nought at all their ſettled minds remove,
But ſeem gainſt common ſenſe to them moſt ſweet;
As boaſting in their martyrdom unmeet.
So all that ever yet I have endur'd,
I count as nought, and tread down under feet,
Sith of my Love at length I reſt aſſur'd,
That to diſloyalty ſhe will not be allur'd.

3.

Long were to tell the travel and long toyl,
Through which this ſhield of love I late have wone,
And purchaſed this peerleſs beauties ſpoyl,
That harder may be ended, than begone.
But ſince you ſo deſire, your will be done.
Then hark, ye gentle Knights and Ladies free,
My hard miſhaps, that ye may learn to ſhone;
For, though ſweet love to conquer glorious be,
Yet is the pain thereof much greater than the fee.

4.

What time the fame of this renowned priſe
Flew firſt abroad, and all mens ears poſſeſt,
I having arms then taken, gan aviſe
To win me honour by ſome noble geſt,
And purchaſe me ſome place amongſt the beſt.
I boldly thought (ſo young mens thoughts are bold)
That this ſame brave emprize for me did reſt,
And that both ſhield, and ſhe whom I behold,
Might be my lucky lot: ſith all by lot we hold.

5.

So, on that hard adventure forth I went,
And to the place of peril ſhortly came:
That was a Temple fair and ancient,
Which of great Mother *Venus* bare the name,
And far renowned through exceeding fame;
Much more than that which was in *Paphos* built,
Or that in *Cyprus* (both, long ſince this ſame)
Though all the pillors of the one were gilt,
And all the others pavement were with Ivory ſpilt.

And

6.

And it was ſeated in an Iſland ſtrong,
Abounding all with delices moſt rare,
And wall'd by Nature gainſt invaders wrong,
That none mote have acceſs, nor inward fare,
But by one way that paſſage did prepare.
It was a bridge ybuilt in goodly wiſe,
With curious Corbs, and pendants graven fair,
And (arched all with porches) did ariſe
On ſtately pillours, fram'd after the Dorick guiſe.

7.

And for defence thereof, on th' other end
There reared was a Caſtle fair and ſtrong,
That warded all which in or out did wend,
And flanked both the bridges ſides along,
Gainſt all that would it fain to force or wrong.
And therein wonned twenty valiant Knights;
All twenty tride in wars experience long;
Whoſe office was, againſt all manner wights,
By all means to maintain that Caſtles ancient rights.

8.

Before that Caſtle was an open Plain,
And in the midſt thereof a pillour plac'd;
On which this ſhield, of many ſought in vain,
The ſhield of Love, whoſe guerdon me hath grac'd,
Was hangd on high, with golden ribbands lac'd;
And in the Marble ſtone was written this,
With golden letters goodly well enchac'd,
Bleſſed the man that well can uſe his bliſ:
Whoſe ever be the ſhield, fair Amoret be his.

9.

Which when I read, my heart did inly yearn,
And pant with hope of that adventures hap:
Ne ſtayed further news thereof to learn,
But with my ſpear upon the ſhield did rap,
That all the Caſtle ringed with the clap.
Straight forth iſſu'd a Knight all arm'd to proof,
And bravely mounted to his moſt mishap:
Who, ſtaying nought to queſtion from aloof,
Ran fierce at me, that fire glanc't from his horſes hoof.

10.

Whom boldly I encountred (as I could)
And by good fortune ſhortly him unſeated.
Eftſoons out ſprung two more of equal mould;
But I them both with equal hap defeated:
So all the twenty I likewiſe entreated,
And left them growning there upon the plain.
Then preacing to the pillour, I repeated
The read thereof for guerdon of my pain,
And taking down the ſhield, with me did it retain.

11.

So forth without impediment I paſt,
Till to the bridges outer gate I came:
The which I found ſure lockt and chained faſt.
I knockt, but no man anſwer'd me by name;
I cald, but no man anſwer'd to my clame.
Yet I perſever'd ſtill to knock and call;
Till at the laſt I ſpide within the ſame,
Where one ſtood peeping through a crevis ſmall;
To whom I cald aloud, half angry there-withall.

12.

That was to weet, the Porter of the place,
Unto whoſe truſt the charge thereof was lent:
His name was *Doubt*, that had a double face,
Th' one forward looking, th' other backward bent.
Therein reſembling *Janus* ancient,
Which had in charge the ingate of the year:
And evermore his eyes about him went,
As if ſome proved peril he did fear,
Or did miſdoubt ſome ill, whoſe cauſe did not appear.

13.

On th' one ſide he, on th' other ſate *Delay*,
Behind the gate, that none her might eſpy;
Whoſe manner was all paſſengers to ſtay,
And entertain with her occaſions ſly;
Through which ſome loſt great hope unheedily,
Which never they recover might again;
And others quite excluded forth, did ly
Long languiſhing there in unpitied pain,
And ſeeking often entrance, afterwards in vain.

14.

Me when as he had privily eſpide,
Bearing the ſhield which I had conquer'd late,
He kend it ſtraight, and to me open'd wide.
So in I paſt, and ſtraight he clos'd the gate.
But being in, *Delay* in cloſe await
Caught hold on me, and thought my ſteps to ſtay,
Feining full many a fond excuſe to prate,
And time to ſteal the treaſure of mans day;
Whoſe ſmalleſt minute loſt, no riches render may.

15.

But by no means my way I would forſlow,
For ought that ever ſhe could do or ſay;
But from my lofty ſteed diſmounting low,
Paſt forth on foot, beholding all the way
The goodly works, and ſtones of rich aſſay,
Caſt into ſundry ſhapes by wondrous skill,
(That like on earth no where I reckon may)
And underneath, the river rolling ſtill (will.
With murmure ſoft, that ſeem'd to ſerve the workmans

16.

Thence, forth I paſſed to the ſecond gate,
The *Gate of good deſert*, whoſe goodly pride
And coſtly frame, were long here to relate.
The ſame to all ſtood always open wide:
But in the porch did evermore abide
An hidious Giant, dreadfull to behold,
That ſtopt the entrance with his ſpacious ſtride,
And with the terror of his countenance bold
Full many did affray, that elſe fain enter wold.

17.

His name was *Danger*, dradded over all,
Who day and night did watch and deuly ward,
From fearfull cowards, entrance to foreſtall,
And faint-hart-fools, whom ſhew of peril hard
Could terrifie from Fortunes fair award:
For, oftentimes, faint harts, at firſt eſpial
Of his grim face, were from approaching ſcar'd;
Unworthy they of grace, whom one denial
Excludes from faireſt hope, withouten further trial.

18.

Yet many doughty Warriours, often, tride
In greater perils to be ſtout and bold,
Durſt not the ſterneſs of his look abide;
But ſoon as they his countenance did behold,
Began to faint, and feel their courage cold.
Again, ſome other, that in hard aſſays
Were cowards known, and little count did hold,
Either through gifts, or guile, or ſuch like ways,
Crept in by ſtooping low, or ſtealing of the kays.

19.

But I, though meaneſt man of many mo,
Yet much diſdeigning unto him to lout,
Or creep between his legs, ſo in to go,
Reſolv'd him to aſſault with manhood ſtout,
And either beat him in, or caſt him out.
Eftſoons advancing that enchanted ſhield,
With all my might I gan to lay about:
Which when he ſaw, the glain which he did wield
He gan forth-with t'avale, and way unto me yield.

20.

So, as I entred, I did backward look,
For fear of harm, that might lie hidden there;
And lo, his hind-parts (whereof heed I took)
Much more deformed fearfull ugly were,
Then all his former parts did earſt appear.
For hatred, murther, treaſon, and deſpight,
With many mo, lay in ambuſhment there,
Awaiting to entrap the warleſs wight,
Which did not them prevent with vigilant fore-ſight.

21.

Thus having paſt all perill, I was come
Within the compaſs of that Iſlands ſpace;
The which did ſeem unto my ſimple doom,
The onely pleaſant and delightfull place,
That ever troden was of footings trace.
For, all that Nature by her mother wit
Could frame in earth, and form of ſubſtance baſe,
Was there; and, all that nature did omit,
Art (playing ſecond Natures part) ſupplyed it.

22.

No tree, that is of count, in green-wood grows,
From loweſt Juniper to Cedar tall;
No flowre in field, that dainty odour throws,
And decks his branch with bloſſoms over all,
But there was planted, or grew naturall:
Nor ſenſe of man ſo coy and curious nice,
But there mote find to pleaſe it ſelf withall;
Nor hart could wiſh for any queint device,
But there it preſent was, and did frail ſenſe entice.

23.

In ſuch luxurious plenty of all pleaſure,
It ſeem'd a ſecond paradiſe to bee,
So laviſhly enricht with Natures threaſure,
That if the happy ſouls, which do poſſeſs
Th' Elyſian fields, and live in laſting bleſs,
Should happen this with living eye to ſee,
They ſoon would loath their leſſer happineſs,
And wiſh to life return'd again I gheſs,
That in this joyous place they mote have joyance free.

24.

Freſh ſhadows, fit to ſhroud from ſunny ray;
Fair lawns, to eake the ſun in ſeaſon dew;
Sweet ſprings, in which a thouſand Nymphs did play;
Soft rumbling brooks, that gentle ſlumber drew;
High reared mounts, the lands about to view;
Low looking dales, diſloin'd from common gaze;
Delightfull bowrs, to ſolace Lovers trew;
Falſe Labyrinths, fond runners eyes to daze;
All which by Nature made, did Nature ſelf amaze.

25.

And all without were walks and alleys dight,
With diverſe trees, enrang'd in even ranks;
And here and there were pleaſant arbors pight,
And ſhadie ſeats, and ſundry flowring banks,
To ſit and reſt the walkers weary ſhanks:
And therein thouſand pairs of Lovers walkt,
Praiſing their god, and yielding him great thanks,
Ne ever ought but of their Lovers talkt,
Ne ever for rebuke or blame of any balkt.

26.

All theſe together by themſelves did ſport
Their ſpotleſs pleaſures, and ſweet loves content,
But far away from theſe, another ſort
Of Lovers linked in true harts conſent:
Which loved not as theſe, for like intent,
But on chaſte vertue grounded their deſire,
Far from all fraud, or fained blandiſhment;
Which in their ſpirits kindling zealous fire,
Brave thoughts and noble deeds did ever-more inſpire.

27.

Such were great *Hercules*, and *Hylus* dear;
True *Jonathan*, and *David* truſty tride;
Stout *Theſeus*, and *Perithous* his fear;
Pylades, and *Oreſtes* by his ſide;
Mild *Titus*, and *Geſippus* without pride:
Damon, and *Pithias*, whom death could not ſever:
All theſe, and all that ever had been tyde
In bands of friendſhip, there did live for ever:
Whoſe lives, although decay'd, yet loves decayed never.

28.

Which, when as I, that never taſted bliſs,
Nor happy howre, beheld with gazefull eye,
I thought there was none other heaven than this;
And gan their endleſs happineſs envy.
That being free from fear and jealouſie,
Might frankly there their loves deſire poſſeſs;
Whilſt I, through pains and perlous jeopardy,
Was forct to ſeek my lifes dear patroneſs: (ſtreſs.
Much dearer be the things, which come through hard di-

29.

Yet all thoſe ſights, and all that elſe I ſaw,
Might not my ſteps with-hold, but that forth-right
Unto that purpos'd place I did me draw,
Whereas my Love was lodged day and night:
The temple of great *Venus*, that is hight
The Queen of beauty, and of love the Mother,
There worſhipped of every living wight;
Whoſe goodly workmanſhip far paſt all other
That ever were on earth, all were they ſet together.

Not

30.

Not that ſame famous Temple of *Diane*,
Whoſe height all *Epheſus* did over-ſee,
And which all *Aſia* ſought with vows profane,
One of the worlds ſeaven wonders ſaid to bee,
Might match with this by many a degree:
Nor that, which that wiſe King of *Jurie* fram'd,
With endleſs coſt, to be th'Almighties ſee:
Nor all that elſe through all the world is nam'd
To all the Heathen Gods, might like to this be claim'd.

31.

I, much admiring that ſo goodly frame,
Unto the porch approch't, which open ſtood;
But therein ſate an amiable Dame,
That ſeem'd to be of very ſober mood,
And in her ſemblant ſhew'd great womanhood,
Strange was her tire; for on her head a Crown
She wore, much like unto a Danisk hood,
Poudred with pearl and ſtone; and all her gown
Enwoven was with gold, that raught full low adown.

32.

On either ſide of her, two young men ſtood,
Both ſtrongly arm'd, as fearing one another;
Yet were they brethren both of half the blood,
Begotten by two fathers of one mother,
Though of contrary natures each to other:
The one of them hight *Love*, the other *Hate*.
Hate was the elder. *Love* the younger brother;
Yet was the younger ſtronger in his ſtate
Than th'elder, and him maiſtred ſtill in all debate.

33.

Nath'leſs, that Dame ſo well them tempred both,
That ſhe them forced hand to joyn in hand,
Albe that *Hatred* was thereto full loth,
And turn'd his face away, as he did ſtand,
Unwilling to behold that lovely band.
Yet ſhe was of ſuch grace and vertuous might,
That her commandment he could not withſtand,
But bit his lip for felonous deſpight,
And gnaſht his iron tusks at that diſpleaſing ſight.

34.

Concord ſhe cleeped was in common reed,
Mother of bleſſed *Peace*, and *Friendſhip* true;
They both her twins, both born of heavenly ſeed,
And ſhe herſelf likewiſe divinely grew;
The which right well her works divine did ſhew:
For, ſtrength, and wealth, and happineſs ſhe lends,
And ſtrife, and war, and anger does ſubdew:
Of little much, of foes ſhe maketh friends,
And to afflicted minds, ſweet reſt and quiet ſends.

35.

By her the heaven is in his courſe contain'd,
And all the world in ſtate unmoved ſtands,
As their Almighty Maker firſt ordain'd,
And bound them with inviolable bands;
Elſe would the waters over-flow the lands,
And fire devour the air, and hell them quight,
But that ſhe holds them with her bleſſed hands.
She is the nurſe of pleaſure and delight,
And unto *Venus* grace the gate doth open right.

36.

By her I entring, half diſmayed was;
But ſhe in gentle wiſe me entertain'd,
And twixt her ſelf and Love did let me paſs:
But *Hatred* would my entrance have reſtrain'd,
And with his club me threatned to have brain'd,
Had not the Lady, with her powerful ſpeach,
Him from his wicked will uneath refrained;
And th'other eke his malice did impeach,
Till I was throughly paſt the perill of his reach.

37.

Into the inmoſt Temple thus I came,
Which fuming all with Frankincenſe I found,
And odours riſing from the altars flame.
Upon an hundred Marble pillors round,
The roof up high was reared from the ground,
All deckt with crowns, and chains, and girlonds gay,
And thouſand pretious gifts worth many a pound,
The which ſad Lovers for their vows did pay; (May.
And all the ground was ſtrow'd with flowres, as freſh as

38.

An hundred Altars round about were ſet,
All flaming with their ſacrifices fire,
That with the ſteem thereof the temple ſwet,
Which roul'd in clouds, to heaven did aſpire,
And in them bore true Lovers vows entire:
And eke an hundred braſen cauldrons bright,
To bathe in joy and amourous deſire,
Every of which was to a Damzel hight;
For, all the Prieſts were Damzels, in ſoft linnen dight.

39.

Right in the midſt the Goddeſs ſelf did ſtand,
Upon an altar of ſome coſtly maſs,
Whoſe ſubſtance was uneath to underſtand:
For, neither pretious ſtone, nor dureful braſs,
Nor ſhining gold, nor mouldring clay it was;
But much more rare and pretious to eſteem,
Pure in aſpect, and like to cryſtal glaſs,
Yet glaſs was not, if one did rightly deem;
But being fair and brickle, likeſt glaſs did ſeem.

40.

But it in ſhape and beauty did excell
All other Idols which the heathen adore,
Farr paſſing that, which by ſurpaſſing skill
Phidias did make in *Paphos* Ile of yore,
With which that wretched Greek that life forlore,
Did fall in love: yet this much fairer ſhin'd,
But covered with a ſlender veil afore;
And both her feet and legs together twin'd
Were with a ſnake, whoſe head and tail were faſt combin'd.

41.

The cauſe why ſhe was covered with a veil,
Was hard to know, for that her Prieſts the ſame
From peoples knowledge labour'd to conceal.
But ſooth it was not ſure for womaniſh ſhame,
Nor any blemiſh which the work mote blame;
But for (they ſay) ſhe hath both kinds in one,
Both male and female, both under one name:
She ſire and mother is her ſelf alone;
Begets, and eke conceives, ne needeth other none.

42.

And all about her neck and ſhoulders flew
A flock of little loves, and ſports, and joys,
With nimble wings of gold and purple hew;
Whoſe ſhapes ſeem'd not like to terreſtrial boys,
But like to Angels playing heavenly toys;
The whil'ſt their elder brother was away,
Cupid, their eldeſt brother; he enjoys
The wide kingdom of love with lordly ſway,
And to his law compels all creatures to obay.

43.

And all about her altar, ſcattered lay
Great ſorts of Lovers pitiouſly complaining;
Some of their loſs, ſome of their loves delay,
Some their pride, ſome paragons diſdaining,
Some fearing fraud, ſome fraudulently fayning,
As every one had cauſe of good or ill.
Amongſt the reſt, ſome one through loves conſtraining
Tormented ſore, could not contain it ſtill,
But thus brake forth, that all the Temple it did fill;

44.

Great *Venus*, Queen of beauty and of grace,
The joy of Gods and men, that under skie
Dooſt faireſt ſhine, and moſt adorn thy place,
That with thy ſmiling look dooſt pacifie
The raging ſeas, and mak'ſt the ſtorms to flie:
Thee goddeſs, thee the winds, the clouds do fear,
And when thou ſpredſt thy mantle forth on hie,
The waters play, and pleaſant Lands appear,
And heavens laugh, and all the world ſhews joyous cheer.

45.

Then doth the dædale earth throw forth to thee
Out of her fruitful lap aboundant flowres:
And then all living wights, ſoon as they ſee
The Spring break forth out of his luſty bowres,
They all do learn to play the Paramours;
Firſt do the merry birds, thy prety pages,
Privily pricked with thy luſtful powres,
Chirp loud to thee out of their leafy cages,
And thee their mother call to cool their kindly rages.

46.

Then do the ſalvage beaſts begin to play.
Their pleaſant friſks, and loath their wonted food:
The Lions rore, the Tigres loudly bray,
The raging Buls rebellow through the wood,
And breaking forth, dare tempt the deepeſt flood,
To come where thou doſt draw them with deſire:
So all things elſe, that nouriſh vital blood,
Soon as with fury thou dooſt them inſpire,
In generation ſeek to quench their inward fire.

47.

So all the world by thee at firſt was made,
And daily yet thou dooſt the ſame repair:
Ne ought on earth that merry is and glad,
Ne ought on earth that lovely is and fair,
But thou the ſame for pleaſure didſt prepair.
Thou art the root of all that joyous is,
Great god of men and women, queen of th'air,
Mother of laughter, and well-ſpring of bliſs,
O grant that of my love at laſt I may not miſs.

48.

So did he ſay: but I with murmur ſoft,
That none might hear the ſorrow of my heart,
Yet inly groaning deep and ſighing oft,
Beſought her to grant eaſe unto my ſmart,
And to my wound her gracious help impart,
Whil'ſt thus I ſpake, behold with happy eye
I ſpide, where at the Idols feet apart
A bevie of fair damzels cloſe did lie,
Wayting when as the Anthem ſhould be ſung on hie.

49.

The firſt of them did ſeem of riper years,
And graver countenance than all the reſt;
Yet all the reſt were eke her equal pears,
Yet unto her obayed all the beſt.
Her name was *Womanhood*, that ſhe expreſt
By her ſad ſemblant and demeanure wiſe:
For, ſtedfaſt ſtill her eyes did fixed reſt,
Ne rov'd at randon after gazers guiſe,
Whoſe luring bayts oft-times doe heedleſs hearts entiſe.

50.

And next to her ſate goodly *Shamefaſtneſs*;
Ne ever durſt her eyes from ground up-rear,
Ne ever once did look up from her deſs,
As if ſome blame of evil ſhe did fear,
That in her cheeks made roſes oft appear:
And her againſt, ſweet *Cheerfulneſs* was plac'd,
Whoſe eyes like twinkling ſtars in evening clear,
Were deckt with ſmyles, that all ſad humors chac'd,
And darted forth delights, the which her goodly grac'd.

51.

And next to her ſat ſober *Modeſtie*,
Holding her hand upon her gentle heart;
And her againſt ſate comely *Curtiſie*,
That unto every perſon knew her part;
And her before was ſeated overthwart
Soft *Silence*, and ſubmiſs *Obedience*,
Both linkt together never to diſpart,
Both gifts of God not gotten but from thence,
Both girlonds of his Saints againſt their foes offence.

52.

Thus ſat they all around in ſeemly rate:
And in the midſt of them a goodly maid,
Ev'n in the lap of *Woman-hood* there ſate,
The which was all in lilly white arraid,
With ſilver ſtreams amongſt the linnen ſtraid;
Like to the morn, when firſt her ſhining face
Hath to the gloomy world it ſelf bewrai'd:
That ſame was faireſt *Amoret* in place,
Shining with beauties light, and heavenly vertues grace.

53.

Whom ſoon as I beheld, my heart gan throb,
And wade in doubt, what beſt were to be don:
For, ſacriledge me ſeem'd the Church to rob;
And folly ſeem'd to leave the thing undon,
Which with ſo ſtrong attempt I had begon.
Tho, ſhaking off all doubt and ſhamefaſt fear,
Which Ladies love I heard had never won
Mongſt men of worth, I to her ſtepped near,
And by the lilly hand her labour'd up to rear.

Thereat

54.

Thereat that formoſt matron me did blame;
And ſharp rebuke, for being over-bold;
Saying it was to Knight unſeemly ſhame,
Upon a recluſe Virgin to lay hold,
That unto *Venus* ſervices was ſold.
To whom I thus; Nay but it fitteth beſt,
For *Cupids* man with *Venus* maid to hold:
For, ill your goddeſs ſervices are dreſt
By Virgins, and her ſacrifices let to reſt.

55.

With that my ſhield I forth to her did ſhow,
Which all that while I cloſely had conceald;
On which when *Cupid* with his killing bow
And cruel ſhafts emblazond ſhe beheld,
At ſight thereof ſhe was with terror queld,
And ſaid no more: but I which all that while
The pledge of faith, her hand engaged held,
Like wary Hynd within the weedy ſoyl,
For no intreaty would forgo ſo glorious ſpoyl.

56.

And evermore upon the goddeſs face
Mine eye was fixt, for fear of heroffence:
Whom when I ſaw with amiable grace
To laugh on me, and favour my pretence,
I was embolden'd with more confidence:
And nought for niceneſs nor for envy ſparing,
In preſence of them all forth led her thence,
All looking on, and like aſtoniſht ſtaring,
Yet to lay hand of her, not one of all them daring.

57.

She often praid; and often me beſought,
Sometime with tender tears to let her go,
Sometime with witching ſmiles: but yet for nought,
That ever ſhe to me could ſay or do,
Could ſhe her wiſhed freedom fro me wo;
But forth I led her through the Temple gate,
By which I hardly paſt with much ado:
But that ſame Lady which me friended late
In entrance, did me alſo friend in my retrate.

58.

No leſs did danger threaten me with dread,
When as he ſaw me, maugre all his powre,
That glorious ſpoil of beauty with me lead,
Than *Cerberus*, when *Orpheus* did recoure
His Leman from the *Stygian* Princes boure.
But evermore my ſhield did me defend,
Againſt the ſtorm of every dreadful ſtoure:
Thus ſafely with my Love I thence did wend.
So ended he his tale, where I this Canto end.

CANTO XI.

Marinels *former wound is heal'd,*
he comes to Proteus *hall,*
Where Thames *doth the* Medway *wed;*
and feaſts the Sea-gods all.

1.

But ah for pity! that I have thus long
Left a fair Lady languiſhing in pain:
Now weal-away, that I have doen ſuch wrong,
To let fair *Florimel* in bands remain,
In bands of love, and in ſad thraldoms chain;
From which unleſs ſome heavenly powre her free
By miracle, not yet appearing plain,
She longer yet is like captiv'd to bee:
That even to think thereof, it inly pities mee:

2.

Here need you to remember, how ere while
Unlovely *Proteus*, miſſing to his mind
That Virgins love to win by wit or while
Her threw into a dungeon deep and blind;
And there in chains her cruelly did bind,
In hope thereby her to his bent to draw:
For, when as neither gifts nor graces kind,
Her conſtant mind could move at all he ſaw;
He thought her to compel by cruelty and aw.

3.

Deep in the bottom of an huge great rock
The dungeon was, in which her bound he left,
That neither iron bars, nor brazen lock
Did need to gard from force, or ſecret theft
Of all her Lovers, which would her have reft.
For, wall'd it was with waves, which rag'd and ror'd
As they the cliff in pieces would have cleft:
Beſides, ten thouſand monſters foul abhord
Did wait about it, gaping grieſly, all begor'd.

4.

And in the midſt thereof did horror dwell,
And darkneſs drad, that never viewed day;
Like to the baleful houſe of loweſt hell,
In which old *Styx* her aged bones alway
(Old *Styx*, the Grandame of the Gods) doth lay.
There did this luckleſs mayd three moneths abide,
Ne ever evening ſaw, ne morning ray,
Ne ever from the day the night deſcride,
But thought it all one night, that did no hours divide.

5.

And all this was for love of *Marinel*,
Who her deſpis'd (ah! who would her deſpiſe?)
And womens love did from his hart expel,
And all thoſe joys that weak mankind entiſe.
Nath'leſs, his pride full dearly he did priſe;
For, of a womans hand it was ywroke,
That of the wound he yet in languor lies,
Ne can be cured of that cruel ſtroke
Which *Britomart* him gave, when he did her provoke.

Yet

6.

Yet farr and neer the Nymph his mother ſought,
And many ſalves did to his ſore apply,
And many herbs did uſe. But when as nought
She ſaw could eaſe his rankling maladie,
At laſt, to *Tryphon* ſhe for help did hie
(This *Tryphon* is the Sea-gods ſurgeon hight)
Whom ſhe beſought to find ſome remedy:
And for his pains, a whiſtle him behight,
That of a fiſhes ſhell was wrought with rare delight.

7.

So well that Leach did hark to her requeſt,
And did ſo well employ his carefull pain,
That in ſhort ſpace his hurts he had redreſt,
And him reſtor'd to healthful ſtate again:
In which he long time after did remain
There with the Nymph his mother, like her thrall;
Who ſore againſt his will did him retain,
For fear of peril, which to him mote fall,
Through his too ventrous proweſs proved over all.

8.

It fortun'd then, a ſolemn feaſt was there
To all the Sea-gods and their fruitful ſeed,
In honour of the ſpouſals, which then were
Betwixt the *Medway* and the *Thames* agreed.
Long had the *Thames* (as we in records reed)
Before that day her wooed to his bed;
But the proud Nymph, would for no worldly meed,
Nor no entreaty to his love be led;
Till now at laſt relenting, ſhe to him was wed.

9.

So both agreed, that this their bridal feaſt
Should for the gods in *Proteus* houſe be made;
To which they all repair'd, both moſt and leaſt,
As well which in the mighty Ocean trade,
As that in rivers ſwim, or brooks do wade.
All which, not if an hundred tongues to tell,
And hundred mouths, and voice of braſs I had,
And endleſs memory, that mote excell,
In order as they came, could I recount them well.

10.

Help therefore, O thou ſacred imp of *Jove*,
The nourſling of Dame *Memory* his dear,
To whom thoſe rolls, laid up in heaven above,
And records of antiquity appear,
To which no wit of man may comen near;
Help me to tell the names of all thoſe floods,
And all thoſe Nymphs, which then aſſembled were
To that great banquet of the watry Gods,
And all their ſundry kinds, and all their hid abodes.

11.

Firſt, came great *Neptune*, with his three-forkt Mace,
That rules the Seas, and makes them riſe or fall;
His deawy locks did drop with brine apace,
Under his Diadem imperial:
And by his ſide, his Queen with Coronal,
Fair *Amphitrite*, moſt divinely fair,
Whoſe Ivory ſhoulders weren covered all,
As with a robe, with her own ſilver hair: (pare.
And deckt with pearls, which th' Indian ſeas for her pre-

12.

Theſe marched far afore the other crew;
And all the way before them as they went,
Triton his trumpet ſhrill before them blew,
For goodly triumph and great jollyment,
That made the rocks to roar, as they were rent.
And after them the royal iſſue came,
Which of them ſprung by lineal deſcent:
Firſt, the Sea-gods, which to themſelves doe clame
The powre to rule the billows, and the waves to tame.

13.

Phorcys, the father of that fatal brood,
By whom thoſe old Heroes won ſuch fame;
And *Glaucus*, that wiſe ſoothſays underſtood;
And tragick *Inoes* ſon, the which became
A God of Seas through his mad mothers blame,
Now hight *Palemon*, and his Saylers friend;
Great *Brontes*, and *Aſtræus*, that did ſhame
Himſelf with inceſt of his kin unkend;
And huge *Orion*, that doth tempeſts ſtill portend.

14.

The rich *Cteatus*, and *Eurytus* long;
Neleus and *Pelias*, lovely brethren both;
Mighty *Chryſaor*, and *Caicus* ſtrong;
Eurypilus, that calms the waters wroth;
And fair *Euphæmus*, that upon them go'th
As on the ground, without diſmay or dread:
Fierce *Eryx*, and *Alebius*, that know'th
The waters depth, and doth their bottom tread;
And ſad *Aſopus*, comely with his hoary head.

15.

There alſo, ſome moſt famous founders were
Of puiſſant Nations, which the world poſſeſt;
Yet ſons of *Neptune*, now aſſembled here:
Ancient *Ogyges*, even th' ancienteſt,
And *Inachus*, renown'd above the reſt;
Phœnix, and *Aon*, and *Pelaſgus* old,
Great *Belus*, *Phœax*, and *Agenor*, beſt;
And mighty *Albion*, father of the bold
And war-like people, which the *Britain* Ilands hold.

16.

For, *Albion*, the ſon of *Neptune* was;
Who for the proof of his great puiſſance,
Out of his *Albion* did on dry-foot paſs.
Into old *Gall*, that now is cleeped *France*,
To fight with *Hercules*, that did advance
To vanquiſh all the world with matchleſs might:
And there his mortal part by great miſchance
Was ſlain, but that which is th'immortal ſpright
Lives ſtill: and to this feaſt with *Neptunes* ſeed was dight.

17.

But what do I their names ſeek to reherſe,
Which all the world have with their iſſue fild?
How can they all in this ſo narrow verſe
Contained be, and in ſmall compaſs hild?
Let them record them, that are better skild,
And know the moniments of paſſed times:
Onely what needeth, ſhall be here fulfild,
T'expreſs ſome part of that great equipage,
Which from great *Neptune* do derive their parentage.

Next,

18.

Next, came the aged *Ocean*, and his Dame;
Old *Tethys*, th'oldeſt two of all the reſt;
For, all the reſt, of thoſe two Parents came,
Which afterward both ſea and land poſſeſt:
Of all which, *Nereus*, th'eldeſt and the beſt,
Did firſt proceed, then which none more upright,
Ne more ſincere in word and deed profeſt,
Moſt void of guile, moſt free from foul deſpight,
Doing himſelf, and teaching others to do right.

19.

Thereto he was expert in prophecies,
And could the ledden of the Gods unfold,
Through which, when *Paris* brought his famous priſe
The fair Tindarid laſs, he him foretold,
That her all *Greece* with many a champion bold
Shold fetch again, and finally deſtroy
Proud *Priams* town. So wiſe is *Nereus* old,
And ſo well skild; nath'leſs he takes great joy
Oft-times amongſt the wanton Nymphs to ſport and toy.

20.

And after him the famous rivers came,
Which do the earth enrich and beautifie:
The fertile Nile, which creatures new doth frame;
Long Rhodanus, whoſe ſourſe ſprings from the skie;
Fair Iſther, flowing from the mountains hie;
Divine Scamander, purpled yet with blood
Of Greeks and Trojans, which therein did die;
Pactolus, gliſtring with his golden flood,
And Tigris fierce, whoſe ſtreams of none may be with-ſtood.

21.

Great Ganges, and immortal Euphrates,
Deep Indus, and Mæander intricate,
Slow Peneus, and tempeſtuous Phaſides,
Swift Rhene, and Alpheus ſtill immaculate:
Oraxes, feared for great *Cyrus* fate;
Tybris, renowned for the Romains fame,
Rich Oranochy, though but knowen late;
And that huge River, which doth bear his name
Of warlike Amazons, which do poſſeſs the ſame.

22.

Joy on thoſe warlike women, which ſo long
Can from all men ſo rich a kingdom hold;
And ſhame on you, o men, which boaſt your ſtrong
And valiant hearts, leſs hard and bold,
Yet quail in conqueſt of that land of gold.
But this to you, o Britons, moſt pertains,
To whom the right hereof, it ſelf hath ſold;
The which, for ſparing little coſt or pains
Loſe ſo immortal glory, and ſo endleſs gains.

23.

Then was there heard a moſt celeſtial ſound
Of dainty muſick, which did next enſew
Before the ſpouſe: that was *Arion* crownd:
Who playing on his harp, unto him drew
The ears and harts of all that goodly crew,
That even yet the Dolphin, which him bore
Through the Agæan ſeas from Pirates veiw,
Stood ſtill by him aſtoniſht at his lore,
And all the raging Seas, for joy forgot to rore,

24.

So went he playing on the watry Plain.
Soon after whom the lovely bridegroom came,
The noble *Thamis*, with all his goodly train;
But him before there went, as beſt became,
His ancient parents, namely th'ancient *Thame*.
But much more aged was his wife then he,
The *Ouze*, whom men do Iſis rightly name;
Full weak and crooked creature ſeemed ſhe,
And almoſt blind through eld, that ſcarce her way could ſee.

25.

Therefore on either ſide ſhe was ſuſtain'd
Of two ſmall grooms, which by their names were hight
The *Churn* and *Charwell*, two ſmall ſtreams, which pain'd
Themſelves her footing to direct aright,
Which failed oft through faint and feeble plight:
But *Thame* was ſtronger, and of better ſtay;
Yet ſeem'd full aged by his outward ſight,
With head all hoary, and his beard all gray,
Deawed with ſilver drops, that trickled down alway.

26.

And eke he ſomewhat ſeem'd to ſtoup afore
With bowed back, by reaſon of the lode,
And ancient heavy burden, whtch he bore
Of that fair City, wherein make-abode
So many learned imps, that ſhoot abroad,
And with their branches ſpred all Britany,
No leſs then do her elder ſiſters brood.
Joy to you both, ye double nourſery,
Of Arts: but Oxford thine doth *Thame* moſt glorify.

27.

But he their ſon full freſh and jolly was,
All decked in a robe of watchet hew,
On which the waves, glittering like Cryſtall glaſs,
So cunningly enwoven were, that few
Could weenen, whether they were, falſe or trew,
And on his head like to a Coronet
He wore, that ſeemed ſtrange to common view,
In which were many Towres and Caſtles ſet,
That it encompaſt round as with a golden fret.

28.

Like as the mother of the gods, they ſay,
In her great iron charet wants to ride,
When to *Joves* palace ſhe doth take her way;
Old *Cybele*, arrayd with pompous pride,
Wearing a Diadem embattaild wide
With hundred turrets, like a Turribant:
With ſuch an one was *Thamis* beautifide;
That was to weet, the famous *Troynovant*,
In which her kingdoms throne is chiefly reſiant.

29.

And round about him many a pretty Page
Attended duely, ready to obay;
All little Rivers, which owe vaſſallage
To him, as to their Lord, and tribute pay:
The chaulkey Kenet, and the Thetis gray,
The moriſh Cole, and the ſoft ſliding Brean,
The wanton Lee, that oft doth loſe his way,
And the ſtill Darent, in whoſe waters clean
Ten thouſand fiſhes play, and deck his pleaſant ſtream.

Then

30.

Then came his neighbour flouds, which nigh him dwell,
And water all the Engliſh ſoyl throughout;
They all on him this day attended well;
And with meet ſervice waited him about;
Ne one diſdained low to him to lout:
No not the ſtately Severn grudg'd at all,
Ne ſtorming Humber, though he looked ſtout;
But both him honor'd as their principall,
And let their ſwelling waters low before him fall.

31.

There was the ſpeedy Tamar, which divides
The Corniſh, and the Devoniſh confines;
Through both whoſe borders ſwiftly down it glides,
And meeting Plim, to Plimmouth thence declines:
And Dart, nigh choakt with ſands of tinny mines.
But Avon marched in more ſtarely path,
Proud of his Adamants, with which he ſhines
And gliſters wide, as als' of wondrous Bath,
And Briſtow fair which on his waves he builded hath.

32.

And there came Stour with terrible aſpect,
Bearing his fix deformed heads on hie,
That doth his courſe through Blanford Plains direct,
And waſheth Winbourn meads in ſeaſon drie.
Next him, went Wylibourn with paſſage ſly,
That of his wylineſs his name doth take,
And of himſelf doth name the ſhire thereby:
And Mole, that like a nourſling Mole doth make
His way ſtill under ground, till Thamis he ore'take.

33.

Then came the Rother, decked all with woods
Like a wood God, and flowing faſt to Rhy:
And Sture, that parteth with his pleaſant floods
The Eaſtern Saxons from the Southern ny,
And Clare, and Harwitch both doth beautifie:
Him follow'd Yar, ſoft waſhing Norwitch wall,
And with him brought a preſent joyfully
Of his own fiſh unto their feſtivall, (call.
Whoſe like none elſe could ſhew, the which they Ruffins

34.

Next theſe, the plenteous Ouz came far from land,
By many a City, and by many a Town,
And many Rivers taking under hand
Into his waters, as he paſſeth down;
The Cle, the Were, the Guant, the Sture, the Rown,
Thence doth by Huntingdon and Cambridge flit,
My mother Cambridge, whom as with a Crown
He doth adorn, and is adorn'd of it
With many a gentle Muſe, and many a learned wit.

35.

And after him, the fatal Welland went,
That if old ſaws prove true (which God forbid)
Shall drown all Holland with his excrement,
And ſhall ſee Stamford, though now homely hid,
Then ſhine in learning, more than ever did
Cambridge or Oxford, Englands goodly beams.
And next to him the *Nene* down ſoftly ſlid;
And bountious Trent, that in him ſelf enſeams
Both thirty ſorts of fiſh, and thirty ſundry ſtreams.

36.

Next theſe came Tyne, along whoſe ſtony bank
That Roman Monarch built a brazen wall,
Which mote the feebled Britons ſtrongly flank
Againſt the Picts, that ſwarmed over all,
Which yet thereof Gualſever they do call:
And Twede the limit betwixt Logris land
And Albany: and Eden though but ſmall,
Yet often ſtaind with blood of many a band
Of Scots and Engliſh both, that tyned on his ſtrand.

37.

Then came thoſe ſix ſad brethren, like forlorn,
That whylom were (as antique fathers tell)
Six valiant Knights, on one fair Nymph yborn,
Which did in noble deeds of arms excell,
And wonned there, where now York people dwell;
Still Ure, ſwift Werf, and Oze the moſt of might,
High Swale, unquiet Nyde, and troublous Skell;
All whom a Scythian king, that Humber hight,
Slew cruelly, and in the river drowned quight.

38.

But paſt not long, ere *Brutus* warlike ſon
Locrinus them aveng'd, and the ſame date,
Which the proud Humber unto them had don,
By equal doom repayd on his own pate:
For, in the ſelf ſame river, where he late
Had drenched them, he drowned him again;
And nam'd the River of his wretched fate;
Whoſe bad condition yet it doth retain,
Oft toſſed with his ſtorms, which therein ſtill remain.

39.

Theſe after, came the ſtony ſhallow Lone,
That to old Loncaſter his name doth lend;
And following Dee, which Britons long ygone
Did call divine, that doth by Cheſter tend;
And Conway, which out of his ſtream doth ſend
Plenty of pearls to deck his dames withall,
And Lindus that his pikes doth moſt commend,
Of which the ancient Lincoln men do call,
All theſe together marched toward *Proteus* hall.

40.

Ne thence the Iriſh Rivers abſent were,
Sith no leſs famous then the reſt they be,
And joyn in neighbourhood of kingdom neer,
Why ſhould they not likewiſe in love agree,
And joy likewiſe this ſolemn day to ſee?
They ſaw it all, and preſent were in place;
Though I them all according their degree,
Cannot recount, nor tell their hidden race,
Nor read the ſalvage countries, thorough which they paſe.

41.

There was the Liffie, rolling down the lea,
The ſandy Slane, the ſtony Aubrian,
The ſpacious Shenan ſpreading like a ſea,
The pleaſant, Boyn, the fiſhy fruitfull Ban,
Swift Awniduff, which of the Engliſh man
Is call'd Black water, and the Liffar deep,
Sad Trowis, that once his people over-ran,
Strong *Allo* tombling from Slewlogher ſteep,
And *Mulla* mine, whoſe waves I whilom taught to weep.

And

42.

And there the three renowned brethren were,
Which that great Giant *Blomius* begot
Of the fair Nymph *Rheusa* wandring there.
One day, as she to shun the season hot,
Under Slewbloom in shady grove was got,
This Giant found her, and by force deflowr'd:
Whereof conceiving, she in time forth brought
These three fair sons, which being thence forth powr'd
In three great rivers ran, and many countries scowr'd.

43.

The first, the gentle Shur, that making way
By sweet Clonmell, adorns rich Waterford;
The next, the stubborn Newre, whose waters gray
By fair Kilkenny and Rosseponte bord;
The third, the goodly Barow, which doth hord
Great heaps of Salmons in his deep bosome:
All which long sundred, do at last accord
To joyn in one, ere to the sea they come,
So flowing all from one, all one at last become.

44.

There also was the wide embayed Mair,
The pleasant Bandon crownd with many a wood,
The spreading Lee, that like an Iland fair
Encloseth Cork with his divided flood;
And baleful Our, late staind with English blood:
With many more, whose names no tongue can tell.
All which that day in order seemly good
Did on the Thamis attend, and waited well
To do their dueful service, as to them befell.

45.

Then came the Bride, the loving *Medua* came,
Clad in a vesture of unknowen gear,
And uncouth fashion, yet her well became;
That seem'd like silver, sprinked here and there
With glittering spangs, that did like stars appear,
And wav'd upon, like water Chamelot,
To hide the metal, which yet every where
Bewrayd it self, to let men plainly wot,
It was no mortall work, that seem'd and yet was not.

46.

Her goodly locks adown her back did flow
Unto her waste, with flowres bescattered,
The which ambrosial odours forth did throw
To all about, and all her shoulders spred
As a new spring; and likewise on her head
A chapelet of sundry flowres she wore,
From under which the deawy humour, shed,
Did trickle down her hair, like to the hore
Congealed little drops, which do the morn adore.

47.

On her, two pretty handmaids did attend,
One cal'd the *Theise*, the other cald the *Crane*;
Which on her waited, things amiss to mend,
And both behind upheld her spredding train;
Under the which, her feet appeared plain,
Her silver feet, fair washt against this day:
And her before there passed Pages twain,
Both clad in colours like, and like array,
The *Doun* & eke the *Frith*, both which prepar'd her way.

48.

And after these the Sea Nymphs marched all,
All goodly damzels, deckt with long green hair,
Whom of their sire *Nereides* men call,
All which the Oceans daughter to him bare;
The gray-eyd *Doris*: all which, fifty are;
All which she there on her attending had.
Swift *Proto*, mild *Eucrate*, *Thetis* fair,
Soft *Spio*, sweet *Endore*, *Sao* sad,
Light *Doto*, wanton *Glauce*, and *Galene* glad;

49.

White hand *Eunica*, proud *Dinamene*,
Joyous *Thalia*, goodly *Amphitrite*,
Lovely *Pasithee*, kind *Eulimine*,
Light foot *Cymothoe*, and sweet *Melite*,
Faireſt *Pheruſa*, *Phao* lilly white,
Wondred *Agave*, *Poris*, and *Nesæa*,
With *Erato* that doth in love delight,
And *Panopæ*, and wise *Protomedæa*,
And snow-neckt *Doris*, and milkwhite *Galathæa*;

50.

Speedy *Hippothoe*, and chaste *Actea*,
Large *Lisianassa*, and *Pronæa* sage,
Evagore, and light *Pontoporea*,
And she, that with her least word can asswage
The surging seas, when they do soreſt rage,
Cymodoce, and stout *Autonoé*,
And *Neso*, and *Eione* well in age,
And seeming still to smile, *Glauconome*,
And she that hight of many hests *Polynome*;

51.

Fresh *Alimeda*, deckt with girlond green;
Hyponeo, with salt bedeawed wrests:
Laomedia, like the crystal sheen;
Liagore, much prays'd for wise behests;
And *Psamathe*, for her broad snowy breasts;
Cymo, *Eupompe*, and *Themiste* just;
And she that vertue loves and vice detests,
Everna, and *Menippe* true in trust,
And *Nemertea* learned well to rule her lust.

52.

All these the Daughters of old *Nereus* were,
Which have the Sea in charge to them assin'd,
To rule his tides, and surges to up-rere,
To bring forth storms, or fast them to up-bind,
And sailers save from wrecks of wrathful wind.
And yet besides, three thousand more there were
Of th'Oceans seed, but *Joves* and *Phœbus* kind;
The which in floods and fountains do appear,
And all mankind do nourish with their waters clear.

53.

The which, more eath it were for mortal wight,
To tell the sands, or count the Stars on hie,
Or ought more hard, than think to reckon right:
But well I wote, that these which I descry,
Where present at this great solemnity:
And there amongst the rest, the Mother was
Of luckless *Marinel*, *Cymodoce*;
Which, for my Muse her self now tyred has,
Unto an other Canto I will over-pass.

CANTO XII.

Marin, *for love of* Florimell,
In languor waſtes his life:
The Nymph his Mother getteth her,
And gives to him for Wife.

1.

O What an endleſs work have I in hand,
To count the Seas abundant progeny!
Whoſe fruitful ſeed far paſſeth thoſe in land,
And alſo thoſe which won in th'azure sky.
For, much more eath to tell the Stars on hy,
Albe they endleſs ſeem in eſtimation,
Then to recount the Seas poſterity:
So fertile be the floods in generation,
So huge their numbers, and ſo numberleſs their nation.

2.

Therefore the antique Wizards well invented,
That *Venus* of the foamy Sea was bred;
For that the Seas by her are moſt augmented:
Witneſs th'exceeding fry, which there are fed,
And wondrous ſholes, which may of none be read.
Then blame me not, if I have err'd in count
Of Gods, of Nymphs, of Rivers yet unread:
For, though their numbers do much more ſurmount,
Yet all thoſe ſame were there, which earſt I did recount.

3.

All thoſe were there, and many other more,
Whoſe names and nations were too long to tell,
That *Proteus* houſe they fild even to the dore;
Yet were they all in order, as befell,
According their degrees, diſpoſed well.
Amongſt the reſt, was fair *Cymodoce*,
The Mother of unlucky *Marinell*,
Who thither with her came, to learn and ſee
The manner of the gods when they at Banquet be.

4.

But for he was half mortal, being bred
Of mortal ſire, though of immortal Womb,
He might not with immortal food be fed,
Ne with th'eternal Gods to Banquet come;
But walkt abroad, and round about did rome,
To view the building of that uncouth place,
That ſeem'd unlike unto his earthly home:
Where, as he to and fro by chance did trace,
There unto him betid a diſadventrous caſe.

5.

Under the hanging of an hideous clief,
He heard the lamentable voice of one,
That pitiouſly complain'd her careful grief,
Which never ſhe before diſclos'd to none,
But to her ſelf her ſorrow did bemone.
So feelingly her caſe ſhe did complain,
That ruth it moved in the rocky ſtone,
And made it ſeem to feel her grievous pain,
And oft to grone with billows beating from the Main.

6.

Though vain I ſee my ſorrows to unfold,
And count my cares, when none is nigh to hear;
Yet hoping grief may leſſen being told,
I will them tell though unto no man near:
For, heaven that unto all lends equal ear,
Is far from hearing of my heavy plight;
And loweſt hell, to which I lie moſt near,
Cares not what evils hap to wretched wight;
And greedy Seas do in the ſpoyl of life delight.

7.

Yet loe, the Seas I ſee by often beating,
Do pearce the Rocks, and hardeſt marble wears:
But his hard rocky heart for no entreating
Will yield; but when my pitious plaints he hears,
Is hardned more with my abundant tears.
Yet though he never liſt to me relent,
But let me waſte in woe my wretched years,
Yet will I never of my love repent,
But joy that for his ſake I ſuffer Priſonment.

8.

And when my weary Ghoſt with grief out-worn,
By timely death ſhall win her wiſhed reſt,
Let then this plaint unto his ears be born,
That blame it is to him, that arms profeſt,
To let her dye, whom he might have redreſt.
There did ſhe pauſe, inforced to give place,
Unto the paſſion, that her heart oppreſt.
And after ſhe had wept and wayl'd a ſpace,
She gan afreſh thus to renew her wretched caſe.

9.

Ye gods of Seas, if any gods at all
Have care of right, or ruth of wretches wrong,
By one or other way me woful thrall,
Deliver hence out of this dungeon ſtrong,
In which I daily dying am too long.
And if ye deem me death, for loving one
That loves not me, then do it not prolong,
But let me dye and end my days attone,
And let him live unlov'd, or love himſelf alone.

10.

But if that life ye unto me decree,
Then let me live, as Lovers ought to do,
And of my lifes dear Love beloved be:
And if he ſhould through pride your doom undo,
Do you by dureſs him compell thereto,
And in this Priſon put him here with me:
One Priſon fitteſt is to hold us two:
So had I rather to be thrall, than free;
Such thraldome or ſuch freedome let it ſurely be.

11.

But O vain judgment, and conditions vain,
The which the Priſoner poynts unto the free!
The whiles I him condemn, and deem his pain,
He where he liſt goes looſe, and laughs at me.
So ever looſe, ſo ever happy be.
But where ſo looſe or happy that thou art,
Know *Marinell* that all this is for thee.
With that ſhe wept and wail'd as if her heart (ſmart.
Would quite have burſt through great abundance of her

All

12.

All which complaint when *Marinell* had heard,
And underſtood the cauſe of all her care
To come of him, for uſing her ſo hard,
His ſtubborn heart, that never felt misfare,
Was toucht with ſoft remorſe and pity rare;
That even for grief of mind he oft did grone,
And inly wiſh, that in his powre it were
Her to redreſs: but ſince he means found none,
He could no more but her great miſery bemone.

13.

Thus whilſt his ſtony heart was toucht with tender ruth,
And mighty courage ſomething mollifide,
Dame *Venus* Son that tameth ſtubborn youth
With iron bit, and maketh him abide,
Till like a Victor on his back he ride,
Into his mouth his mayſtering bridle threw;
That made him ſtoop, till he did him beſtride:
Then gan he make him tread his ſteps anew,
And learn to love, by learning lovers pains to rew.

14.

Now gan he in his grieved mind deviſe,
How from that dungeon he might her enlarge;
Some while he thought, by fair and humble wiſe
To *Proteus* ſelf to ſue for her diſcharge:
But then he fear'd his Mothers former charge
Gainſt Womens love, long given him in vain.
Then gan he think, perforce with ſword and targe
Her forth to fetch, and *Proteus* to conſtrain:
But ſoon he gan ſuch folly to forethink again.

15.

Then did he caſt to ſteal her thence away,
And with him bear, where none of her might know.
But all in vain: for why he found no way
To enter in, or iſſew forth below;
For, all about that rock the Sea did flow.
And though unto his will ſhe given were,
Yet without Ship or Boat her thence to row,
He wiſt not how, her thence away to bear;
And danger well he wiſt long to continue there.

16.

At laſt, when as no means he could invent,
Back to himſelf he gan return the blame,
That was the Author of her puniſhment;
And with vile curſes, and reproachful ſhame
To damn himſelf by every evil name,
And deem unworthy or of love or life,
That had deſpis'd ſo chaſt and fair a Dame,
Which him had ſought through trouble and long ſtrife;
Yet had refus'd a god that her had ſought to Wife.

17.

In this ſad plight he walked here and there,
And romed round about the rock in vain,
As he had loſt himſelf, he wiſt not where;
Oft liſtening if he mote her hear again;
And ſtill bemoaning her unworthy pain:
Like as an Hynde whoſe Calf is faln unwares
Into ſome pit, where ſhe him hears complain,
An hundred times about the pit ſide fares,
Right ſorrowfully mourning her bereaved cares.

18.

And now by this, the feaſt was throughly ended,
And every one gan homeward to reſort:
Which ſeeing, *Marinell* was ſore offended,
That his departure thence ſhould be ſo ſhort,
And leave his Love in that Sea-walled fort,
Yet durſt he not his Mother diſobay;
But her attending in full ſeemly ſort,
Did march amongſt the many all the way:
And all the way did inly mourn, like one aſtray.

19.

Being returned to his Mothers bowre,
In ſolitary ſilence far from wight,
He gan record the lamentable ſtowre,
In which his wretched Love lay day and night,
For his dear ſake, that ill deſerv'd that plight:
The thought whereof empearc't his heart ſo deep,
That of no worldly thing he took delight;
Ne daily food did take, ne nightly ſleep,
But pyn'd, & mourn'd, & languiſht, and alone did weep.

20.

That in ſhort ſpace his wonted chearful hew
Gan fade, and lively ſpirits deaded quight:
His cheek-bones raw, and eye-pits hollow grew,
And brawny arms had loſt their knowen might,
That nothing like himſelf he ſeem'd in ſight.
Ere long, ſo weak of limb, and ſick of love
He wox, that lenger he n'ote ſtand upright,
But to his bed was brought, and laid above,
Like rueful ghoſt, unable once to ſtir or move.

21.

Which when his Mother ſaw, ſhe in her mind
Was troubled ſore, ne wiſt well what to ween.
Ne could by ſearch nor any means out-find
The ſecret cauſe and nature of his teen,
Whereby ſhe might apply ſome medicine;
But, weeping day and night did him attend,
And mourn'd to ſee her loſs before her eyn:
Which griev'd her more, that ſhe it could not mend;
To ſee an helpleſs evil double grief doth lend.

22.

Nought could ſhe read the root of his diſeaſe,
Ne ween what miſter malady it is,
Whereby to ſeek ſome means it to appeaſe.
Moſt did ſhe think, but moſt ſhe thought amiſs,
That that ſame former fatal wound of his
Whylear by *Tryphon* was not throughly heal'd,
But cloſely rankled under th'orifice:
Leaſt did ſhe think, that which he moſt conceal'd,
That Love it was, which in his heart lay unreveal'd.

23.

Therefore to *Tryphon* ſhe again doth haſte,
And him doth chide as falſe and fraudulent,
That fail'd the truſt, which ſhe in him had plac't,
To cure her Son, as he his faith had lent:
Who now was faln into new languiſhment
Of his old hurt, which was not throughly cur'd.
So back he came unto her Patient;
Where ſearching every part, her well aſſur'd,
That no old ſore it was, which his new pain procur'd.

24.

But that it was ſome other malady,
Or grief unknown, which he could not diſcern:
So left he her withouten remedy.
Then gan her heart to faint, and quake, and yern,
And inly troubled was, the truth to learn.
Unto himſelf ſhe came, and him beſought,
Now with fair ſpeeches, now with threatnings ſtern,
If ought lay hidden in his grieved thought,
It to reveal: who ſtill her anſwered, There was nought.

25.

Nath'leſs, ſhe reſted not ſo ſatisfi'd:
But leaving watry gods, as booting nought,
Unto the ſhiny heaven in haſte ſhe hide,
And thence *Apollo* King of Leaches brought.
Apollo came; who ſoon as he had ſought
Through his diſeaſe, did by and by out-find,
That he did languiſh of ſome inward thought,
The which afflicted his engrieved mind;
Which Love he read to be, that leads each living kind.

26.

Which when he had unto his mother told,
She gan thereat to fret, and greatly grieve.
And coming to her Son, gan firſt to ſcold,
And chyde at him, that made her misbelieve:
But afterwards ſhe gan him ſoft to ſhrive,
And wooe with fair intreaty, to diſcloſe,
Which of the Nymphs his heart ſo ſore did mieve.
For, ſure ſhe ween'd it was ſome one of thoſe,
Which he had lately ſeen, that for his Love he choſe.

27.

Now leſs ſhe feared that ſame fatal read,
That warned him of Womens love beware;
Which being meant of mortal creatures ſead,
For love of Nymphs ſhe thought ſhe need not care,
But promiſt him what-ever wight ſhe were,
That ſhe her love to him would ſhortly gain.
So, he her told: but ſoon as ſhe did hear
That *Florimell* it was, which wrought his pain,
She gan afreſh to chafe, and grieve in every vain.

28.

Yet ſince ſhe ſaw the ſtreight extremety,
In which his life unluckily was laid,
It was no time to ſcan the propheſie,
Whether old *Proteus* true or falſe had ſaid,
That his decay ſhould happen by a maid.
It's late, in death, of danger to adviſe,
Or love forbid him, that is life denay'd:
But rather gan in troubled mind devize,
How ſhe that Ladies liberty might enterprize.

29.

To *Proteus* ſelf to ſue, ſhe thought it vain,
Who was the root and worker of her woe:
Nor unto any meaner to complain,
But unto great King *Neptune* ſelf did go,
And on her knee before him falling low,
Made humble ſute unto his Majeſty
To grant to her, her Sons life, which his foe
A cruel Tyrant had preſumptuouſly
By wicked doom condemn'd, a wretched death to dye.

30.

To whom god *Neptune* ſoftly ſmiling, thus;
Daughter, me ſeems of double wrong ye plain,
Gainſt one that hath both wronged you, and us:
For, death t'award, I ween'd did appertain
To none, but to the Seas ſole Soverain.
Read therefore who it is, which this hath wrought,
And for what cauſe; the truth diſcover plain.
For, never wight ſo evil did or thought,
But would ſome rightful cauſe pretend, though rightly nought.

31.

To whom ſhe anſwer'd; Then it is by name,
Proteus, that hath ordain'd my Son to dye;
For that a waiſt, the which by fortune came
Upon your Seas, he claim'd as property:
And yet not his, nor his in equity,
But yours the waiſt by high prerogative.
Therefore I humbly crave your Majeſty,
It to replevy, and my Son reprieve:
So ſhall you by one gift ſave all us three alive.

32.

He granted it: and ſtreight his Warrant made,
Under the Sea-gods ſeal authentical,
Commanding *Proteus* ſtraight t'enlarge the maid,
Which wandring on his Seas imperial
He lately took, and ſithence kept as thrall.
Which ſhe receiving with meet thankfulneſs,
Departed ſtraight to *Proteus* therewithall:
Who, reading it with inward loathfulneſs,
Was grieved to reſtore the pledge he did poſſeſs.

33.

Yet durſt he not the Warrant to withſtand,
But unto her delivered *Florimell*.
Whom ſhe receiving by the lilly hand,
Admir'd her beauty much, as ſhe mote well:
For, ſhe all living creatures did excell;
And was right joyous that ſhe gotten had
So fair a Wife for her Son *Marinell*.
So home with her ſhe ſtreight the Virgin lad,
And ſhew'd her to him, then being ſore beſtad.

34.

Who ſoon as he beheld that Angels face,
Adorn'd with all divine perfection,
His cheared heart eftſoons away gan chace
Sad death, revived with her ſweet inſpection,
And feeble ſpirit inly felt refection;
As whithered weed through cruel winters tine,
That feels the warmth of ſunny beams reflection,
Lifts up his head, that did before decline,
And gins to ſpread his leaf before the fair ſunſhine.

35.

Right ſo himſelf did *Marinell* uprear,
When he in place his deareſt Love did ſpy;
And though his limbs could not his body bear,
Ne former ſtrength return ſo ſuddenly,
Yet chearful ſigns he ſhewed outwardly.
Ne leſs was ſhe in ſecret heart affected,
But that ſhe masked it with modeſty,
For fear ſhe ſhould of lightneſs be detected:
Which to another place I leave to be perfected.

THE

THE FIFTH BOOK OF THE Fairy Queen:

CONTAINING

The Legend of *ARTHEGAL*; or, of Juſtice.

1.

SO oft as I, with ſtate of preſent time,
The Image of the antique world compare,
When as mans age was in his freſheſt prime,
And the firſt bloſſom of fair vertue bare,
Such odds I find twixt thoſe, and theſe which are,
As that, through long continuance of his courſe,
Me ſeems the world is run quight out of ſquare,
From the firſt point of his appointed ſourſe,
And being once amiſs growes daily worſe and worſe.

2.

For, from the golden age, that firſt was nam'd,
It's now as earſt become a ſtony one;
And men themſelves, the which at firſt were fram'd
Of earthly mould, and form'd of fleſh and bone,
Are now transformed into hardeſt ſtone:
Such as behind their backs (ſo backward bred)
Were thrown by *Pyrrha* and *Deucalione*:
And if than thoſe may any worſe be red,
They into that ere long will be degenered.

3.

Let none them blame me, if in diſcipline
Of vertue and of civil uſes lore,
I do not form them to the common line
Of preſent days, which are corrupted ſore,
But to the antique uſe, which was of yore,
When good was only for it ſelf deſir'd,
And all men ſought their own, and none no more;
When Juſtice was not for moſt meed out-hyr'd,
But ſimple Truth did raign, and was of all admir'd.

4.

For, that which all men then did vertue call,
Is now cal'd vice; and that which vice was hight,
Is now hight vertue, and ſo us'd of all:
Right now is wrong, and wrong that was is right,
As all things elſe in time are changed quight.
Ne wonder; for the heavens revolution
Is wandred far, from where it firſt was pight,
And ſo do make contrary conſtitution
Of all this lower world, toward his diſſolution.

5.

For, who ſo liſt into the heavens look,
And ſearch the courſes of the rowling ſphears,
Shall find that from the point, where they firſt took
Their ſetting forth, in theſe few thouſand years
They all are wandred much; that plain appears.
For that ſame golden fleecy Ram, which bore
Phrixus and *Helle* from their ſtepdames fears,
Hath now forgot, where he was plac't of yore,
And ſhouldred hath the Bull, which fair *Europa* bore.

6.

And eke the Bull hath with his bow-bent horn
So hardly butted thoſe two twins of *Jove*,
That they have cruſht the Crab, and quite him born
Into the great *Nemean* Lyons grove.
So now all range, and do at randon rove
Out of their proper places far away,
And all this world with them amiſs do move,
And all his creatures from their courſe aſtray,
Till they arrive at their laſt ruinous decay.

7.

Ne is that ſame great glorious lamp of light,
That doth enlumine all thoſe leſſer fyres,
In better caſe, ne keeps his courſe more right,
But is miſcarried with the other Spheres.
For, ſince the tearm of fourteen hundred years
That learned *Ptolomæe* his height did take,
He is declined from that mark of theirs,
Nigh thirty minutes, to the Southern lake;
That makes me fear in time he will us quite forſake.

8.

And if to thoſe Ægyptian wiſards old,
Which in Star-read were wont have beſt inſight,
Faith may be given, it is by them told,
That ſince the time they firſt took the Suns hight,
Four times his place he ſhifted hath in ſight,
And twice hath riſen, where he now doth weſt,
And weſted twice, where he ought riſe aright.
But moſt is *Mars* amiſs of all the reſt,
And next to him old *Saturn*, that was wont be beſt.

For,

9.

For, during *Saturns* ancient raign, it's ſaid,
That all the world with goodneſs did abound,
All loved vertue, no man was affraid
Of force, no fraud in wight was to be found:
No war was known, no dreadful trumpets ſound,
Peace univerſal raign'd mongſt men and beaſts,
And all things freely grew out of the ground:
Juſtice ſate high ador'd with ſolemn feaſts,
And to all people did divide her drad beheaſts.

10.

Moſt ſacred vertue ſhe of all the reſt,
Reſembling God in his imperial might;
Whoſe ſoveraign power is herein moſt expreſt,
That both to good and bad he dealeth right,
And all his works with Juſtice hath bedight.
That powre he alſo doth to Princes lend,
And makes them like himſelf in glorious ſight,
To ſit in his own ſeat, his cauſe to end,
And rule his people right, as he doth recommend.

11.

Drad ſoveraign goddeſs, that doſt higheſt ſit
In ſeat of judgment, in th'Almighties ſtead,
And with magnifick might and wondrous wit
Doſt to thy people righteous doom aread,
That furtheſt Nations fills with awful dread,
Pardon the boldneſs of thy baſeſt thrall,
That dare diſcourſe of ſo divine a read,
As thy great juſtice praiſed over all;
The inſtrument whereof loe here thy *Arthegall.*

CANTO I.

Arthegal *trayn'd in juſtice lore*
Irenaes *queſt purſew'd:*
He doth avenge on Sanglier
his Ladies blood embrew'd.

1.

THough vertue then were held in higheſt price,
In thoſe old times, of which I do entreat,
Yet then likewiſe the wicked ſeed of vice
Began to ſpring; which ſhortly grew full great,
And with their boughs the gentle plants did beat,
But evermore ſome of the vertuous race
Roſe up, inſpired with heroick heat,
That cropt the branches of the ſient baſe,
And with ſtrong hand their fruitful rankneſs did deface.

2.

Such firſt was *Bacchus*, that with furious might
All th'Eaſt, before untam'd did overrone,
And wrong repreſſed, and eſtabliſht right,
Which lawleſs men had formerly fordone.
There Juſtice firſt her Princely rule begone.
Next, *Hercules* his like enſample ſhew'd,
Who all the Weſt with equal conqueſt wone,
And monſtrous tyrants, with his club ſubdew'd;
The club of Juſtice drad, with Kingly powre endew'd.

3.

And ſuch was he, of whom I have to tell,
The Champion of true Juſtice, *Arthegall.*
Whom (as ye lately mote remember well)
An hard adventure, which did then befall,
Into redoubted peril forth did call;
That was to ſuccour a diſtreſſed Dame,
Whom a ſtrong Tyrant did unjuſtly thrall,
And from the heritage, which ſhe did clame,
Did with ſtrong hand withhold: *Grantorto* was his name.

4.

Wherefore the Lady, which *Irena* hight,
Did to the Fairy Queen her way addreſs;
To whom complaining her afflicted plight,
She her beſought of gracious redreſs,
That ſoveraign Queen, that mighty Empereſs,
Whoſe glory is to aid all ſuppliants pore,
And of weak Princes to be Patroneſs,
Choſe *Arthegal* to right her to reſtore;
For that to her he ſeem'd beſt skild in righteous lore.

5.

For, *Arthegal* in Juſtice was upbrought
Even from the cradle of his infancy,
And all the depth of rightful doom was taught
By fair *Aſtræa*, with great induſtry,
Whil'ſt here on earth ſhe lived mortally.
For, till the world from his perfection fell
Into all filth and foul iniquity,
Aſtræa here mongſt earthly men did dwell,
And in the rules of Juſtice them inſtructed well.

6.

Whiles through the world ſhe walked in this ſort,
Upon a day ſhe found this gentle child,
Amongſt his Peers playing his childiſh ſport:
Whom ſeeing fit, and with no crime defil'd,
She did allure with gifts and ſpeeches mild,
To wend with her. So thence him far ſhe brought
Into a cave from company exil'd,
In which ſhe nourſled him, till years he raught,
And all the diſcipline of Juſtice there him taught.

7.

There ſhe him taught to weigh both right and wrong
In equal ballance with due recompence,
And equity to meaſure out along,
According to the line of conſcience,
When ſo it needs with rigour to diſpence.
Of all the which (for want there of mankind)
She cauſed him to make experience
Upon wild beaſts, which ſhe in woods did find,
With wrongful powre oppreſſing others of their kind.

8.

Thus ſhe him trained, and thus ſhe him taught,
In all the skill of deeming wrong and right,
Until the ripeneſs of mans years he raught:
That ev'n wild beaſts did fear his awful ſight,
And men admir'd his over-ruling might;
Ne any liv'd on ground, that durſt withſtand
His dreadful heaſt, much leſs him match in fight,
Or bide the horror of his wreakful hand,
When-ſo he liſt in wrath lift up his ſteely brand.

Which

9.

Which ſteely brand, to make him dradded more,
She gave unto him, gotten by her ſlight
And earneſt ſearch, where it was kept in ſtore
In *Joves* eternal houſe, unwiſt of wight,
Since he himſelf it us'd in that great fight
Againſt the *Titans*, that whylom rebell'd
Gainſt higheſt heaven; *Chryſaor* it was hight;
Chryſaor, that all other ſwords excell'd, (quell'd.
Well prov'd in that ſame day, when *Jove* thoſe Gyants

10.

For, of moſt perfect metal it was made,
Tempred with Adamant amongſt the ſame,
And garniſht all with Gold upon the blade
In goodly wiſe, whereof it took his name,
And was of no leſs vertue, than of fame.
For, there no ſubſtance was ſo firm and hard,
But it would pierce or cleave, where-ſo it came;
Ne any armour could his dint out-ward,
But whereſoever it did light, it throughly ſhar'd.

11.

Now, when the world with ſin gan to abound,
Aſtræa loathing longer here to ſpace
Mongſt wicked men, in whom no truth ſhe found,
Return'd to heaven, whence ſhe deriv'd her race;
Where ſhe hath now an everlaſting place,
Mongſt thoſe twelve ſigns, which nightly we do ſee
The heavens bright-ſhining baudrike to enchace;
And is the *Virgin* fixt in her degree:
And next her ſelf, her righteous ballance hanging be.

12.

But when ſhe parted hence, ſhe left her Groom
An yron man, which did on her attend
Always to execute her ſtedfaſt doom,
And willed him with *Arthegal* to wend,
And do what-ever thing he did intend.
His name was *Talus*, made of yron mould,
Immoveable, reſiſtleſs, without end;
Who, in his hand, an yron flail did hold,
With which he threſht out falſhood, and did truth unfold.

13.

He now went with him in this new inqueſt,
Him for to aid, if aid he chanc't to need,
Againſt that cruel Tyrant, which oppreſt
The fair *Irena* with his foul miſdeed,
And kept the Crown in which ſhe ſhould ſucceed.
And now together on their way they bin,
When as they ſaw a Squire in ſquallid weed,
Lamenting ſore his ſorrowful ſad tine,
With many bitter tears ſhed from his blubbred eyn.

14.

To whom as they approached, they eſpide
A ſory ſight, as ever ſeen with eye;
An headleſs Lady lying him beſide,
In her own blood all wallow'd wofully,
That her gay clothes did in diſcolour dye.
Much was he moved at that rueful ſight;
And flam'd with zeal of vengeance inwardly,
He askt, who had that Dame ſo foully dight;
Or whether his own hand, or whether other wight?

15.

Ah! wo is me, and weal-away, quoth he,
Burſting forth tears, like ſprings out of a bank,
That ever I this diſmal day did ſee:
Full far was I from thinking ſuch a prank;
Yet little loſs it were, and mickle thank,
If I ſhould grant that I have doen the ſame,
That I mote drink the cup, whereof ſhe drank:
But that I ſhould dye guilty of the blame,
The which another did, who now is fled with ſhame.

16.

Who was it then, ſaid *Arthegal* that wrought?
And why? do it declare unto me trew.
A Knight, ſaid he, if Knight he may be thought,
That did his hand in Ladies blood imbrew,
And for no cauſe, but as I ſhall you ſhew.
This day as I in ſolace ſate hereby
With a fair Love, whoſe loſs I now do rew,
There came this Knight, having in company
This luckleſs Lady, which now here doth headleſs lye.

17.

He, whether mine ſeem'd fairer in his eye,
Or that he wexed weary of his own,
Would change with me; but I did it deny:
So did the Ladies both as may be known.
But he, whoſe ſpirit was with pride up-blown,
Would not ſo reſt contented with his right,
But having from his courſer her down-thrown,
Fro me reft mine away by lawleſs might,
And on his ſteed her ſet, to bear her out of ſight.

18.

Which when his Lady ſaw, ſhe follow'd faſt,
And on him catching hold, gan loud to crie
Not ſo to leave her, nor away to caſt,
But rather of his hand beſought to die.
With that, his ſword he drew all wrathfully,
And at one ſtroke cropt off her head with ſcorn,
In that ſame place, whereas it now doth lie.
So he my love away with him hath born,
And left me here, both his and mine own Love to morn.

19.

Aread, ſaid he, which way then did he make?
And by what marks may he be known again?
To hope, quoth he, him ſoon to overtake,
That hence ſo long departed, is but vain:
But yet he pricked over yonder Plain;
And as I marked, bore upon his ſhield,
By which its eaſie him to know again,
A broken ſword within a bloudy field;
Expreſſing well his nature which the ſame did wield.

20.

No ſooner ſaid, but ſtraight he after ſent
His iron page, who him purſew'd ſo light,
As that it ſeem'd above the ground he went:
For, he was ſwift as ſwallow in her flight,
And ſtrong as Lion in his lordly might.
It was not long, before he overtook
Sir *Sanglier*; (ſo cleeped was that Knight)
Whom at the firſt he ghеſſed by his look,
And by the other marks, which of his ſhield he took.

He

21.

He bade him ſtay, and back with him retire;
Who full of ſcorn to be commanded ſo,
The Lady to alight did eft require,
Whil'ſt he reformed that uncivil foe:
And ſtreight at him with all his force did go.
Who mov'd no more therewith, than when a rock
Is lightly ſtriken with ſome ſtones throw;
But to him leaping, lent him ſuch a knock,
That on the ground he laid him like a ſenſeleſs block.

22.

But ere he could himſelf recure again,
Him in his Iron paw he ſeized had;
That when he wak't out of his wareleſs pain,
He found himſelf unwiſt, ſo ill beſtad,
That lim he could not wag. Thence he him lad,
Bound like a beaſt appointed to the ſtall:
The ſight whereof the Lady ſore adrad,
And fain'd to fly for fear of being thrall;
But he her quickly ſtaid, and forc't to wend withall.

23.

When to the place they came, where *Arthegall*
By that ſame careful Squire did them abide,
He gently gan him to demand of all
That did betwixt him and that Squire betide.
Who with ſtern countenance and indignant pride
Did anſwer, that of all he guiltleſs ſtood,
And his accuſer thereupon defide:
For, neither he did ſhed that Ladies blood,
Nor took away his Love, but his own proper good.

24.

Well did the Squire perceive himſelf too weak,
To anſwer his defiance in the field,
And rather choſe his challenge off to break,
Than to approve his right with ſpear and ſhield.
And rather guilty choſe himſelf to yield.
But *Arthegal* by ſigns perceiving plain,
That he it was not which that Lady kil'd,
But that ſtrange Knight, the fairer Love to gain,
Did caſt about by ſleight the truth thereout to ſtrain.

25.

And ſaid, Now ſure this doubtful cauſes right
Can hardly but by Sacrament be tride,
Or elſe by ordele, or by bloody fight;
That ill perhaps mote fall to either ſide.
But if ye pleaſe, that I your cauſe decide,
Perhaps I may all further quarrel end,
So ye will ſwear my judgment to abide.
Thereto they both did frankly condeſcend,
And to his doom with liſtful ears did both attend.

26.

Sith then, ſaid he, ye both the dead deny,
And both the living Lady claim your right,
Let both the dead and living equally
Divided be betwixt you here in ſight,
And each of either take his ſhare aright.
But look who does diſſent from this my read,
He for a twelve months day ſhall in deſpight
Bear for his penance that ſame Ladies head;
To witneſs to the world, that ſhe by him his dead.

27.

Well pleaſed with that doom was *Sangliére*,
And offred ſtraight the Lady to be ſlain.
But that ſame Squire, to whom ſhe was more dere,
When as he ſaw ſhe ſhould be cut in twain,
Did yield, ſhe rather ſhould with him remain
Alive, than to himſelf be ſhared dead:
And rather than his Love ſhould ſuffer pain,
He choſe with ſhame to bear that Ladies head.
True Love deſpiſeth ſhame, when life is cal'd in dread.

28.

Whom when ſo willing *Arthegal* perceiv'd;
Not ſo, thou Squire, he ſaid, but thine I deem
The living Lady, which from thee he reav'd:
For, worthy thou of her dooſt rightly ſeem.
And you, Sir Knight, that love ſo light eſteem,
As that ye would for little leave the ſame,
Take here your own, that doth you beſt beſeem,
And with it bear the burden of defame;
Your own dead Ladies head, to tell abroad your ſhame.

29.

But *Sangliere* diſdained much his doom,
And ſternly gan repine at his beheaſt;
Ne would for ought obey, as did become,
To bear that Ladies head before his breaſt.
Untill that *Talus* had his pride repreſt,
And forced him, maulgre, it up to rear.
Who, when he ſaw it bootleſs to reſiſt,
He took it up, and thence with him did bear,
As rated Spaniel takes his burden up for fear.

30

Much did that Squire Sir *Arthegal* adore,
For his great juſtice, held in high regard;
And (as his Squire) him offred evermore
To ſerve, for want of other meet reward,
And wend with him on his adventure hard.
But he thereto would by no means conſent;
But leaving him, forth on his journey far'd:
Ne wight with him but only *Talus* went;
They two enough t'encounter an whole Regiment.

CANTO II.

Arthegal *hears of* Florimell, *does with the Pagan fight: Him ſlays, drowns Lady* Momera, *does raſe her Caſtle quight.*

1.

NOught is more honourable to a Knight,
Ne better doth beſeem brave chevalry,
Than to defend the feeble in their right,
And wrong redreſs in ſuch as wend awry.
Whylom thoſe great Heroes got thereby
Their greateſt glory, for their rightful deeds,
And place deſerved with the Gods on hie.
Herein the nobleſs of this Knight exceeds,
Who now to perils great for juſtice ſake proceeds.

To

2.

To which as he now was upon the way,
He chanc't to meet a Dwarf in haſty courſe;
Whom he requir'd his forward haſte to ſtay,
Till he of tydings mote with him diſcourſe.
Loth was the Dwarf, yet did he ſtay perforce,
And gan of ſundry news his ſtore to tell,
As to his memory they had recourſe:
But chiefly of the faireſt *Florimell*,
How ſhe was found again, and ſpouſe to *Marinell*.

3.

For, this was *Dony*, *Florimels* own Dwarf;
Whom having loſt (as ye have heard whylear)
And finding in the way the ſcattred ſcarf,
The fortune of her life long time did fear.
But, of her health when *Arthegal* did hear,
And ſafe return, he was full inly glad;
And askt him where, and when her bridale chear
Should be ſolemnis'd: for, if time he had,
He would be there, and honour to her ſpouſal ad.

4.

Within three days, quoth he, as I do hear,
It will be at the Caſtle of the *Strond*;
What time, if nought me let, I will be there
To do her ſervice, ſo as I am bond.
But in my way a little here beyond,
A curſed cruel Sarazin doth wone,
That keeps a Bridges paſſage by ſtrong hond,
And many errant Knights hath there fordone;
That makes all men for fear that paſſage for to ſhone.

5.

What miſter wight, quoth he, and how far hence
Is he, that doth to travellers ſuch harms?
He is, ſaid he, a man of great defence;
Expert in battel and in deeds of arms;
And more emboldned by the wicked charms,
With which his Daughter doth him ſtill ſupport;
Having great Lordſhips got and goodly Farms,
Through ſtrong oppreſſion of his powre extort;
By which he ſtill them holds, and keeps with ſtrong effort.

6.

And daily he his wrongs encreaſeth more:
For, never wight he lets to paſs that way,
Over his Bridge, albe he rich or poor,
But he him makes his paſſage-peny pay:
Elſe he doth hold him back, or beat away.
Thereto he hath a groom of evil guize,
Whoſe ſcalp is bare, that bondage doth bewray,
Which pols and pils the poor in pitious wiſe;
But he himſelf upon the rich doth tyrannize.

7.

His name is hight *Pollente*, rightly ſo
For that he is ſo puiſſant and ſtrong,
That with his powre he all doth over-go,
And makes them ſubject to his mighty wrong;
And ſome by ſleight he eke doth underfong.
For, on a Bridge he cuſtometh to fight,
Which is but narrow, but exceeding long;
And in the ſame are many trap-fals pight,
Through which the rider down doth fall through over-(ſight.

8.

And underneath the ſame a River flows,
That is both ſwift and dangerous deep withall;
Into the which whom-ſo he over-throws,
All deſtitute of help, doth headlong fall:
But he himſelf, through practice uſual,
Leaps forth into the flood, and there aſſays
His foe, confuſed through his ſudden fall,
That Horſe and man he equally diſmays,
And either both them drowns, or trayterouſly ſlays.

9.

Then doth he take the ſpoyl of them at will,
And to his Daughter brings, that dwells thereby:
Who all that comes doth take, and there-with fill
The coffers of her wicked treaſury,
Which ſhe with wrongs hath heaped up ſo hy,
That many Princes ſhe in wealth exceeds,
And purchaſt all the countrey lying ny
With the revenew of her plentious meeds;
Her name is *Munera*, agreeing with her deeds.

10.

There-to ſhe is full fair, and rich attir'd,
With golden hands and ſilver feet beſide,
That many Lords have her to Wife deſir'd:
But ſhe them all deſpiſeth for great pride.
Now by my life, ſaid he, and God to guide,
None other way will I this day betake,
But by that Bridge, where-as he doth abide:
Therefore me thither lead. No more he ſpake,
But thitherward forth-right his ready way did make.

11.

Unto the place he came within awhile,
Where on the Bridge he ready armed ſaw
The Sarazin, awaiting for ſome ſpoyl.
Who as they to the paſſage gan to draw,
A villain to them came with ſcull all raw,
That paſſage-money did of them require,
According to the cuſtom of their law.
To whom he anſwerd wroth, lo, there thy hire;
And with that word him ſtrook, that ſtreight he did ex-(pire.

12.

Which, when the Pagan ſaw, he wexed wroth,
And ſtraight himſelf unto the fight addreſt;
Ne was Sir *Arthegal* behind: ſo both
Together ran with ready ſpears in reſt.
Right in the midſt, where-as they breſt to breſt
Should meet, a trap was letten down to fall
Into the flood: ſtraight leapt the Carl unbleſt,
Well weening that his foe was faln withall:
But he was well aware, and leapt before his fall.

13.

There being both together in the flood,
They each at other tyrannouſly flew;
Ne ought the water cooled their hot blood,
But rather in them kindled choler new.
But there the Paynim, who that uſe well knew
To fight in water, great advantage had,
That often-times him nigh he over-threw:
And eke the courſer, where-upon he rad,
Could ſwim like to a Fiſh, whiles he his back beſtrad.

14.

Which odds when as Sir *Arthegal* eſpide,
He ſaw no way, but cloſe with him in haſte;
And to him driving ſtrongly down the tide,
Upon his Iron coller griped faſt,
That with the ſtraint, his weſand nigh he braſt.
There they together ſtrove and ſtrugled long,
Either the other from his ſteed to caſt,
Ne ever *Arthegal* his griple ſtrong
For any thing would ſlack, but ſtill upon him hong.

15.

As when a Dolphin and a Sele are met,
In the wide champain of the Ocean Plain,
With cruel chauf their courages they whet,
The maiſterdom of each by force to gain,
And dreadful battail twixt them do darrain:
They ſnuf, they ſnort, they bounce, they rage, they rore,
That all the Sea (diſturbed with their train)
Doth fry with ſome above the ſurges hore:
Such was betwixt theſe two the troubleſome uprore.

16.

So *Arthegal* at length him forc't forſake
His Horſes back, for dread of being drown'd,
And to his handy ſwimming him betake.
Eftſoons himſelf he from his hold unbound,
And then no odds at all in him he found:
For, *Arthegal* in ſwimming skilful was,
And durſt the depth of any water ſound.
So ought each Knight, that uſe of peril has,
In ſwimming be expert, through waters force to paſs.

17.

Then very doubtful was the Wars event,
Uncertain whether had the better ſide:
For, both were skil'd in that experiment,
And both in arms well train'd and throughly tride.
But *Arthegal* was better breath'd beſide,
And towards th'end, grew greater in his might,
That his faint foe no longer could abide
His puiſſance, ne bear himſelf up-right,
But from the water to the land betook his flight.

18.

But *Arthegal* purſew'd him ſtill ſo near,
With bright Chryſaor in his cruel hand,
That as his head he gan a little rear
Above the brink, to tread upon the land,
He ſmote it off, that tumbling on the ſtrand,
It bit the earth for very fell deſpight,
And gnaſhed with his teeth, as if he band
High God, whoſe goodneſs he deſpaired quight,
Or curſt the hand which did that vengeance on him dight.

19.

His corps was carried down along the Lee,
Whoſe waters with his filthy blood it ſtain'd:
But his blaſphemous head, that all might ſee,
He pitcht upon a pole on high ordain'd;
Where many years it afterwards remain'd,
To be a mirror to all mighty men,
In whoſe right hands great power is contain'd,
That none of them the feeble over-ren,
But always do their powre within juſt compaſs pen.

20.

That done, unto the Caſtle he did wen'd,
In which the Paynims Daughter did abide,
Guarded of many which did her defend:
Of whom he entrance ſought, but was denide,
And with reprochful blaſphemy defide,
Beaten with ſtones down from the battilment,
That he was forced to with-draw aſide;
And bade his ſervant *Talus* to invent
Which way he enter might, without endangerment.

21.

Eftſoons his Page drew to the Caſtle gate,
And with his Iron flail at it let fly,
That all the Warders it did ſore amate,
The which ere-while ſpake ſo reprochfully,
And made them ſtoop, that looked earſt ſo hie.
Yet ſtill he bet, and bounſt upon the door,
And thundred ſtrokes thereon ſo hideouſly,
That all the piece he ſhaked from the flore,
And filled all the houſe with fear and great up-rore.

22.

With noiſe whereof, the Lady forth appear'd
Upon the Caſtle wall; and when ſhe ſaw
The dangerous ſtate in which ſhe ſtood, ſhe fear'd
The ſad effect of her near overthrow;
And gan intreat that Iron man below,
To ceaſe his out-rage, and him fair beſought,
Sith neither force of ſtones which they did throw,
Nor powre of charms, which ſhe againſt him wrought,
Might otherwiſe prevail, or make him ceaſe for ought.

23.

But, when as yet ſhe ſaw him to proceed,
Unmov'd with prayers, or with pitious thought,
She meant him to corrupt with goodly meed;
And caus'd great ſacks, with endleſs riches fraught,
Unto the battilment to be up-brought,
And powred forth over the Caſtle wall,
That ſhe might win ſom time (though dearly bought)
Whil'ſt he to gathering of the gold did fall.
But he was nothing mov'd, nor tempted there-withall.

24.

But ſtill continu'd his aſſault the more,
And laid on load with his huge Iron flail,
That at the length he has yrent the dore,
And made way for his maiſter to aſſail.
Who being entred, nought did then avail
For wight, againſt his powre themſelves to rear:
Each one did fly; their harts began to fail,
And hid themſelves in corners here and there;
And eke their Dame, half dead, did hide her ſelf for fear.

25.

Long they her ſought, yet no where could they find her,
That ſure they ween'd ſhe was eſcap't away:
But *Talus*, that could like a lime-hound wind her,
And all things ſecret wiſely could bewray,
At length found out where as ſhe hidden lay
Under an heap of gold. Thence he her drew
By the fair locks, and foully did array,
Withouten pity of her goodly hew,
That *Arthegal* himſelf her ſeemleſs plight did rew.

Yet

26.

Yet for no pity would he change the courſe
Of Juſtice, which in *Talus* hand did lye;
Who rudely hal'd her forth without remorſe,
Still holding up her ſuppliant hands on hie,
And kneeling at his feet ſubmiſſively.
But her ſuppliant hands, thoſe hands of gold,
And eke her feet, thoſe feet of ſilver try
(Which ſought unrighteouſneſs, and juſtice ſold)
Chopt off, & naild on high, that all might them behold.

27.

Her ſelf then took he by the ſlender waſte,
In vain loud crying, and into the flood
Over the Caſtle wall adown her caſt,
And there her drowned in the durty mud:
But the ſtream waſht away her guilty blood.
Thereafter, all that mucky pelf he took,
The ſpoyl of peoples evil gotten good,
The which her ſire had ſcrap't by hook and crook,
And burning all to aſhes, pour'd it down the brook.

28.

And laſtly, all that Caſtle quite he ras'd,
Even from the ſole of his foundation,
And all the hewen ſtones thereof defac'd,
That there mote be no hope of reparation,
Nor memory thereof to any Nation.
All which when *Talus* througly had perform'd,
Sir *Arthegal* undid the evil faſhion,
And wicked cuſtoms of that Bridge reform'd.
Which done, unto his former journey he return'd.

29.

In which they meaſur'd mickle weary way,
Till that at length nigh to the Sea they drew;
By which as they did travel on a day,
They ſaw before them, far as they could view,
Full many people gathered in a crew;
Whoſe great aſſembly they did much admire,
For, never there the like reſort they knew.
So towards them they coaſted, to enquire
What thing ſo many Nations met, did there deſire.

30.

There they beheld a mighty Gyant ſtand
Upon a rock, and holding forth on hie
An huge great pair of ballance in his hand,
With which he boaſted in his ſurquedry,
That all the world he would weigh equally,
If ought he had the ſame to counterpoys.
For want whereof, he weighed vanity,
And fil'd his ballance full of idle toys:
Yet was admired much of Fools, Women and boys.

31.

He ſaid, that he would all the earth up-take,
And all the Sea divided each from either:
So would he of the fire one ballance make,
And one of th'air, without or wind, or weather:
Then would he ballance heaven and hell together,
And all that did within them all contain;
Of all whoſe weight he would not miſs a feather.
And look what ſurplus did of each remain,
He would to his own part reſtore the ſame again.

32.

For why, he ſaid, they all unequal were,
And had encroched upon others ſhare;
Like as the Sea (which plain he ſhewed there)
Had worn the earth: ſo did the fire the air;
So all the reſt did others parts empair.
And ſo were Realms and Nations run awry.
All which he undertook for to repair,
In ſort as they were formed anciently;
And all things would reduce unto equality.

33.

Therefore the vulgar did about him flock,
And cluſter thick unto his leaſings vain;
Like fooliſh flyes about an hony crock,
In hope by him great benefit to gain,
And uncontrolled freedom to obtain.
All which, when *Arthegal* did ſee, and hear,
How he miſled the ſimple peoples train,
In ſdeignful wiſe he drew unto him near,
And thus unto him ſpake, without regard or fear.

34.

Thou that preſum'ſt to weigh the world anew,
And all things to an equal to reſtore,
In ſtead of right, me ſeems great wrong doſt ſhew,
And far above thy forces pitch to ſore.
For, ere thou limit what is leſs or more
In every thing, thou oughteſt firſt to know,
What was the poyſe of every part of yore:
And look then how much it doth over-flow,
Or fail thereof, ſo much is more than juſt to trow.

35.

For, at the firſt, they all created were
In goodly meaſure, by their Makers might;
And weighed out in ballances ſo near,
That not a dram was miſſing of their right.
The earth was in the middle centre pight,
In which it doth immoveable abide,
Hemd in with waters, like a wall in ſight:
And they with air, that not a drop can ſlide:
All which the heavens contain, and in their courſes guide.

36.

Such heavenly juſtice doth among them rain,
That every one do know their certain bound,
In which they do theſe many years remain;
And mongſt them all no change hath yet been found.
But if thou now ſhould'ſt weigh them new in pound,
We are not ſure they would ſo long remain:
All change is perillous, and all chance unſound.
Therefore leave off to weigh them all again,
Till we may be aſſur'd they ſhall their courſe retain.

37.

Thou fooliſh Elf, ſaid then the Gyant wroth,
Seeſt not how badly all things preſent be,
And each eſtate quite out of order go'th?
The Sea it ſelf doſt thou not plainly ſee
Encroch upon the land there under thee;
And th'earth it ſelf how daily it's increaſt,
By all that dying to it turned be?
Were it not good that wrong were then ſurceaſt,
And from the moſt, that ſome were given to the leaſt.

38.

Therefore, I will throw down thoſe Mountains hie,
And make them level with the lowly Plain:
Theſe towring rocks, which reach unto the ſky,
I will thruſt down into the deepeſt Main,
And as they were, them equalize again.
Tyrants that make men ſubject to their law,
I will ſuppreſs, that they no more may raign;
And Lordings curb, that commons over-aw;
And all the wealth of rich men, to the poor will draw.

39.

Of things unſeen how canſt thou deem aright,
Then anſwered the righteous *Arthegal*,
Sith thou miſdeem'ſt ſo much of things in ſight?
What though the Sea with waves continual
Do eat the earth, it is no more at all:
Ne is the earth the leſs, or loſeth ought;
For, whatſoever from one place doth fall,
Is with the tide unto another brought:
For, there is nothing loſt, that may be found, if ſought.

40.

Likewiſe, the earth is not augmented more,
By all that dying into it do fade.
For, of the earth they formed were of yore;
How-ever gay their bloſſom or their blade
Do flouriſh now, they into duſt ſhall vade.
What wrong then is it, if that when they dye,
They turn to that whereof they firſt were made?
All in the powre of their great Maker lye:
All creatures muſt obey the voyce of the moſt Hie.

41.

They live, they dye, like as he doth ordain,
Ne ever any asketh reaſon why.
The hills do not the lowly dales diſdain;
The dales do not the lofty hills envy.
He maketh Kings to ſit in ſoverainty;
He maketh ſubjects to their powre obay;
He pulleth down, he ſetteth up on hie;
He gives to this, from that he takes away;
For, all we have is his: what he liſt do, he may.

42.

What-ever thing is done, by him is done,
Ne any may his mighty will with-ſtand;
Ne any may his ſoverain powre ſhone,
Ne looſe that he hath bound with ſtedfaſt band.
In vain therefore dooſt thou now take in hand,
To call to count, or weigh his works anew,
Whoſe counſels depth thou canſt not underſtand,
Sith of things ſubject to thy daily view
Thou dooſt not know the cauſes, nor their courſes dew.

43.

For, take thy ballance (if thou be ſo wiſe)
And weigh the wind that under heaven doth blow;
Or weigh the light, that in the Eaſt doth riſe; (flow:
Or weigh the thought, that from mans mind doth
But, if the weight of theſe thou canſt not ſhow,
Weigh but one word which from thy lips doth fall.
For, how canſt thou thoſe greater ſecrets know,
That dooſt not know the leaſt thing of them all?
Ill can he rule the great, that cannot reach the ſmall.

44.

There-with the Gyant much abaſhed ſaid,
That he of little things made reckoning light;
Yet the leaſt word that ever could be laid
Within his ballance, he could weigh aright.
Which is, ſaid he, more heavy than in weight,
The right or wrong, the falſe or elſe the trew?
He anſwered, that he would try it ſtraight.
So he the words into his ballance threw:
But ſtraight the winged words out of the ballance flew.

45.

Wroth wext he then, and ſaid, that words were light,
Ne would within his ballance well abide.
But he could juſtly weigh the wrong or right.
Well then, ſaid *Arthegal*, let it be tride.
Firſt in one ballance ſet the true aſide.
He did ſo firſt, and then the falſe he laid
In th'other ſcale; but ſtill it down did ſlide,
And by no means could in the weight be ſtaid.
For, by no means the falſe will with the truth be way'd.

46.

Now take the right likewiſe, ſaid *Arthegal*,
And counterpeiſe the ſame with ſo much wrong.
So firſt the right he put into one ſcale;
And then the Gyant ſtrove with puiſſance ſtrong
To fill the other ſcale with ſo much wrong.
But all the wrongs that he therein could lay,
Might not it peiſe; yet did he labour long,
And ſwat, and chauft, and proved every way:
Yet all the wrongs could not a little right down lay.

47.

Which when he ſaw, he greatly grew in rage,
And almoſt would his ballances have broken:
But *Arthegal* him fairly gan aſſwage,
And ſaid; be not upon thy ballance wroken:
For, they do nought but right or wrong betoken;
But in the mind the doom of right muſt be;
And ſo likewiſe of words, the which be ſpoken,
The ear muſt be the ballance, to decree
And judge, whether with truth or falſhood they agree.

48.

But ſet the truth, and ſet the right aſide
(For, they with wrong or falſhood will not fare)
And put two wrongs together to be tride,
Or elſe two falſes, of each equal ſhare;
And then together do them both compare;
For, truth is one, and right is ever one.
So did he, and then plain it did appear,
Whether of them the greater were attone.
But right ſate in the middeſt of the beam alone.

49.

But he the right from thence did thruſt away,
For, it was not the right which he did ſeek;
But rather ſtrove extremities to wey,
Th'one to diminiſh, th'other for to eke.
For, of the mean he greatly did miſleek.
Whom when ſo lewdly-minded *Talus* found,
Approching nigh unto him cheek by cheek,
He ſhouldered him from off the higher ground,
And down the rock him throwing, in the Sea him drown'd.

Like

50.

Like as a Ship, whom cruel tempeſt drives
Upon a rock with horrible diſmay,
Her ſhattered ribs in thouſand pieces rives,
And ſpoyling all her geares and goodly ray,
Does make her ſelf misfortunes pitious pray:
So down the cliff the wretched Gyant tumbled;
His battred ballances in pieces lay,
His timbered bones all broken rudely rumbled:
So was the high aſpyring with huge ruine humbled.

51.

That when the people, which had there-about
Long waited, ſaw his ſudden deſolation,
They gan to gather in tumultuous rout,
And mutining, to ſtir up civil faction,
For certain loſs of ſo great expectation.
For, well they hoped to have got great good,
And wondrous riches by his innovation.
Therefore reſolving to revenge his blood,
They roſe in arms, and all in battel-order ſtood.

52.

Which lawleſs multitude him coming to
In war-like wiſe, when *Arthegal* did view,
He much was troubled, ne wiſt what to do.
For, loth he was his noble hands t'embrew
In the baſe blood of ſuch a raſcal crew:
And otherwiſe, if that he ſhould retire,
He fear'd leaſt they with ſhame would him purſew.
Therefore he *Talus* to them ſent, t'inquire
The cauſe of their array, and truce for to deſire.

53.

But ſoon as they him nigh approching ſpide,
They gan with all their weapons him aſſay,
And rudely ſtrook at him on every ſide:
Yet nought they could him hurt, ne ought diſmay.
But when at them he with his flail gan lay,
He like a ſwarm of flyes them overthrew;
Ne any of them durſt come in his way,
But here and there before his preſence flew,
And hid themſelves in holes and buſhes from his view.

54.

As when a Faulcon hath with nimble flight
Flown at a fluſh of Ducks, ſoreby the brook,
The trembling foul diſmay'd with dreadful ſight
Of death, the which them almoſt over-took,
Do hide themſelves from her aſtonying look,
Amongſt the flags and covert round about.
When *Talus* ſaw they all the field forſook,
And none appear'd of all that raſcal rout,
To *Arthegal* he turn'd, and went with him throughout.

CANTO III.

The ſpouſals of fair Florimel,
where turney many Knights:
There Braggadochio *is uncas't*
in all the Ladies fights.

1.

After long ſtorms and tempeſts over-blown,
The Sun at length his joyous face doth clear:
So when as fortune all her ſpight hath ſhown,
Some bliſsful hours at laſt muſt needs appear;
Elſe ſhould afflicted wights oft-times deſpair.
So comes it now to *Florimel* by tourn,
After long ſorrows ſuffered whylear,
In which captiv'd ſhe many months did mourn,
To taſte of joy, and to wont pleaſures to retourn.

2.

Who, being freed from *Proteus* cruel band
By *Marinel*, was unto him affide,
And by him brought again to Fairy land;
Where he her ſpous'd, and made his joyous bride.
The time and place was blazed far and wide;
And ſolemn feaſts and giuſts ordain'd therefore.
To which there did reſort from every ſide
Of Lords and Ladies infinite great ſtore;
Ne any Knight was abſent that brave courage bore.

3.

To tell the glory of the feaſt that day,
The goodly ſervice, the deviſeful ſights,
The Bridegrooms ſtate, the Brides moſt rich aray,
The pride of Ladies, and the worth of Knights,
The royal banquets, and the rare delights,
Were work fit for an Herauld, not for me:
But for ſo much as to my lot here lights,
That with this preſent treatiſe doth agree,
True vertue to advance, ſhall here recounted be.

4.

When all men had with full ſatiety
Of meats and drinks their appetites ſuffiz'd,
To deeds of arms and proof of chevalrie
They gan themſelves addreſs, full rich aguiz'd,
As each one had his furnitures deviz'd.
And firſt of all iſſu'd Sir *Marinell*,
And with him ſix Knights more, which enterpriz'd
To challenge all in right of *Florimell*,
And to maintain, that ſhe all others did excell.

5.

The firſt of them was hight Sir *Orimont*,
A noble Knight, and tride in hard aſſays:
The ſecond had to name Sir *Belliſont*,
But ſecond unto none in proweſs praiſe;
The third was *Brunel*, famous in his days;
The fourth *Ecaſtor*, of exceeding might;
The fift *Armeddan*, skil'd in lovely lays;
The ſixt was *Lanſack*, a redoubted Knight:
All ſix well ſeen in arms, and prov'd in many a fight.

And

6.

And them againſt came all that liſt to giuſt,
From every coaſt, and country under Sun:
None was debar'd, but all had leave that luſt.
The Trumpets ſound; then all together run.
Full many deeds of arms that day were done,
And many Knights unhorſt, and many wounded,
As fortune fell; yet little loſt or wone:
But all that day the greateſt praiſe redounded
To *Marinell*, whoſe name the Heralds loud reſounded.

7.

The ſecond day, ſo ſoon as morrow light
Appear'd in heaven, into the field they came,
And there all day continew'd cruel fight,
With diverſe fortune fit for ſuch a game,
In which all ſtrove with peril to win fame.
Yet whether ſide was Victor, n'ote be gheſt:
But at the laſt, the Trumpets did proclame
That *Marinell* that day deſerved beſt.
So they diſparted were, and all men went to reſt.

8.

The third day came, that ſhould due trial lend
Of all the reſt, and then this war-like crew
Together met, of all to make an end.
There *Marinell* great deeds of arms did ſhew;
And through the thickeſt like a Lyon flew,
Raſhing off helms, and riving plates aſunder,
That every one his danger did eſchew.
So terribly his dreadful ſtrokes did thonder,
That all men ſtood amaz'd, and at his might did wonder.

9.

But what on earth can always happy ſtand?
The greateſt proweſs greater perils find.
So far he paſt amongſt his enemies band,
That they have him encloſed ſo behind,
As by no means he can himſelf out-wind.
And now perforce they have him Priſoner taken;
And now they do with captive bands him bind;
And now they lead him thence, of all forſaken,
Unleſs ſome ſuccour had in time him overtaken.

10.

It fortun'd, whil'ſt they were thus ill beſet,
Sir *Arthegal* into the Tilt-yard came,
With *Braggadochio*, whom he lately met
Upon the way, with that his ſnowy Dame.
Where, when he underſtood by common fame,
What evil hap to *Marinell* betid,
He much was mov'd at ſo unworthy ſhame,
And ſtraight that boaſter prayd, with whom he rid,
To change his ſhield with him, to be the better hid.

11.

So forth he went, and ſoon them over-hent,
Where they were leading *Marinell* away,
Whom he aſſail'd with dreadleſs hardiment,
And forc't the burden of their prize to ſtay.
They were an hundred Knights of that array;
Of which th' one half upon himſelf did ſet,
The other ſtaid behind to gard the pray.
But he ere long the former fifty bet;
And from the other fifty, ſoon the Priſoner fet.

12.

So back he brought Sir *Marinell* away,
Whom having quickly arm'd again anew,
They both together joyned might and main,
To ſet afreſh on all the other crew.
Whom with ſore havock ſoon they overthrew,
And chaced quite out of the field, that none
Againſt them durſt his head to peril ſhew.
So were they left Lords of the field alone:
So *Marinell* by him was reſcu'd from his fone.

13.

Which when he had perform'd, then back again
To *Braggadochio* did his ſhield reſtore:
Who all this while behind him did remain,
Keeping there cloſe with him in preciouſto re
That his falſe Lady, as ye heard afore.
Then did the Trumpets ſound, and Judges roſe,
And all theſe Knights, which that day armour bore,
Came to the open hall, to liſten whoſe
The honour of the prize ſhould be adjudg'd by thoſe.

14.

And thither alſo came in open ſight
Fair *Florimell* into the common hall,
To greet his guerdon unto every Knight,
And beſt to him, to whom the beſt ſhould fall.
Then for that ſtranger Knight they loud did call,
To whom that day they ſhould the girlond yield;
Who came not forth: but for Sir *Arthegall*
Came *Braggadochio*, and did ſhew his ſhield,
Which bore the Sun, broad blazed in a golden field.

15.

The ſight whereof did all with gladneſs fill:
So unto him they did addeem the priſe
Of all that triumph. Then the Trumpets ſhrill
Don *Braggadochios* name reſounded thriſe:
So courage lent a cloak to cowardiſe
And then to him came faireſt *Florimell*,
And goodly gan to greet his brave empriſe,
And thouſand thanks him yield, that had ſo well
Approv'd that day, that ſhe all others did excell.

16.

To whom the boaſter, that all Knights did blot,
With proud diſdain did ſcornful anſwer make;
That what he did that day, he did it not
For her, but for his own dear Ladies ſake;
Whom on his peril he did undertake,
Both her, and eke all others to excell:
And further did uncomely ſpeeches crake.
Much did his words the gentle Lady quell,
And turn'd aſide for ſhame to hear what he did tell.

17.

Then forth he brought his ſnowy *Florimell*,
Whom *Trompart* had in keeping there beſide,
Covered from peoples gazement with a veil.
Whom when diſcovered they had throughly ey'd,
With great amazement they were ſtupefide;
And ſaid, that ſurely *Florimell* it was,
Or, if it were not *Florimell* ſo tride,
That *Florimell* her ſelf ſhe then did paſs.
So feeble skill of perfect things the vulgar has.

Which

18.

Which when as *Marinel* beheld likewiſe,
He was there-with exceedingly diſmai'd;
Ne wiſt he what to think, or to deviſe:
But like as one, whom fiends had made affraid,
He long aſtoniſht ſtood: ne ought he ſaid,
Ne ought he did, but with faſt fixed eyes
He gazed ſtill upon that ſnowy maid:
Whom ever as he did the more avize,
The more to be true *Florimel* he did ſurmize.

19.

As when two Suns appear in th'azure sky,
Mounted in *Phœbus* Charet fiery bright;
Both darting forth fair beams to each mans eye,
And both adorn'd with lamps of flaming light,
All that behold ſo ſtrange prodigious ſight,
Not knowing Natures work, nor what to ween,
Are rapt with wonder, and with rare affright:
So ſtood Sir *Marinel*, when he had ſeen
The ſemblant of this falſe by his fair beauties Queen.

20.

All which, when *Arthegal* (who all this while
Stood in the preaſe cloſe cover'd) well adview'd,
And ſaw that boaſters pride and graceleſs guile,
He could no longer bear, but forth iſſew'd,
And unto all himſelf there open ſhew'd:
And to the boaſter ſaid; Thou loſel baſe,
That haſt with borrowed Plumes thy ſelf endew'd,
And others worth with leaſings doſt deface,
When they are all reſtor'd, thou ſhalt reſt in diſgrace.

21.

That ſhield which thou doſt bear, was it indeed
Which this days honour ſav'd to *Marinell*;
But not that arm, nor thou the man I reed,
Which didſt that ſervice unto *Florimell*.
For proof, ſhew forth thy ſword, and let it tell,
What ſtroaks, what dreadful ſtoure it ſtird this day:
Or ſhew the wounds which unto thee befell;
Or ſhew the ſweat, with which thou diddeſt ſway
So ſharp a battel, that ſo many did diſmay.

22.

But this the ſword, which wrought thoſe cruel ſtounds,
And this the arm, the which that ſhield did bear,
And theſe the ſigns (ſo ſhewed forth his wounds)
By which that glory gotten doth appear.
As for this Lady which he ſheweth here,
Is not (I wager) *Florimell* at all;
But ſome fair Franion, fit for ſuch a fere,
That by misfortune in his hand did fall.
For proof whereof, he bade them *Florimell* forth call.

23.

So forth the noble Lady was ybrought,
Adorn'd with honour and all comely grace:
Whereto her baſhful ſhamefaſtneſs ywrought
A great increaſe in her fair bluſhing face;
As Roſes did with Lillies interlace.
For, of thoſe words, the which that boaſter threw,
She inly yet conceived great diſgrace.
Whom when as all the people ſuch did view,
They ſhouted loud, and ſigns of gladneſs all did ſhew.

24.

Then did he ſet her by that ſnowy one,
Like the true Saint beſide the Image ſet;
Of both their beauties to make paragone,
And tryal, whether ſhould the honour get.
Straight way ſo ſoon as both together met,
Th'enchanted Damzell vaniſht into nought:
Her ſnowy ſubſtance melted as with heat,
Ne of that goodly hew remained ought,
But th'empty girdle, which about her waſte was wrought.

25.

As when the Daughter of *Thaumantes* fair,
Hath in a watry cloud diſplayed wide
Her goodly bow, which paints the liquid air,
That all men wonder at her colours pride;
All ſuddenly, ere one can look aſide,
The glorious picture vaniſheth away,
Ne any token doth thereof abide:
So did his Ladies goodly form decay,
And into nothing go, ere one could it bewray.

26.

Which when as all that preſent were, beheld,
They ſtriken were with great aſtoniſhment;
And their faint hearts with ſenſeleſs horrour quel'd,
To ſee the thing that ſeem'd ſo excellent,
So ſtollen from their fancies wonderment;
That what of it became, none underſtood.
And *Braggadocchio* ſelf with dreriment
So daunted was in his deſpairing mood,
That like a lifeleſs corſe immoveable he ſtood.

27.

But *Arthegal* that golden belt up-took,
The which of all her ſpoyl was only left;
Which was not hers, as many it miſtook,
But *Florimels* own girdle, from her reft,
While ſhe was flying, like a weary weſt,
From that foul monſter, which did her compell
To perils great; which he unbuckling eft,
Preſented to the faireſt *Florimell*:
Who round about her tender waſte it fitted well.

28.

Full many Ladies often had aſſai'd,
About their middles that fair belt to knit;
And many a one ſuppos'd to be a maid:
Yet it to none of all their loyns would fit,
Till *Florimel* about her faſtned it.
Such power it had, that to no Womans waſte
By any skill or labour it would fit,
Unleſs that ſhe were continent and chaſte,
But it would looſe or break, that many had diſgrac't.

29.

Whil'ſt thus they buſied were bout *Florimell*,
And boaſtful *Braggadocchio* to defame,
Sir *Guyon* (as by fortune them befell)
Forth from the thickeſt preaſe of people came,
His own good ſteed, which he had ſtoln, to clame,
And th'one hand ſeizing on his golden bit,
With th'other drew his ſword: for, with the ſame
He meant the Thief there deadly to have ſmit:
And had he not been held, his [illegible]ught had fail'd of it.

Thereof

30.

Thereof great hurly burly moved was
Throughout the hall, for that ſame war-like Horſe.
For, *Braggadocchio* would not let him paſs;
And *Guyon* would him algates have perforce,
Or it approve upon his carion corſe.
Which troublous ſtir when *Arthegal* perceiv'd,
He nigh them drew, to ſtay th' avengers force;
And gan inquire, how was that ſteed bereav'd,
Whether by might extort, or elſe by ſlight deceav'd.

31

Who, all that pitious ſtory, which befell
About that woful couple, which were ſlain,
And their young bloody babe, to him gan tell;
With whom whiles he did in the wood remain,
His Horſe purloyned was by ſubtil train:
For which he challenged the Thief to fight.
But he for nought could him there-to conſtrain:
For, as the death he hated ſuch deſpight,
And rather had to loſe, than try in arms his right.

32.

Which, *Arthegal* well hearing, though no more
By law of arms there need ones right to try,
As was the wont of war-like Knights of yore,
Than that his foe ſhould him the field deny:
Yet further right by tokens to deſcry,
He askt, what privy tokens he did bear.
If that, ſaid *Guyon*, may you ſatisfie,
Within his mouth a black ſpot doth appear,
Shap't like a Horſes ſhooe, who liſt to ſeek it there.

33.

Whereof to make due tryal, one did take
The Horſe in hand, within his mouth to look:
But with his heels ſo ſorely he him ſtrake,
That all his ribs he quite in pieces broke,
That never word from that day forth he ſpoke.
Another that would ſeem to have more wit,
Him by the bright embrodered head-ſtall took:
But by the ſhoulder him ſo ſore he bit,
That he him maimed quite, and all his ſhoulder ſplit.

34.

Ne he his mouth would open unto wight,
Untill that *Guyon* ſelf unto him ſpake,
And called *Brigadore* (ſo was he hight):
Whoſe voice ſo ſoon as he did undertake,
Eft-ſoons he ſtood as ſtill as any ſtake,
And ſuffred all his ſecret mark to ſee:
And when-as he him nam'd, for joy he brake
His bands, and follow'd him with gladful glee,
And friskt, and flong aloft, and louted low on knee.

35.

Thereby Sir *Arthegal* did plain areed,
That unto him the Horſe belong'd, and ſaid;
Lo, there Sir *Guyon*, take to you the ſteed,
As he with golden ſaddle is array'd:
And let that loſell, plainly now diſplay'd,
Hence fare on foot, till he an Horſe have gain'd.
But the proud boaſter gan his doom upbraid,
And him revil'd, and rated, and diſdain'd,
That judgement ſo unjuſt againſt him had ordain'd.

36.

Much was the Knight incenſt with his lewd word,
To have revenged that his villany:
And thrice did lay his hand upon his ſword,
To have him ſlain, or dearly doen aby,
But *Guyon* did his choler pacifie,
Saying, Sir Knight, it would diſhonour be
To you, that are our judge of equity,
To wreak your wrath on ſuch a Carl as he:
It's puniſhment enough, that all his ſhame do ſee.

37.

So did he mitigate Sir *Arthegall*;
But *Talus* by the back the boaſter hent,
And drawing him out of the open hall,
Upon him did inflict this puniſhment.
Firſt, he his beard did ſhave, and fouly ſhent:
Then from him reft his ſhield, and it r'enverſt,
And blotted out his arms with falſhood blent,
And himſelf baffuld, and his arms unherſt,
And broke his ſword in twain, and all his armour ſperſt.

38.

The whiles, his guileful groom was fled away:
But vain it was to think from him to flye.
Who over-taking him, did diſarray,
And all his face deform'd with infamy,
And out of Court him ſcourged openly.
So ought all faytours, that true Knighthood ſhame,
And arms diſhonour with baſe villany,
From all brave Knights be baniſht with defame:
For, oft their lewdneſs blotteth good deſerts with blame.

39.

Now, when theſe counterfeits were thus uncas'd
Out of the fore-ſide of their forgery,
And in the ſight of all men clean diſgrac'd,
All gan to jeſt and gibe full merily
At the remembrance of their Knavery.
Ladies can laugh at Ladies, Knights at Knights,
To think with how great vaunt of bravery
He them abuſed through his ſubtil ſlights,
And what a glorious ſhew he made in all their ſights.

40.

There leave we them in pleaſure and repaſt,
Spending their joyous days and gladful nights,
And taking uſury of time fore-paſt,
With all dear delices and rare delights,
Fit for ſuch Ladies and ſuch lovely Knights:
And turn we here to this fair furrows end
Our weary yokes, to gather freſher ſprights,
That when as time to *Arthegal* ſhall tend,
We on his firſt adventure may him forward ſend.

CANT.

CANTO IV.

Arthegal *dealeth right betwixt two brethren that do ſtrive:*
Saves Terpine *from the gallow Tree, and doth from death reprive.*

1.

WHo-ſo upon himſelf will take the skill
True juſtice unto people to divide,
Had need of mighty hands, for to fulfill
That, which he doth with righteous doom decide,
And for to maiſter wrong and puiſſant pride.
For, vain it is to deem of things aright,
And makes wrong-dooers juſtice to deride,
Unleſs it be perform'd with dreadleſs might.
For, Powre is the right hand of Juſtice truly hight.

2.

Therefore whylome to Knights of great empriſe,
The charge of Juſtice given was in truſt,
That they might execute her judgements wiſe,
And with their might beat down licentious luſt,
Which proudly did impugne her ſentence juſt.
Whereof no braver precedent this day
Remains on earth, preſerv'd from Iron ruſt
Of rude oblivion, and long times decay,
Than this of *Arthegal*, which here we have to ſay.

3.

Who, having lately left that lovely pair,
Enlinked faſt in Wedlocks loyal bond,
Bold *Marinell* with *Florimell* the fair,
With whom great feaſt and goodly glee he fond,
Departed from the Caſtle of the *Strond*,
To follow his adventures firſt intent,
Which long ago he taken had in hond:
Ne wight with him for his aſſiſtance went,
But that great Iron groom, his gard and government.

4.

With whom, as he did paſs by the Sea ſhore,
He chanc't to come, where-as two comely Squires,
Both Brethren, whom one womb together bore,
But ſtirred up with different deſires,
Together ſtrove, and kindled wrathful fires:
And them beſide, two ſeemly Damzels ſtood,
By all means ſeeking to aſſwage their ires,
Now with fair words; but words did little good: (mood.
Now with ſharp threat; but threats the more increaſt their

5.

And there before them ſtood a Coffer ſtrong,
Faſt bound on every ſide with Iron bands,
But ſeeming to have ſuffred mickle wrong,
Either by being wreckt upon the ſands,
Or being carried far from forrain lands.
Seem'd that for it theſe Squires at odds did fall,
And bent againſt themſelves their cruel hands.
But evermore thoſe Damzels did foreſtall
Their furious encounter, and their fierceneſs pall.

6.

But firmly fixt they were, with dint of ſword,
And battails doubtful proof their rights to try,
Ne other end their fury would afford,
But what to them Fortune would juſtifie.
So ſtood they both in readineſs there-by,
To joyn the combat with cruel intent;
When *Arthegal*, arriving happily,
Did ſtay awhile their greedy bickerment,
Till he had queſtioned the cauſe of their diſſent.

7.

To whom the elder did this anſwer frame;
Then weet ye Sir, that we two brethren be,
To whom our Sire, *Mileſio* by name,
Did equally bequeath his lands in fee,
Two Iſlands, which ye there before you ſee
Not far in Sea; of which the one appears
But like a little Mount of ſmall degree;
Yet was as great and wide ere many years,
As that ſame other Iſle, that greater breadth now bears.

8.

But tract of time, that all things doth decay,
And this devouring Sea that nought doth ſpare,
The moſt part of my Land hath waſht away,
And thrown it up unto my Brothers ſhare:
So his encreaſed, but mine did empair.
Before which time I lov'd, as was my Lot,
That further maid, hight *Philtera* the fair,
With whom a goodly dowre I ſhould have got,
And ſhould have joyned been to her in Wedlocks knot.

9.

Then did my younger Brother *Amidas*,
Love that ſame other Damzel, *Lucy* bright,
To whom but little dowre allotted was:
Her vertue was the Dowre, that did delight.
What better dowre can to a Dame be hight?
But now when *Philtra* ſaw my lands decay,
And former livelod fail, ſhe left me quight,
And to my Brother did ellope ſtraight way:
Who taking her from me, his own Love left aſtray.

10.

She, ſeeing then her ſelf forſaken ſo,
Through dolorous deſpair, which ſhe conceiv'd,
Into the Sea her ſelf did headlong throw,
Thinking to have her grief by death bereav'd.
But ſee how much her purpoſe was deceiv'd.
Whil'ſt thus, amidſt the billows beating of her,
Twixt life and death, long to and fro ſhe weav'd,
She chanc't unwares to light upon this coffer,
Which to her in that danger hope of life did offer.

11.

The wretched maid, that earſt deſir'd to dye,
When as the pain of death ſhe taſted had,
And but half ſeen his ugly viſnomie,
Gan to repent that ſhe had been ſo mad,
For any death to change life though moſt bad:
And catching hold of this Sea-beaten cheſt,
The lucky Pylot of her paſſage ſad,
After long toſſing in the Seas diſtreſt,
Her weary Bark at laſt upon mine Iſle did reſt.

12.

Where I by chance then wandring on the ſhore,
Did her eſpy, and through my good endeavour,
From dreadful mouth of death, which threatned ſore
Her to have ſwallow'd up, did help to ſave her.
She then in recompence of that great favour,
Which I on her beſtow'd, beſtow'd on me
The portion of that good which Fortune gave her,
Together with her ſelf in dowry free:
Both goodly portions; but of both, the better ſhe.

13.

Yet in this coffer, which ſhe with her brought,
Great treaſure ſithence we did find contain'd;
Which as our own we took, and ſo it thought.
But this ſame other Damzel ſince hath fain'd,
That to her ſelf that treaſure appertain'd;
And that ſhe did tranſport the ſame by Sea,
To bring it to her Husband new ordain'd,
But ſuffred cruel Shipwrack by the way.
But whether it be ſo or no, I cannot ſay.

14.

But whether it indeed be ſo or no,
This do I ſay, that what ſo good or ill,
Or God or Fortune unto me did throw
(Not wronging any other by my will)
I hold mine own, and ſo will hold it ſtill.
And though my land he firſt did win away,
And then my Love (though now it little skill)
Yet my good luck he ſhall not likewiſe pray;
But I will it defend, whil'ſt ever that I may.

15.

So having ſaid, the younger did enſew;
Full true it is, what-ſo about our land
My Brother here declared hath to you:
But not for it this odds twixt us doth ſtand,
But for this treaſure thrown upon his ſtrand;
Which well I prove, as ſhall appear by tryal,
To be this Maids, with whom I faſtned hand,
Known by good marks, and perfect good eſpiall:
Therefore it ought be rendred her without deniall.

16.

When they thus ended had, the Knight began;
Certes, your ſtrife were eaſie to accord,
Would ye remit it to ſome righteous man.
Unto your ſelf, ſaid they, we give our word,
To bide that judgment ye ſhall us afford.
Then for aſſurance to my doom to ſtand,
Under my foot let each lay down his ſword,
And then you ſhall my ſentence underſtand.
So each of them laid down his ſword out of his hand.

17.

Then *Arthegal* thus to the younger ſaid;
Now tell me *Amidas*, if that ye may,
Your Brothers land the which the Sea hath layd
Unto your part, and pluckt from his away,
By what good right do you with-hold this day?
What other right, quoth he, ſhould you eſteem,
But that the Sea it to my ſhare did lay?
Your right is good, ſaid he, and ſo I deem,
That what the Sea unto you ſent, your own ſhould ſeem.

18.

Then turning to the elder, thus he ſaid;
Now *Bracidas*, let this likewiſe be ſhown;
Your Brothers treaſure, which from him is ſtraid,
Being the dowrie of his Wife well known,
By what right do you claim to be your own?
What other right, quoth he, ſhould you eſteem,
But that the Sea hath it unto me thrown?
Your right is good, ſaid he, and ſo I deem,
That which the Sea unto you ſent, your own ſhould ſeem.

19.

For, equal right in equal things doth ſtand;
For, what the mighty Sea hath once poſſeſt,
And plucked quite from all poſſeſſers hand,
Whether by rage of Waves, that never reſt,
Or elſe by wrack, that wretches hath diſtreſt,
He may diſpoſe by his imperial might,
As thing at random left, to whom he liſt.
So *Amidas*, the land was yours firſt hight,
And ſo the treaſure yours is *Bracidas* by right.

20.

When he his ſentence thus pronounced had,
Both *Amidas* and *Philtra* were diſpleas'd:
But *Bracidas* and *Lucy* were right glad,
And on the treaſure by that judgment ſeaz'd.
So was their diſcord by this doom appeas'd,
And each one had his right. Then *Arthegall*,
When as their ſharp contention he had ceas'd,
Departed on his way, as did befall,
To follow his old queſt, the which him forth did call.

21.

So, as he travelled upon the way,
He chanc't to come, where happily he ſpide
A rout of many people far away;
To whom his courſe he haſtily applide,
To weet the cauſe of their aſſemblance wide.
To whom when he approched near in ſight
(An uncouth ſight) he plainly then deſcride
To be a troop of Women, War-like dight,
With Weapons in their hands, as ready for to fight.

22.

And in the midſt of them he ſaw a Knight,
With both his hands behind him pinniond hard,
And round about his neck an halter tight,
As ready for the gallow Tree prepar'd:
His face was cover'd, and his head was bar'd,
That who he was, uneath was to deſcry;
And with full heavy hart with them he far'd,
Griev'd to the ſoul, and groning inwardly,
That he of Womens hands ſo baſe a death ſhould dye.

23.

But they like tyrants, mercileſs the more,
Rejoyced at his miſerable caſe,
And him reviled, and reproched ſore
With bitter taunts, and tearms of vile diſgrace.
Now when as *Arthegal*, arriv'd in place,
Did ask, what cauſe brought that man to decay,
They round about him gan to ſwarm apace,
Meaning on him their cruel hands lo lay,
And to have wrought unwares ſome villanous aſſay.

But

24.

But he was ſoon aware of their ill mind,
And drawing back, deceived their intent;
Yet though himſelf did ſhame on Woman-kind
His mighty hand to ſhend, he *Talus* ſent
To wreck on them their follies hardiment:
Who with few ſowces of his yron flale,
Diſperſed all their troop incontinent,
And ſent them home to tell a pitious tale
Of their vain proweſs, turned to their proper bale.

25.

But that ſame wretched man, ordain'd to dye,
They left behind them, glad to be ſo quit:
Him *Talus* took out of perplexity,
And horrour of foul death for Knight unfit,
Who more than loſs of life ydreaded it;
And him reſtoring unto living light,
So brought unto his Lord, where he did ſit,
Beholding all that Womaniſh weak fight;
Whom ſoon as he beheld, he knew, and thus behight.

26.

Sir *Terpine*, hapleſs man, what make you here?
Or have you loſt your ſelf, and your diſcretion,
That ever in this wretched caſe ye were?
Or have ye yielded you to proud oppreſſion
Of Womens powre, that boaſt of mens ſubjection?
Or elſe, what other deadly diſmal day
Is faln on you, by heavens hard direction,
That ye were run ſo fondly far aſtray,
As for to lead your ſelf unto your own decay?

27.

Much was the man confounded in his mind,
Partly with ſhame, and partly with diſmay,
That all aſtoniſht he himſelf did find,
And little had for his excuſe to ſay,
But only thus; Moſt hapleſs well ye may
Me juſtly tearm, that to this ſhame am brought,
And made the ſcorn of Knighthood this ſame day.
But who can ſcape what his own fate hath wrought?
The work of heavens will ſurpaſſeth humane thought.

28.

Right true: but faulty men uſe oftentimes
To attribute their folly unto fate,
And lay on heaven the guilt of their own crimes.
But tell, Sir *Terpine*, ne let you amate
Your miſery, how fell ye in this ſtate.
Then ſith ye needs, quoth he, will know my ſhame,
And all the ill which chanc't to me of late,
I ſhortly will to you rehearſe the ſame,
In hope ye will not turn misfortune to my blame.

29.

Being deſirous (as all Knights are wont)
Through hard adventures deeds of arms to try,
And after fame and honour for to hunt,
I heard report that far abroad did flye,
That a proud Amazon did late defie
All the brave Knights that hold of Maidenhead,
And unto them wrought all the villany
That ſhe could forge in her malicious head,
Which ſome hath put to ſhame, and many done be dead.

30.

The cauſe, they ſay, of this her cruel hate,
Is for the ſake of *Bellodant* the bold,
To whom ſhe bore moſt fervent love of late,
And wooed him by all the ways ſhe could:
But when ſhe ſaw at laſt, that he ne would
For ought or nought be wone unto her will,
She turn'd her love to hatred manifold,
And for his ſake, vow'd to do all the ill
Which ſhe could do to Knights: which now ſhe doth fulfill.

31.

For, all thoſe Knights, the which by force or guile
She doth ſubdew, ſhe foully doth intreat.
Firſt, ſhe doth them of war-like arms deſpoil,
And cloth in Womens weeds: and then with threat
Doth them compell to work, to earn their meat,
To ſpin, to card, to ſew, to waſh, to wring;
Ne doth ſhe give them other thing to eat
But bread and water, or like feeble thing,
Them to diſable from revenge adventuring.

32.

But, if through ſtout diſdain of manly mind,
Any her proud obſervance will withſtand,
Upon that gibbet, which is there behind,
She cauſeth them be hang'd up out of hand;
In which condition I right now did ſtand.
For, being overcome by her in fight,
And put to that baſe ſervice of her band,
I rather choſe to dye in lives deſpight,
Than lead that ſhameful life, unworthy of a Knight.

33.

How hight that Amazon (ſaid *Arthegall*)?
And where, and how far hence does ſhe abide?
Her name, quoth he, they *Radigund* do call,
A Princeſs of great powre, and greater pride,
And Queen of Amazons, in arms well tride,
And ſundry battels, which ſhe hath atchiev'd
With great ſucceſs, that her hath glorifide,
And made her famous, more than is believ'd;
Ne would I it have ween'd, had I not late it priev'd.

34.

Now ſure, ſaid he, and by the faith that I
To Maydenhead and noble Knighthood owe,
I will not reſt, till I her might do try,
And venge the ſhame, that ſhe to Knights doth ſhow.
Therefore Sir *Terpen* from you lightly throw
This ſqualid weed, the pattern of deſpair,
And wend with me, that ye may ſee and know,
How Fortune will your ruin'd name repair, (pair.
And Knights of Maydenhead, whoſe praiſe ſhe would em-

35.

With that, like one that hopeleſs was repriev'd
From deathes door, at which he lately lay,
Thoſe Iron fetters, wherewith he was giv'd,
The badges of reproch, he threw away,
And nimbly did him dight to guide the way
Unto the dwelling of that Amazone.
Which was from thence not paſt a mile or tway;
A goodly City, and a mighty one,
The which of her own name ſhe called *Radegone*.

36.

Where they arriving, by the Watchman were
Deſcried ſtreight; who all the City warn'd,
How that three warlike perſons did appear,
Of which the one him ſeem'd a Knight all arm'd,
And th'other two well likely to have harm'd.
Eftſoons the people all to harneſs ran,
And like a ſort of bees in cluſters ſwarm'd:
Ere long, their Queen her ſelf, arm'd like a man,
Came forth into the rout, and them t'array began.

37.

And now the Knights, being arrived near,
Did beat upon the gates to enter in,
And at the Porter ſcorning them ſo few,
Threw many threats, if they the town did win,
To tear his fleſh in pieces for his ſin.
Which when as *Radigund* their coming heard,
Her heart for rage did grate, and teeth did grin:
She bade that ſtraight the gates ſhould be unbar'd,
And to them way to make, with weapons well prepar'd.

38.

Soon as the gates were open to them ſet,
They preſſed forward, entrance to have made.
But in the middle way they were ymet
With a ſharp ſhowre of arrows, which them ſtaid,
And better bad adviſe, ere they aſſay'd,
Unknowen peril of bold Womens pride.
Then all the rout upon them rudely layd,
And heaped ſtrokes ſo faſt on every ſide,
And arrows haild ſo thick, that they could not abide.

39.

But *Radigund* her ſelf, when ſhe eſpide
Sir *Terpin*, from her direful doom acquit,
So cruel doal amongſt her Maids divide.
T'avenge that ſhame, they did on him commit;
All ſodainly enflam'd with furious fit,
Like a fell Lioneſs at him ſhe flew,
And on his head-peece him ſo fiercely ſmit,
That to the ground him quite ſhe overthrew,
Diſmay'd ſo with the ſtroke, that he no colours knew.

40.

Soon as ſhe ſaw him on the ground to grovell,
She lightly to him leapt; and in his neck
Her proud foot ſetting, at his head did levell,
Weening at once her wrath on him to wreak,
And his contempt, that did her judgment break:
As when a Bear hath ſeiz'd her cruel claws
Upon the carcaſſe of ſome beaſt too weak,
Proudly ſtands over, and a while doth pauſe,
To hear the pitious beaſt pleading her plaintiff cauſe.

41.

Whom when as *Arthegal* in that diſtreſs
By chance beheld, he left the bloody ſlaughter,
In which he ſwam, and ran to his redreſs.
There her aſſayling fiercely freſh, he raught her
Such an huge ſtroke, that it of ſenſe diſtraught her:
And had ſhe not it warded warily,
It had depriv'd her Mother of a Daughter.
Nath'leſs for all the powre ſhe did apply,
It made her ſtagger oft, and ſtare with ghaſtly eye.

42.

Like to an Eagle in his Kingly pride,
Soring through his wide Empire of the air,
To weather his broad ſayls, by chance hath ſpide
A Goshauke, which hath ſeized for her ſhare
Upon ſome fowl, that ſhould her feaſt prepare;
With dreadful force he flyes at her by live,
That with his ſouce, which none enduren dare,
Her from the quarrey he away doth drive,
And from her griping pounce the greedy prey doth rive.

43.

But ſoon as ſhe her ſenſe recover'd had,
She fiercely towards him her ſelf gan dight,
Through vengeful wrath and ſdeignful pride half mad:
For, never had ſhe ſuffred ſuch deſpight,
But ere ſhe could joyn hand with him to fight,
Her warlike maids about her flockt ſo faſt,
That they diſparted them, maugre their might,
And with their troops did far aſunder caſt:
But mongſt the reſt the fight did until evening laſt.

44.

And every while, that mighty yron man,
With his ſtrange weapon, never wont in war,
Them ſorely vext, and courſt, and over-ran,
And broke their bows, and did their ſhooting mar,
That none of all the many once did dare
Him to aſſault, nor once approch him nie;
But like a ſort of ſheep diſperſed far
For dread of their devouring enemy,
Through all the fields and vallies did before him fly.

45.

But when as days fair ſhiny beam, yclowded
With fearful ſhadows of deformed night,
Warn'd man and beaſt in quiet reſt be ſhrowded,
Bold *Radigund* (with ſound of trump on hight)
Caus'd all her people to ſurceaſe from fight;
And gathering them unto her Cities gate,
Made them all enter in before her ſight,
And all the wounded, and the weak in ſtate,
To be convayed in, ere ſhe would once retrate.

46.

When thus the field was voyded all away,
And all things quieted, the Elfin Knight
(Weary of toyl and travel of that day)
Caus'd his pavilion to be richly pight
Before the City gate, in open ſight;
Where he himſelf did reſt in ſafety,
Together with Sir *Terpin* all that night:
But *Talus* us'd in time of jeopardie
To keep a nightly watch, for dread of treachery.

47.

But *Radigund* full of heart-gnawing grief,
For the rebuke which ſhe ſuſtain'd that day,
Could take no reſt, ne would receive relief;
But toſſed in her troublous mind, what way
She mote revenge that blot, which on her lay.
There ſhe reſolv'd, her ſelf in ſingle fight
To try her Fortune, and his force aſſay,
Rather than ſee her people ſpoyled quight,
As ſhe had ſeen that day a diſadventrous ſight.

She

48.

She called forth to her a truſty Maid,
Whom ſhe thought fitteſt for that buſineſs,
Her name was *Clarind'*, and thus to her ſaid;
Go Damzel quickly, do thy ſelf addreſs
To do the meſſage, which I ſhall expreſs.
Go thou unto that ſtranger Fairy Knight,
Who yeſterday drove us to ſuch diſtreſs;
Tell, that to morrow I with him will fight,
And try in equal field, whether hath greater might.

49.

But theſe conditions do to him propound,
That if I vanquiſh him, he ſhall obay
My law, and ever to my lore be bound;
And ſo will I, if me he vanquiſh may,
What-ever he ſhall like to do or ſay:
Go ſtraight, and take with thee, to witneſs it,
Six of thy fellows of the beſt array,
And bear with you both wine and juncates fit,
And bid him eat; henceforth he oft ſhall hungry ſit.

50.

The Damzel ſtreight obayd: and putting all
In readineſs, forth to the Town-gate went;
Where ſounding loud a Trumpet from the wall,
Unto thoſe warlike Knights ſhe warning ſent.
Then *Talus*, forth iſſewing from the tent,
Unto the wall his way did fearleſs take,
To weeten what that trumpets ſounding ment:
Where that ſame Damzel loudly him beſpake,
And ſhew'd, that with his Lord ſhe would emparlance (make.

51.

So he them ſtreight conducted to his Lord;
Who, as he could, them goodly well did greet,
Till they had told their meſſage word by word:
Which he accepting well, as he could weet,
Them fairly entertain'd with curt'ſies meet,
And gave them gifts and things of dear delight.
So back again they homeward turn'd their feet.
But *Arthegal* himſelf to reſt did dight,
That he mote freſher be againſt the next days fight.

CANTO V.

Arthegal *fights with* Radigund, *And is ſubdew'd by guile: He is by her empriſoned, But wrought by* Clarind's *wile.*

1.

SO ſoon as day, forth drawing from the Eaſt,
Nights humid curtain from the heavens withdrew
And early calling forth both man and beaſt,
Commanded them their daily works renew,
Theſe noble Warriors, mindful to purſew
The laſt days purpoſe of their vowed fight,
Themſelves thereto prepar'd in order dew:
The Knight, as beſt was ſeeming for a Knight;
And th'Amazon, as beſt it lik't her ſelf to dight.

2.

All in a Camis light of purple ſilk
Woven upon with ſilver, ſubtly wrought,
And quilted upon ſatin white as milk,
Trailed with ribbands diverſly diſtraught,
Like as the workman had their courſes taught;
Which was ſhort tucked for light motion
Up to her ham: but when ſhe liſt, it raught
Down to her loweſt heel, and thereupon
She wore for her defence a mayled habergeon.

3.

And on her legs ſhe painted buskins wore,
Baſted with bends of gold on every ſide,
And mails between, and laced cloſe afore:
Upon her thigh her Cemitare was tide,
With an embrodered belt of mickel pride;
And on her ſhoulder hung her ſhield, bedeckt
Upon the boſs with ſtones, that ſhined wide,
As the fair Moon in her moſt full aſpect,
That to the Moon it mote be like in each repect.

4.

So forth ſhe came out of the City gate,
With ſtately port and proud magnificence,
Guarded with many Damzels, that did wait
Upon her perſon for her ſure defence,
Playing on ſhaums and trumpets, that from hence
Their ſound did reach unto the heavens hight.
So forth into the field ſhe marched thence,
Where was a rich Pavilion ready pight,
Her to receive, till time they ſhould begin the fight.

5.

Then forth came *Arthegal* out of his tent,
All arm'd to point, and firſt the liſts did enter:
Soon after eke came ſhe, with fell intent,
And countenance fierce, as having fully bent her,
That battels utmoſt trial to adventer.
The Liſts were cloſed faſt, to bar the rout
From rudely preſſing to the middle center;
Which in great heaps them circled all about,
Waiting, how Fortune would reſolve that dangerous (doubt.

6.

The Trumpets ſounded, and the field began;
With bitter ſtrokes it both began and ended.
She at the firſt encounter on him ran
With furious rage, as if ſhe had intended
Out of his breaſt the very heart have rended:
But he that had like tempeſts often tride,
From that firſt flaw himſelf right well defended.
The more ſhe rag'd, the more he did abide;
She hew'd, ſhe foyn'd, ſhe laſht, ſhe laid on every ſide.

7.

Yet ſtill her blows he bore, and her forbore,
Weening at laſt to win advantage new;
Yet ſtill her cruelty encreaſed more,
And though powre fayld, her courage did acrew:
Which fayling, he gan fiercely her purſew;
Like as a Smith that to his cunning feat
The ſtubborn metal ſeeketh to ſubdew,
Soon as he feels it mollifide with heat,
With his great Iron ſledge doth ſtrongly on it beat.

So

8.

So did Sir *Arthegal* upon her lay,
As if ſhe had an Iron anvile been,
That flakes of fire, bright as the ſunny ray,
Out of her ſteely arms were flaſhing ſeen,
That all on fire ye would her ſurely ween.
But with her ſhield ſo well her ſelf ſhe warded,
From the drad danger of his weapon keen,
That all that while her life ſhe ſafely guarded:
But he that help from her againſt her will diſcarded.

9.

For, with his trenchant blade at the next blow,
Half of her ſhield he ſhared quite away,
And half her ſide it ſelf did naked ſhow,
And thenceforth unto danger opened way.
Much was ſhe moved with the mighty ſway
Of that ſad ſtroke, that half enrag'd ſhe grew,
And like a greedy Bear unto her pray,
With her ſharp Cemitare at him ſhe flew,
That glancing down his thigh, the purple blood forth (drew.

10.

Thereat ſhe gan to triumph with great boaſt,
And to upbraid that chance which him mis-fell,
As if the prize ſhe gotten had almoſt,
With ſpightful ſpeeches, fitting with her well;
That his great heart gan inwardly to ſwell
With indignation, at her vaunting vain,
And at her ſtrook with puiſſance fearful fell;
Yet with her ſhield ſhe warded it again,
That ſhattered all to pieces round about the Plain.

11.

Having her thus diſarmed of her ſhield,
Upon her helmet he again her ſtrooke
And down ſhe fell upon the graſſie field,
In ſenſeleſs ſwoun, as if her life forſook,
And pangs of death her ſpirit overtook.
Whom when he ſaw before his foot proſtrated,
He to her lept, with deadly dreadful look,
And her ſunſhiny helmet ſoon unlaced,
Thinking at once both head and helmet to have raced.

12.

But when as he diſcovered had her face,
He ſaw his ſenſes ſtrange aſtoniſhment,
A miracle of Natures goodly grace,
In her fair viſage void of ornament,
But bath'd in blood and ſweat together ment;
Which, in the rudeneſs of that evil plight,
Bewrayd the ſigns of feature excellent:
Like as the Moon in foggy winter night,
Doth ſeem to be her ſelf, though darkned be her light.

13.

At ſight thereof his cruel minded heart
Empearced was with pitiful regard,
That his ſharp ſword he threw from him apart,
Curſing his hand that had that viſage mar'd:
No hand ſo cruel, nor no hart ſo hard,
But ruth of beauty will it mollifie.
By this, upſtarting from her ſwoun, ſhe ſtar'd
A while about her with confuſed eye;
Like one that from his dream is waked ſuddenly.

14.

Soon as the Knight ſhe there by her did ſpy,
Standing with empty hands all weaponleſs,
With freſh aſſault upon him ſhe did flye,
And gan renew her former cruelneſs:
And though he ſtill retyr'd, yet natheleſs
With huge redoubled ſtrokes ſhe on him layd;
And more encreaſt her outrage mercileſs,
The more that he with meek intreaty prayd,
Her wrathful hand from greedy vengeance to have ſtayd.

15.

Like as a Puttock having ſpide in ſight,
A gentle Falcon ſitting on a hill,
Whoſe other wing now made unmeet for flight,
Was lately broken by ſome fortune ill;
The fooliſh Kyte, led with licentious will,
Doth beat upon the gentle bird in vain,
With many idle ſtoups her troubling ſtill:
Even ſo did *Radigund* with bootleſs pain
Annoy this noble Kight, and ſorely him conſtrain.

16.

Nought could he do, but ſhun the drad deſpight
Of her fierce wrath, and backward ſtill retire,
And with his ſingle ſhield, well as he might,
Bear-off the burden of her raging ire;
And evermore he gently did deſire,
To ſtay her ſtrokes, and he himſelf would yield:
Yet nould ſhe heark, ne let him once reſpire,
Till he to her delivered had his ſhield,
And to her mercy him ſubmitted in plain field.

17.

So was he overcome, not overcome,
But to her yielded of his own accord:
Yet was he juſtly damned by the doom
Of his own mouth, that ſpake ſo wareleſs word,
To be her thrall, and ſervice her afford.
For, though that he firſt victory obtain'd,
Yet after by abandoning his ſword,
He wilful loſt, that he before attain'd.
No fairer conqueſt, than that with good will is gain'd.

18.

Tho, with her ſword on him ſhe flatling ſtrook,
In ſign of true ſubjection to her powre,
And as her vaſſal him to thraldom took.
But *Terpine* born to a more unhappy howre,
As he, on whom the luckleſs Stars did lowre,
She caus'd to be attach't, and forthwith led
Unto the crook, t'abide the baleful ſtowre,
From which he lately had through reskew fled:
Where he full ſhamefully was hanged by the head.

19.

But when they thought, on *Talus* hands to lay,
He with his Iron flail amongſt them thondred,
That they were fain to let him ſcape away,
Glad from his company to be ſo ſondred;
Whoſe preſence all their troops ſo much encombred,
That th' heaps of thoſe, which he did wound and ſlay,
Beſides the reſt diſmay'd, might not be numbred:
Yet all that while he would not once aſſay
To reskew his own Lord, but thought it juſt t'obay.

Then

20.

Then took the Amazon this noble Knight,
Left to her will by his own wilful blame,
And cauſed him to be diſarmed quight
Of all the ornaments of Knightly name,
With which whylom he gotten had great fame:
In ſtead whereof ſhe made him to be dight
In Womans weeds, that is to Manhood ſhame,
And put before his lap an apron white,
In ſtead of Curiets and baſes fit for fight.

21.

So being clad, ſhe brought him from the field,
In which he had been trayned many a day,
Into a long large chamber, which was field
With moniments of many Knights decay,
By her ſubdewed in victorious fray:
Amongſt the which ſhe caus'd his warlike arms
Be hang'd on high, that mote his ſhame bewray;
And broke his ſword, for fear of further harms,
With which he wont to ſtir up battailous alarms.

22.

There entred in, he round about him ſaw
Many brave Knights, whoſe names right well he knew,
There bound t'obay that Amazons proud law,
Spinning and carding all in comely rew,
That his big heart loth'd ſo uncomely view.
But they were forc't, through penurie and pine,
To do thoſe works, to them appointed dew:
For, nought was given them to ſup or dine,
But what their hands could earn by twiſting linen twine.

23.

Amongſt them all, ſhe placed him moſt low,
And in his hand a diſtaff to him gave,
That he thereon ſhould ſpin both flax and tow;
A ſordid office for a mind ſo brave.
So hard it is to be a Womans ſlave.
Yet he it took in his own ſelfs deſpight,
And thereto did himſelf right well behave,
Her to obay, ſith he his faith had plight,
Her vaſſal to become, if ſhe him wone in fight.

24.

Who had him ſeen, imagine mote thereby,
That whylom hath of *Hercules* been told,
How for *Iolas* ſake he did apply
His mighty hands, the diſtaff vile to hold,
For his huge club, which had ſubdew'd of old
So many monſters, which the world annoy'd:
His Lyons skin chang'd to a pall of gold,
In which forgetting wars, he only joy'd
In combats of ſweet Love, and with his miſtreſs toy'd.

25.

Such is the cruelty of Women-kind,
When they have ſhaken off the ſhamefaſt band,
With which wiſe Nature did them ſtrongly bind
T'obay the heaſts of mans well ruling hand,
That then all rule and reaſon they withſtand,
To purchaſe a licentious liberty:
But vertuous Women wiſely underſtand,
That they were born to baſe humility,
Unleſs the heavens them lift to lawful ſoverainty.

26.

Thus there long while continu'd *Arthegall*;
Serving proud *Radigund* with true ſubjection;
How-ever it his noble heart did gall,
T'obay a Womans tyrannous direction,
That might have had of life or death election:
But having choſen, now he might not change.
During which time, the warlike Amazon,
Whoſe wandring fancie after luſt did range,
Gan caſt a ſecret liking to this captive ſtrange.

27.

Which long concealing in her covert breſt,
She chaw'd the cud of lovers careful plight;
Yet could it not ſo thoroughly digeſt,
Being faſt fixed in her wounded ſpright,
But it tormented her both day and night:
Yet would ſhe not thereto yield free accord,
To ſerve the lowly vaſſal of her might,
And of her ſervant make her ſoveraign Lord:
So great her pride, that ſhe ſuch baſeneſs much abhor'd.

28.

So much the greater ſtill her anguiſh grew,
Through ſtubborn handling of her love-ſick hart;
And ſtill the more ſhe ſtrove it to ſubdew,
The more ſhe ſtill augmented her own ſmart,
And wyder made the wound of th'hidden dart.
At laſt, when long ſhe ſtrugled had in vain,
She gan to ſtoop, and her proud mind convert
To meek obeyſance of Loves mighty rain,
And him intreat for grace, that had procur'd her pain.

29.

Unto her ſelf in ſecret ſhe did call
Her neareſt handmaid whom ſhe moſt did truſt,
And to her ſaid; *Clarinda*, whom of all
I truſt alive, ſith I thee foſtred firſt;
Now is the time, that I untimely muſt
Thereof make tryal, in my greateſt need:
It is ſo hapned, that the heavens unjuſt,
Spighting my happy freedom, have agreed,
To thrall my looſer life, or my laſt bale to breed.

30.

With that ſhe turn'd her head, as half abaſh'd,
To hide the bluſh which in her viſage roſe,
And through her eyes like ſudden lightning flaſh'd,
Decking her cheek with a vermilion roſe:
But ſoon ſhe did her countenance compoſe,
And to her turning, thus began again;
This griefs deep wound I would to thee diſcloſe,
Thereto compelled through heart-murdring pain,
But dread of ſhame my doubtful lips doth ſtill reſtrain.

31.

Ah my dear dread (ſaid then the faithful Maid)
Can dread of ought your dreadleſs heart withhold,
That many hath with dread of death diſmay'd,
And dare even Deaths moſt dreadful face behold?
Say on, my ſoveraign Lady, and be bold.
Doth not your hand-maids life at your foot lie?
Therewith much comforted, ſhe gan unfold
The cauſe of her conceived malady,
As one that would confeſs, yet fain would it deny.

Clarind,

32.

Clarind', ſaid ſhe, thou ſeeſt yond Fairy Knight,
Whom not my valour, but his own brave mind
Subjected hath to my unequal might;
What right is it, that he ſhould thraldome find,
For lending life to me a wretch unkind,
That for ſuch good him recompenſe with ill?
Therefore I caſt, how I may him unbind,
And by his freedom get his free good-will;
Yet ſo, as bound to me he may continue ſtill.

33.

Bound unto me, but not with ſuch hard bands
Of ſtrong compulſion, and ſtreight violence,
As now in miſerable ſtate he ſtands;
But with ſweet love and ſure benevolence,
Void of malicious mind, or foul offence.
To which if thou canſt win him any way,
Without diſcovery of my thoughts pretence,
Both goodly meed of him it purchaſe may,
And eke with grateful ſervice me right well apay.

34.

Which that thou mayſt the better bring to paſs,
Lo here this Ring, which ſhall thy warrant be,
And token true to old *Eumenias*,
From time to time, when thou it beſt ſhalt ſee,
That in and out thou mayſt have paſſage free.
Go now *Clarinda*, well thy wits adviſe,
And all thy forces gather unto thee;
Armies of lovely looks, and ſpeeches wiſe,
With which thou canſt even *Jove* himſelf to love entiſe.

35.

The truſty maid, conceiving her intent,
Did with ſure promiſe of her good indeavour,
Give her great comfort, and ſome hearts content.
So from her parting, ſhe thenceforth did labour
By all the means ſhe might, to curry favour
With th' Elfin Knight, her Ladies beſt beloved;
With daily ſhew of courteous kind behaviour,
Even at the mark-white of his hart ſhe roved,
And with wide glancing words, one day ſhe thus him (proved.

36.

Unhappy Knight, upon whoſe hopeleſs ſtate
Fortune, envying good, hath felly frown'd,
And cruel heavens have heapt an heavy fate;
I rew that thus thy better days are drown'd
In ſad deſpair, and all thy ſenſes ſwown'd
In ſtupid ſorrow, ſith thy juſter merit
Might elſe have with felicity been crown'd:
Look up at laſt, and wake thy dulled ſpirit
To think how this long death thou mighteſt diſinherit.

37.

Much did he marvel at her uncouth ſpeech,
Whoſe hidden drift he could not well perceive;
And gan to doubt, leaſt ſhe him ſought t'appeach
Of treaſon or ſome guileful train did wear,
Through which ſhe might his wretched life bereave.
Both which to bar, he with this anſwer met her;
Fair Damzel, that with ruth (as I perceive)
Of my miſhaps, art mov'd to wiſh me better,
For ſuch your kind regard, I can but reſt your detter.

38.

Yet weet ye well, that to a courage great
It is no leſs beſeeming, well to bear
The ſtorm of Fortunes frown, or heavens threat,
Than in the Sunſhine of her countenance clear
Timely to joy, and carry comely chear.
For, though this cloud have now me over-caſt,
Yet do I not of better times deſpear;
And, though (unlike) they ſhould for ever laſt,
Yet in my truths aſſurance I reſt fixed faſt.

39.

But what ſo ſtony mind (ſhe then replide)
But if in his own powre occaſion lay,
Would to his hope a Window open wide,
And to his fortunes help make ready way?
Unworthy ſure, quoth he, of better day,
That will not take the offer of good hope,
And eke purſew, if he attain it may.
Which ſpeeches ſhe applying to the ſcope
Of her intent, this further purpoſe to him ſhope.

40.

Then why doſt not, thou ill advized man,
Make means to win thy liberty forlorn,
And try if thou by fair entreaty can
Move *Radigund?* who though ſhe ſtill have worn
Her days in War, yet (weet thou) was not born
Of Bears and Tigres, nor ſo ſalvage minded,
As that, albe all love of men ſhe ſcorn,
She yet forgets, that ſhe of men was kinded:
And ſooth oft ſeen, that proudeſt hearts baſe love hath (blinded.

41.

Certes *Clarinda*, not of cancred will,
Said he, nor obſtinate diſdainful mind,
I have forbore this duty to fulfill:
For, well I may this ween, by that I find,
That ſhe a Queen and come of Princely kind,
Both worthy is for to be ſewd unto,
Chiefly by him, whoſe life her law doth bind,
And eke of powre her own doom to undo,
And als' of Princely grace to be enclin'd thereto.

42.

But want of means hath been mine only let
From ſeeking favour, where it doth abound;
Which if I might by your good office get,
I to your ſelf ſhould reſt for ever bound,
And ready to deſerve what grace I found.
She feeling him thus bite upon the bait,
Yet doubting leaſt his hold was but unſound,
And not well faſtened, would not ſtrike him ſtrait,
But drew him on with hope, fit leaſure to await.

43.

But fooliſh Maid, whiles heedleſs of the hook,
She thus oft-times was beating off and on,
Through ſlippery footing, fell into the brook,
And there was caught to her confuſion.
For, ſeeking thus to ſalve the Amazon,
She wounded was with her deceits own dart,
And gan thenceforth to caſt affection,
Conceived cloſe in her beguiled heart,
To *Arthegal*, through pity of his cauſeleſs ſmart.

Yet

44.

Yet durſt ſhe not diſcloſe her fancies wound,
Ne to himſelf, for doubt of being ſdayned,
Ne yet to any other wight on ground,
For fear her miſtriſs ſhould have knowledge gayned,
But to her ſelf it ſecretly retained,
Within the cloſet of her covert breſt:
The more thereby her tender heart was payned.
Yet to await fit time ſhe weened beſt,
And fairly did diſſemble her ſad thoughts unreſt.

45.

One day, her Lady, calling her apart,
Gan to demand of her ſome tydings good,
Touching her loves ſucceſs, her lingring ſmart.
Therewith ſhe gan at firſt to change her mood,
As one adaw'd and half confuſed ſtood;
But quickly ſhe it over-paſt, ſo ſoon
As ſhe her face had wyp't, to freſh her blood:
Tho, gan ſhe tell her all, that ſhe had don,
And all the ways ſhe ſought his love for to have won:

46.

But ſaid, that he was obſtinate and ſtern,
Scorning her offers and conditions vain;
Ne would be taught with any terms, to learn
So fond a leſſon, as to love again.
Die rather would he in penurious pain,
And his abbridged days in dolour waſte,
Then his foes love or liking entertain:
His reſolution was both firſt and laſt,
His body was her thrall, his heart was freely plac't.

47.

Which when the cruel Amazon perceiv'd,
She gan to ſtorm, and rage, and rend her gall,
For very fell deſpight, which ſhe conceiv'd,
To be ſo ſcorned of a baſe born thrall,
Whoſe life did lie in her leaſt eye-lids fall;
Of which ſhe vow'd with many a curſed threat,
That ſhe therefore would him ere long forſtal.
Nath'leſs when calmed was her furious heat,
She chang'd that threatful mood, and mildly gan entreat.

48.

What now is left *Clarinda*? what remains,
That we may compaſs this our enterprize?
Great ſhame to loſe ſo long employed pains;
And greater ſhame t'abide ſo great miſprize,
With which he dares our offers thus deſpize.
Yet that his guilt the greater may appear,
And more my gracious mercy by his wize,
I will awhile with his firſt folly bear,
Till thou have tride again, and tempted him more near.

49.

Say, and do all, that may thereto prevail;
Leave nought unpromiſt, that may him perſwade;
Life, freedom, grace, and gifts of great avail,
With which the gods themſelves are milder made:
Thereto add art, even womens witty trade,
The art of mighty words, that men can charm;
With which in caſe thou canſt him not invade,
Let him feel hardneſs of thy heavy arm: (harm.
Who will not ſtoup with good, ſhall be made ſtoup with

50.

Some of his diet do from him withdraw;
For, I him find to be too proudly fed.
Give him more labour, and with ſtreighter law,
That he with work may be forwearied.
Let him lodge hard, and lie in ſtrawen bed,
That may pull down the courage of his pride;
And lay upon him, for his greater dread,
Cold iron chains, with which let him be tide;
And let, what-ever he deſires, be him denide.

51.

When thou haſt all this done, then bring me news
Of his demean: thenceforth not like a Lover,
But like a rebell ſtout I will him uſe.
For, I reſolve this ſiege not to give over,
Till I the conqueſt of my will recover.
So ſhe departed, full of grief and ſdain,
Which inly did to great impatience move her.
But the falſe mayden ſhortly turn'd again
Unto the priſon, where her heart did thrall remain.

52.

There all her ſubtil nets ſhe did unfold,
And all the engins of her wit diſplay;
In which ſhe meant him warleſs to enfold,
And of his innocenſe to make her pray.
So cunningly ſhe wrought her crafts aſſay,
That both her Lady, and her ſelf withall,
And eke the knight attonce ſhe did betray:
But Moſt the Knight, whom ſhe with guileful call
Did caſt for to allure, into her trap to fall.

53.

As a bad Nurſe, which fauning to receive
In her own mouth the food, meant for her child,
With-holds it to her ſelf, and doth deceive
The infant, ſo for want of nour'ture ſpoyld:
Even ſo *Clarinda* her own Dame beguil'd
And turn'd the truſt, which was in her affide,
To feeding of her private fire, which boyld
Her inward breaſt, and in her entrails fride
The more that ſhe it ſought to cover and to hide.

54.

For, coming to this knight, ſhe purpoſe fained,
How earneſt ſuit ſhe earſt for him had made
Unto her Queen, his freedom to have gained;
But by no means could her thereto perſwade:
But that in ſtead thereof, ſhe ſternly bade
His miſery to be augmented more,
And many iron bands on him to lade.
All which nath'leſs ſhe for his love forbore:
So praying him t'accept her ſervice evermore.

55.

And more then that, ſhe promiſt that ſhe would,
In caſe ſhe might find favour in his eye,
Devize how to enlarge him out of hold.
The Fairy glad to gain his liberty,
Can yield great thanks for ſuch her curteſie;
And with fair words (fit for the time and place)
To feed the humour of her malady,
Promiſt, if ſhe would free him from that caſe,
He wold by all good means he might, deſerve ſuch grace.

56.

So daily he fair ſemblant did her ſhew,
Yet never meant he in his noble mind,
To his own abſent Love to be untrew:
Ne ever did deceitful *Clarind'* find
In her falſe heart, his bondage to unbind;
But rather how ſhe mote him faſter tye.
Therefore unto her miſtreſs moſt unkind
She daily told, her love he did defie;
And him ſhe told, her Dame his freedom did deny.

57.

Yet thus much friendſhip ſhe to him did ſhow,
That his ſcarce diet ſomewhat was amended,
And his work leſſened, that his love mote grow:
Yet to her Dame him ſtill ſhe diſcommended,
That ſhe with him mote be the more offended.
Thus he long while in thraldom there remained,
Of both beloved well, but little friended;
Until his own true Love his freedom gained.
Which in another Canto will be beſt contained.

CANTO VI.

Talus *brings news to* Britomart,
Of Arthegals *miſhap:*
She goes to ſeek him, Dolon *meets,*
Who ſeeks her to entrap.

1.

SOme men, I wote, will deem in *Arthegall*
Great weakneſs, and report of him much ill,
For yielding ſo himſelf a wretched thrall,
To th'inſolent command of womens will;
That all his former praiſe doth fowly ſpill.
But he the man, that ſay or do ſo dare,
Be well adviz'd, that he ſtand ſtedfaſt ſtill:
For, never yet was wight ſo well aware,
But he at firſt or laſt was trapt in womens ſnare.

2.

Yet in the ſtreightneſs of that captive ſtate,
This gentle knight himſelf ſo well behaved,
That notwithſtanding all the ſubtill bait,
With which thoſe Amazons his love ſtill craved,
To his own Love his loyalty he ſaved:
Whoſe character in th' Adamantine mould
Of his true heart ſo firmly was engraved,
That no new loves impreſſion ever could
Bereave it thence: ſuch blot his honour blemiſh ſhould.

3.

Yet his own Love, the noble *Britomart*,
Scarce ſo conceived in her jealous thought,
What time ſad tydings of his baleful ſmart
In womans bondage, *Talus* to her brought;
Brought in untimely hour, ere it was ſought.
For, after that the utmoſt date, aſſynd
For his return, ſhe waited had for nought,
She gan to caſt in her miſdoubtfull mind
A thouſand fears, that love-ſick fancies fain to find.

4.

Sometimes ſhe feared, leſt ſome hard miſhap
Had him miſfaln in his adventrous queſt;
Sometime leaſt his falſe foe did him entrap
In traytrous trayn, or had unwares oppreſt:
But moſt ſhe did her troubled mind moleſt,
And ſecretly afflict with jealous fear,
Leaſt ſome new love had him for her poſſeſt;
Yet loth ſhe was, ſince ſhe no ill did hear,
To think of him ſo ill: yet could ſhe not forbear.

5.

One while ſhe blam'd herſelf; another while
She him condemn'd, as truſtleſs and untrew:
And then, her grief with errour to beguile,
She fain'd to count the time again anew,
As if before ſhe had not counted trew.
For hours, but days; for weeks that paſſed were,
She told but moneths, to make them ſeem more few:
Yet when ſhe reckned them, ſtill drawing near,
Each hour did ſeem a moneth, and every moneth a year.

6.

But when as yet ſhe ſaw him not return,
She thought to ſend ſome one to ſeek him out;
But none ſhe found ſo fit to ſerve the turn
As her own ſelf, to eaſe her ſelf of doubt.
Now ſhe deviz'd amongſt the warlike rout
Of errant Knights, to ſeek her errant knight;
And then again reſolv'd to hunt him out
Amongſt looſe Ladies, lapped in delight:
And then both Knights envide, and Ladies eke did ſpight.

7.

One day, when as ſhe long had ſought for eaſe
In every place, and every place thought beſt,
Yet found no place, that could her liking pleaſe,
She to a window came, that opened Weſt.
Towards which coaſt her Love his way addreſt.
There looking forth, ſhe in her heart did find
Many vain fancies, working her unreſt;
And ſent her winged thoughts, more ſwift than wind,
To bear unto Love the meſſage of her mind.

8.

There as ſhe looked long, at laſt ſhe ſpide
One coming towards her with haſty ſpeed:
Well weend ſhe then, ere him ſhe plain deſcride,
That it was one ſent from her Love indeed.
Who when he nigh approacht, ſhe mote ared
That it was *Talus*, *Arthegal* his groom;
Whereat her heart was fild with hope and dred;
Ne would ſhe ſtay, till he in place could come,
But ran to meet him forth, to know his tydings ſome.

9.

Even in the door him meeting, ſhe begun;
And where is he thy Lord, and how far hence?
Declare attonce; and hath he loſt or wun?
The yron man, albe he wanted ſence
And ſorrows feeling, yet with conſcience
Of his ill news, did inly chill and quake,
And ſtood ſtill mute, as one in great ſuſpence,
As if that by his ſilence he would make
Her rather read his meaning, than himſelf it ſpake.

Till

10.

Till ſhe again thus ſaid; *Talus* be bold,
And tell what-ever it be good or bad,
That from thy tongue thy hearts intent doth hold.
To whom he thus at length, The tydings ſad,
That I would hide, will needs, I ſee be rad.
My Lord (your Love) by hard miſhap doth lie
In wretched bondage, wofully beſtad.
Ay me, quoth ſhe, what wicked deſtiny?
And is he vanquiſht by his tyrant enemy?

11.

Not by that Tyrant, his intended foe;
But by a Tyranneſs, he then replide,
That him captived hath in hapleſs woe.
Ceaſe thou bad news-man: badly doſt thou hide
Thy Maſters ſhame, in harlots bondage tide.
The reſt my ſelf too readily can ſpell.
With that, in rage ſhe turn'd from him aſide
(Forcing in vain the reſt to her to tell)
And to her chamber went like ſolitary Cell.

12.

There ſhe began to make her monefull plaint
Againſt her Knight, for being ſo untrew;
And him to touch with falſhoods fowl attaint,
That all his other honour overthrew.
Oft did ſhe blame her ſelf, and often rew,
For yeelding to a ſtrangers love ſo light,
Whoſe life and manners ſtrange ſhe never knew;
And evermore ſhe did him ſharply twight
For breach of faith to her, which he did firmly plight.

13.

And then ſhe in her wrathfull will did caſt,
How to revenge that blot of honour blent;
To fight with him, and goodly die her laſt:
And then again ſhe did her ſelf torment,
Inflicting on her ſelf his puniſhment.
A while ſhe walkt, and chauft; a while ſhe threw
Her ſelf upon her bed, and did lament:
Yet did ſhe not lament with loud alew,
As women wont, but with deep ſighs, and ſingults few.

14.

Like as a wayward child, whoſe ſounder ſleep
Is broken with ſome fearfull dreams affright,
With froward will doth ſet himſelf to weep;
Ne can be ſtild for all his nurſes might,
But kicks, and ſquals, and ſhrieks for fell deſpight:
Now ſcratching her, and her looſe locks miſuſing;
Now ſeeking darkneſs, and now ſeeking light;
Then craving ſuck, and then the ſuck refuſing:
Such was this Ladies fit, in her Loves fond accuſing.

15.

But when ſhe had with ſuch unquiet fits
Her ſelf there cloſe afflicted long in vain,
Yet found no eaſement in her troubled wits,
She unto *Talus* forth return'd again,
By change of place ſeeking to eaſe her pain;
And gan enquire of him, with milder mood,
The certain cauſe of *Artbegals* detain:
And what he did, and in what ſtate he ſtood,
And whether he did woo, or whether he were woo'd.

16.

Ah weal-away! ſaid then the iron man,
That he is not the while in ſtate to woo;
But lies in wretched thraldom, weak and wan;
Not by ſtrong hand compelled thereunto,
But his own doom, that none can now undo.
Sayd I not then, quoth ſhe, ere-while aright,
That this is things compact betwixt you two,
Me to deceive of faith unto me plight,
Since that he was not forc't, nor overcome in fight?

17.

With that, he gan at large to her dilate
The whole diſcourſe of his captivance ſad,
In ſort as ye have heard the ſame of late.
All which, when ſhe with hard endurance had
Heard to the end, ſhe was right ſore beſtad,
With ſodain ſtounds of wrath and grief attone:
Ne would abide, till ſhe had anſwer made;
But ſtreight her ſelf did dight, and armor don;
And mounting to her ſteed, bad *Talus* guide her on.

18.

So forth ſhe rode upon her ready way,
To ſeek her Knight, as *Talus* her did guide:
Sadly ſhe rode, and never word did ſay,
Nor good nor bad, ne ever lookt aſide,
But ſtill right down, and in her thought did hide
The felneſs of her heart, right fully bent
To fierce avengement of that womans pride,
Which had her Lord in her baſe priſon pent;
And ſo great honour with ſo fowl reproach had blent.

19.

So as ſhe thus melancholick did ride,
Chawing the cud of grief and inward pain,
She chanc't to meet, toward the even-tide
A Knight, that ſoftly paſſed on the Plain,
As if him ſelf to ſolace he were fain.
Well ſhot in years he ſeem'd, and rather bent
To peace, than needleſs trouble to conſtrain,
As well by view of that his veſtiment,
As by his modeſt ſemblant, that no evil ment.

20.

He, coming neer, gan gently her ſalute
With curteous words, in the moſt comely wize;
Who though deſirous rather to reſt mute,
Than tearms to entertain of common guize,
Yet rather than ſhe kindneſs would deſpize,
She would her ſelf diſpleaſe, ſo him requite.
Then gan the other further to devize
Of things abroad, as next to hand did light,
And many things demand, to which ſhe anſwerd light.

21.

For, little luſt had ſhe to talk of ought,
Or ought to hear, that mote delightful bee;
Her mind was whole poſſeſſed of one thought,
That gave none other place. Which when as hee
By outward ſigns (as well he might) did ſee,
He liſt no longer to uſe loathful ſpeach,
But her beſought to take it well in gree,
Sith ſhady damp had dimd the heavens reach,
To lodge with him that night, unleſs good cauſe impeach.

22.

The Championeſs, now ſeeing night at dore,
Was glad to yield unto his good requeſt:
And with him went without gain-ſaying more.
Not farr away, but little wide by Weſt,
His dwelling was, to which he him addreſt;
Where ſoon arriving they received were
In ſeemly wiſe, as them beſeemed beſt:
For, he their Hoſt them goodly well did chear,
And talkt of pleaſant things, the night away to wear.

23.

Thus paſſing th'evening well, till time of reſt,
Then *Britomart* unto a bowre was brought;
Where grooms awaited her to have undreſt.
But ſhe ne would undreſſed be for ought,
Ne doff her arms, though he her much beſought.
For ſhe had vow'd, ſhe ſaid, not to forgo
Thoſe warlike weeds, till ſhe revenge had wrought
Of a late wrong upon a mortal fo;
Which ſhe would ſure perform, betide her weal or wo.

24.

Which when her Hoſt perceiv'd, right diſcontent
In mind he grew, for fear leſt by that art
He ſhould his purpoſe miſs, which cloſe he ment:
Yet taking leave of her, he did depart.
There all that night remained *Britomart*.
Reſtleſs, recomfortleſs, with heart deep griev'd,
Not ſuffring the leaſt twinkling ſleep to ſtart
Into her eye, which th'hart mote have reliev'd;
But if the leaſt appear'd, her eyes ſhe ſtreight reprieved.

25.

Ye guilty eyes, ſaid ſhe, the which with guile
My heart at firſt betrayd, will ye betray
My life now to, for which a little while
Ye will not watch? falſe watches, weal-away,
I wote when ye did watch both night and day
Unto your loſs: and now needs will ye ſleep?
Now ye have made my heart to wake alway,
Now will ye ſleep? ah! wake, and rather weep,
To think of your nights want, that ſhold ye waking keep.

26.

Thus did ſhe watch, and wear the weary night
In wayltull plaints, that none was to appeaſe;
Now walking ſoft, now ſitting ſtill upright,
As ſundry change her ſeemed beſt to eaſe.
Ne leſs did *Talus* ſuffer ſleep to ſeaze
His eye-lids ſad, but watch continually,
Lying without her dore in great diſeaſe;
Like to a Spaniel wayting carefully
Leaſt any ſhould betray his Lady treacherouſly.

27.

What time the native Bel-man of the night,
The bird that warned *Peter* of his fall,
Firſt rings his ſilver bell t'each ſleepy wight,
That ſhould their minds up to devotion call,
She heard a wondrous noiſe below the hall.
All ſodainly the bed, where ſhe ſhould lie,
By a falſe trap was let adown to fall
Into a lower room, and by and by
The loft was raiſd again, that no man could it ſpie.

28.

With ſight whereof ſhe was diſmaid right ſore,
Perceiving well the treaſon, which was ment:
Yet ſtirred not at all for doubt of more,
But kept her place with courage confident,
Wayting what would enſue of that evehtt.
It was not long, before ſhe heard the ſound
Of armed men, coming with cloſe intent
Towards her chamber; at which dreadful ſtound
She quickly caught her ſword, and ſhield about her bound.

29.

With that, there came unto her chamber dore
Two Knights, all armed ready for to fight;
And after them full many other more,
A raſcal rout, with weapons redely dight.
Whom ſoon as *Talus* ſpide by glimpſe of night,
He ſtarted up, there where on ground he lay,
And in his hand his threſher ready keight.
They, ſeeing that, let drive at him ſtreight way,
And round about him preace in riotous array.

30.

But ſoon as he began to lay about
With his rude iron flail, they gan to flie;
Both armed Knights and eke unarmed rout:
Yet *Talus* after them apace did plie,
Where-ever in the dark he could them ſpy;
That here and there like ſcattered ſheep they lay.
Then back returning, where his Dame did lie,
He to her told the ſtory of that fray,
And all that treaſon there intended did bewray.

31.

Wherewith though wondrous wroth, and inly burning
To be avenged for ſo fowl a deed,
Yet being forc't t'abide the days returning,
She there remain'd, but with right wary heed,
Leaſt any more ſuch practice ſhould proceed.
Now mote ye know (that which to *Britomart*
Unknowen was) whence all this did proceed:
And for what cauſe ſo great miſchievous ſmart
Was meant to her, that never evil meant in heart.

32.

The goodman of this houſe was *Dolon* hight,
A man of ſubtil wit and wicked mind,
That whilom in his youth had been a Knight,
And arms had born, but little good could find,
And much leſs honour by that warlike kind
Of life: for, he was nothing valorous,
But with ſlie ſhifts and wiles did undermind
All noble Knights, which were adventurous,
And many brought to ſhame by treaſon treacherous.

33.

He had three ſons, all three like fathers ſons,
Like treacherous, like full of fraud and guile,
Of all that on this earthly compaſs wons:
The eldeſt of the which was ſlain erewhile
By *Arthegal*, through his one guilty wile;
His name was *Guizor*: whoſe untimely fate
For to revenge, full many treaſons vile
His father *Dolon* had deviz'd of late
With theſe his wicked ſons, and ſhewd his cancred hate.

For

34.

For ſure he weend, that this his preſent gueſt
Was *Arthegal*, by many tokens plain;
But chiefly by that yron page he gheſt,
Which ſtill was wont with *Arthegal* remain;
And therefore meant him ſurely to have ſlain.
But by gods grace, and her good heedineſs,
She was preſerved from that traytrous train.
Thus ſhe all night wore out in watchfulneſs,
Ne ſuffred ſlothfull ſleep her eye-lids to oppreſs.

35.

The morrow next, ſo ſoon as dawning hour
Diſcovered had the light to living eye,
She forth iſſew'd out of her loathed bowr,
With full intent t'avenge that villany,
On that vile man, and all his family.
And coming down to ſeek them, where they wond,
Nor ſire, nor ſons, nor any could ſhe ſpie:
Each rowm ſhe ſought, but them all empty fond:
They all were fled for fear; but whether, neither kond.

36.

She ſaw it vain to make there longer ſtay,
But took her ſteed; and thereon mounting light,
Gan her addreſs unto her former way.
She had not rid the mountenance of a flight,
But that ſhe ſaw, there preſent in her ſight,
Thoſe two falſe brethren, on that perillous Bridge,
On which *Pollente* with *Arthegal* did fight.
Streight was the paſſage like a ploughedridge,
That if two met, the one mote needs fall over the lidge.

37.

There they did think themſelves on her to wreak:
Who as ſhe nigh unto them drew, the one
Theſe vile reproches gan unto her ſpeak;
Thou recreant falſe traytour, that with lone
Of arms haſt knighthood ſtoln, yet Knight art none,
No more ſhall now the darkneſs of the night
Defend thee from the vengeance of thy fone;
But with thy bloud thou ſhalt appeaſe the ſpright
Of *Guizor*, by thee ſlain, and murdred by thy flight.

38.

Strange were the words in *Britomartis* ear;
Yet ſtaid ſhe not for them, but forward far'd,
Till to the perillous bridge ſhe came: and there
Talus deſir'd, that he might have prepar'd
The way to her, and thoſe two loſels ſcar'd.
But ſhe thereat was wroth, that for deſpight
The glancing ſparkles through her bever glar'd,
And from her eyes did flaſh out fiery light,
Like coals, that through a ſilver Cenſer ſparkle bright.

39.

She ſtayd not to advize which way to take;
But putting ſpurs unto her fiery beaſt,
Thorough the midſt of them ſhe way did make.
The one of them, which moſt her wrath increaſt,
Upon her ſpear ſhe bore before her breaſt,
Till to the Bridges further end ſhe paſt;
Where falling down, his challenge he releaſt:
The other over ſide the Bridge ſhe caſt
Into the River, where he drunk his deadly laſt.

40.

As when the flaſhing Levin haps to light
Upon two ſtubborn oaks, which ſtand ſo near,
That way betwixt them none appears in ſight;
The Engin, fiercely flying forth, doth tear
Th'one from the earth, and through the air doth bear;
The other it with force doth overthrow,
Upon one ſide, and from the rots doth rear:
So did the Championeſs thoſe two there ſtrow,
And to their ſire their carcaſſes left to beſtow.

CANTO VII.

Britomart *comes to* Iſis *Church, where ſhe ſtrange viſions ſees: She fights with* Radigund, *her ſlays and* Arthegal *thence frees.*

1.

NOught is on earth more ſacred or divine,
That gods and men do equally adore,
Than this ſame vertue, that doth right define:
For th'heavens themſelves, whence mortal men implore
Right in their wrongs, are rul'd by righteous lore
Of higheſt *Jove*, who doth true juſtice deal
To his inferior gods, and evermore
Therewith contains his heavenly Common-weal:
The skill whereof to Princes hearts he doth reveal.

2.

Well therefore did the antique world invent,
That Juſtice was a god of ſoveraign grace,
And altars unto him, and temples lent,
And heavenly honors in the higheſt place;
Calling him great *Oſyris*, of the race
Of th' old Ægyptian Kings that whilom were;
With fained colours ſhading a true caſe:
For, that *Oſyris*, whilſt he lived here,
The juſteſt man alive, and trueſt did appear.

3.

His wife was *Iſis*, whom they likewiſe made
A goddeſs of great power and ſoverainty,
And in her perſon cunningly did ſhade
That part of Juſtice, which is Equity,
Whereof I have to treat here preſently.
Unto whoſe temple when as *Britomart*
Arrived, ſhe with great humility
Did enter in, ne would that night depart;
But *Talus* mote not be admitted to her part.

4.

There ſhe received was in goodly wize
Of many Prieſts, which duely did attend
Upon the rites and daily ſacrifice,
All clad in linen robes with ſilver hemd;
And on their heads with long locks comely kemd,
They wore rich Mitres ſhaped like the Moon,
To ſhew that *Iſis* doth the Moon portend;
Like as *Oſyris* ſignifies the Sun,
For that they both like race in equal juſtice run.

The

5.

The Championeſs, them greetnig, as ſhe could,
Was thence by them into the temple led;
Whoſe goodly building when ſhe did behold,
Born upon ſtately Pillors, all diſſpred
With ſhining gold, and arched over-head,
She wondred at the workmans paſſing skil,
Whoſe like before ſhe never ſaw nor red;
And thereupon long while ſtood gazing ſtill,
But thought that ſhe thereon could never gaze her fill.

6.

Thence, forth unto the idol they her brought,
The which was framed all of ſilver fine,
So well as could with cunning hand be wrought,
And clothed all in garments made of line,
Hemd all about with fringe of ſilver twine.
Upon her head ſhe wore a crown of gold,
To ſhow that ſhe had power in things divine;
And at her feet a Crocodile was rold,
That with her wreathed tail her middle did enfold.

7.

One foot was ſet upon the Crocodile,
And on the ground the other faſt did ſtand,
So meaning to ſuppreſs both forged guile,
And open force: and in her other hand
She ſtretched forth a long white ſlender wand.
Such was the goddeſs; whom when *Britomart*
Had long beheld, her ſelf upon the land
She did proſtrate, and with right humble heart
Unto her ſelf her ſilent prayers did impart.

8.

To which, the Idol as it were inclining,
Her wand did move, with amiable look,
By outward ſhew her inward ſenſe defining.
Who, well perceiving, how her wand ſhe ſhook,
It as a token of good fortune took.
By this, the day with damp was over-caſt,
And joyous light the houſe of *Jove* forſook:
Which when ſhe ſaw, her helmet ſhe unlac't,
And by the Altars ſide her ſelf to ſlumber plac't.

9.

For, other beds the Prieſts there uſed none,
But on their mother Earths dear lap did lie,
And bake their ſides upon the cold hard ſtone,
T'enure themſelves to ſufferance thereby;
And proud rebellious fleſh to mortifie.
For, by the vow of their Religion,
They tied were to ſtedfaſt chaſtitie,
And continence of life; that all forgon,
They mote the better tend to their devotion.

10.

Therefore they mote not taſte of fleſhly food,
Ne feed on ought the which doth bloud contain,
Ne drink of wine: for wine they ſay is blood;
Even the bloud of Giants, which were ſlain
By thundring *Jove* in the Phlegrean plain.
For which the earth (as they the ſtory tell)
Wroth with the Gods, which to perpetual pain
Had damn'd her ſons, which gainſt them did rebell,
With inward grief and malice did againſt them ſwell.

11.

And of their vital bloud, the which was ſhed
Into her pregnant boſom, forth ſhe brought
The fruitfull Vine; whoſe liquor bloudy red,
Having the minds of men with fury fraught,
Mote in them ſtir up old rebellious thought,
To make new war againſt the Gods again:
Such is the powre of that ſame fruit, that nought
The fell contagion may thereof reſtrain;
Ne, within reaſons rule, her madding mood contain.

12.

There, did the war-like Maid her ſelf repoſe,
Under the wings of *Iſis* all that night;
And with ſweet reſt her heavy eyes did cloſe,
After that long days toyl and weary plight.
Where, whilſt her earthly parts with ſoft delight
Of ſenſely ſleep did deeply drowned lie,
There did appear unto her heavenly ſpright
A wondrous viſion, which did cloſe imply
The courſe of all her fortune and poſterity.

13.

Her ſeem'd, as ſhe was doing ſacrifize
To *Iſis*, deckt with Mitre on her head,
And linen ſtole, after thoſe Prieſtes guize,
All ſuddainly ſhe ſaw transfigured
Her linen ſtole to be of Scarlet red,
And Moon-like Mitre to a Crown of gold;
That even ſhe her ſelf much wondered
At ſuch a change, and joyed to behold
Her ſelf, adorn'd with gems and jewels manifold.

14.

And in the midſt of her felicity,
An hideous tempeſt ſeemed from below,
To riſe through all the Temple ſuddainly,
That from the Altar all about did blow
The holy fire, and all the embers ſtrow
Upon the ground: which kindled privily,
Into outrageous flames unwares did grow,
That all the Temple put in jeopardy
Of flaming, and her ſelf in great perplexity.

15.

With that, the Crocodile, which ſleeping lay
Under the Idols feet in fearleſs bowre,
Seem'd to awake in horrible diſmay,
As being troubled with that ſtormy ſtowre;
And gaping greedy wide, did ſtraight devour
Both flames and tempeſt: with which growen great,
And ſwoln with pride of his own peerleſs powr,
He gan to threaten her likewiſe to eat;
But that the goddeſs with her rod him back did beat.

16.

Tho, turning all his pride to humbleſs meek,
Himſef before her feet he lowly threw,
And gan for grace and love of her to ſeek:
Which ſhe accepting, he ſo neer her drew,
That of his game ſhe ſoon emwombed grew,
And forth did bring a Lion of great might,
That ſhortly did all other beaſts ſubdew.
With that, ſhe waked, full of fearful fright,
And doubtfully diſmaid through that ſo uncouth ſight.

So,

17.

So, there-upon long while ſhe muſing lay,
With thouſand thoughts feeding her fantaſie,
Untill ſhe ſpide the lamp of lightſom day,
Up-lifted in the porch of heaven hie.
Then up ſhe roſe fraught with melancholy,
And forth into the lower parts did paſs;
Where-as the Prieſts ſhe found full buſily
About their holy things for morrow Maſs:
Whom ſhe ſaluting fair, fair reſaluten was.

18.

But by the change of her uncheerfull look,
They might perceive ſhe was not well in plight;
Or that ſome penſiveneſs to heart ſhe took.
Therefore thus one of them (who ſeem'd in ſight
To be the greateſt, and the graveſt wight)
To her beſpake; Sir Knight, it ſeems to me,
That thorough evil reſt of this laſt night,
Or ill apaid, or much diſmaid ye be,
That by your change of chear is eaſie for to ſee.

19.

Certes, ſaid ſhe, ſith ye ſo well have ſpide
The troublous paſſion of my penſive mind,
I will not ſeek the ſame from you to hide,
But will my cares unfold, in hope to find
Your aid, to guide me out of errour blind.
Say on, quoth he, the ſecret of your hart:
For, by the holy vow which me doth bind,
I am adjur'd, beſt counſel to impart
To all, that ſhall require my comfort in their ſmart.

20.

Then gan ſhe to declare the whole diſcourſe
Of all that viſion which to her appear'd,
As well as to her mind it had recourſe.
All which when he unto the end had heard,
Like to a weak faint-hearted man he far'd,
Through great aſtoniſhment of that ſtrange ſight;
And with long locks up-ſtanding, ſtifly ſtar'd,
Like one adawed with ſome dreadfull ſpright:
So, fild with heavenly fury, thus he her behight.

21.

Magnifick Virgin, that in queint diſguiſe
Of Britiſh arms dooſt mask thy royal blood,
So to purſue a perillous emprize,
How could'ſt thou ween, through that diſguiſed hood,
To hide thy ſtate from being underſtood?
Can from th' immortal Gods ought hidden bee?
They do thy linage, and thy Lordly brood;
They do thy Sire, lamenting ſore for thee;
They do thy Love, forlorn in womens thraldom ſee.

22.

The end whereof, and all the long event,
They do to thee in this ſame dream diſcover.
For, that ſame Crocodile doth repreſent
The righteous Knight, that is thy faithfull Lover,
Like to *Oſyris* in all juſt endever.
For, that ſame Crocodile *Oſyris* is,
That under *Iſis* feet doth ſleep for ever:
To ſhew that clemence oft, in things amiſs,
Reſtrains thoſe ſtern beheſts, and cruel dooms of his.

23.

That Knight ſhall all the troublous ſtorms aſſwage,
And raging flames, that many foes ſhall rear,
To hinder thee from the juſt heritage
Of thy Sires Crown, and from thy Country dear.
Then ſhalt thou take him to thy loved fear,
And joyn in equal portion of thy Realm:
And afterwards, a ſon to him ſhalt bear,
That Lion-like ſhall ſhew his power extream.
So bleſs thee God, and give thee joyance of thy dream.

24.

All which when ſhe unto the end had heard,
She much was eaſed in her troublous thought,
And on thoſe Prieſts beſtowed rich reward:
And royal gifts of gold and ſilver wrought,
She for a preſent to their goddeſs brought.
Then taking leave of them, ſhe forward went,
To ſeek her Love, where he was to be ſought;
Ne reſted till ſhe came without relent
Unto the land of Amazons, as ſhe was bent.

25.

Whereof when news to *Radigund* was brought,
Not with amaze, as women wonted bee,
She was confuſed in her troublous thought,
But fild with courage and with joyous glee,
As glad to hear of arms, the which now ſhe
Had long ſurceaſt, ſhe bade to open bold,
That ſhe the face of her new foe might ſee.
But when they of that iron man had told,
Which late her folk had ſlain, ſhe bad them forth to hold.

26.

So, there without the gate (as ſeemed beſt)
She cauſed her Pavilion be pight;
In which, ſtout *Britomart* her ſelf did reſt,
Whiles *Talus* watched at the door all night.
All night likewiſe, they of the town in fright,
Upon their wall good watch and ward did keep.
The morrow next, ſo ſoon as dawning light
Bad do away the damp of drouzie ſleep,
The warlike Amazon out of her bowre did peep;

27.

And cauſed ſtraight a Trumpet loud to ſhrill,
To warn her foe to battell ſoon be preſt:
Who, long before awoke (for ſhe full ill
Could ſleep all night, that in unquiet breſt
Did cloſely harbour ſuch a jealous gueſt)
Was to the battel whylom ready dight.
Eftſoons that warrioureſs with haughty creſt
Did forth iſſue, all ready for the fight:
On th' other ſide her foe appeared ſoon in ſight.

28.

But ere they reared hand, the Amazon
Began the ſtraight conditions to propound,
With which ſhe uſed ſtill to tye her tone;
To ſerve her ſo, as ſhe the reſt had bound.
Which when the other heard, ſhe ſternly frowned
For high diſdain of ſuch indignity,
And would no longer treat, but bade them ſound.
For, her no other tearms ſhould ever tie
Than what preſcribed were by laws of Chevalrie.

The

29.

The Trumpets ſound, and they together run
With greedy rage, and with the faulchins ſmote;
Ne eyther ſought the other ſtrokes to ſhun,
But through great fury both their skill forgot,
And practick uſe in arms; ne ſpared not
Their dainty parts, which Nature had created
So fair and tender, without ſtain or ſpot,
For other uſes than they them tranſlated;
Which they now backt and hew'd, as if ſuch uſe they hated.

30.

As when a Tigre and a Lioneſs
Are met at ſpoyling of ſome hungry pray,
Both chalenge it with equal greedineſs:
But firſt the Tigre claws thereon did lay;
And therefore loth to looſe her right away,
Doth in defence thereof full ſtoutly ſtond:
To which the Lion ſtrongly doth gain-ſay,
That ſhe to hunt the beaſt firſt took in hond;
And therefore ought it have, where ever ſhe it fond.

31.

Full fiercely laid the Amazon about,
And dealt her blows unmercifully ſore:
Which *Britomart* withſtood with courage ſtout,
And them repaid again with double more.
So long they fought, that all the graſſie flore
Was fild with bloud, which from their ſides did flow,
And guſhed through their arms, that all in gore
They trode, and on the ground their lives did ſtrow,
Like fruitleſs ſeed, of which untimely death ſhould grow.

32.

At laſt, proud *Radigund* with fell deſpight,
Having by chance eſpyde advantage near,
Let drive at her withall her dreadfull might,
And thus upbrayding, ſaid; This token bear
Unto the man whom thou doeſt love ſo dear;
And tell him for his ſake thy life thou gaveſt.
Which ſpightful words, ſhe ſore engriev'd to hear.
Thus anſwer'd; Lewdly thou my Love depraveſt,
Who ſhortly muſt repent that now ſo vainly braveſt.

33.

Nath'leſs, that ſtroke ſo cruel paſſage found,
That glancing on her ſhoulder plate, it bit
Unto the bone, and made a grieſly wound,
That ſhe her ſhield through raging ſmart of it
Could ſcarce uphold; yet ſoon ſhe it requit.
For, having force increaſt through furious pain,
She her ſo rudely on the helmet ſmit,
That it empierced to the very brain,
And her proud perſon low proſtrated on the Plain.

34.

Where being laid, the wrathfull Britonneſs
Stayd not till ſhe came to her ſelf again,
But in revenge both of her Loves diſtreſs,
And her late vile reproch, through vaunted vain,
And alſo of her wound, which ſore did pain,
She with one ſtroke both head and helmet cleft.
Which dreadful ſight, when all her war-like train
There preſent ſaw, each one (for ſenſe bereft)
Fled faſt into the town, and her ſoul Victor left.

35.

But yet, ſo faſt they could not home retreat,
But that ſwift *Talus* did the formuſt win;
And preſſing through the preace unto the gate,
Pelmel with them attonce did enter in.
There then a pittious ſlaughter did begin:
For, all that ever came within his reach,
He with his iron flail did threſh ſo thin,
That he no work at all left for the Leach:
Like to an hideous ſtorm, which nothing may empeach.

36.

And now by this, the noble Conquereſs
Her ſelf came in, her glory to partake;
Where though revengeful vow ſhe did profeſs,
Yet when ſhe ſaw the heaps which he did make
Of ſlaughtred carcaſſes, her heart did quake
For very ruth, which did it almoſt rive,
That ſhe his fury willed him to ſlake:
For, elſe he ſure had left not one alive,
But all in his revenge of ſpirit would deprive.

37.

Tho, when ſhe had his execution ſtayd,
She for that iron priſon did enquire,
In which her wretched Love was captive layd:
Which breaking open with indignant ire,
She entred in to all the parts entire.
Where when ſhe ſaw that lothly uncouth ſight,
Of men diſguiz'd in womaniſh attire,
Her hart gan grudge, for very deep deſpight
Of ſo unmanly mask, in miſery miſdight.

38.

At laſt, when-as to her own Love ſhe came,
Whom like diſguize no leſs deformed had,
At ſight thereof abaſht with ſecret ſhame,
She turnd her head aſide, as nothing glad,
To have beheld a ſpectacle ſo ſad:
And then too well believ'd, that which to-fore
Jealous ſuſpect as true untruly drad.
Which vain conceit now flowriſhing no more,
She ſought with ruth to ſelve his ſad misfortunes ſore.

39.

Not ſo great wonder and aſtoniſhment,
Did the moſt chaſte *Penelope* poſſeſs,
To ſee her Lord, that was reported drent,
And dead long ſince in dolorous diſtreſs,
Come home to her in pitious wretchedneſs,
After long travell of full twenty years,
That ſhe knew not his favours likelineſs,
For many ſcars, and many hoary hairs:
But ſtood long ſtaring on him, mongſt uncertain fears.

40.

Ah! my dear Lord, what ſight is this, quoth ſhe,
What May-game hath misfortune made of you?
Where is that dreadful manly look? where be
Thoſe mighty palms, the which ye wont t'embrew
In bloud of Kings, and great hoaſts to ſubdew?
Could ought on earth ſo wondrous change have wrought,
As to have robd you of that manly hew?
Could ſo great courage ſtooped have to ought?
Then farwell fleſhly force; I ſee thy pride is nought.

Thence,

41.

Thence, forth ſhe ſtraight into a bowre him brought,
And caus'd him thoſe uncomely weeds undight;
And in their ſteed for other rayment ſought,
Whereof there was great ſtore, and armours bright,
Which had been reft from many a noble Knight;
Whom that proud Amazon ſubdewed had,
Whil'ſt Fortune favour'd her ſucceſs in fight:
In which when-as ſhe him anew had clad,
She was reviv'd, and joy'd much in his ſemblance glad.

42.

So, there awhile they afterwards remain'd,
Him to refreſh, and her late wounds to heal:
During which ſpace ſhe there as Princeſs raign'd,
And changing all that form of common weal,
The liberty of Women did repeal,
Which they had long uſurpt; and them reſtoring
To mens ſubjection, did true Juſtice deal:
That all they, as a goddeſs her adoring,
Her wiſdom did admire, and harkned to her loring.

43.

For, all thoſe Knights, which long in captive ſhade
Had ſhrowded been, ſhe did from thraldom free;
And Magiſtrates of all that City made,
And gave to them great living and large fee:
And that they ſhould for ever faithful be,
Made them ſwear fealty to *Arthegal*.
Who when himſelf now well recur'd did ſee,
He purpos'd to proceed, what-ſo befall,
Upon his firſt adventure, which him forth did call.

44.

Full ſad and ſorrowful was *Britomart*
For his departure, her new cauſe of grief;
Yet wiſely moderated her own ſmart,
Seeing his honour, which ſhe rendred chief,
Conſiſted much in that adventures prief.
The care whereof, and hope of his ſucceſs
Gave unto her great comfort and relief,
That Womaniſh complaints ſhe did repreſs,
And tempered for the time her preſent heavineſs.

45.

There ſhe continu'd for a certain ſpace,
Till through his want her woe did more increaſe:
Then hoping that the change of air and place
Would change her pain, and ſorrow ſome-what ceaſe,
She parted thence, her anguiſh to appeaſe.
Mean-while, her noble Lord Sir *Arthegall*
Went on his way, ne ever howre did ceaſe,
Till he redeemed had that Lady thrall:
That for another Canto will more fitly fall.

CANTO VIII.

Prince Arthur, *and Sir* Arthegal,
free Samient *from fear:*
They ſlay the Souldan, drive his Wife
Adicia *to deſpair.*

1.

NOught under heaven ſo ſtrongly doth allure
The ſenſe of man, and all his mind poſſeſs,
As beauties lovely bait, that doth procure
Great warriours oft their rigor to repreſs,
And mighty hands forget their manlineſs;
Drawn with the powre of an hart-robbing eye,
And wrapt in fetters of a golden treſs,
That can with melting pleaſance mollifie
Their hardned hearts, enur'd to blood and cruelty.

2.

So whylom learn'd that mighty Jewiſh ſwain,
Each of whoſe locks did match a man in might,
To lay his ſpoyls before his Lemans train:
So alſo did that great Oetean Knight
For his *Loves* ſake his Lyons skin undight:
And ſo did war-like *Antony* neglect
The worlds whole rule, for *Cleopatras* ſight.
Such wondrous powre hath Womens fair aſpect,
To captive men, and make them all the world reject.

3.

Yet could it not ſtern *Arthegal* retain,
Nor hold from ſuit of his avowed queſt,
Which he had undertane to *Gloriane*;
But left his Love (albe her ſtrong requeſt)
Fair *Britomart*, in langour and unreſt,
And rode himſelf upon his firſt intent:
Ne day nor night did ever idely reſt;
Ne wight but only *Talus* with him went,
The true guide of his way and vertuous government.

4.

So travelling, he chanc't far off to heed
A Damzel flying on a palfrey faſt
Before two Knights, that after her did ſpeed
With all their powre, and her full fiercely chac't,
In hope to have her overhent at laſt:
Yet fled ſhe faſt, and both them far out-went,
Carried with wings of fear, like fowl agaſt,
With locks all looſe, and rayment all to rent;
And ever as ſhe rode, her eye was backward bent.

5.

Soon after theſe, he ſaw another Knight,
That after thoſe two former rode apace,
With ſpear in reſt, and prickt with all his might:
So ran they all, as they had been at bace,
They being chaſed, that did others chaſe.
At length, he ſaw the hindmoſt overtake
One of thoſe two, and force him turn his face;
How ever loth he were his way to ſlake,
Yet mote he algates now abide, and anſwer make.

6.

But th'other ſtill purſew'd the fearful Maid;
Who ſtill from him as faſt away did fly,
Ne once for ought her ſpeedy paſſage ſtaid,
Till that at length ſhe did before her ſpy
Sir *Arthegal*, to whom ſhe ſtraight did hie
With gladful haſte, in hope of him to get
Succour againſt her greedy enemy:
Who, ſeeing her approch, gan forward ſet
To ſave her from her fear, and him from force to let.

7.

But he, like hound full greedy of his pray,
Being impatient of impediment,
Contin'd ſtill his courſe, and by the way
Thought with his ſpear him quite have over-went.
So, both together ylike felly bent,
Like fiercely met. But *Arthegal* was ſtronger,
And better skil'd in Tilt and Turnament,
And bore him quite out of his Saddle, longer (wronger.
Than two ſpears length; ſo miſchief over-matcht the

8.

And in his fall, misfortune him miſtook;
For, on his head unhappily he pight,
That his own weight his neck aſunder broke,
And left there dead. Mean while, the other Knight
Defeated had the other faytour quight,
And all his bowels in his body braſt:
Whom leaving there in that deſpitious plight,
He ran ſtill on, thinking to follow faſt
His other fellow Pagan, which before him paſt.

9.

In ſtead of whom, finding there ready preſt
Sir *Arthegal*, without diſcretion
He at him ran, with ready ſpear in reſt:
Who, ſeeing him come ſtill ſo fiercely on,
Againſt him made again. So both anon
Together met, and ſtrongly either ſtrook
And broke their ſpears; yet neither has forgon
His Horſes back, yet to and fro long ſhook, (quook.
And tottred like two towres, which through a tempeſt

10.

But when again they had recovered ſenſe,
They drew their ſwords, in mind to make amends
For what their ſpears had fail'd of their pretence.
Which when the Damzel, who thoſe deadly ends
Of both her foes had ſeen, and now her friends
For her beginning a more fearful fray;
She to them runs in haſte, and her hair rends,
Crying to them their cruel hands to ſtay,
Untill they both do hear, what ſhe to them will ſay.

11.

They ſtayd their hands, when ſhe thus gan to ſpeak;
Ah! gentle Knights, what mean ye thus unwiſe
Upon your ſelves anothers wrong to wreak?
I am the wrong'd, whom ye did enterpriſe
Both to redreſs, and both redreſt likewiſe:
Witneſs the Paynims both, whom ye may ſee
There dead on ground. What do ye then deviſe
Of more revenge? if more, then I am ſhe,
Which was the root of all: end your revenge on me.

12.

Whom when they heard ſo ſay, they lookt about,
To weet if it were true as ſhe had told;
Where, when they ſaw their foes dead out of doubt,
Eftſoons they gan their wrathful hands to hold,
And Ventails rear, each other to behold.
Tho, when as *Arthegal* did *Arthur* view,
So fair a creature, and ſo wondrous bold,
He much admired both his hart and hew,
And touched with intire affection, nigh him drew.

13.

Saying, Sir Knight, of pardon I you pray,
That all unweeting have you wrong'd thus ſore:
Suffring my hand againſt my hart to ſtray:
Which if ye pleaſe forgive, I will therefore
Yield for amends my ſelf yours evermore,
Or what-ſo penance ſhall by you be red.
To whom the Prince; Certes, me needeth more
To crave the ſame, whom error ſo miſled,
As that I did miſtake the living for the ded.

14.

But ſith ye pleaſe, that both our blames ſhall dye,
Amends may for the treſpaſs ſoon be made,
Sith neither is endamag'd much thereby.
So can they both themſelves full eath perſwade
To fair accordance, and both faults to ſhade,
Either embracing other lovingly,
And ſwearing faith to either on his blade,
Never thence-forth to nouriſh enmity,
But either others cauſe to maintain mutually.

15.

Then *Arthegal*, gan of the Prince enquire,
What were thoſe Knights which there on ground were laid,
And had receiv'd their follies worthy hire,
And for what cauſe they chaſed ſo that Maid.
Certes, I wote not well, the Prince then ſaid;
But by adventure found them faring ſo,
As by the way unweetingly I ſtrayd:
And lo, the Damzel ſelf, whence all did grow,
Of whom we may at will the whole occaſion know.

16.

Then they that Damzel called to them nie,
And asked her, what were thoſe two her fone,
From whom ſhe earſt ſo faſt away did fly;
And what was ſhe her ſelf ſo woe begone,
And for what cauſe purſu'd of them attone.
To whom ſhe thus; Then wote ye well, that I
Do ſerve a Queen that not far hence doth wone,
A Princeſs of great powre and Majeſty,
Famous through all the world, and honour'd far and nie.

17.

Her name *Mercilla* moſt men uſe to call;
That is a Maiden Queen of high renown,
For her great bounty knowen over all,
And ſoverain grace, with which her royal Crown
She doth ſupport, and ſtrongly beateth down
The malice of her foes which her envy,
And at her happineſs do fret and frown:
Yet ſhe her ſelf the more doth magnify,
And even to her foes her mercies multiply.

Mongſt

18.

Mongſt many which maligne her happy ſtate,
There is a mighty man, which wones hereby,
That with moſt fell deſpight and deadly hate,
Seeks to ſubvert her Crown and Dignity;
And all his powre doth there-unto apply:
And her good Knights (of which ſo brave a band
Serves her, as any Princeſs under sky)
He either ſpoyls, if they againſt him ſtand,
Or to his part allures, and bribeth under hand.

19.

Ne him ſufficeth all the wrong and ill
Which he unto her people does each day,
But that he ſeeks by traytrous trains to ſpill
Her perſon, and her ſacred ſelf to ſlay:
That O ye heavens defend, and turn away
From her, unto the miſcreant himſelf,
That neither hath religion nor fay,
But makes his God of his ungodly pelf,
And Idols ſerves; ſo let his Idols ſerve the Elf.

20.

To all which cruel tyranny, they ſay,
He is provok't, and ſtird up day and night
By his bad Wife that hight *Adicia*,
Who counſels him (through confidence of might)
To break all bonds of law, and rules of right.
For, ſhe her ſelf profeſſeth mortal foe
To Juſtice, and againſt her ſtill doth fight,
Working to all that love her, deadly woe,
And making all her Knights and people to do ſo.

21.

Which my liege Lady ſeeing, thought it beſt,
With that his Wife in friendly wiſe do deal,
For ſtint of ſtrife, and ſtabliſhment of reſt
Both to her ſelf, and to her Common-weal,
And all fore-paſt diſpleaſures to repeal.
So me in meſſage unto her ſhe ſent,
To treat with her by way of enterdeal,
Of final peace and fair attonement,
Which might concluded be by mutual conſent.

22.

All times have wont ſafe paſſage to afford
To meſſengers that come for cauſes juſt:
But this proud Dame, diſdaining all accord,
Not only into bitter tearms forth bruſt,
Reviling me, and rayling as ſhe luſt;
But laſtly, to make proof of utmoſt ſhame,
Me like a dog ſhe out of doors did thruſt,
Miſcalling me by many a bitter name,
That never did her ill, ne once deſerved blame.

23.

And laſtly, that no ſhame might wanting be,
When I was gone, ſoon after me ſhe ſent
Theſe two falſe Knights, whom there ye lying ſee,
To be by them diſhonoured and ſhent:
But thankt be God, and your good hardiment,
They have the price of their own folly paid.
So ſaid this Damzel, that hight *Samient*;
And to thoſe Knights for their ſo noble aid,
Her ſelf moſt grateful ſhew'd, and heaped thanks repaid.

24.

But they, now having throughly heard and ſeen
All thoſe great wrongs, the which that maid complain'd
To have been done againſt her Lady Queen,
By that proud Dame, which her ſo much diſdain'd,
Were moved much thereat, and twixt them fain'd,
With all their force to work avengement ſtrong
Upon the Souldan ſelf, which it maintain'd;
And on his Lady, th' author of that wrong,
And upon all thoſe Knights that did to her belong.

25.

But, thinking beſt by counterfeit diſguiſe
To their deſign to make the eaſier way,
They did this complot twixt themſelves deviſe;
Firſt, that Sir *Arthegal* ſhould him array,
Like one of thoſe two Knights which dead there lay
And then that Damzel, the ſaid *Samient*,
Should as his purchaſt prize with him convay
Unto the Souldans Court, her to preſent
Unto his ſcornful Lady, that for her had ſent.

26.

So, as they had deviz'd, Sir *Arthegal*
Him clad in th'armour of a Pagan Knight;
And taking with him, as his vanquiſht thrall,
That Damzel, led her to the Souldans right.
Where, ſoon as his proud Wife of her had ſight
(Forth of her window as ſhe looking lay)
She weened ſtraight it was her Paynim Knight;
Which brought that Damzel, as his purchaſt pray;
And ſent to him a Page, that mote direct his way.

27.

Who, bringing them to their appointed place,
Offred his ſervice to diſarm the Knight;
But he, refuſing him to let unlace,
For doubt to be diſcovered by his ſight,
Kept himſelf ſtill in his ſtrange armour dight.
Soon after whom, the Prince arrived there;
And ſending to the Souldan in deſpight
A bold defiance, did of him requere
That Damzel, whom he held as wrongful priſonere.

28.

Where-with, the Souldan all with fury fraught,
Swearing, and banning moſt blaſphemouſly,
Commanded ſtraight his armour to be brought;
And mounting ſtraight upon a Charet hie,
With Iron wheels and hooks arm'd dreadfully,
And drawn of cruel ſteeds, which he had fed
With fleſh of men, whom through fell tyranny
He ſlaughtred had, and ere they were half dead,
Their bodies to his beaſts for provender did ſpred.

29.

So, forth he came all in a coat of plate,
Burniſht with bloody ruſt; whiles on the Green
The Briton Prince him ready did await,
In gliſtering arms right goodly well beſeen,
That ſhone as bright, as doth the heaven ſheen;
And by his ſtirrup *Talus* did attend,
Playing his Pages part, as he had been
Before directed by his Lord; to th'end
He ſhould his flail to final execution bend.

30

Thus go they both together to their gear,
With like fierce minds, but meanings different:
For, the proud Souldan with presumptuous chear,
And countenance sublime and insolent,
Sought only slaughter and avengement:
But the brave Prince for honour and for right,
Gainst tortious powre and lawless regiment,
In the behalf of wronged weak did fight:
More in his causes truth he trusted than in might.

31.

Like to the *Thracian* Tyrant, who they say
Unto his Horses gave his guests for meat,
Till he himself was made their greedy pray,
And torn in pieces by *Alcides* great.
So thought the Souldan in his follies threat,
Either the Prince in pieces to have torn
With his sharp Wheels, in his first rages heat,
Or under his fierce Horses feet have born (scorn.
And trampled down in dust his thoughts disdained

32.

But the bold child that peril well espying,
If he too rashly to his Charet drew,
Gave way unto his Horses speedy flying,
And their resistless rigour did eschew.
Yet, as he passed by, the Pagan threw
A shivering dart with so impetuous force,
That had he not it shun'd with heedful view,
It had himself transfixed, or his Horse,
Or made them both one masse withouten more remorse.

33.

Oft drew the Prince unto his Charet nigh,
In hope some stroke to fasten on him near;
But he was mounted in his seat so high,
And his wing-footed coursers him did beat
So fast away, that ere his ready spear
He could advance, he far was gone and past.
Yet still he him did follow every where,
And followed was of him likewise full fast;
So long as in his steeds the flaming breath did last.

34.

Again, the Pagan threw another dart,
Of which he had with him abundant store,
On every side of his embattel'd cart,
And of all other weapons less or more,
Which warlike uses had deviz'd of yore.
The wicked shaft guided through th'ayrie wide,
By some bad spirit, that it to mischief bore,
Staid not, till through his curas it did glide,
And made a griesly wound in his enriven side.

35.

Much was he grieved with that hapless throe,
That opened had the well-spring of his blood,
But much the more that to his hateful foe
He mote not come, to wreak his wrathful mood.
That made him rave, like to a Lion wood,
Which being wounded of the Huntsmans hand
Can not come near him in the covert wood,
Where he with boughs hath built his shady stand,
And fenc't himself about with many a flaming brand.

36.

Still when he sought t'approch unto him nie,
His Charet wheels about him whirled round,
And made him back again as fast to fly;
And eke his steeds, like to an hungry hound,
That hunting after game hath carrion found,
So cruelly did him pursew and chace,
That his good steed, all were he much renoun'd
For noble courage, and for hardy race,
Durst not endure their sight, but fled from place to place.

37.

Thus, long they trac't, and traverst to and fro,
Seeking by every way to make some breach:
Yet could the Prince not nigh unto him go,
That one sure stroke he might unto him reach,
Whereby his strengths assay he might him teach.
At last, from his victorious shield he drew
The veil, which did his powreful light empeach;
And coming full before his Horses view,
As they upon him prest, it plain to them did shew.

38.

Like lightning flash, that hath the gazer burn'd,
So did the sight thereof their sense dismay,
That back again upon themselves they turn'd,
And with their rider ran perforce away:
Ne could the Souldan them from flying stay,
With rains, or wonted rule, as well he knew.
Nought feared they, what he could do or say,
But th'only fear that was before their view;
From which, like mazed Dear, dismayfully they flew.

39.

Fast did they fly, as them their feet could bear,
High over hills, and lowly over dales,
As they were follow'd of their former fear.
In vain the Pagan bans, and swears, and rails,
And back with both his hands unto him hails
The restyrains, regarded now no more:
He to them calls and speaks, yet nought avails;
They hear him not, they have forgot his lore,
But go which way they list, their guide they have forlore.

40.

As when the fiery-mouthed steeds, which drew
The Suns bright wain to *Phaetons* decay,
Soon as they did the monstrous Scorpion view,
With ugly craples crawling in their way,
The dreadful sight did them so sore affray,
That their well knowen courses they forwent;
And leading th'ever-burning lamp astray,
This lower world nigh all to ashes brent,
And left their scorched path yet in the firmament.

41.

Such was the fury of these head-strong steeds,
Soon as the Infants sun-like shield they saw,
That all obedience both to words and deeds
They quite forgot and scorn'd all former law; (draw
Through woods and rocks, and mountains they did
The Iron Charet, and the wheels did tear,
And tost the Paynim, without fear or awe;
From side to side they tost him here and there,
Crying to them in vain, that n'ould his crying hear.

Yet

42.

Yet ſtill the Prince purſew'd him cloſe behind,
Oft making offer him to ſmite, but found
No eaſie means according to his mind.
At laſt, they have all over-thrown to ground
Quite topſide turvey, and the Pagan hound
Amongſt the Iron hooks and grapples keen,
Torn all to rags, and rent with many a wound;
That no whole piece of him was to be ſeen,
But ſcattred all about, and ſtrow'd upon the Green.

43.

Like as the curſed Son of *Theſeus*,
That following his chace in dewy morn,
To fly his ſtepdames love outrageous,
Of his own ſteeds was all to pieces torn,
And his fair limbs left in the woods forlorn;
That for his ſake *Diana* did lament,
And all the woody Nymphs did wail and mourn:
So was this Souldan rapt and all to rent,
That of his ſhape appear'd no little moniment.

44.

Only his ſhield and armour, which there lay,
Though nothing whole, but all to brus'd and broken,
He up did take, and with him brought away,
That mote remain for an eternal token
To all, mongſt whom this ſtory ſhould be ſpoken,
How worthily, by heavens high decree,
Juſtice that day of wrong her ſelf had wroken;
That all men which that ſpectacle did ſee,
By like enſample mote for ever warned be.

45.

So, on a tree before the tyrants dore,
He cauſed them be hung in all mens ſight;
To be a moniment for evermore.
Which when his Lady from the Caſtles hight
Beheld, it much appall'd her troubled ſpright:
Yet not, as Women wont in doleful fit,
She was diſmay'd, or fainted through affright,
But gathered unto her her troubled wit,
And gan eftſoons deviſe to be aveng'd for it.

46.

Straight down ſhe ran, like an enraged Cow,
That is berobbed of her youngling dere,
With knife in hand, and fatally did vow,
To wreak her on that mayden meſſengere,
Whom ſhe had caus'd be kept as Priſonere
By *Arthegal*, miſween'd for her own Knight,
That brought her back. And coming preſent there,
She at her ran with all her force and might,
All flaming with revenge and furious deſpight.

47.

Like raging *Ino*, when with knife in hand
She threw her Husbands murdred infant out;
Or fell *Medea*, when on *Colchick* ſtrand
Her Brothers bones ſhe ſcattered all about;
Or as that madding Mother, mongſt the rout
Of *Bacchus* Prieſts her own dear fleſh did tear.
Yet neither *Ino*, nor *Medea* ſtout,
Nor all the *Mænades* ſo furious were,
As this bold Woman, when ſhe ſaw that Damzel there.

48.

But *Arthegal*, being thereof aware,
Did ſtay her cruel hand, ere ſhe her raught,
And as ſhe did her ſelf to ſtrike prepare,
Out of her fiſt the wicked weapon caught:
With that, like one enfelon'd or diſtraught,
She forth did rome, whither her rage her bore,
With frantick paſſion, and with fury fraught;
And breaking forth out at a poſtern dore,
Unto the wild wood ran, her dolours to deplore.

49.

As a mad Bitch, when as the frantick fit
Her burning tongue with rage inflamed hath,
Doth run at randon, and with furious bit
Snatching at every thing, doth wreak her wrath
On Man and Beaſt that cometh in her path.
There they do ſay, that ſhe transformed was
Into a Tigre, and that Tigres ſcath
In cruelty and courage ſhe did paſs,
To prove her ſirname true, that ſhe impoſed has.

50.

Then *Arthegal*, himſelf diſcovering plain,
Did iſſue forth gainſt all that war-like rout
Of Knights and armed men, which did maintain
That Ladies part, and to the Souldan lout:
All which he did aſſault with courage ſtout,
All were they nigh an hundred Knights of name,
And like wild Goats them chaced all about,
Flying from place to place with coward ſhame,
So that with final force them all he overcame.

51.

Then cauſed he the gates be opened wide;
And there the Prince, as Victor of that day,
With triumph entertain'd and glorifide,
Preſenting him with all the rich array,
And royal pomp, which there long hidden lay,
Purchaſt through lawleſs powre and tortious wrong
Of that proud Souldan, whom he earſt did ſlay.
So both for reſt there having ſtaid not long,
Marcht with that Maid; fit matter for another ſong.

CANTO IX.

Arthur and Arthegal *catch Guile,*
Whom Talus *doth diſmay:*
They to Mercillaes *Palace come,*
and ſee her rich array.

1.

WHat Tigre, or what other ſalvage wight
Is ſo exceeding furious and fell,
As Wrong, when it hath arm'd it ſelf with might?
Not fit mongſt men, that do with reaſon mel,
But mongſt wild Beaſts and ſalvage woods to dwell;
Where ſtill the ſtronger doth the weak devour,
And they that moſt in boldneſs do excell,
Are dradded moſt, and feared for their powre:
Fit for *Adicia*, there to build her wicked bowre.

There

2.

There let her wone far from reſort of men,
Where righteous *Arthegal* her late exil'd;
There let her ever keep her damned den,
Where none may be with her lewd parts defil'd,
Nor none but Beaſts may be of her deſpoyl'd:
And turn we to the noble Prince where late
We did him leave, after that he had foyl'd
The cruel Souldan, and with dreadful fate
Had utterly ſubverted his unrighteous ſtate.

3.

Where, having with Sir *Arthegal* a ſpace
Well ſolac't in that Souldans late delight,
They both reſolving now to leave the place,
Both it and all the wealth therein behight
Unto that Damzel in her Ladies right,
And ſo would have departed on their way.
But ſhe them woo'd by all the means ſhe might,
And earneſtly beſought, to wend that day
With her, to ſee her Lady thence not far away.

4.

By whoſe entreaty both they overcommen,
Agree to go with her, and by the way
(As often falls) of ſundry things did commen.
Mongſt which, that Damzell did to them bewray
A ſtrange adventure, which not far thence lay;
To weet, a wicked villain, bold and ſtout,
Which wonned in a rock not far away,
That robbed all the Country there about,
And brought the pillage home, whence none could get it (out.

5.

Thereto, both his own wilie wit, ſhe ſaid,
And eke the faſtneſs of his dwelling place,
Both unaſſailable, gave him great aid:
For he ſo crafty was to forge and face,
So light of hand, and nimble of his paſe,
So ſmooth of tongue, and ſubtile in his tale,
That could deceive one looking in his face;
Therefore by name *Malengin* they him call,
Well knowen by his feats, and famous over all.

6.

Through theſe his ſlights he many doth confound:
And eke the rock, in which he wonts to dwell,
Is wondrous ſtrong, and hew'n far under ground
A dreadful depth, how deep no man can tell;
But ſome do ſay, it goeth down to hell.
And all within, it full of windings is,
And hidden ways, that ſcarce an hound by ſmell
Can follow out thoſe falſe foot-ſteps of his,
Ne none can back return, that once are gone amiſs.

7.

Which when thoſe Knights had heard, their harts gan yearn,
To underſtand that villains dwelling place,
And greatly it deſir'd of her to learn,
And by which way they towards it ſhould trace.
Were not, ſaid ſhe, that it ſhould let your paſe
Towards my Ladies preſence by you meant,
I would you guide directly to the place.
Then let not that, ſaid they, ſtay your intent.
For, neither will one foot, till we that Carl have hent.

8.

So forth they paſt, till they approched nie
Unto the rock where was the villain won.
Which when the Damzel near at hand did ſpy,
She warn'd the Knights thereof: who there-upon
Gan to advize, what beſt were to be done.
So both agreed to ſend that Maid afore,
Where ſhe might ſit nigh to the den alone,
Wayling, and raiſing pitiful uprore,
As if ſhe did ſome great calamity deplore.

9.

With noyſe whereof, when as the caitive Carl
Shold iſſue forth, in hope to find ſome ſpoyl,
They in await would cloſely him enſnarl,
Ere to his den he backward could recoyl,
And ſo would hope him eaſily to foyl.
The Damzel ſtraight went, as ſhe was directed,
Unto the rock; and there upon the ſoil
Having her ſelf in wretched wiſe abjected,
Gan weep and wail, as if great grief had her afflicted.

10.

The cry whereof, entring the hollow Cave,
Eftſoons brought forth the villain, as they ment,
With hope of her ſome wiſhful boot to have.
Full dreadful wight he was, as ever went
Upon the earth, with hollow eyes deep pent,
And long curld locks, that down his ſhoulders ſhagged,
And on his back an uncouth veſtiment
Made of ſtrange ſtuff, but all to worn and ragged;
And underneath, his breech was all to torn and jagged.

11.

And in his hand an huge long ſtaff he held,
Whoſe top was arm'd with many an Iron hook,
Fit to catch hold of all that he could weld,
Or in the compaſs of his clouches took;
And ever round about he caſt his look.
Als at his back a great wide net he bore,
With which he ſeldome fiſhed at the brook,
But us'd to fiſh for fools on the dry ſhore,
Of which he in fair weather wont to take great ſtore.

12.

Him when the Damzel ſaw faſt by her ſide,
So ugly creature, ſhe was nigh diſmay'd;
And now for help aloud in earneſt cryde.
But when the villain ſaw her ſo affraid,
He gan with guileful words her to perſwade
To baniſh fear: and with *Sardonian* Smile
Laughing on her, his falſe intent to ſhade,
Gan forth to lay his bait her to beguile,
That from her ſelf unwares he might her ſteal the while.

13.

Like as the Fowler on his guileful pipe,
Charms to the Birds full many a pleaſant lay,
That they the whiles may take leſs heedy keep,
How he his nets doth for their ruine lay:
So did the villain to her prate and play,
And many pleaſant tricks before her ſhow,
To turn her eyes from his intent away:
For, he in ſleights and jugling feats did flow,
And of legier-demain the myſteries did know.

To

14.

To which, whil'ſt ſhe lent her intentive mind,
He ſuddenly his net upon her threw,
That over-ſprad her like a puff of wind;
And ſnatching her ſoon up, ere well ſhe knew,
Ran with her faſt away unto his mew,
Crying for help aloud. But when as nie
He came unto his Cave, and there did view
The armed Knights, ſtopping his paſſage by,
He threw his burden down, and faſt away did fly.

15.

But *Arthegal*, him after did purſew,
The whiles the Prince there kept the entrance ſtill:
Up to the rock he ran, and thereon flew
Like a wild Goat, leaping from hill to hill,
And dancing on the craggy cliffs at will;
That deadly danger ſeem'd in all mens ſight,
To tempt ſuch ſteps, where footing was ſo ill:
Ne ought availed for the armed Knight,
To think to follow him that was ſo ſwift and light.

16.

Which when he ſaw, his Iron man he ſent
To follow him: for, he was ſwift in chace.
He him purſew'd where-ever that he went,
Both over rocks, and hills, and every place:
Where-ſo he fled, he follow'd him apace:
So that he ſhortly forc'd him to forſake
The height, and down deſcend unto the baſe.
There he him courſt afreſh, and ſoon did make
To leave his proper form, and other ſhape to take.

17.

Into a Fox himſelf he firſt did tourn;
But he him hunted like a Fox full faſt:
Then to a buſh himſelf he did transform;
But he the buſh did beat, till that at laſt
Into a Bird it chang'd, and from him paſt,
Flying from tree to tree, from wand to wand:
But he then ſtones at it ſo long did caſt,
That like a ſtone it fell upon the land,
But he then took it up, and held faſt in his hand.

18.

So he it brought with him unto the Knights,
And to his Lord Sir *Arthegal* it lent,
Warning him hold it faſt, for fear of ſlights.
Who whil'ſt in hand it griping hard he hent,
Into a Hedgehog all unwares it went,
And prickt him ſo, that he away it threw.
Then gan it run away incontinent,
Being returned to his former hew:
But *Talus* ſoon him over-took, and backward drew.

19.

But, when as he would to a Snake again
Have turn'd himſelf, he with his Iron flail
Gan drive at him, with ſo huge might and main,
That all his bones, as ſmall as ſandy grail
He broke, and did his bowels diſentrail;
Crying in vain for help, when help was paſt.
So did deceit the ſelf deceiver fail:
There they him left a carrion out-caſt,
For beaſts and fowls to feed upon for their repaſt.

20.

Thence, forth they paſſed with that gentle Maid,
To ſee her Lady, as they did agree.
To which when ſhe approched, thus ſhe ſaid;
Lo now, right noble Knights, arriv'd ye be
Nigh to the place which ye deſir'd to ſee:
There ſhall ye ſee my ſoveraign Lady Queen,
Moſt ſacred wight, moſt debonair and free,
That ever yet upon this earth was ſeen,
Or that with Diadem hath ever crowned been.

21.

The gentle Knight rejoyced much to hear
The praiſes of that Prince ſo manifold;
And paſſing little further, commen were,
Where they a ſtately Palace did behold,
Of pompous ſhow, much more than ſhe had told;
With many towres, and tarras mounted hie,
And all their tops bright gliſtering with gold,
That ſeemed to out-ſhine the dimmed ſky,
And with their brightneſs daz'd the ſtrange beholders eye.

22.

There they alighting, by that Damzel were
Directed in, and ſhewed all the ſight:
Whoſe porch, that moſt magnifick did appear,
Stood open wide to all men day and night;
Yet warded well by one of mickle might,
That ſate thereby, with Gyant-like reſemblance,
To keep out guile, and malice, and deſpight,
That under ſhew oft-times of fained ſemblance,
Are wont in Princes Courts to work great ſcath and hin-
(drance.

23.

His name was *Awe*; by whom they paſſing in
Went up the hall, that was a large wide room,
All full of people making troublous din,
And wondrous noyſe, as if that there were ſome,
Which unto them was dealing righteous doom.
By whom they paſſing through the thickeſt preace,
The Marſhal of the hall to them did come;
His name hight *Order*, who commanding peace,
Them guided through the throng, that did their clamors
(ceaſe.

24.

They ceaſt their clamors, upon them to gaze;
Whom ſeeing all in armour bright as day,
Strange there to ſee, it did them much amaze,
And with unwonted terror half affray.
For, never ſaw they there the like array.
Ne ever was the name of war there ſpoken,
But joyous peace and quietneſs alway,
Dealing juſt judgments, that mote not be broken
For any bribes, or threats of any to be wroken.

25.

There as they entred at the Scrine, they ſaw
Some one, whoſe tongue was for his treſpaſs vile
Naild to a poſt, adjudged ſo by law:
For that there-with he falſely did revile,
And foul blaſpheme that Queen for forged guile,
Both with bold ſpeeches, which he blazed had,
And with lewd Poems, which he did compile;
For, the bold title of a Poet bad
He on himſelf had ta'en, and rayling rimes had ſprad.

Thus,

26.

Thus, there he ſtood, whil'ſt high over his head,
There written was the purport of his ſin,
In cyphers ſtrange, that few could rightly read,
BON FONS: but *Bon* that once had written bin,
Was raced out, and *Mal* was now put in.
So now *Malfons* was plainly to be red;
Either for th'evill, which he did therein,
Or that he likened was to a Well-hed
Of evill words, and wicked ſlanders by him ſhed.

27.

They paſſing by, were guided by degree
Unto the preſence of that gracious Queen:
Who ſate on high, that ſhe might all men ſee,
And might of all men royally be ſeen,
Upon a throne of gold full bright and ſheen
Adorned all with gems of endleſs price,
As either might for wealth have gotten been,
Or could be fram'd by workmans rare device;
And all emboſt with Lyons, and with Flour-delice.

28.

All over her a cloth of ſtate was ſpred,
Not of rich tiſſew, nor of cloth of gold,
Nor of ought elſe, that may be richeſt red,
But like a clowd, as likeſt may be told,
That her broad ſpreading wings did wide unfold;
Whoſe skirts were bordred with bright ſunny beams,
Gliſtring like gold, amongſt the plights enrold,
And here and there ſhooting forth ſilver ſtreams,
Mongſt which crept little Angels through the glittering (gleams.

29.

Seemed thoſe little Angels did uphold
The cloth of State, and on their purple wings
Did bear the pendants, through their nimbleſs bold:
Beſides, a thouſand more of ſuch, as ſings
Hymns to high God, and Carols heavenly things,
Encompaſſed the throne, on which ſhe ſate;
She Angel-like, the heir of ancient Kings
And mighty Conquerors, in royal ſtate,
Whil'ſt Kings and Keſars at her feet did them proſtrate.

30.

Thus ſhe did ſit in ſoveraign Majeſty,
Holding a Scepter in her royal hand,
The ſacred pledge of peace and clemency,
With which high God had bleſt her happy land,
Maugre ſo many foes, which did withſtand.
But at her feet her ſword was likewiſe layd,
Whoſe long reſt ruſted the bright ſteely brand;
Yet when as foes enforc't, or friends ſought aid,
She could it ſternly draw, that all the world diſmay'd.

31.

And round about, before her feet there ſate
A beavy of fair Virgins clad in white,
That goodly ſeem'd t'adorn her royal ſtate,
All lovely Daughters of high *Jove*, that hight
Litæ, by him begot in loves delight,
Upon the righteous *Themis*: thoſe they ſay,
Upon *Joves* Judgment ſeat wait day and night,
And when in wrath he threats the worlds decay,
They do his anger calm, and cruel vengeance ſtay.

32.

They alſo do by his divine permiſſion,
Upon the thrones of mortal Princes tend,
And often treat for pardon and remiſſion
To ſuppliants, through frailty which offend.
Thoſe did upon *Mercilhes* throne attend:
Juſt *Dice*, wiſe *Eunomie*, mild *Eirene*;
And them amongſt, her glory to commend,
Sate goodly *Temperance* in garments clean,
And ſacred *Reverence*, yborn of heavenly ſtrene.

33.

Thus did ſhe ſit in royal rich eſtate,
Admir'd of many, honoured of all;
Whil'ſt underneath her feet, there as ſhe ſate,
An huge great Lyon lay, that mote appall
An hardy courage, like captived thrall,
With a ſtrong Iron chain and coller bound,
That once he could not move, nor quich at all;
Yet did he murmure with rebellious ſound,
And ſoftly royne, when ſalvage choler gan redound.

34.

So, ſitting high in dradded ſoveraignty, (brought;
Thoſe two ſtrange Knights were to her preſence
Who, bowing low before her Majeſty,
Did to her mild obeyſance, as they ought,
And meekeſt boon, that they imagine mought.
To whom ſhe eke inclining her withall,
As a fair ſtoop of her high ſoaring thought,
A chearful countenance on them let fall,
Yet tempred with ſome Majeſty imperiall.

35.

As the bright Sun, what time his fiery team
Towards the Weſtern brim begins to draw,
Gins to abate the brightneſs of his beam,
And fervour of his flames ſome-what adaw:
So did this mighty Lady, when ſhe ſaw
Thoſe two ſtrange Knights ſuch homage to her make,
Bate ſome-what of that Majeſty and awe,
That whylom wont to do ſo many quake,
And with more mild aſpect thoſe two to entertake.

36.

Now at that inſtant, as occaſion fell,
When theſe two ſtranger Knights arriv'd in place,
She was about affairs of Common-weal,
Dealing of Juſtice with indifferent grace,
And hearing pleas of people mean and baſe.
Mongſt which as then, there was for to be heard
The tryal of a great and weighty caſe,
Which on both ſides was then debating hard:
But at the ſight of theſe, thoſe were awhile debard.

37.

But, after all her Princely entertain,
To th' hearing of that former cauſe in hand,
Her ſelf Eftſoons ſhe gan convert again;
Which that thoſe Knights likewiſe mote underſtand,
And witneſs forth aright in forrain land,
Taking them up unto her ſtately throne,
Where they mote hear the matter throughly ſcand
On either part, ſhe placed th' one on th' one,
The other on the other ſide, and near them none.

Then

38.

Then was there brought, as priſoner to the bar,
A Lady of great countenance and place,
But that ſhe it with foul abuſe did mar;
Yet did appear rare beauty in her face,
But blotted with condition vile and baſe,
That all her other honour did obſcure,
And titles of nobility deface:
Yet, in that wretched ſemblant, ſhe did ſure
The peoples great compaſſion unto her alure.

39.

Then up aroſe a perſon of deep reach,
And rare in ſight, hard matters to reveal; (ſpeach
That well could charm his tongue, and time his
To all aſſays; his name was called *Zeal:*
He 'gan that Lady ſtrongly to appeal
Of many hainous crimes, by her enur'd;
And with ſharp reaſons rang her ſuch a peal,
That thoſe, whom ſhe to pity had allur'd,
He now t'abhor and loath her perſon had procur'd.

40.

Firſt, 'gan he tell, how this that ſeem'd ſo fair
And royally arrayd, *Dueſſa* hight,
That falſe *Dueſſa*, which had wrought great care,
And mickle miſchief unto many a knight,
By her beguiled, and confounded quight:
But not for thoſe ſhe now in queſtion came,
Though alſo thoſe mote queſtion'd be aright,
But for vile treaſons, and outrageous ſhame,
Which ſhe againſt the drad *Mercilla* oft did frame.

41.

For, ſhe whylom (as ye mote yet right well
Remember) had her counſels falſe conſpir'd,
With faithleſs *Blandamour* and *Paridell*
(Both two her Paramours, both by her hir'd,
And both with hope of ſhadows vain inſpir'd)
And with them practiz'd how for to deprive
Mercilla of her Crown, by her aſpir'd,
That ſhe might it unto her ſelf derive,
And triumph in their blood, whom ſhe to death did drive.

42.

But through high heavens grace (which favour not
The wicked drifts of trayterous deſigns,
'Gainſt loyal Princes) all this curſed plot,
Ere proof it took, diſcovered was betimes,
And th'actors won the meed meet for their crimes.
Such be the meed of all, that by ſuch mean
Unto the type of kingdoms title climes.
But falſe *Dueſſa*, now untitled Queen,
Was brought to her ſad doom, as here was to be ſeen.

43.

Strongly did *Zeal* her hainous fact enforce,
And many other crimes of foul defame
Againſt her brought, to baniſh all remorſe,
And aggravate the horror of her blame.
And with him to make part againſt her, came
Many grave perſons, that againſt her plead;
Firſt was a ſage old Sire, that had to name
The *Kingdoms care*, with a white ſilver head,
That many high regards and reaſons 'gainſt her read.

44.

Then, 'gan *Authority* her to oppoſe
With peremptory powre, that made all mute;
And then the law of *Nations* 'gainſt her roſe,
And reaſons brought, that no man could refute;
Next, 'gan *Religion* 'gainſt her to impute
High Gods beheaſt, and powre of holy laws;
Then 'gan the Peoples cry, and Commons ſute,
Importune care of their own publique cauſe;
And laſtly, *Juſtice* charged her with breach of laws.

45.

But then for her, on the contrary part,
Roſe many advocates for her to plead:
Firſt there came *Pity* with full tender heart,
And with her joyn'd *Regard* of woman-head;
And then came *Danger* threatning hidden dread,
And high alliance unto foreign Powre;
Then came *Nobility* of birth, that bread
Great ruth through her misfortunes tragick ſtowre;
And laſtly *Grief* did plead, and many tears forth powre.

46.

With the neer touch thereof in tender hart
The Briton Prince was ſore compaſſionate
And wox inclined much unto her part,
Through the ſad terror of ſo dreadful fate,
And wretched ruine of ſo high eſtate;
That for great ruth his courage 'gan relent.
Which when as *Zeal* perceived to abate,
He 'gan in earneſt fervour to augment,
And many fearful objects to them to preſent.

47.

He 'gan t'efforce the evidence anew,
And new accuſements to produce in place:
He brought forth that old Hag of helliſh hew,
The curſed *Ate*, brought her face to face,
Who privy was, and party in the caſe:
She, glad of ſpoil and ruinous decay,
Did her appeach, and to her more diſgrace,
The plot of all her practice did diſplay,
And all her trains, and all her treaſons forth did lay.

48.

Then brought he forth, with grieſly grim aſpect,
Abhorred *Murder*, who with bloudy knife
Yet dropping freſh in hand did her detect.
And there with guilty bloud-ſhed charged ryfe:
Then brought he forth *Sedition*, breeding ſtrife
In troubled wits, and mutinous up-rore:
Then brought he forth *Incontinence* of life,
Even foul *Adultery* her face before,
And lewd *Impiety*, that her accuſed ſore.

49.

All which when as the Prince had heard and ſeen,
His former fancies ruth he 'gan repent,
And from her party eftſoons was drawn clean.
But *Arthegall*, with conſtant firm intent,
For zeal of Juſtice was againſt her bent.
So was ſhe guilty deemed of them all.
Then *Zeal* began to urge her puniſhment,
And to their Queen for judgment loudly call,
Unto *Mercilla* mild for Juſtice 'gainſt the thrall.

50.

But ſhe, whoſe Princely breaſt was touched near
With pitious ruth of her ſo wretched plight,
Though plain ſhe ſaw by all, that ſhe did hear,
That ſhe of death was guilty found by right,
Yet would not let juſt vengeance on her light;
But rather let in ſtead thereof to fall
Few perling drops from her fair lamps of light;
The which ſhe covering with her purple pall
Would have the paſſion hid, and up aroſe withall.

CANTO X.

Prince Arthur *takes the enterpriſe*
For Belge *for to fight:*
Gerioneos *Seneſchal*
He ſlays in Belges *right.*

1.

SOme Clarks do doubt in their deviceful art,
Whether this heavenly thing, whereof I treat,
To weeten *Mercy*, be of Juſtice part,
Or drawn forth from her by divine extreat.
This well I wote, that ſure ſhe is as great,
And meriteth to have as high a place,
Sith in th'Almighties everlaſting ſeat
She firſt was bred, and born of heavenly race;
From thence pour'd down on men, by influence of grace.

2.

For if that Vertue be of ſo great might,
Which from juſt verdict will for nothing ſtart,
But to preſerve inviolated right,
Oft ſpills the principal, to ſave the part;
So much more then is that of powre and art,
That ſeeks to ſave the ſubject of her skill,
Yet never doth from doom of right depart:
As it is greater praiſe to ſave, than ſpill,
And better to reform, than to cut off the ill.

3.

Who then can thee, *Mercilla*, throughly praiſe,
That herein do'ſt all earthly Princes paſs?
What heavenly Muſe ſhall thy great honour raiſe
Up to the skies, whence firſt deriv'd it was,
And now on earth it ſelf enlarged has,
From th'utmoſt brink of the *Armerick* ſhore,
Unto the margent of the *Molucas*?
Thoſe Nations far thy juſtice do adore:
But thine own people do thy mercy praiſe much more.

4.

Much more it praiſed was of thoſe two knights;
The noble Prince, and righteous *Arthegall*,
When they had ſeen and heard her doom arights
Againſt *Dueſſa*, damned by them all;
But by her tempted without grief or gall,
Till ſtrong conſtraint did her thereto enforce.
And yet even then ruing her wilful fall,
With more than needful natural remorſe,
And yielding the laſt honour to her wretched corſe.

5.

During all which, thoſe knights continu'd there,
Both doing and receiving curteſies,
Of that great Lady, who with goodly chear,
Them entertain'd, fit for their dignities,
Approving daily to their noble eyes
Royal examples of her mercies rare,
And worthy patterns of her clemencies;
Which to this day 'mongſt many living are,
Who them to their poſterities do ſtill declare.

6.

Amongſt the reſt, which in that ſpace befell,
There came two Springals of full tender years,
Far thence from foreign land, where they did dwell,
To ſeek for ſuccour of her and her Pears,
With humble prayers and intreatful tears;
Sent by their mother, who a widow was,
Wrapt in great dolours and in deadly fears,
By a ſtrong Tyrant, who invaded has
Her land, and ſlain her children rufully, alas!

7.

Her name was *Belge*, who in former age
A Lady of great worth and wealth had been,
And mother of a fruitful heritage,
Even ſeventeen goodly ſons; which who had ſeen
In their firſt flowre, before this fatal teen
Them overtook, and their fair bloſſoms blaſted,
More happy mother would her ſurely ween,
Than famous *Niobe*, before ſhe taſted
Latonaes childrens wrath, that all her iſſue waſted.

8.

But this fell Tyrant, through his tortious powre,
Had left her now but five of all that brood:
For, twelve of them he did by times devour,
And to his Idols ſacrifice their blood,
Whil'ſt he of none was ſtopped, nor withſtood.
For, ſoothly he was one of matchleſs might,
Of horrible aſpect, and dreadful mood,
And had three bodies in one waſte empight,
And th'arms and legs of three, to ſuccour him in fight.

9.

And ſooth they ſay, that he was born and brad,
Of Gyants race, the ſon of *Geryon*,
He that whylom in *Spain* ſo ſore was drad
For his huge powre and great oppreſſion,
Which brought that land to his ſubjection,
Through his three bodies powre, in one combin'd;
And eke all ſtrangers in that region
Arriving, to his kyne for good aſſin'd;
The faireſt kyne alive, but of the fierceſt kind.

10.

For, they were all, they ſay, of purple hew,
Kept by a cow-heard, hight *Eurytion*;
A cruel carle, the which all ſtrangers ſlew,
Ne day nor night did ſleep, t'attend them on,
But walkt about them ever and anon,
With his two headed dog, that *Orthrus* hight;
Orthrus begotten by great *Typhaon*,
And foule *Echidna*, in the houſe of night;
But *Hercules* them all did overcome in fight.

His

11.

His ſon was this, *Geryoneo* hight:
Who, after that his monſtrous father fell
Under *Alcides* club, ſtreight took his flight
From that ſad land, where he his ſire did quell,
And came to this, where *Belge* then did dwell,
And floriſht in all wealth and happineſs,
Being then new made widow (as befell)
After her noble husbands late deceaſe;
Which gave beginning to her wo and wretchedneſs.

12.

Then this bold tyrant, of her widow-head
Taking advantage, and her yet freſh woes,
Himſelf and ſervice to her offered,
Her to defend againſt all forreign foes,
That ſhould their powre againſt her right oppoſe.
Whereof ſhe glad, now needing ſtrong defence,
Him entertain'd, and did her champion choſe:
Which long he us'd with careful diligence,
The better to confirm her fearleſs confidence.

13.

By means whereof, ſhe did at laſt commit
All to his hands, and gave him ſoverain powre
To do, what-ever he thought good or fit.
Which having got, he gan forth from that howre
To ſtirr up ſtrife, and many a Tragick ſtowre,
Giving her deareſt children one by one
Unto a dreadful Monſter to devoure,
And ſetting up an Idol of his own,
The image of his monſtrous parent *Geryone*.

14.

So tyrannizing, and oppreſſing all,
The woful widow had no means now left,
But unto gracious great *Mercilla* call
For aid, againſt that cruell Tyrants theft,
Ere all her children he from her had reft.
Therefore theſe two, her eldeſt ſons, ſhe ſent
To ſeek for ſuccour of this Ladies gieft:
To whom their ſute they humbly did preſent,
In th'hearing of full many Knights and Ladies gent.

15.

Amongſt the which, then fortuned to be
The noble Briton Prince, with his brave Pear:
Who when he none of all thoſe knights did ſee
Haſtily bent that enterpriſe to hear,
Nor undertake the ſame, for coward fear,
He ſtepped forth with courage bold and great,
Admyr'd of all the reſt in preſence there,
And humbly gan that mighty Queen entreat,
To grant him that adventure for his former feat.

16.

She gladly granted it: then he, ſtraight way,
Himſelf unto his journey gan prepare.
And all his armours ready dight that day,
That nought the morrow next mote ſtay his fare.
The morrow next appear'd, with purple hair
Yet dropping freſh out of the *Indian* fount,
And bringing light into the heavens fair,
When he was ready to his ſteed to mount,
Unto his way, which now was all his care and count,

17.

Then taking humble leave of that great Queen,
Who gave him royall gifts and riches rare,
As tokens of her thankful mind beſeen,
And leaving *Arthegal* to his own care;
Upon his voyage forth he 'gan to fare,
With thoſe two gentle youths, which him did guide,
And all his way before him ſtill prepare.
Ne after him did *Arthegal* abide,
But on his firſt adventure forward forth did ride.

18.

It was not long, till that the Prince arriv'd
Within the land, where dwelt that Lady ſad,
Whereof that Tyrant had her now depriv'd,
And into moors and marſhes baniſht had,
Out of the pleaſant ſoil, and Cities glad,
In which ſhe wont to harbour happily:
But now his cruelty ſo ſore ſhe drad,
That to thoſe fenns for ſafeneſs ſhe did fly;
And there her ſelf did hide from his hard tyranny.

19.

There he her found in ſorrow and diſmay,
All ſolitary without living wight;
For, all her other children, through affray,
Had hid themſelves, or taken further flight:
And eke her ſelf through ſudden ſtrange affright,
When one in arms ſhe ſaw, began to fly;
But when her own two ſons ſhe had in ſight,
She 'gan take heart, and look up joyfully:
For, well ſhe wiſt this Knight came, ſuccour to ſupply.

20.

And running unto them with greedy joys,
Fell ſtreight about their necks, as they did kneel:
And burſting forth in tears; Ah my ſweet boys,
Said ſhe, yet now I 'gin new life to feel;
And feeble ſpirits, that 'gan faint and reel,
Now riſe again, at this your joyous ſight.
Already ſeems that Fortunes headlong wheel
Begins to turn, and ſun to ſhine more bright
Than it was wont, through comfort of this noble knight.

21.

Then turning unto him; And you, Sir Knight,
Said ſhe, that taken have this toilſom pain
For wretched woman, miſerable wight,
May you in heaven immortal guerdon gain
For ſo great travel, as you do ſuſtain:
For other meed may hope for none of me,
To whom nought elſe, but bare life doth remain;
And that ſo wretched one, as ye do ſee
Is liker lingring death, than loathed life to be.

22.

Much was he moved with her pitious plight;
And, low diſmounting from his lofty ſteed,
'Gan to recomfort her all that he might,
Seeking to drive away deep rooted dreed,
With hope of help in that her greateſt need.
So, thence he wiſhed her with him to wend,
Unto ſome place, where they mote reſt and feed,
And ſhe take comfort, which God now did ſend:
Good heart in evils doth the evils much amend.

23.

Ay me! ſaid ſhe, and whither ſhall I goe?
Are not all places full of forreign powers?
My Palaces poſſeſſed of my foe,
My Cities ſackt, and their ſky-threatning towers
Raſed, and made ſmooth fields now full of flowers?
Onely theſe mariſhes, and miry bogs,
In which the fearful ewftes do build their bowers,
Yield me an hoſtry mongſt the croking frogs,
And harbour here in ſafety from thoſe ravenous dogs.

24.

Nath'leſs, ſaid he, dear Lady with me goe:
Some place ſhall us receive and harbour yield;
If not, we will it force, mauger you foe,
And purchaſe it to us with ſpear and ſhield:
And if all fayl yet farwell open field:
The earth to all her creatures lodging lends.
With ſuch his cheerful ſpeeches he doth wield
Her mind ſo well, that to his will ſhe bends;
And binding up her locks and weeds, forth with him wends.

25.

They came unto a City far up land,
The which whylom that Ladies own had been:
But now by force extort out of her hand,
By her ſtrong foe, who had defaced clean
Her ſtately towres, and buildings ſunny ſheen;
Shut up her haven, mard her merchants trade,
Robbed her people, that full rich had been,
And in her neck a caſtle huge had made,
The which did her command, without needing perſwade.

26.

That Caſtle was the ſtrength of all that Sate,
Untill that State by ſtrength was pulled down:
And that ſame Citie, ſo now ruinate,
Had been the key of all that kingdoms Crown;
Both goodly Caſtle, and both goodly Town,
Till that th'offended heavens liſt to lowre
Upon their bliſs, and baleful Fortune frown.
When thoſe gainſt States and Kingdoms do conjure,
Who then can think their headlong ruine to recure?

27.

But he had brought it now in ſervile bond,
And made it bare the yoke of inquiſition,
Striving long time in vain it to withſtond;
Yet glad at laſt to make moſt baſe ſubmiſſion,
And life enjoy for any compoſition.
So now he hath new laws and orders new
Impos'd on it, with many a hard condition,
And forced it, the honour that is dew
To God, to do unto his Idol moſt untrew.

28.

To him he hath, before this Caſtle Green,
Built a fair Chappel, and an Altar fram'd
Of coſtly ivory, full rich beſeen,
On which that curſed Idol far proclam'd,
He hath ſet up, and him his God hath nam'd,
Offring to him in ſinful ſacrifize
The fleſh of men, to Gods own likeneſs fram'd,
And powring forth their blood in brutiſh wize,
That any iron eyes to ſee it would agrize.

29.

And for more horror and more crueltie,
Under that curſed Idols altar ſtone;
An hideous monſter doth in darkneſs lie,
Whoſe dreadful ſhape was never ſeen of none
That lives on earth; but unto thoſe alone
The which unto him ſacrificed bee.
Thoſe he devours, they ſay, both fleſh and bone:
What elſe they have, is all the Tyrants fee;
So that no whit of them remaining one may ſee.

30.

There eke he placed a ſtrong garriſon
And ſet a Seneſchal of dradded might,
That by his powre oppreſſed every one,
And vanquiſhed all ventrous knights in fight;
To whom he wont ſhew all the ſhame he might,
After that them in battel he had won.
To which when now they gan approch in ſight,
The Lady counſel'd him the place to ſhon,
Whereas ſo many knights had fouly been fordon.

31.

Her fearful ſpeeches nought he did regard;
But riding ſtreight under the Caſtle wall,
Called aloud unto the watchful ward,
Which there did wait, willing them forth to call
Into the field their Tyrants Seneſchall.
To whom when tydings thereof came, he ſtreight
Calls for his arms, and arming him withall,
Eftſoons forth pricked proudly in his might,
And gan with courage fierce addreſs him to the fight.

32.

They both encounter in the middle Plain.
And their ſharpe ſpears doe both together ſmite
Amid their ſhields, with ſo much might and main,
That ſeemd their ſouls they would have riven quight
Out of their breaſts, with furious deſpight.
Yet could the Seneſchals no entrance find
Into the Princes ſhield, where it empight:
So pure the metal was and well refin'd,
But ſhivered all about, and ſcattered in the wind.

33.

Not ſo the Princes; but with reſtleſs force,
Into his ſhield it ready paſſage found,
Both through his haberjeon, and eke his corſe:
Which tombling down upon the ſenſeleſs ground,
Gave leave unto his ghoſt from thraldom bound,
To wander in the griefly ſhades of night.
There did the Prince him leave in deadly ſwound,
And thence unto the Caſtle marched right,
To ſee if entrance there as yet obtain he might.

34.

But as he nigher drew, three knights he ſpide,
All arm'd to point, iſſuing forth apace,
Which towards him with all their powre did ride;
And meeting him right in the middle race,
Did all their ſpears attonce on him enchace.
As three great Culverings for battery bent,
And leveld all againſt ſome certain place,
Doe all attonce their thunders rage forth-rent,
That makes the walls to ſtagger with aſtoniſhment:

So

35.

So all attonce they on the Prince did thonder;
Who from his ſaddle ſwarved nought aſide,
Ne to their force gave way, that was great wonder,
But like a Bulwark firmly did abide;
Rebutting him, which in the midſt did ride,
With ſo huge rigour, that his mortal ſpear
Paſt through his ſhield, and pearct through either ſide,
That down he fell upon his mother dear,
And powred forth his wretched life in deadly drear.

36.

Whom when his other fellows ſaw, they fled
As faſt as feet could carry them away;
And after them the Prince as ſwiftly ſped,
To be aveng'd of their unknightly play.
There whilſt they entring, th' one did th' other ſtay,
The hindmoſt in the gate he over-hent,
And as he preſſed in, him there did ſlay:
His carcaſs tumbling on the threſhold, ſent
His groning ſoul unto her place of puniſhment.

37.

The other which was entred, laboured faſt
To ſper the gate; but that ſame lump of clay,
Whoſe grudging ghoſt was thereout fled and paſt,
Right in the middeſt of the threſhold lay,
That it the Poſtern did from cloſing ſtay:
The whiles, the Prince had preaced in between,
And entrance won. Streight th' other fled away,
And ran into the hall, where he did ween
Himſelf to ſave: but he there ſlew him at the ſcreen.

38.

Then all the reſt which in that Caſtle were,
Seeing that ſad enſample them before,
Durſt not abide, but fled away for fear,
And them conveyd out at a Poſtern dore.
Long ſought the Prince: but when he found no more
T'oppoſe againſt his powre, he forth iſſu'd
Unto that Lady, where he her had lore,
And her gan chear, with what ſhe there had view'd,
And what ſhe had not ſeen, within unto her ſhew'd.

39.

Who with right humble thanks him goodly greeting,
For ſo great proweſs, as he there had proved,
Much greater than was ever in her weeting,
With great admirance inwardly was moved,
And honourd him, with all that her behoved.
Thenceforth into that Caſtle he her led,
With her two ſons, right dear of her beloved,
Where all that night themſelves they cheriſhed,
And from her baleful mind all care he baniſhed.

CANTO XI.

Prince Arthur *overcomes the great*
Gerioneo *in fight:*
Doth ſlay the Monſter, and reſtore
Belge *unto her right.*

1.

IT often falls in courſe of common life,
That right, long time, is overborn of wrong,
Through avarice, or powre, or guile, or ſtrife,
That weakens her, and makes her party ſtrong:
But Juſtice, though her doom ſhe do prolong,
Yet at the laſt, ſhe will her own cauſe right.
As by ſad *Belge* ſeems, whoſe wrongs though long
She ſuffred, yet at length ſhe did requight,
And ſent redreſs thereof by this brave Briton Knight.

2.

Whereof when news was to that Tyrant brought,
How that the Lady *Belge* now had found
A Champion, that had with his Champion fought,
And laid his Seneſchal low on the ground,
And eke him ſelf did threaten to confound,
He gan to burn in rage, and frieſe in fear,
Doubting ſad end of principle unſound;
Yet ſith he heard but one, that did appear,
He did himſelf encourage, and take better chear.

3.

Nath'leſs, himſelf he armed all in haſt,
And forth he far'd with all his many bad,
Ne ſtayed ſtep, till that he came at laſt
Unto the Caſtle, which they conquerd had.
There with huge terror, to be more ydrad,
He ſternly marcht before the Caſtle gate;
And with bold vaunts, and idle threatning bad
Deliver him his own, ere yet too late,
To which they had no right, nor any wrongfull ſtate.

4.

The Prince ſtaid not his anſwer to devize;
But opening ſtreight the Spar, forth to him came,
Full nobly mounted in right war-like wize;
And asked him, if that he were the ſame,
Who all that wrong unto that woful Dame
So long had done, and from her native land
Exiled her, that all the world ſpake ſhame.
He boldly anſwerd him, he there did ſtand
That would his doings juſtifie with his own hand.

5.

With that ſo furiouſly at him he flew,
As if he would have over-run him ſtreight;
And with his huge great iron ax gan hew
So hideouſly upon his armour bright,
As he to peices would have chopt in quight:
That the bold Prince was forced foot to give
To his firſt rage, and yeeld to his deſpight;
The whilſt at him ſo dreadfully he drive,
That ſeem'd a marble rock aſunder could not rive.

Thereto

6.

Thereto a great advantage eke he has
Through his three double hands thrice multiplide,
Beſides the double ſtrength, which in them was:
For, ſtill when fit occaſion did betide,
He could his weapon ſhift from ſide to ſide,
From hand to hand, and with ſuch nimbleſs ſly
Could wield about, that ere it were eſpide,
The wicked ſtroke did wound his enemy,
Behind, beſide, before, as he it liſt apply.

7.

Which uncouth uſe when as the Prince perceiv'd,
He gan to watch the wielding of his hand,
Leaſt by ſuch ſleight he were unwares deceiv'd;
And ever ere he ſaw the ſtroke to land,
He would it meet, and warily withſtand.
One time, when he his weapon fain'd to ſhift,
As he was wont, and chang'd from hand to hand,
He met him with a counter-ſtroke ſo ſwift,
That quite ſmit off his arm, as he it up did lift.

8.

Therewith, all fraught with fury and diſdain
He brayd aloud for very fell deſpight;
And ſodainly t'avenge himſelf again,
Gan into one aſſemble all the might
Of all his hands, and heaved them on hight,
Thinking to pay him with that one for all:
But the ſad ſteel ſeiz'd not, where it was hight,
Upon the child, but ſomewhat ſhort did fall;
And lighting on his horſes head, him quite did mall.

9.

Down ſtreight to ground fell his aſtoniſht ſteed,
And eke to th' earth his burden with him bare:
But he himſelf full lightly from him freed,
And gan himſelf to fight on foot prepare.
Whereof when as the Giant was aware,
He wox right blythe, as he had got thereby,
And laught ſo loud, that all his teeth wide bare
One might have ſeen enraung'd diſorderly,
Like to a rank of piles, that pitched are awry.

10.

Eftſoons again his ax he raught on hie,
Ere he were throughly buckled to his gear:
And can let drive at him ſo dreadfully,
That had he chanced not his ſhield to rear,
Ere that huge ſtroke arrived on him near,
He had him ſurely cloven quite in twain.
But th' Adamantine ſhield, which he did bear,
So well was tempred, that (for all his main)
It would no paſſage yield unto his purpoſe vain.

11.

Yet was the ſtroke ſo forcibly applide,
That made him ſtagger with uncertain ſway,
As if he would have tottered to one ſide.
Wherewith full wroth, he fiercely gan aſſay,
That curt'ſie with like kindneſs to repay;
And ſmote at him with ſo importune might,
That two more of his arms did fall away,
Like fruitleſs branches, which the hatchets ſlight
Hath pruned from the native tree, and cropped quight.

12.

With that, all mad and furious he grew,
Like a fell maſtiff through enraging heat,
And curſt, and band, and blaſphemies forth threw
Againſt his gods, and fire on them did threat,
And hell unto himſelf with horror great.
Thenceforth he car'd no more, which way he ſtrook,
Nor where it light, but gan to chauf and ſweat,
And gnaſh his teeth, and his head at him ſhook,
And ſternly him beheld with grim and ghaſtly look.

13.

Nought fear'd the child his looks, ne yet his threats,
But onely wexed now the more aware,
To ſave himſelf from thoſe his furious heats,
And watch advantage, how to work his care,
The which good Fortune to him offred fair.
For, as he in his rage him over-ſtrook,
He ere he could his weapon back repair,
His ſide all bare and naked overtook,
And with his mortal ſteel quite through the body ſtrook.

14.

Through all three bodies he him ſtrook attonce;
That all the three attonce fell on the plain:
Elſe ſhould he thrice have needed, for the nonce,
Them to have ſtricken, and thrice to have ſlain.
So now all three one ſenſeleſs lump remain,
Enwallow'd in his own black bloudy gore,
And byting th' earth for very deaths diſdain;
Who with a cloud of night him covering, bore
Down to the houſe of dool, his days there to deplore.

15.

Which when the Lady from the Caſtle ſaw,
Where ſhe with her two ſons did looking ſtand
She towards him in haſte her ſelf did draw,
To greet him the good fortune of his hand:
And all the people both of town and land,
Which there ſtood gazing from the Cities wall
Upon theſe warriours, greedy t'underſtand
To whether ſhould the victory befall:
Now when they ſaw it faln, they eke him greeted all.

16.

But *Belge*, with her ſons proſtrated low
Before his feet, in all that peoples ſight,
Mongſt joys mixing ſome tears, mongſt weal ſome wo,
Him thus beſpake; O moſt redoubted knight,
The which haſt me, of all moſt wretched wight,
That earſt was dead, reſtor'd to life again,
And theſe weak imps replanted by thy might;
What guerdon can I give thee for thy pain,
But even that which thou ſavedſt, thine ſtill to remain?

17.

He took her up forby the lilly hand,
And her recomforted the beſt he might,
Saying, Dear Lady, deeds ought not be ſcand
By th'authors manhood, nor the doers might,
But by their truth and by the cauſes right:
That ſame is it, which fought for you this day.
What other meed then need me to requight,
But that which yieldeth vertues meed alway?
That is the vertue ſelf, which her reward doth pay.

She

18.

She humbly thankt him for that wondrous grace,
And further ſaid; Ah Sir, but mote ye pleaſe,
Sith ye thus far have tendred my poor caſe,
As from my chiefeſt foe me to releaſe,
That your victorious arm will not yet ceaſe,
Till ye have rooted all the relikes out
Of that vile race, and ſtabliſhed my peace.
What is there elſe, ſaid he, left of the root?
Declare it boldly, Dome, and do not ſtand in dout.

19.

Then wote you, Sir, that in the Church hereby
There ſtands an Idol of great note and name,
The which this Giant reared firſt on hie.
And of his own vain fancies thought did frame:
To whom for endleſs horrour of his ſhame,
He offred up for daily ſacrifize
My children and my people burnt in flame;
With all the tortures that he could devize,
The more t'aggrate his god with ſuch his bloudy guize.

20.

And underneath this Idol there doth lie
An hideous monſter, that doth it defend,
And feeds on all the carcaſſes that die
In ſacrifice unto that curſed feend:
Whoſe ugly ſhape none ever ſaw, nor kend,
That ever ſcap't: for, of a man they ſay
It has the voice, that ſpeeches forth doth ſend,
Even blaſphemous words, which ſhe doth bray
Out of her poyſnous entrails, fraught with dire decay.

21.

Which when the Prince heard tell, his heart 'gan yearn
For great deſire that Monſter to aſſay,
And pray'd the place of her abode to learn.
Which being ſhew'd, he 'gan himſelf ſtreight way
Thereto addreſs, and his bright ſhield diſplay.
So to the Church he came, where it was told,
The Monſter underneath the Altar lay;
There he that Idol ſaw of maſſie gold
Moſt richly made, but there no Monſter did behold.

22.

Upon the Image with his naked blade
Three times, as in defiance, there he ſtrook;
And the third time, out of an hidden ſhade,
There forth iſſew'd, from under th'Altars ſmook,
A dreadful feend, with foul deformed look,
That ſtretcht it ſelf, as it had long lien ſtill;
And her long tail and feathers ſtrongly ſhook,
That all the Temple did with terror fill;
Yet him nought terrifide, that feared nothing ill.

23.

An huge great beaſt it was, when it in length
Was ſtretched forth, that nigh fil'd all the place,
And ſeem'd to be of infinite great ſtrength;
Horrible, hideous, and of helliſh race,
Born of the brooding of *Echidna* baſe,
Or other like infernal Furies kind:
For, of a Maid ſhe had the outward face,
To hide the horrour, which did lurk behind,
The better to beguile, whom ſhe ſo fond did find.

24.

Thereto the body of a dog ſhe had,
Full of fell ravin and fierce greedineſs;
A Lions claws, with powre and rigour clad,
To rend and tear what-ſo ſhe can oppreſs;
A Dragons tail, whoſe ſting without redreſs
Full deadly wounds, where-ſo it is empight;
An Eagles wings for ſcope and ſpeedineſs,
That nothing may eſcape her reaching might,
Whereto ſhe ever liſt to make her hardy flight;

25.

Much like in foulneſs and deformity
Unto that Monſter, whom the *Theban* Knight,
The father of that fatal progeny,
Made kill her ſelf for very hearts deſpight,
That he had read her riddle, which no wight
Could ever looſe, but ſuffred deadly dool.
So alſo did this Monſter uſe like ſlight
To many a one, which came into her ſchool,
Whom ſhe did put to death, deceived like a fool.

26.

She coming forth, when as ſhe firſt beheld
The armed Prince, with ſhield ſo blazing bright,
Her ready to aſſail, was greatly queld,
And much diſmayd with that diſmayful ſight,
That back ſhe would have turn'd for great affright.
But he 'gan her with courage fierce aſſay,
That forc't her turn again in her deſpight,
To ſave her ſelf, leaſt that he did her ſlay:
And ſure he had her ſlain, had ſhe not turn'd her way.

27.

Tho, when ſhe ſaw, that ſhe was forc't to fight,
She flew at him, like to an helliſh feend,
And on his ſhield took hold with all her might,
As if that it ſhe would in pieces rend,
Or reave out of the hand, that did it hend.
Strongly he ſtrove out of her greedy gripe
To looſe his ſhield, and long while did contend:
But when he could not quite it, with one ſtripe
Her Lions claws he from her feet away did wipe.

28.

With that, aloud ſhe 'gan to bray and yell,
And foul blaſphemous ſpeeches forth did caſt,
And bitter curſes, horrible to tell;
That even the Temple wherein ſhe was plac't,
Did quake to hear, and nigh aſunder braſt.
Tho, with her huge long tail ſhe at him ſtrook,
That made him ſtagger, and ſtand half agaſt
With trembling joynts, as he for terror ſhook;
Who nought was terrifide, but greater courage took.

29.

As when the Maſt of ſome well timbred hulk
Is with the blaſt of ſome outrageous ſtorm
Blown down, it ſhakes the bottom of the bulk,
And makes her ribs to crack, as they were torn,
Whil'ſt ſtill ſhe ſtands as ſtonisht and forlorn:
So was ſhe ſtonn'd with ſtroke of her huge tail.
But ere that it ſhe back again had born,
He with his ſword it ſtrook, that without fail
He joynted it, and mar'd the ſwinging of her flail.

Then

30.

Then 'gan she cry much louder than afore,
That all the people (there without) it heard,
And *Belge* self was therewith stonied sore,
As if the only sound thereof she feard.
But then the feend her self more fiercely reard
Upon her wide great wings, and strongly flew
With all her body at his head and beard;
That had he not foreseen with heedful view,
And thrown his shield atween, she had him done to rew.

31.

But as she prest on him with heavy sway,
Under her womb his fatal sword he thrust,
And for her entrails made an open way,
To issue forth; the which, once being burst,
Like to a great Mill damb forth fiercely gusht,
And powred out of her infernal sink
Most ugly filth, and poyson therewith rusht,
That him nigh choked with the deadly stink:
Such loathly matter were small lust to speak or think.

32.

Then down to ground fell that deformed Mass,
Breathing out clouds of sulphur foul and black,
In which a puddle of contagion was,
More loath'd than *Lerna*, or than *Stygian* lake,
That any man would nigh awhaped make.
Whom when he saw on ground, he was full glad,
And streight went forth his gladness to partake
With *Belge*, who watcht all this while full sad,
Waiting what end would be of that same danger drad.

33.

Whom when he saw so joyously come forth,
She 'gan rejoyce, and shew triumphant chear,
Lauding and praising his rowned worth,
By all the names that honourable were.
Then in he brought her, and her shewed there
The present of his pains, that monstrous spoil,
And eke that Idol deem'd so costly dear;
Whom he did all to pieces break and foil
In filthy durt, and left so in the loathly soil.

34.

Then all the people which beheld that day,
'Gan shout aloud, that unto heaven it rong;
And all the damzels of that town in ray,
Came dauncing forth, and joyous Carrols song:
So him they led through all their streets along,
Crowned with girlonds of immortal bays;
And all the vulgar did about them throng,
To see the man, whose everlasting praise,
They all were bound to all posterities to raise.

35.

There he with *Belge*, did awhile remain,
Making great feast and joyous merriment,
Until he had her settled in her raign,
With safe assurance and establishment.
Then to his first emprize his mind he lent,
Full loath to *Belge*, and to all the rest:
Of whom yet taking leave, thence forth he went
And to his former journey him addrest,
On which long way he rode, ne ever day did rest.

36.

But turn we now to noble *Arthegall*;
Who, having left *Mercilla*, streight way went
On his first quest, the which him forth did call,
To weet, to work *Irenaes* franchisement,
And eke *Grantortoes* worthy punishment.
So forth he fared as his manner was,
With only *Talus* waiting diligent,
Through many perils, and much way did pass,
Till nigh unto the place at length approch't he has.

37.

There as he travel'd by the way, he met
An aged wight, wayfaring all alone,
Who through his years long since aside had set
The use of arms, and battel quite forgon:
To whom as he approch't he knew anon,
That it was he which whilom did attend,
On fair *Irene* in her affliction,
When first to Fairy Court he saw her wend,
Unto his soverain Queen her suit for to commend.

38.

Whom by his name saluting, thus he 'gan;
Hail good Sir *Sergis*, truest Knight alive,
Well tride in all thy Ladies troubles than,
When her that Tyrant did of Crown deprive;
What new occasion doth thee hither drive,
Whiles she alone is left, and thou here found?
Or is she thrall, or doth she not survive?
To whom he thus; She liveth sure and sound;
But by that Tyrant is in wretched thraldom bound.

39.

For, she presuming on th'appointep tide,
In which ye promist, as ye were a Knight,
To meet her at the salvage Ilands side
(And then and there for tryal of her right
With her unrighteous enemy to fight)
Did thither come: where she (affraid of nought)
By guileful treason and by subtil slight
Surprised was, and to *Grantorto* brought,
Who her imprison'd hath, and her life often sought.

40.

And now he hath to her prefix'd a day,
By which, if that no Champion do appear,
Which will her cause in battailous array
Against him justifie, and prove her clear
Of all those crimes that he 'gainst her doth rear,
She death shall sure aby. Those tydings sad
Did much abash Sir *Arthegall* to hear,
And grieved sore, that through his fault she had
Fallen into that Tyrants hand and usage bad.

41.

Then thus replide; Now sure and by my life,
Too much am I to blame for that fair Maid,
That have her drawn to all this troublous strife,
Through promise to afford her timely aid,
Which by default I have not yet defraid,
But witness unto me, ye heavens, that knew
How clear I am from blame of this upbraid:
For, ye into like thraldom me did throw,
And kept from complishing the faith which I did owe.

But

42.

But now aread, Sir *Sergis*, how long ſpace
Hath he her lent a Champion to provide:
Ten days quoth he, he granted hath of grace,
For that he weeneth well, before that tide
None can have tydings to aſſiſt her ſide.
For all the ſhores, which to the ſea accoſt,
He day and night doth ward both far and wide,
That none can there arrive without an hoſt:
So her he deems already but a damned ghoſt.

43.

Now turn again, Sir *Arthegal* then ſaid:
For if I live till thoſe ten days have end,
Aſſure your ſelf, Sir Knight, ſhe ſhall have aid,
Though I this deareſt life for her do ſpend;
So backward he attone with him did wend.
Tho, as they rode together on their way,
A rout of people they before them kend,
Flocking together in confuſd array,
As if that there were ſome tumultous affray.

44.

To which as they approacht, the cauſe to know,
They ſaw a Knight in dangerous diſtreſs
Of a rude rout, him chaſing to and fro,
That fought with lawleſs powre him to oppreſs,
And bring in bondage of their brutiſhneſs:
And far away, amid their rake-hell hands,
They ſpide a Lady left all ſuccourleſs,
Crying, and holding up her wretched hands
To him for aid, who long in vain their rage withſtands.

45.

Yet ſtill he ſtrives, ne any peril ſpares,
To reſcue her from their rude violence,
And like a Lion wood amongſt them fares,
Dealing his dreadfull blows with large diſpence;
Gainſt which, the pallid death finds no defence.
But all in vain their numbers are ſo great,
That nought may boot to baniſh them from thence:
For, ſoon as he their outrage back doth beat,
They turn afreſh, and oft renew their former threat.

46.

And now they do ſo ſharply him aſſay,
That they his ſhield in pieces battered have,
And forced him to throw it quite away.
Fro dangers dread his doubtful life to ſave;
Albe that it moſt ſafety to him gave,
And much did magnifie his noble name.
For, from the day that he thus did it leave,
Amongſt all Knights he blotted was with blame,
And counted but a recreant knight with endleſs ſhame.

47.

Whom when they thus diſtreſſed did behold,
They drew unto his aid: but that rude rout
Them alſo gan aſſail with outrage bold,
And forced them, how-ever ſtrong and ſtout
They were, as well approv'd in many a doubt,
Back to recule; until that iron man
With his huge flail began to lay about;
From whoſe ſtern preſence they diffuſed ran,
Like ſcattered chaff, the which the wind away doth fan.

48.

So when that knight from peril clear was freed,
He drawing near, began to greet them fair,
And yeeld great thanks for their ſo goodly deed,
In ſaving him from dangerous diſpair
Of thoſe, which ſought his life for to empair.
Of whom Sir *Arthegal* did then enquere
The whole occaſion of his late miſfar,
And who he was, and what thoſe villains were,
The which with mortal malice him purſu'd ſo neer.

49.

To whom he thus; My name is *Burbon* hight,
Well known, and far renowned heretofore,
Until late miſchief did upon me light,
That all my former praiſe hath blemiſht ſore;
And that fair Lady, which in that uprore
Ye with thoſe captives ſaw *Flourdelis* hight,
Is mine own Love, though me ſhe have forlore,
Whether with-held from me by wrongfull might:
Or with her own good will, I cannot read aright.

50.

But ſure to me her faith ſhe firſt did plight,
To be my Love, and take me for her Lord;
Till that a Tyrant, which *Grantorto* hight,
With golden gifts, and many a guilefull word
Entyced her, to him for to accord.
(O! who may not with gifts and words be tempted?)
Sith which, ſhe hath me ever ſince abhord,
And to my foe hath guilefully conſented:
Ay me! that ever guile in women was invented.

51.

And now he hath this troup of villains ſent,
By open force to fetch her quite away:
Gainſt whom, my ſelf I long in vain have bent
To reskew her, and daily means aſſay,
Yet reskew her thence by no means I may:
For, they do me with multitude oppreſs,
And with unequal might do over-lay,
That oft I driven am to great diſtreſs,
And forced to forgoe th'attempt remedileſs.

52.

But why have ye, ſaid *Arthegal*, forborn
Your own good ſhield in dangerous diſmay;
That is the greateſt ſhame and fouleſt ſcorn,
Which unto any knight behappen may,
To loſe the badge, that ſhould his deeds diſplay.
To whom Sir *Burbon*, bluſhing half for ſhame,
That ſhall I unto you, quoth he, bewray;
Leaſt ye therefore more happely me blame,
And deem it doen of will, that through inforcement came.

53.

True is, that I at firſt was dubbed knight
By a good knight, the knight of the *Redcroſs*;
Who, when he gave me arms, in field to fight,
Gave me a ſhield, in which he did endoſs
His deer redeemers badge upon the boſs:
The ſame long while I bore, and therewithall
Fought many battels without wound or loſs;
Therewith *Grantorto* ſelf I did appall,
And made him oftentimes in field before me fall.

54.

But, for that many did that ſhield envy,
And cruel enemies encreaſed more;
To ſtint all ſtrife and troublous enmity,
That bloudy ſcutchin being battered ſore,
I laid aſide, and have of late forbore,
Hoping thereby to have my Love obtain'd:
Yet can I not my Love have nathemore;
For, ſhe by force is ſtill fro me detain'd,
And with corrupted bribes is to untruth miſ-train'd.

55.

To whom thus *Arthegal*; Certes Sir knight,
Hard is the caſe, the which ye do complain;
Yet not ſo hard (for nought ſo hard may light,
That it to ſuch a ſtraight mote ye conſtrain)
As to abandon that which doth contain
Your honours ſtile, that is your warlike ſhield.
All perill ought be leſs, and leſs all pain
Than loſs of fame in diſadventrous field;
Dye rather than do ought that mote diſhonour yield.

56.

Not ſo, quoth he; for, yet when time doth ſerve,
My former ſhield I may reſume again:
To temporize is not from truth to ſwerve,
Ne for advantage term to entertain,
When as neceſſity doth it conſtrain.
Fie on ſuch forgery, ſaid *Arthegall*,
Under on hood to ſhadow faces twain.
Knights ought be true, and truth is one in all:
Of all things to diſſemble fowly may befall.

57.

Yet let me you of curteſie requeſt,
Said *Burbon*, to aſiſt me now at need
Againſt theſe peſants, which have me oppreſt,
And forced me to ſo infamous deed,
That yet my Love may from their hands be freed.
Sir *Arthegal*, albe he earſt did wyte
His wavering mind, yet to his aid agreed,
And buckling him eftſoons unto the fight,
Did ſet upon thoſe troups with all his powre and might.

58.

Who flocking round about them as a ſwarm
Of flyes upon a birchen bough doth cluſter,
Did them aſſault with terrible alarm,
And over all the fields themſelves did muſter,
With bils and glayves making a dreadful luſter;
That forc't at firſt thoſe knights back to retire:
As when the wrathful *Boreas* doth bluſter,
Nought may abide the tempeſt of his yre,
Both man and beaſt do flie, and ſuccour doe inquire.

59.

But when as overblowen was that brunt,
Thoſe knights began afreſh them to aſſail,
And all about the fields like Squirrils hunt;
But chiefly *Talus* with his iron flayl,
Gainſt which no flight nor reſcue mote avail,
Made cruel havock of the baſer crew,
And chaced them both over hill and dale:
The raſcall many ſoon they overthrew;
But the two knights themſelves their captains did ſubdew.

60

At laſt, they came whereas that Lady bode,
Whom now her keepers have forſaken quight,
To ſave themſelves, and ſcattered were abrode;
Her half diſmaid they found in doubtfull plight,
As neither glad nor ſory for their ſight;
Yet wondrous fair ſhe was, and richly clad
In royal robes, and many Jewels dight,
But that thoſe villens through their uſage bad
Them fouly rent, and ſhamefully defaced had.

61

But *Burbon*, ſtreight diſmounting from his ſteed,
Unto her ran with greedy great deſire;
And catching her faſt by her ragged weed,
Would have embraced her with heart entire.
But ſhe, back-ſtarting with diſdainful ire,
Bad him avaunt, ne would unto his lore
Allured be, for prayer nor for meed:
Whom when thoſe knights ſo froward and forlore
Beheld, they her rebuked and upbrayded ſore.

62

Said *Arthegal*; What foul diſgrace is this,
To ſo fair Lady, as ye ſeem in ſight,
To blot your beauty, that unblemiſht is,
With ſo foul blame, as breach of faith once plight,
Or change of Love for any worlds delight?
Is ought on earth ſo precious or dear,
As praiſe and honour? Or is ought ſo bright
And beautifull, as glories beams appear?
Whoſe goodly light than *Phœbus* lamp doth ſhine more (clear.

63

Why then will ye, fond Dame, attempted be
Unto a ſtrangers love, ſo lightly placed,
For gifts of gold, or any worldly glee,
To leave the Love that ye before embraced,
And let your fame with falshood be defaced?
Fie on the pelf, for which good name is ſold,
And honour with indignity debaſed:
Dearer is love than life, and fame than gold;
But dearer than them both, your faith once plighted hold.

64

Much was the Lady in her gentle mind
Abaſht at his rebuke, that bit her near,
Ne ought to anſwer thereunto did find;
But hanging down her head with heavy chear,
Stood long amaz'd, as ſhe amated wear.
Which *Burbon* ſeeing, her again aſſayd,
And claſping twixt him arms, her up did rear
Upon his ſteed, whiles ſhe no whit gain-ſaid:
So bore her quite away, nor well nor ill apaid.

65

Nath'leſs the iron man did ſtill purſew
That raſcal many with unpitied ſpoyl;
Ne ceaſed not, till all their ſcatred crew
Into the ſea he drove quite from that ſoyl,
The which they troubled had with great turmoyl:
But *Arthegal*, ſeeing his cruel deed,
Commanded him from ſlaughter to recoyl,
And to his voyage gan again proceed,
For that the term approching faſt, required ſpeed.

CANTO XII.

Arthegal *doth Sir* Burbon *ayd,*
And blames for changing ſhield:
He with the great Grantorto fights,
And ſlayeth him in field.

1.

O Sacred hunger of ambitious minds,
And impotent deſire of men to raign!
Whom neither dread of God, that divels binds,
Nor laws of men, that Common-weals contain,
Nor bands of Nature, that wild beaſts reſtrain,
Can keep from outrage, and from doing wrong,
Where they may hope a Kingdom to obtain.
No faith ſo firm, no truſt can be ſo ſtrong,
No love ſo laſting then, that may enduren long.

2.

Witneſs may *Burbon* be, whom all the bands,
Which may a Knight aſſure, had ſurely bound,
Untill the love of Lordſhip and of lands
Made him become moſt faithleſs and unſound:
And witneſs be *Gerioneo* found,
Who for like cauſe fair *Belge* did oppreſs,
And right and wrong moſt cruelly confound:
And ſo be now *Grantorto*, who no leſs
Than all the reſt burſt out to all outrageouſneſs.

3.

Gainſt whom Sir *Arthegal*, long having ſince
Taken in hand th' exploit, being theretoo
Appointed by that mighty Fairy Prince,
Great *Gloriane*, that tyrant to fordoo,
Through other great adventures hithertoo
Had it forſlackt. But now time drawing ny,
To him aſſynd, her high beheaſt to doo,
To the Sea ſhore he gan his way apply,
To weet, if ſhipping ready he mote there deſcry.

4.

Tho, when they came to the Sea coaſt, they found
A Ship all ready (as good fortune fell)
To put to Sea, with whom they did compound,
To paſs them over, where them liſt to tell:
The wind and weather ſerved them ſo well,
That in one day they with the coaſt did fall;
Whereas they ready found, them to repell,
Great hoſts of men in order Martiall,
Which them forbad to land, and footing did forſtall.

5.

But nathemore would they from land refrain:
But when as nigh unto the ſhore they drew,
That foot of man might ſound the bottom plain,
Talus into the Sea did forth iſſew,
Though darts from ſhore, & ſtones they at him threw;
And wading through the Waves with ſtedfaſt ſway,
Maugre the might of all thoſe troops in view,
Did win the ſhore, whence he them chaſt away,
And made to fly, like Doves, whom th' Eagle doth affray.

6.

The whiles, Sir *Arthegal*, with that old Knight
Did forth deſcend, there being none them near,
And forward marched to a town in ſight.
By this came tydings to the Tyrants ear,
By thoſe, which earſt did fly away for fear
Of their arrival: where-with troubled ſore,
He all his forces ſtreight to him did rear,
And forth iſſuing with his ſcouts afore,
Meant them to have incountred, ere they left the ſhore.

7.

But ere he marched far, he with them met,
And fiercely charged them with all his force;
But *Talus* ſternly did upon them ſet,
And bruſht, and battered them without remorſe,
That on the ground he left full many a corſe;
Ne any able was him to withſtand,
But he them overthrew both man and Horſe,
That they lay ſcattered over all the land,
As thick as doth the ſeed after the ſowers hand.

8.

Till *Arthegal* him ſeeing ſo to rage,
Will'd him to ſtay, and ſign of truce did make:
To which all, hearkning, did awhile aſſwage
Their forces fury, and their terror ſlake;
Till he an Herauld call'd, and to him ſpake,
Willing him wend unto the Tyrant ſtreight,
And tell him that not for ſuch ſlaughter ſake
He thither came, but for to try the right
Of fair *Irenaes* cauſe with him in ſingle fight.

9.

And willed him for to reclaim with ſpeed
His ſcattered people, ere they all were ſlain,
And time and place convenient too areed,
In which, they two the combat might darrain.
Which meſſage when *Grantorto* heard, full fain
And glad he was the ſlaughter ſo to ſtay,
And pointed for the combat twixt them twain
The morrow next, ne gave him longer day;
So ſounded the retrait, and drew his folk away.

10.

That night, Sir *Arthegal* did cauſe his tent
There to be pitched on the open Plain;
For, he had given ſtraight commandement,
That none ſhould dare him once to entertain:
Which none durſt break, though many would right fain
For fair *Irena*, whom they loved dear.
But yet old *Sergis* did ſo well him pain,
That from cloſe friends, that dar'd not to appear,
He all things did purvay, which for them needful were.

11.

The morrow next, that was the diſmal day,
Appointed for *Irenas* death before,
So ſoon as it did to the world diſplay
His chearful face, and light to men reſtore,
The heavy maid, to whom none tydings bore
Of *Arthegals* arrival, her to free,
Lookt up with eyes full ſad, and heart full ſore;
Weening her lifes laſt hour then near to be,
Sith no redemption nigh ſhe did nor hear nor ſee.

12.

Then up ſhe roſe, and on her ſelf did dight
Moſt ſqualid garments, fit for ſuch a day;
And with dull count'nance, and with doleful ſpright,
She forth was brought in ſorrowful diſmay,
For to receive the doom of her decay.
But coming to the place, and finding there
Sir *Arthegal*, in battailous array
Waiting his foe, it did her dead heart chear,
And new life to her lent, in midſt of deadly fear.

13.

Like as a tender Roſe in open Plain,
That with untimely drought nigh withered was,
And hung the head, ſoon as few drops of rain
Thereon diſtill and deaw her dainty face,
Gins to look up, and with freſh wonted grace
Diſſpreds the glory of her leaves gay;
Such was *Irenas* count'nance, ſuch her caſe,
When *Arthegal* ſhe ſaw in that array,
There wayting for the Tyrant, till it was far day.

14.

Who came at length, with proud preſumptuous gate
Into the field, as if he fearleſs were,
All armed in a coat of Iron plate,
Of great defence toward the deadly fear:
And on his head a ſteel-cap he did wear
Of colour ruſty brown, but ſure and ſtrong;
And in his hand an huge Polaxe did bear,
Whoſe ſteel was Iron ſtudded, but not long,
With which he wont to fight, to juſtifie his wrong.

15.

Of ſtature huge, and hideous he was,
Like to a Gyant for his monſtrous hight,
And did in ſtrength moſt ſorts of men ſurpaſs,
Ne ever any found his match in might;
Thereto he had great skill in ſingle fight;
His face was ugly, and his countenance ſtern,
That could have fraid one with the very ſight,
And gaped like a gulf, when he did gern,
That whether man or monſter one could ſcarce diſcern.

16.

Soon as he did within the liſts appear,
With dreadful look he *Arthegal* beheld,
As if he would have daunted him with fear;
And grinning grieſly, did againſt him weld
His deadly weapon, which in hand he held.
But th' Elfin ſwayn, that oft had ſeen like ſight,
Was with his ghaſtly count'nance nothing queld,
But gan him ſtraight to buckle to the fight,
And caſt his ſhield about, to be in ready plight.

17.

The Trumpets ſound, and they together go,
With dreadful terror, and with fell intent;
And their huge ſtrokes full dangerouſly beſtow,
To do moſt dammage, where as moſt they ment
But with ſure force and fury violent,
The Tyrant thundred his thick blows ſo faſt,
That through the Iron walls their way they rent,
And even to the vital parts they paſt,
Ne ought could them endure, but all they cleft or braſt.

18.

Which cruel outrage, when as *Arthegall*
Did well avize, thenceforth with wary heed
He ſhund his ſtrokes, where-ever they did fall,
And way did give unto their graceleſs ſpeed:
As when a skilful Mariner doth reed
A ſtorm approching, that doth peril threat,
He will not bide the danger of ſuch dread,
But ſtrikes his ſayls, and vereth his main ſheat,
And lends unto it leave the empty air to beat.

19.

So did the Fairy Knight himſelf abear,
And ſtouped oft, his head from ſhame to ſhield:
No ſhame to ſtoup, ones head more high to rear;
And much to gain, a little for to yield:
So ſtouteſt Knights doen oftentimes in field.
But ſtill the Tyrant ſternly at him layd,
And did his Iron axe ſo nimbly wield,
That many wounds into his fleſh it made,
And with his burdenous blows him ſore did over-lade.

20.

Yet, when as fit advantage he did ſpy,
The whiles the curſed felon high did rear
His cruel hand, to ſmite him mortally,
Under his ſtroke he to him ſtepping near,
Right in the flank him ſtrook with deadly drear,
That the gore-blood thence guſhing grievouſly,
Did underneath him like a pond appear,
And all his armour did with purple dye:
Thereat he brayed loud, and yelled dreadfully.

21.

Yet the huge ſtroke, which he before intended,
Kept on his courſe, as he did it direct,
And with ſuch monſtrous poiſe adown deſcended,
That ſeemed nought could him from death protect:
But he it well did ward with wiſe reſpect,
And twixt him and the blow his ſhield did caſt,
Which thereon ſeizing, took no great effect;
But byting deep therein, did ſtick ſo faſt,
That by no means it back again he forth could wraſt.

22.

Long while he tug'd and ſtrove, to get it out,
And all his powre applyed thereunto,
That he there-with the Knight drew all about:
Nath'leſs, for all that ever he could do,
His axe he could not from his ſhield undo.
Which *Arthegal* perceiving, ſtrook no more,
But looſing ſoon his ſhield, did it forgo,
And whiles he combred was there-with ſo ſore,
He gan at him let drive more fiercely than afore.

23.

So well he him purſew'd, that at the laſt,
He ſtrook him with *Chryſaor* on the head,
That with the ſouſe thereof full ſore agaſt,
He ſtaggered to and fro in doubtful ſtead.
Again, whiles he him ſaw ſo ill beſted,
He did him ſmite with all his might and main,
That falling on his Mother earth he fed:
Whom when he ſaw proſtrated on the Plain,
He lightly reft his head, to eaſe him of his pain.

Which

24.

Which when the people round about him ſaw;
They ſhouted all for joy of his ſucceſs,
Glad to be quit from that proud Tyrants awe,
Which with ſtrong powre did them long time oppreſs;
And running all with greedy joyfulneſs
To fair *Irena*, at her feet did fall,
And her adored with due humbleneſs,
As their true Liege and Princeſs naturall;
And eke her champions glory ſounded over all.

25.

Who, ſtraight her leading with meet Majeſty
Unto the Palace where their Kings did raign,
Did her therein eſtabliſh peaceably,
And to her Kingdoms ſeat reſtore again;
And all ſuch perſons as did late maintain
That Tyrants part, with cloſe or open aid,
He ſorely puniſhed with heavy pain;
That in ſhort ſpace, whiles there with her he ſtaid,
Not one was left, that durſt her once have diſobayd.

26.

During which time that he did there remain,
His ſtudy was true Juſtice how to deal,
And day and night employ'd his buſie pain
How to reform that ragged Common-weal:
And that ſame Iron man which could reveal
All hidden crimes, through all that Realm he ſent,
To ſearch out thoſe that us'd to rob and ſteal,
Or did rebell gainſt lawful government;
On whom he did inflict moſt grievous puniſhment.

27.

But ere he could reform it thoroughly,
He through occaſion called was away
To Fairy-Court, that of neceſſity
His courſe of Juſtice he was forc't to ſtay,
And *Talus* to revoke from the right way,
In which he was that Realm for to redreſs.
But envies clowd ſtill dimmeth vertues ray.
So having freed *Irena* from diſtreſs,
He took his leave of her, there left in heavineſs.

28.

Tho, as he back returned from that land,
And there arriv'd again whenceforth he ſet,
He had not paſſed far upon the Strand,
When-as two old ill favour'd Hags he met,
By the way ſide being together ſet,
Two grieſly creatures; and, to that their faces
Moſt foul and filthy were, their garments yet
Being all rag'd and tatter'd, their diſgraces
Did much the more augment, and made moſt ugly caſes.

29.

The one of them, that elder did appear,
With her dull eyes did ſeem to look askew,
That her miſhap much helpt; and her foul hair
Hung looſe and loathſomely: there-to her hew
Was wan and lean, that all her teeth arew,
And all her bones, might through her cheeks be red;
Her lips were like raw leather, pale and blew:
And as ſhe ſpake, there-with ſhe ſlavered;
Yet ſpake ſhe ſeldom, but thought more, the leſs ſhe ſed.

30.

Her hands were foul and durty, never waſht
In all her life, with long nails over-raught,
Like Puttocks claws: with th' one of which ſhe
Her curſed head, although it itched naught; (ſcratcht
The other held a ſnake with venim fraught,
On which ſhe fed, and gnawed hungerly,
As if that long ſhe had not eaten ought;
That round about her jaws one might deſcry
The bloody gore and poyſon dropping lothſomly.

31.

Her name was *Envy*, knowen well thereby;
Whoſe nature is to grieve or grudge at all
That ever ſhe ſees done praiſe-worthily:
Whoſe ſight to her is greateſt croſs may fall,
And vexeth ſo, that makes her eat her gall.
For, when ſhe wanteth other thing to eat,
She feeds on her own maw unnatural,
And of her own foul entrails makes her meat;
Meat fit for ſuch a monſters monſterous dieat.

32.

And if ſhe hapt of any good to hear,
That had to any happily betid,
Then would ſhe inly fret, and grieve, and tear
Her fleſh for felneſs, which ſhe inward hid:
But if ſhe heard of ill that any did,
Or harm that any had, then would ſhe make
Great cheer, like one unto a banquet bid;
And in anothers loſs great pleaſure take,
As ſhe had got thereby, and gained a great ſtake.

33.

The other, nothing better was than ſhe;
Agreeing in bad will and cankred kind,
But in bad manner they did diſagree:
For, what-ſo *Envy* good or bad did find,
She did conceal, and murder her own mind;
But this, what-ever evil ſhe conceiv'd,
Did ſpread abroad, and throw in th'open wind.
Yet this in all her words might be perceiv'd, (reav'd.
That all ſhe ſought, was mens good name to have be-

34.

For, what-ſoever good by any ſaid,
Or doen ſhe heard, ſhe would ſtraight-ways invent
How to deprave, or ſlanderouſly up-braid,
Or to miſconſtrue of a mans intent,
And turn to ill the thing that well was ment.
Therefore ſhe uſed often to reſort
To common haunts, and companies frequent,
To hark what any one did good report,
To blot the ſame with blame, or wreſt in wicked ſort.

35.

And if that any ill ſhe heard of any,
She would it eke, and make much worſe by telling,
And take great joy to publiſh it to many,
That every matter worſe was for her melling.
Her name was hight *Detraction*, and her dwelling
Was near to *Envy*, even her neighbour next;
A wicked hag, and *Envy* ſelf excelling
In miſchief: for, her ſelf ſhe only vext:
But this ſame, both her ſelf, and others eke perplext.

Her

36.

Her face was ugly, and her mouth diſtort,
Foming with poyſon round about her gills,
In which her curſed tongue (full ſharp and ſhort)
Appear'd like Aſpis ſting, that cloſely kills,
Or cruelly does wound whom-ſo ſhe wills:
A diſtaff in her other hand ſhe had,
Upon the which ſhe little ſpins, but ſpills,
And fains to weave falſe tales and leaſings bad,
To throw amongſt the good, which others had diſſprad.

37.

Theſe two now had themſelves combin'd in one,
And linkt together gainſt Sir *Arthegall*,
For whom they waited as his mortal fone,
How they might make him into miſchief fall,
For freeing from their ſnares *Irena* thrall:
Beſides, unto themſelves they gotten had
A monſter, which the *Blatant Beaſt* men call;
A dreadful fiend, of Gods and men ydrad,
Whom they by ſlights allur'd, and to their purpoſe lad.

38.

Such were theſe hags, and ſo unhandſome dreſt:
Whom when they nigh approching had eſpide
Sir *Arthegal* return'd from his late queſt,
They both aroſe, and at him loudly cryde,
As it had been two ſhepherds currs, had ſcride
A ravenous Wolf amongſt the ſcattered flocks.
And *Envy* firſt, as ſhe that firſt him eyde,
Towards him runs, and with rude flaring locks
About her ears, does beat her breaſt, and forhead knocks.

39.

Then from her mouth the gobbet ſhe does take,
The which whylear ſhe was ſo greedily
Devouring; even that half-gnawen ſnake,
And at him throws it moſt deſpightfully.
The curſed Serpent, though ſhe hungrily
Earſt chaw'd thereon, yet was not all ſo dead,
But that ſome life remained ſecretly;
And, as he paſt afore withouten dread,
Bit him behind, that long the mark was to be read.

40.

Then, th'other coming near, gan him revile,
And foully rail, with all ſhe could invent;
Saying, that he had with unmanly guile,
And foul abuſion both his honour blent,
And that bright ſword, the ſword of Juſtice lent,
Had ſtained with reprochful cruelty,
In guiltleſs blood of many an innocent:
As for *Grandtorto*, him with treachery
And trains having ſurpriz'd, he foully did to dye.

41.

There-to the *Blatant Beaſt*, by them ſet on,
At him began aloud to bark and bay,
With bitter rage and fell contention,
That all the woods and rocks, nigh to that way,
Began to quake and tremble with diſmay;
And all the ayr rebellowed again.
So dreadfully his hundred tongues did bray,
And evermore thoſe hags themſelves did pain,
To ſharpen him, and their own curſed tongues did ſtrain.

42.

And ſtill among, moſt bitter words they ſpake,
Moſt ſhameful, moſt unrighteous, moſt untrew,
That they the mildeſt man alive would make
Forget his patience, and yield vengeance dew
To her, that ſo falſe ſlanders at him threw.
And more, to make them pearce and wound more deep,
She with the ſting which in her vile tongue grew,
Did ſharpen them, and in freſh poyſon ſteep:
Yet he paſt on, and ſeem'd of them to take no keep.

43.

But *Talus*, hearing her ſo lewdly rail,
And ſpeak ſo ill of him, that well deſerv'd,
Would her have chaſtiz'd with his Iron flail,
If her Sir *Arthegal* had not preſerv'd,
And him forbidden, who his heaſt obſerv'd.
So much the more at him ſtill did ſhe ſcold,
And ſtones did caſt, yet he for nought would ſwerve
From his right courſe, but ſtill the way did hold
To Fairy Court, where what him fell ſhall elſe be told.

The End of the Fifth Book.

THE

THE SIXTH BOOK OF THE Fairy Queen:

CONTAINING

The Legend of Sir *CALIDORE*; or, of Curteſie.

1.

THe ways, through which my weary ſteps I guide,
In this delightful land of Fairy,
Are ſo exceeding ſpacious and wide,
And ſprinkled with ſuch ſweet variety
Of all that pleaſant is to ear or eye,
That I nigh raviſht with rare thoughts delight,
My tedious travel do forget thereby;
And when I gin to feel decay of might,
It ſtrength to me ſupplies, and chears my dulled ſpright.

2.

Such ſecret comfort, and ſuch heavenly pleaſures,
Ye ſacred Imps, that on *Pernaſſo* dwell,
And there the keeping have of learnings treaſures,
Which do all worldly riches far excell,
Into the minds of mortal men do well,
And goodly fury into them infuſe;
Guide ye my footing, and conduct me well
In theſe ſtrange ways, where never foot did uſe,
Ne none can find, but who was taught them by the Muſe.

3.

Reveal to me the ſacred nourſery
Of Vertue, which with you doth there remain,
Where it in ſilver bowre does hidden lye
From view of men, and wicked worlds diſdain.
Sith it at firſt was by the Gods with pain
Planted in earth, being deriv'd at furſt
From heavenly ſeeds of bounty ſoverain,
And by them long with careful labour nurſt,
Till it to ripeneſs grew, and forth to honour burſt.

4.

Amongſt them all grows not a fairer flowre,
Than is the blooſm of comely Curteſie;
Which, though it on a lowly ſtalk do bowre,
Yet brancheth forth in brave nobility,
And ſpreads it ſelf through all civility:
Of which, though preſent age do plentious ſeem,
Yet being matcht with plain Antiquity,
Ye will them all but fained ſhows eſteem,
Which carry colours fair, that feeble eyes miſdeem.

5.

But in the trial of true Curteſie,
Its now ſo far from that which then it was,
That it indeed is nought but forgery,
Faſhion'd to pleaſe the eyes of them that paſs,
Which ſee not perfect things but in a glaſs:
Yet is that glaſs ſo gay, that it can blind
The wiſeſt ſight, to think gold that is braſs.
But vertues ſeat is deep within the mind,
And not in outward ſhows, but inward thoughts defin'd.

6.

But where ſhall I in all Antiquity
So fair a pattern find, where may be ſeen
The goodly praiſe of Princely Curteſie,
As in your ſelf, O ſoveraign Lady Queen?
In whoſe pure mind, as in a mirror ſheen,
It ſhows, and with her brightneſs doth inflame
The eyes of all, which thereon fixed been;
But meriteth indeed an higher name:
Yet ſo from low to high up-lifted is your name.

7.

Then pardon me, moſt dreaded Soveraign,
That from your ſelf I do this vertue bring,
And to your ſelf do it return again:
So from the Ocean all Rivers ſpring,
And tribute back repay, as to their King.
Right ſo from you all goodly vertues well
Into the reſt, which round about you ring,
Fair Lords and Ladies, which about you dwell,
And do adorn your Court, where courteſies excell.

CANTO.

CANTO I.

Calidore *ſaves from* Maleffort
a Damzel uſed vild;
Doth vanquiſh Crudor, *and doth make*
Briana *wex more mild.*

1.

OF Court, it ſeems, men Courteſie do call,
For that it there moſt uſeth to abound;
And well beſeemeth, that in Princes hall
That vertue ſhould be plentifully found,
Which of all goodly manners is the ground,
And root of civil converſation.
Right ſo in Fairy Court it did redound,
Where courteous Knights and Ladies moſt did won
Of all on earth, and made a matchleſs paragon.

2.

But mongſt them all was none more courteous Knight,
Then *Calidore*, beloved over all:
In whom, it ſeems, that gehtleneſs of ſpright
And manners mild were planted naturall;
To which he adding comely guize withall,
And gracious ſpeech, did ſteal mens hearts away.
Nath'leſs, thereto he was full ſtout and tall,
And well approv'd in battailous affray,
That him did much renown, and far his fame diſplay.

3.

Ne was there Knight, ne was there Lady found
In Fairy Court, but him did dear embrace,
For his fair uſage and conditions ſound,
The which in all mens liking gained place,
And with the greateſt, purchaſt greateſt grace:
Which he could wiſely uſe, and well apply,
To pleaſe the beſt, and th'evil to embaſe.
For, he loath'd leaſing, and baſe flattery.
And loved ſimple truth, and ſtedfaſt honeſty.

4.

And now he was in travel on his way,
Upon an hard adventure ſore beſtad,
When-as by chance he met upon a day
With *Arthegal*, returning yet half ſad
From his late conqueſt which he gotten had.
Who, when-as each of other had a ſight,
They knew themſelves, and both their perſons rad:
When *Calidore* thus firſt; Hail nobleſt Knight
Of all this day on ground that breathen living ſpright.

5.

Now tell, if pleaſe you, of the good ſucceſs
Which ye have had in your late enterprize.
To whom Sir *Arthegal* gan to expreſs
His whole exploit, and valorous emprize,
In order as it did to him arize.
Now happy man, ſaid then Sir *Calidore*,
Which have ſo goodly, as ye can devize,
Atchiev'd ſo hard a queſt, as few before;
That ſhall you moſt renowned make for evermore.

6.

But where ye ended have, now I begin
To tread an endleſs trace withouten guide,
Or good direction, how to enter in,
Or how to iſſue forth in ways untride,
In perils ſtrange, in labours long and wide;
In which although good fortune me befall,
Yet ſhall it not by none be teſtifide.
What is that queſt, quoth then Sir *Arthegall*,
That you into ſuch perils preſently doth call?

7.

The *Blatant Beaſt*, quoth he, I do purſew,
And through the world inceſſantly do chaſe,
Till I him overtake, or elſe ſubdew:
Yet know I not or how, or in what place,
To find him out, yet ſtill I forward trace.
What is this *Blatant Beaſt*, than he reply'd?
It is a Monſter bred of helliſh race,
Then anſwer'd he, which often hath annoy'd
Good Knights and Ladies true, and many elſe deſtroy'd.

8.

Of *Cerberus* whylom he was begot,
And fell *Chimæra* in her darkſome den,
Through foul commixture of his filthy blot:
Where he was foſtred long in *Stygian* fen,
Till he to perfect ripeneſs grew, and then
Into this wicked world he forth was ſent,
To be the plague and ſcourge of wicked men:
Whom with vile tongue, and venemous intent
He ſore doth wound, and bite, and cruelly torment.

9.

Then ſince the ſalvage Iland I did leave,
Said *Arthegal*, I ſuch a Beaſt did ſee,
The which did ſeem a thouſand tongues to have,
That all in ſpight and malice did agree,
With which he bayd, and loudly barkt at me,
As if that he attonce would me devour.
But I, that knew my ſelf from peril free,
Did nought regard his malice nor his powre:
But he the more his wicked poyſon forth did poure.

10.

That ſurely is that Beaſt, ſaid *Calidore*,
Which I purſue, of whom I am right glad
To hear theſe tydings, which of none afore
Through all my weary travel I have had:
Yet now ſome hope your words unto me add.
Now God you ſpeed, quoth then Sir *Arthegall*,
And keep your body from the danger drad:
For, ye have much ado to deal withall;
So both took goodly leave, and parted ſeverall.

11.

Sir *Calidore* thence travelled not long,
When-as by chance a comely Squire he found,
That thorough ſome more mighty enemies wrong,
Both hand and foot unto a Tree was bound:
Who, ſeeing him from far, with pitious ſound
Of his ſhrill cryes him called to his aid.
To whom approching, in that painful ſtound
When he him ſaw, for no demands he ſtaid,
But firſt him loos'd, and afterwards thus to him ſaid.

Un-

12.

Unhappy Squire, what hard miſhap thee brought
Into this bay of peril and diſgrace?
What cruel hand thy wretched thraldom wrought,
And thee captived in this ſhameful place?
To whom he anſwer'd thus; My hapleſs caſe
Is not occaſiond through my miſdeſert,
But through misfortune, which did me abaſe
Unto this ſhame, and my young hope ſubvert,
Ere that I in her guileful trains was well expert.

13.

Not far from hence, upon yond rocky hill,
Hard by a ſtraight there ſtands a Caſtle ſtrong,
Which doth obſerve a cuſtom lewd and ill,
And it hath long maintaind with mighty wrong:
For, may no Knight nor Lady paſs along
That way (and yet they needs muſt paſs that way)
By reaſon of the ſtraight, and rocks among,
But they that Ladies locks do ſhave away,
And that Knights beard for toll, which they for paſſage pay.

14.

A ſhameful uſe as ever I did hear,
Said *Calidore*, and to be overthrown.
But by what means did they at firſt it rear,
And for what cauſe? tell if thou have it known.
Said then the Squire: The Lady which doth own
This Caſtle, is by name *Briana* hight,
Than which a prouder Lady liveth none:
She long time hath dear lov'd a doughty Knight,
And ſought to win his love by all the means ſhe might.

15

His name is *Crudor*, who through high diſdain
And proud deſpight of his ſelf-pleaſing mind,
Refuſed hath to yeild her love again,
Vntill a Mantle ſhe for him doe find,
With beards of Knights, and locks of Ladies lin'd.
Which to provide ſhe hath this Caſtle dight
And therein hath a Seneſchall aſſign'd,
Cald *Maleffort*, a man of mikcle might,,
Who executes her wicked will, with worſe deſpight.

16

He this ſame day, as I that way did come
With a faire Damzell, my beloved dear,
In execution of her lawleſſe doome.
Did ſet upon us flying both for fear:
For, little bootes againſt him hand to rear.
Me firſt he tooke, unable to withſtand;
And whiles he her purſued every where.
Till his return unto this tree he bound:
Ne wote I ſurely, whether her he yet have fond.

17

Thus, whiles they ſpake, they heard a ruefull ſhriek,
Of one loud crying, which they ſtraight way gheſt
That it was ſhee, the which for help did ſeek.
Tho, looking up unto the cry to left,
They ſaw the Carle from far, with hand unbleſt
Haling that Mayden by the yellow hair,
That all her garments from her ſnowy breſt,
And from her head her locks he nigh did tear,
Ne would he ſpare for pitty, nor refrain for fear

18

Which haynous ſight when *Calidore* beheld,
Eftſoons he loos'd that Squire, and ſo him left,
With hearts diſmay, and inward dolour queld,
For to purſue that vilain, which had reft
That pitious ſpoil by ſo injurious theft.
Whom overtaking, loud to him he cride;
Leave faytor quickly that miſgotten weft,
To him that hath it better juſtifide,
And turn thee ſoon to him, of whom thou art deſide.

19

Who hearking to that voice, himſelf up-reard,
And ſeeing him ſo fiercely towards make,
Againſt him ſtoutly ran, as nought afeard,
But rather more enrag'd for thoſe words ſake;
And with ſtern count'nance thus unto him ſpake;
Art thou the caitive that deſieſt mee,
And for this Mayd, whoſe party thou dooſt take,
Wilt give thy beard, though it but little be?
Yet ſhall it not her locks for ranſome fro me free.

20.

With that, he fiercly at him flew, and layd
On hideous ſtrokes with moſt importune might,
That oft he made him ſtagger as unſtayd,
And oft recuile to ſhun his ſharp deſpight.
But *Calidore*, that was well skild in fight,
Him long forbore, and ſtil his ſpirit ſpar'd,
Lying in wait how he him dammage might.
But when he felt him ſhrink, and come toward,
He greater grew, and gan to drive at him more hard.

21.

Like as a water ſtream, whoſe ſwelling ſourſe
Shall drive a Mill, within ſtrong banks is pent,
And long reſtrained of his ready courſe;
So ſoon as paſſage is unto him lent,
Breaks forth, and makes his way more violent.
Such was the fury of Sir *Calidore*,
When once he felt his foe-man to relent;
He fiercly him purſu'd, and preſſed ſore,
Who as he ſtill decayd, ſo he encraſed more.

22.

The heavy burden of whoſe dreadful might
When as the Carle no longer could ſuſtain,
His heart gan faint, and ſtraight he took his flight
Towards the Caſtle, where if he need conſtrain,
His hope of refuge uſed to remain.
Whom *Calidore* perceiving faſt to fly,
He him purſu'd and chaced through the Plain,
That he for dread of death gan loud to cry
Unto the ward, to open to him haſtily.

23.

They from the wall him ſeeing ſo aghaſt,
The gate ſoon opened to receive him in;
But *Calidore* did follow him ſo faſt,
That even in the Porch he him did win,
And cleft his head aſunder to his chin.
The carcaſs tumbling down within the dore,
Did choke the entrance with a lump of ſin,
That it could not be ſhut, whil'ſt *Calidore*
Did enter in, and ſlew the Porter on the flore.

24.

With that, the reſt, the which the Caſtle kept,
About him flockt, and hard at him did lay;
But he them all from him full lightly ſwept,
As doth a Stear, in heat of Summers day,
With his long tayl the bryzes bruſh away.
Thence paſſing forth, into the hall he came,
Where, of the Lady ſelf in ſad diſmay
He was ymet: who with uncomely ſhame
Gan him ſalute, and foul upbraid with faulty blame.

25.

Falſe traytor Knight, ſaid ſhe, no Knight at all,
But ſcorn of arms, that haſt with guilty hand
Murdred my men, and ſlain my Seneſchall;
Now comeſt thou to rob my houſe unmand,
And ſpoil my ſelf, that cannot thee withſtand?
Yet doubt thou not, but that ſome better Knight
Than thou, that ſhall thy treaſon underſtand,
Will it avenge, and pay thee with thy right:
And if none do, yet ſhame ſhall thee with ſhame requight.

26.

Much was the Knight abaſhed at that word;
Yet anſwerd thus; Not unto me the ſhame,
But to the ſhameful doer it afford.
Blood is no blemiſh; for, it is no blame
To puniſh thoſe that do deſerve the ſame;
But they that break bands of civility,
And wicked cuſtoms make, thoſe do defame
Both noble arms and gentle curteſie.
No greater ſhame to man, than inhumanity.

27.

Then do your ſelf, for dread of ſhame forgoe
This evil manner, which ye here maintain,
And do inſtead thereof mild curt'ſie ſhow
To all that paſs. That ſhall you glory gain
More than his love, which thus ye ſeek t'obtain.
Where-with, all full of wrath, ſhe thus reply'd;
Vile recreant, know that I do much diſdain
Thy courteous lore, that dooſt my love deride,
Who ſcorns thy idle ſcoff, and bids thee be defide.

28.

To take defiance at a Ladies word
Quoth he, I hold it no indignity;
But were he here, that would it with his ſword
Abett, perhaps he mote it deer aby.
Coward, quoth ſhe, were not that thou wouldſt fly,
Ere he do come, he ſhould be ſoon in place.
If I do ſo, ſaid he, then liberty
I leave to you, for aye me to diſgrace,
With all thoſe ſhames that earſt ye ſpake me to deface.

29.

With that, a Dwarf ſhe cal'd to her in haſte,
And taking from her hand a ring of gold
(A privy token which between them paſt)
Bade him to fly with all the ſpeed he could
To *Crudor*, and deſire him that he would
Vouchſafe to reskew her againſt a Knight,
Who through ſtrong powre had now her ſelf in hold,
Having late ſlain her Seneſchall in fight,
And all her people murdred with outragious might.

30.

The Dwarf his way did haſte, and went all night;
But *Calidore* did with her there abide
The coming of that ſo much threatned Knight,
Where that diſcourteous Dame with ſcornful pride,
And foul entreaty him indignifide,
That Iron hart it hardly could ſuſtain:
Yet he, that could his wrath full wiſely guide,
Did well endure her Womaniſh diſdain,
And did himſelf from frail impatience refrain.

31.

The morrow next, before the lamp of light
Above the earth up-rear'd his flaming head,
The Dwarf which bore that meſſage to her Knight,
Brought anſwer back, that ere he taſted bread,
He would her ſuccour; and alive or dead
Her foe deliver up into her hand:
Therefore he wil'd her do away all dread;
And that of him ſhe mote aſſured ſtand,
He ſent to her his baſenet, as a faithful band.

32.

Thereof full blith the Lady ſtraight became,
And gan t'augment her bitterneſs much more:
Yet no whit more appalled for the ſame,
Ne ought diſmayed was Sir *Calidore*,
But rather did more cheerful ſeem therefore.
And having ſoon his arms about him dight,
Did iſſue forth, to meet his foe afore;
Where long he ſtayed not, when-as a Knight
He ſpide come pricking on with all his powre and might.

33.

Well weend he ſtraight, that he ſhould be the ſame
Which took in hand her quarrel to maintain;
Ne ſtayd to ask if it were he by name,
But coucht his ſpear, and ran at him amain.
They been ymet in middeſt of the Plain,
With ſo fell fury and deſpiteous force,
That neither could the others ſtroke ſuſtain,
But rudely rowl'd to ground both man and horſe,
Neither of other taking pity nor remorſe.

34.

But *Calidore* up-roſe again full light,
Whiles yet his foe lay faſt in ſenſeleſs ſound;
Yet would he not him hurt, although he might:
For, ſhame he ween'd a ſleeping wight to wound.
But when *Briana* ſaw that drery ſtound,
There where ſhe ſtood upon the Caſtle wall,
She deem'd him ſure to have been dead on ground;
And made ſuch pitious mourning there-withall,
That from the battlements ſhe ready ſeem'd to fall.

35.

Nath'leſs, at length himſelf he did up-rear
In luſtleſs wiſe; as if againſt his will,
Ere he had ſlept his fill, he wakened were,
And gan to ſtretch his limbs; which feeling ill
Of his late fall, awhile he reſted ſtill:
But when he ſaw his foe before in view,
He ſhook off luskiſhneſs, and courage chill
Kindling afreſh, gan battel to renew,
To prove if better foot than horſeback would enſew.

There

36.

There then began a fearful cruel fray
Betwixt them two, for maiſtery of might.
For, both were wondrous practick in that play,
And paſſing well expert in ſingle fight,
And both inflam'd with furious deſpight:
Which as it ſtill increaſt, ſo ſtill increaſt
Their cruel ſtrokes and terrible affright;
Ne once for ruth their rigour they releaſt,
Ne once to breath awhile their angers tempeſt ceaſt.

37

Thus, long they trac't and traverſt to and fro,
And tryde all ways, how each mote entrance make
Into the life of his malignant foe;
They hew'd their helms, and plates aſunder brake,
As they had pot-ſhards been; for nought mote ſlake
Their greedy vengeances, but goary blood;
That at the laſt, like to a purple lake
Of bloody gore congeal'd about them ſtood,
Which from their riven ſides forth guſhed like a flood.

38.

At length, it chanc't, that both their hands on hie
Attonce did heave, with all their power and might,
Thinking the utmoſt of their force to try,
And prove the final fortune of the fight:
But *Calidore*, that was more quick of ſight,
And nimbler handed than his enemy,
Prevented him before his ſtroke could light,
And on the helmet ſmote him formerly,
That made him ſtoop to ground with meek humility.

39.

And ere he could recover foot again,
He following that fair advantage faſt,
His ſtroke redoubled with ſuch might and main,
That him upon the ground he groveling caſt;
And leaping to him light, would have unlac't
His Helm, to make unto his vengeance way.
Who ſeeing in what danger he was plac't,
Cryde out, Ah mercy Sir, do me not ſlay,
But ſave my life, which lot before your foot doth lay.

40.

With that, his mortal hand awhile he ſtayd,
And having ſomewhat calm'd his wrathful heat
With goodly patience, thus he to him ſaid;
And is the boaſt of that proud Ladies threat,
That menaced me from the field to beat,
Now brought to this? By this now may ye learn,
Strangers no more ſo rudely to intreat,
But put away proud look, and uſage ſtern,
The which ſhall nought to you but foul diſhonour earn.

41.

For, nothing is more blameful to a Knight,
That court'ſie doth as well as arms profeſs,
How ever ſtrong and fortunate in fight,
Than the reproch of pride and cruelneſs.
In vain he ſeeketh others to ſuppreſs,
Who hath not learn'd himſelf firſt to ſubdew:
All fleſh is frail, and full of fickleneſs,
Subject to fortunes chance, ſtill changing new;
What haps to day to me, to morrow may to you.

42.

Who will not mercy unto others ſhew,
How can he mercy ever hope to have?
To pay each with his own, is right and dew.
Yet ſith ye mercy now do need to crave,
I will it grant, your hopeleſs life to ſave,
With theſe conditions, which I will propound:
Firſt, that ye better ſhall your ſelf behave
Unto all errant Knights, where-ſo on ground;
Next, that ye Ladies aid in every ſtead and ſtound.

43.

The wretched man, that all this while did dwell
In dread of death, his heaſts did gladly hear,
And promiſt to perform his precept well,
And what-ſoever elſe he would requere.
So ſuffring him to riſe, he made him ſwear
By his own ſword, and by the croſs thereon,
To take *Briana* for his loving fere,
Withouten dowre or compoſition:
But to releaſe his former foul condition.

44.

All which accepting, and with faithful oth
Binding himſelf moſt firmly to obay,
He up aroſe, how ever lief or loth,
And ſwore to him true fealty for aye.
Then forth he cald from ſorrowful diſmay
The ſad *Briana*, which all this beheld:
Who coming forth yet full of late affray,
Sir *Calidore* up-cheard, and to her teld
All this accord, to which he *Crudor* had compeld.

45.

Whereof ſhe now more glad, than ſory earſt,
All overcome with infinite affect,
For his exceeding courteſie, that pearc't
Her ſtubborn hart with inward deep effect,
Before his feet her ſelf ſhe did project,
And him adoring as her lives dear Lord,
With all due thanks, and dutiful reſpect,
Her ſelf acknowledg'd bound for that accord,
By which he had to her both life and Love reſtor'd.

46.

So all returning to the Caſtle glad,
Moſt joyfully ſhe them did entertain;
Where goodly glee and feaſt to them ſhe made,
To ſhew her thankful mind and meaning fain,
By all the means ſhe mote it beſt explain:
And after all, unto Sir *Calidore*
Shee freely gave that Caſtle for his pain,
And her ſelf bound to him for evermore;
So wondrouſly now chang'd from that ſhe was afore.

47.

But *Calidore*, himſelf would not retain
Nor land nor fee for hire of his good deed;
But gave them ſtraight unto that Squire again,
Whom from her Seneſchall he lately freed,
And to his Damzel, as their rightful meed,
For recompence of all their former wrong:
There he remaind with them right well agreed,
Till of his wounds he wexed whole and ſtrong,
And then to his firſt queſt he paſſed forth along.

CANTO II.

Calidore *ſees young* Triſtram *ſlay*
a proud diſcourteous Knight:
He makes him Squire, and of him learns
his ſtate and preſent plight.

1.

WHat vertue is ſo fitting for a Knight,
Or for a Lady, whom a Knight ſhould love,
As Courteſie, to bear themſelves aright
To all of each degree, as doth behove?
For, whether they be placed high above,
Or low beneath, yet ought they well to know
Their good, that none them rightly may reprove
Of rudeneſs, for not yielding what they ow:
Great skill it is ſuch duties timely to beſtow.

2.

There-to great help Dame Nature ſelf doth lend:
For, ſome ſo goodly gracious are by kind,
That every action doth them much commend,
And in the eyes of men great liking find;
Which others, that have greater skill in mind,
Though they enforce themſelves, cannot attain.
For, every thing to which one is inclin'd,
Doth beſt become, and greateſt grace doth gain:
Yet praiſe likewiſe deſerve good thewes, enforc't with (pain.

3.

That well in courteous *Calidore* appears;
Whoſe every deed, and word that he did ſay,
Was like enchantment, that through both the eyes,
And both the ears did ſteal the hart away.
He now again is on his former way,
To follow his firſt queſt, when as he ſpyde
A tall young man from thence not far away,
Fighting on foot, as well he him deſcride,
Againſt an armed Knight, that did on horſe-back ride.

4.

And them beſide, a Lady fair he ſaw,
Standing alone on foot, in foul array:
To whom himſelf he haſtily did draw,
To weet the cauſe of ſo uncomely fray,
And to depart them, if ſo be he may.
But ere he came in place, that youth had kild
That armed Knight, that low on ground he lay;
Which when he ſaw, his heart was inly child
With great amazement, & his thought with wonder fild.

5.

Him ſtedfaſtly he markt, and ſaw to be
A goodly youth of amiable grace,
Yet but a ſlender ſlip, that ſcarce did ſee
Yet ſeventeen years, but tall and fair of face,
That ſure he deem'd him born of noble race.
All in a Woodmans jacket he was clad
Of Lincoln green, belaid with ſilver lace;
And on his head a hood with aglets ſprad,
And by his ſide his hunters horn he hanging had.

6.

Buskins he wore of coſtlieſt cordwain,
Pinkt upon gold, and paled part per part,
As then the guize was for each gentle ſwain;
In his right hand he held a trembling dart,
Whoſe fellow he before had ſent apart;
And in his left he held a ſharp bore-ſpear,
With which he wont to launce the ſalvage hart
Of many a Lyon, and of many a Bear
That firſt unto his hand in chaſe did happen near.

7.

Whom *Calidore* awhile well having vew'd,
At length beſpake; What means this, gentle ſwain?
Why hath thy hand too bold it ſelf embrew'd
In blood of Knight, the which by thee is ſlain?
By thee no Knight; which arms impugneth plain.
Certes, ſaid he, loth were I to have broken
The law of arms; yet break it ſhould again,
Rather than let my ſelf of wight be ſtroken,
So long as theſe two arms were able to be wroken.

8.

For, not I him, as this his Lady here
May witneſs well, did offer firſt to wrong,
Ne ſurely thus unarm'd I likely were;
But he me firſt, through pride and puiſſance ſtrong
Aſſaild, not knowing what to arms doth long.
Perdie, great blame, then ſaid Sir *Calidore*,
For armed Knight a wight unarm'd to wrong.
But then aread, thou gentle child, wherefore
Betwixt you two began this ſtrife and ſtern up-rore.

9.

That ſhall I ſooth, ſaid he, to you declare.
I, whoſe unriper years are yet unfit
For thing of weight, or work of greater care,
Do ſpend my days, and bend my careleſs wit
To ſalvage chace, where I thereon may hit
In all this Foreſt, and wild woody rain:
Where, as this day I was enranging it,
I chaunc't to meet this Knight, who there lies ſlain,
Together with this Lady, paſſing on the Plain.

10.

The Knight, as ye did ſee, on horſe-back was,
And this his Lady (that him ill became)
On her fair feet by his horſe ſide did paſs
Through thick and thin, unfit for any Dame.
Yet not content, more to increaſe his ſhame,
When-ſo ſhe lagged, as ſhe needs mote ſo,
He with his ſpear (that was to him great blame)
Would thump her forward, and inforce to go,
Weeping to him in vain, and making pitious woe.

11.

Which when I ſaw, as they me paſſed by,
Much was I moved in indignant mind,
And gan to blame him for ſuch cruelty
Towards a Lady, whom with uſage kind
He rather ſhould have taken up behind.
Where-with he wroth, and full of proud diſdain,
Took in foul ſcorn that I ſuch fault did find,
And me in lieu thereof revil'd again,
Threatning to chaſtize me, as doth t' a child pertain.

Which

12.

Which I no leſs diſdaining, back return'd
His ſcornful taunts unto his teeth again,
That he ſtraightway with haughty choler burn'd,
And with his ſpear ſtrook me one ſtroke or twain;
Which I enforc't to bear, though to my pain,
Caſt to requite; and with a ſlender dart,
Fellow of this I bear, thrown not in vain,
Strook him, as ſeemeth, underneath the hart,
That through the wound his ſpirit ſhortly did depart.

13.

Much did Sir *Calidore* admire his ſpeech
Tempred ſo well; but more admir'd the ſtroke
That through the mails he made ſo ſtrong a breach
Into his hart, and had ſo ſternly wroke
His wrath on him, that firſt occaſion broke.
Yet reſted not, but further gan inquire
Of that ſame Lady, whether what he ſpoke,
Were ſoothly ſo, and that th' unrighteous ire
Of her own Knight, had given him his own due hire.

14.

Of all which, when as ſhe could nought deny,
But clear'd that ſtripling of th' imputed blame;
Said then Sir *Calidore*, neither will I
Him charge with guilt, but rather do quite clame:
For, what he ſpake, for you he ſpake it, Dame;
And what he did, he did himſelf to ſave: (ſhame.
Againſt both which, that Knight wrought Knightleſs
For, Knights and all men this by nature have,
Towards all Women-kind them kindly to behave.

15.

But, ſith that he is gone irrevocable,
Pleaſe it you Lady, to us to aread,
What cauſe could make him ſo diſhonourable,
To drive you ſo on foot unfit to tread
And lackey by him, gainſt all Womanhead?
Certes, Sir Knight, ſaid ſhe, full loth I were
To raiſe a living blame againſt the dead:
But ſith it me concerns my ſelf to clere,
I will the truth diſcover, as it chanc't whylere.

16.

This day, as he and I together roade
Upon our way, to which we weren bent,
We chanc't to come fore-by a covert glade
Within a wood, where-as a Lady gent
Sate with a Knight in joyous jolliment
Of their frank loves, free from all jealous ſpies:
Fair was the Lady ſure, that mote content
An hart not carried with too curious eyes,
And unto him did ſhew all lovely curteſies.

17.

Whom, when my Knight did ſee ſo lovely fair,
He inly gan her Lover to envy,
And wiſh that he part of his ſpoyl might ſhare.
Where-to when as my preſence he did ſpy
To be a let, he bade me by and by
For to alight: but when as I was loth,
My Loves own part to leave ſo ſuddenly,
He with ſtrong hand down from his ſteed me throw'th,
And with preſumptuous powre againſt that Kt. ſtraight
(go'th.

18.

Unarm'd all was the Knight; as then more meet
For Ladies ſervice, and for loves delight,
Than fearing any foe-man there to meet:
Whereof he taking odds, ſtraight bids him dight
Himſelf to yield his Love, or elſe to fight:
Whereat, the other ſtarting up diſmayd,
Yet boldly anſwer'd, as he rightly might;
To leave his Love he ſhould be ill apaid,
In which he had good right gainſt all that it gain-ſaid.

19.

Yet, ſith he was not preſently in plight
Her to defend, or his to juſtifie,
He him requeſted, as he was a Knight,
To lend him day his better right to try,
Or ſtay till he his arms (which were there by)
Might lightly fetch. But he was fierce and hot,
Ne time would give, nor any tearms aby,
But at him flew, and with his ſpear him ſmote;
From which to think to ſave himſelf, it booted not.

20.

Meen-while his Lady, which this outrage ſaw,
Whil'ſt they together for the quarry ſtrove,
Into the covert did her ſelf withdraw,
And cloſely hid her ſelf within the Grove.
My Knight, hers ſoon (as ſeems) to danger drove;
And left ſore wounded: but when her he miſt,
He woxe half mad, and in that rage gan rove
And range through all the wood, whereſo he wiſt
She hidden was, and ſought her ſo long as him liſt.

21.

But, when as her he by no means could find,
After long ſearch and chauff, he turned back
Unto the place where me he left behind:
There gan he me to curſe and ban, for lack
Of that fair booty, and with bitter wrack
To wreak on me the guilt of his own wrong.
Of all which, I yet glad to bear the pack,
Strove to appeaſe him, and perſwaded long:
But ſtill his paſſion grew more violent and ſtrong.

22.

Then, as it were t'avenge his wrath on me,
When forward we ſhould fare, he flat refuſed
To take me up (as this young man did ſee)
Upon his ſteed, for no juſt cauſe accuſed,
But forc't to trot on foot, and foul miſuſed;
Punching me with the butt end of his ſpear,
In vain complaining to be ſo abuſed.
For, he regarded neither plaint nor tear,
But more enforc't my pain, the more my plaints to hear.

23.

So paſſed we, till this young man us met;
And being moov'd with pity of my plight,
Spake, as was meet, for eaſe of my regret:
Whereof befell what now is in your ſight.
Now ſure, then ſaid Sir *Calidore*, and right
Me ſeems, that him befell by his own fault:
Who ever thinks through confidence of might,
Or through ſupport of count'nance proud and hault
To wrong the weaker, oft falls in his own aſſault.

Then.

24.

Then, turning back unto that gentle boy,
Which had himſelf ſo ſtoutly well acquit;
Seeing his face ſo lovely ſtern and coy,
And hearing th' anſwers of his pregnant wit,
He prays'd it much, and much admired it;
That ſure he weend him born of noble blood,
With whom thoſe graces did ſo goodly fit:
And when he long had him beholding ſtood,
He burſt into theſe words, as to him ſeemed good.

25.

Fair gentle ſwain, and yet as ſtout as fair,
That in theſe woods amongſt the Nymphs dooſt won,
Which daily may to thy ſweet looks repair,
As they are wont unto *Latonaes* Son,
After his chaſe on woody *Cynthus* don:
Well may I, certes, ſuch an one thee read,
As by thy worth thou worthily haſt won,
Or ſurely born of ſome Heroick ſead,
That in thy face appears, and gracious goodly-head.

26.

But ſhould it not diſpleaſe thee it to tell
(Unleſs thou in theſe woods thy ſelf conceal,
For love amongſt the woody gods to dwell;)
I would thy ſelf require thee to reveal,
For dear affection and unfained zeal
Which to thy noble perſonage I bear,
And wiſh thee grow in worſhip and great weal.
For, ſince the day that arms I firſt did rear,
I never ſaw in any, greater hope appear.

27.

To whom, then thus the noble youth; May be
Sir Knight, that by diſcovering my eſtate,
Harm may ariſe unweeting unto me;
Nath'leſs, ſith ye ſo courteous ſeemed late,
To you I will not fear it to relate.
Then wote ye, that I am a Briton born,
Son of a King, how ever thorough fate
Or fortune I my Country have forlorn, (adorn.
And loſt the Crown, which ſhould my head by right

28.

And *Triſtram* is my name, the only heir
Of good King *Meliogras*, which did raign
In Cornwale, till that he through lives deſpeir
Untimely dide, before I did attain
Ripe years of reaſon, my right to maintain.
After whoſe death, his Brother ſeeing me
An infant, weak a Kingdom to ſuſtain,
Upon him took the royal high degree,
And ſent me, where him liſt, inſtructed for to be.

29.

The Widdow Queen, my Mother, which then hight
Fair *Emiline*, conceiving then great fear
Of my frail ſafety, reſting in the might
Of him, that did the Kingly Scepter bear,
Whoſe jealous dread induring not a pear,
Is wont to cut off all that doubt may breed,
Thought beſt away me to remove ſome-where
Into ſome forrain Land, where-as no need
Of dreaded danger might his doubtful humor feed.

30

So, taking counſel of a wiſe man red,
She was by him adviz'd, to ſend me quight
Out of the Country wherein I was bred,
The which the fertile *Lioneſs* is hight,
Into the Land of *Fairy*, where no wight
Should weet of me, or work me any wrong.
To whoſe wiſe read ſhe hearkning, ſent me ſtraight
Into this Land, where I have wond thus long,
Since I was ten years old, now growen to ſtature ſtrong.

31.

All which my days I have not lewdly ſpent,
Nor ſpilt the bloſſom of my tender years
In idleneſs; but as was convenient,
Have trained been with many noble feres
In gentle thews, and ſuch like ſeemly leres.
Mongſt which, my moſt delight hath always been
To hunt the ſalvage chace amongſt my peres,
Of all that rangeth in the Foreſt green;
Of which, none is to me unknown, that ev'r was ſeen.

32.

Ne is there hawk which mantleth her on pearch,
Whether high towring, or accoaſting low,
But I the meaſure of her flight do ſearch,
And all her prey, and all her dyet know.
Such be our joys, which in theſe Foreſts grow:
Only the uſe of arms, which moſt I joy,
And fitteth moſt for noble ſwain to know,
I have not taſted yet, yet paſt a boy,
And being now high time theſe ſtrong joynts to imploy.

33.

Therefore good Sir, ſith now occaſion fit
Doth fall, whoſe like hereafter ſildom may;
Let me this crave, unworthy though of it,
That ye will make me Squire without delay,
That from henceforth in battailous array
I may bear arms, and learn to uſe them right;
The rather, ſith that fortune hath this day
Given to me the ſpoyl of this dead Knight,
Theſe goodly gilden arms, which I have won in fight.

34.

All which, when well Sir *Calidore* had heard,
Him much more now, than earſt he gan admire,
For the rare hope which in his years appear'd,
And thus replide; Fair child, the high deſire
To love of arms, which in you doth aſpire,
I may not certes without blame deny;
But rather wiſh, that ſome more noble hire
(Though none more noble than is chevalry)
I had, you to reward with greater dignity.

35.

There him he caus'd to kneel, and made to ſwear
Faith to his Knight, and truth to Ladies all;
And never to be recreant, for fear
Of peril, or of ought that might befall:
So he him dubbed, and his Squire did call.
Full glad and joyous then young *Triſtram* grew,
Like as a flowre, whoſe ſilken leaves ſmall,
Long ſhut up in the bud from heavens view, (hew.
At length breaks forth, and brode diſplayes his ſmiling

Thus,

36.

Thus, when they long had treated to and fro,
And *Calidore* betook him to depart,
Child *Triſtram* prayd, that he with him might go
On his adventure; vowing not to ſtart,
But wait on him in every place and part.
Whereat Sir *Calidore* did much delight,
And greatly joy'd at his ſo noble hart,
In hope he ſure would prove a doughty Knight:
Yet for the time this anſwer he to him behight.

37.

Glad would I ſurely be, thou courteous Squire,
To have thy preſence in my preſent queſt,
That mote thy kindled courage ſet on fire,
And flame forth honour in thy noble breſt:
But I am bound by vow, which I profeſt
To my drad Soveraign, when I it aſſayd,
That in atchievement of her high beheſt,
I ſhould no creature joyn unto mine aid,
For-thy, I may not grant that ye ſo greatly prayd.

38.

But, ſince this Lady is all deſolate,
And needeth ſafegard now upon her way,
Ye may do well in this her needful ſtate
To ſuccour her from danger of diſmay;
That thankful guerdon may to you repay.
The noble Imp, of ſuch new ſervice fain,
It gladly did accept, as he did ſay.
So taking courteous leave, they parted twain,
And *Calidore* forth paſſed to his former pain.

39.

But *Triſtram*, then deſpoyling that dead Knight
Of all thoſe goodly ornaments of praiſe,
Long fed his greedy eyes with the fair ſight
Of the bright metal, ſhining like Sun rays;
Handling and turning them a thouſand ways.
And after, having them upon him dight,
He took that Lady, and her up did raiſe
Upon the ſteed of her own late dead Knight:
So with her marched forth, as ſhe did him behight.

40.

There, to their fortune, leave we them awhile,
And turn we back to good Sir *Calidore*;
Who, ere he thence had travail'd many a mile,
Came to the place, where-as ye heard afore,
This Knight, whom *Triſtram* ſlew, had wounded ſore
Another Knight in his deſpiteous pride;
There he that Knight found lying on the flore,
With many wounds full perilous and wide,
That all his garments, and the graſs in vermeil dide.

41.

And there beſide him ſate upon the ground
His woful Lady, pitiouſly complaining
With loud laments that moſt unlucky ſtound,
And her ſad ſelf with careful hand conſtraining
To wipe his wounds, and eaſe their bitter payning.
Which ſory ſight when *Calidore* did view
With heavy eyn, from tears uneath refrayning,
His mighty hart their mournful caſe can rew,
And for their better comfort to them nigher drew.

42.

Then ſpeaking to the Lady, thus he ſaid:
Ye doleful Dame, let not your grief empeach
To tell, what cruel hand hath thus arraid
This Knight unarm'd, with ſo unknightly breach
Of arms, that if I yet him nigh may reach,
I may avenge him of ſo foul deſpight.
The Lady, hearing his ſo courteous ſpeech,
Gan rear her eyes as to the chearful light,
And from her ſory hart few heavy words forth ſigh't.

43.

In which ſhe ſhew'd how that diſcourteous Knight
(Whom *Triſtram* ſlew) them in that ſhadow found,
Joyning together in unblam'd delight,
And him unarm'd, as now he lay on ground,
Charg'd with his ſpear, and mortally did wound
Withouten cauſe, but only her to reave
From him, to whom ſhe was for ever bound:
Yet when ſhe fled into that covert greave,
He her not finding, both them thus nigh dead did leave.

44.

When *Calidore* this rueful ſtory had
Well underſtood, he gan of her demand,
What manner wight he was, and how yclad,
Which had this out-rage wrought with wicked hand.
She then, like as ſhe beſt could underſtand,
Him thus deſcrib'd, to be of ſtature large,
Clad all in gilden arms, with azure band
Quartred athwart, and bearing in his targe
A Lady on rough waves, row'd in a ſummer barge.

45.

Then gan Sir *Calidore* to ghes ſtraightway,
By many ſigns which ſhe deſcribed had,
That this was he whom *Triſtram* earſt did ſlay,
And to her ſaid; Dame be no longer ſad:
For, he that hath your Knight ſo ill beſtad,
Is now himſelf in much more wretched plight;
Theſe eyes him ſaw upon the cold earth ſprad,
The meed of his deſert for that deſpight,
Which to your ſelf he wrought, and to your loved Kt.

46.

Therefore, fair Lady, lay aſide this grief,
Which ye have gathered to your gentle hart
For that diſpleaſure; and think what relief
Were beſt deviſe for this your Lovers ſmart,
And how ye may him hence, and to what part
Convay to be recur'd. She thankt him dear,
Both for that news he did to her impart,
And for the courteous care which he did bear
Both to her Love, and to her ſelf in that ſad drear.

47.

Yet could ſhe not deviſe by any wit,
How thence ſhe might convay him to ſome place.
For, him to trouble ſhe it thought unfit,
That was a ſtranger to her wretched caſe;
And him to bear, ſhe thought it thing too baſe.
Which when as he perceiv'd, he thus beſpake;
Fair Lady, let it not you ſeem diſgrace,
To bear this burden on your dainty back;
My ſelf will bear a part, coportion of your pack.

So,

48.

So, off he did his ſhield, and downward layd
Upon the ground, like to an hollow bear;
And pouring balm, which he had long purvaid,
Into his wounds, him up thereon did rear,
And twixt them both with parted pains did bear,
Twixt life and death, not knowing what was done.
Thence they him carried to a Caſtle near,
In which a worthy ancient Knight did wone:
Where what enſu'd, ſhall in next Canto be begone.

CANTO III.

Calidore *brings* Priſcilla *home*,
Purſues the Blatant Beaſt:
Saves Serena, *whil'ſt* Calepine
By Turpine *is oppreſt*.

1.

TRue is, that whilom that good Poet ſaid,
The gentle mind by gentle deeds is known.
For, man by nothing is ſo well bewrayd,
As by his manners; in which plain is ſhown
Of what degree and what race he is grown.
For, ſeldom ſeen, a trotting Stalion get
An ambling Colt, that is his proper own:
So ſeldom ſeen, that one in baſeneſs ſet
Doth noble courage ſhew, with courteous manners met.

2.

But evermore contrary hath been tryde,
That gentle blood will gentle manners breed;
As well may be in *Calidore* deſcride,
By late enſample of that courteous deed,
Done to that wounded Knight in his great need,
Whom on his back he bore, till he him brought
Unto the Caſtle where they had decreed.
There of the Knight, the which that Caſtle ought,
To make abode that night he greatly was beſought.

3.

He was to weet a man of full ripe years,
That in his youth had been of mickle might,
And born great ſway in arms amongſt his pears:
But now weak age had dimd his candle light.
Yet was he courteous ſtill to every wight,
And loved all that did to arms incline,
And was the Father of that wounded Knight,
Whom *Calidore* thus carried on his chine,
And *Aldus* was his name, and his Sons *Aladine*.

4.

Who when he ſaw his Son ſo ill bedight,
With bleeding wounds, brought home upon a Bear,
By a fair Lady, and a ſtranger Knight,
Was inly touched with compaſſion dear,
And dear affection of ſo doleful drear,
That he theſe words burſt forth; Ah ſory boy,
Is this the hope that to my hoary hear
Thou brings? aye me! is this the timely joy,
Which I expected long, now turn'd to ſad annoy.

5.

Such is the weakneſs of all mortal hope;
So tickle is the ſtate of earthly things,
That ere they come unto their aimed ſcope,
They fall too ſhort of our frail reckonings,
And bring us bale and bitter ſorrowings,
In ſtead of comfort, which we ſhould embrace.
This is the ſtate of Keaſars and of Kings.
Let none therefore, that is in meaner place,
Too greatly grieve at any his unlucky caſe.

6.

So well and wiſely did that good old Knight
Temper his grief, and turned it to chear,
To chear his gueſts, whom he had ſtayd that night,
And make their welcome to them well appear:
That to Sir *Calidore* was eaſie gear;
But that fair Lady would be chear'd for nought,
But ſigh't and ſorrow'd for her lover dear,
And inly did afflict her penſive thought,
With thinking to what caſe her name ſhould now be brought.

7.

For, ſhe was Daughter to a noble Lord,
Which dwelt thereby, who ſought her to affie
To a great Peer: but ſhe did diſaccord,
Ne could her liking to his love apply,
But lov'd this freſh young Knight, who dwelt her nie,
The luſty *Aladine* though meaner born,
And of leſs livelood and hability;
Yet full of valour, the which did adorn
His meanneſs much, and make her th'others riches ſcorn.

8.

So having both found fit occaſion,
They met together in that luckleſs glade;
Where that proud Knight in his preſumption
The gentle *Aladine* did earſt invade,
Being unarm'd, and ſet in ſecret ſhade.
Whereof ſhe now bethinking, gan t'advize,
How great a hazard ſhe at earſt had made
Of her good fame; and further gan devize,
How ſhe the blame might ſalve with coloured diſguize.

9.

But *Calidore* with all good courteſie
Fain'd her to frolick, and to put away
The penſive fit of her melancholy;
And that old Knight by all means did aſſay,
To make them both as merry as he may.
So they the evening paſt, till time of reſt;
Then *Calidore* in ſeemly good array
Unto his bowre was brought, and there undreſt,
Did ſleep all night through weary travel of his queſt.

10.

But fair *Priſcilla* (ſo that Lady hight)
Would not to bed, nor take no kindly ſleep,
But by her wounded Love did watch all night,
And all the night for bitter anguiſh weep,
And with her tears his wounds did waſh and ſteep.
So well ſhe waſht them, and ſo well ſhe watcht him,
That of the deadly ſwoun, in which full deep
He drenched was, ſhe at the length diſpatcht him,
And drove away the ſtound, which mortally attach't him.

The

11.

The morrow next when day gan to up-look,
He alſo gan up-look with drery eye,
Like one that out of deadly dream awook:
Where when he ſaw his fair *Priſcilla* by,
He deeply ſigh't, and groaned inwardly,
To think of this ill ſtate, in which ſhe ſtood,
To which ſhe for his ſake had weetingly
Now brought her ſelf, and blam'd her noble blood:
For firſt, next after life, he tendered her good.

12

Which ſhe perceiving, did with plentious tears
His care more than her own compaſſionate,
Forgetful of her own, to mind his fears:
So both conſpiring, gan to intimate
Each others grief with zeal affectionate,
And twixt them twain with equal care to caſt,
How to ſalve whole her hazarded eſtate;
For which the only help now left them laſt
Seem'd to be *Calidore*: all other helps were paſt.

13.

Him they did deem, as ſure to them he ſeem'd,
A courteous Knight, and full of faithful truſt:
Therefore to him their cauſe they beſt eſteem'd
Whole to commit, and to his dealing juſt.
Early, ſo ſoon as *Titans* beams forth burſt
Through the thick clouds, in which they ſteeped lay
All night in darkneſs, dul'd with Iron ruſt,
Calidore riſing up as freſh as day,
Gan freſhly him addreſs unto his former way.

14.

But firſt him ſeemed fit, that wounded Knight
To viſite, after this nights perilous paſs,
And to ſalute him, if he were in plight,
And eke that Lady his fair lovely Laſs.
There he him found much better than he was,
And moved ſpeech to him of things of courſe,
The anguiſh of his pain to over-paſs:
Mongſt which he namely did to him diſcourſe,
Of former days miſhap, his ſorrows wicked ſourſe.

15.

Of which occaſion *Aldine* taking hold,
Gan break to him the fortunes of his Love,
And all his diſadventures to unfold;
That *Calidore* it dearly deep did move.
In th' end his kindly courteſie to prove,
He him by all the bands of love beſought,
And as it mote a faithful friend behove,
To ſafe-conduct his Love, and not for ought
To leave, till to her Fathers houſe he had her brought.

16.

Sir *Calidore* his faith thereto did plight,
It to perform: ſo, after little ſtay,
That ſhe her ſelf had to the journey dight,
He paſſed forth with her in fair array,
Fearleſs, who ought did think, or ought did ſay,
Sith his own thought he knew moſt clear from wite.
So as they paſt together on their way,
He gan devize this counter-caſt of ſlight,
To give fair colour to that Ladies cauſe in ſight.

17.

Streight to the carcaſs of that Knight he went,
The cauſe of all this evil, who was ſlain
The day before by juſt avengement
Of noble *Triſtram*, where it did remain:
There he the neck thereof did cut in twain,
And took with him the head, the ſign of ſhame,
So forth he paſſed thorough that days pain,
Till to that Ladies Fathers houſe he came,
Moſt penſive man, through fear, what of his child became.

18.

There he arriving boldly, did preſent
The fearful Lady to her Father dear,
Moſt perfect pure, and guiltleſs innocent
Of blame, as he did on his Knignthood ſwear,
Since firſt he ſaw her, and did free from fear
Of a diſcourteous Knight, who had her reft,
And by outrageous force away did bear:
Witneſs thereof he ſhew'd his head there left,
And wretched life forlorn for vengement of his theft.

19.

Moſt joyful man her Sire was her to ſee,
And hear th' adventure of her late miſchance;
And thouſand thanks to *Calidore* for fee
Of his large pains in her deliverance
Did yield; Ne leſs the Lady did advance.
Thus having her reſtored truſtily,
As he had vow'd, ſome ſmall continuance
He there did make, and then moſt carefully
Unto his firſt exploit he did himſelf apply.

20.

So as he was purſuing of his queſt,
He chanc't to come whereas a jolly Knight,
In covert ſhade himſelf did ſafe reſt,
To ſolace with his Lady in delight:
His warlike arms he had from him undight;
For that himſelf he thought from danger free,
And far from envious eyes that mote him ſpight,
And eke the Lady was full fair to ſee,
And courteous withall, becoming her degree.

21.

To whom Sir *Calidore* approching nie,
Ere they were well aware of living wight,
Them much abaſht, but more himſelf thereby,
That he ſo rudely did upon them light,
And troubled had their quiet loves delight.
Yet ſince it was his fortune, not his fault,
Himſelf thereof he laboured to acquite,
And pardon crav'd for his ſo raſh default,
That he gainſt courteſie ſo fowly did default.

22.

With which his gentle words and goodly wit,
He ſoon allay'd that Knights conceiv'd diſpleaſure,
That he beſought him down by him to ſit,
That they mote treat of things abroad at leaſure;
And of adventures, which had in his meaſure
Of ſo long ways to him befallen late.
So down he ſate, and with delightful pleaſure
His long adventures gan to him relate,
Which he endured had through dangerous debate.

23.

Of which whil'ſt they diſcourſed both together,
The fair *Serena* (ſo his Lady hight)
Allur'd with mildneſs of the gentle weather,
And pleaſance of the place, the which was dight
With divers flowers diſtinct with rare delight;
Wandred about the fields, as liking led
Her wavering luſt after her wandring ſight,
To make a garland to adorn her head,
Without ſuſpect of ill or danger hidden dread.

24.

All ſodainly out of the Foreſt near
The *Blatant Beaſt*, forth ruſhing unaware,
Caught her thus looſely wandring here and there,
And in his wide great mouth away her bare.
Crying aloud, to ſhew her ſad miſfare
Unto the Knights, and calling oft for ayd;
Who with the horrour of her hapleſs care
Haſtily ſtarting up, like men diſmay'd,
Ran after faſt, to reſcue the diſtreſſed Maid.

25.

The Beaſt, with their purſuit incited more,
Into the wood was bearing her apace
For to have ſpoyled her, when *Calidore*
Who was more light of foot and ſwift in chace,
Him over-took in middeſt of his race:
And fiercely charging him with all his might,
Forc't to forgo his prey there in the place,
And to betake himſelf to fearful flight;
For, he durſt not abide with *Calidore* to fight.

26.

Who natheleſs, when he the Lady ſaw
There left on ground, though in full evil plight,
Yet knowing that her Knight now near did draw,
Stayd not to ſuccour her in that affright,
But follow'd faſt the Monſter in his flight:
Through woods and hills he follow'd him ſo faſt,
That he n'ould let him breath nor gather ſpright,
But forc't him gape and gaſp, with dread aghaſt,
As if his lungs and lites were nigh aſunder braſt.

27.

And now by this, Sir *Calepine* (ſo hight)
Came to the place, where he his Lady found
In dolorous diſmay and deadly plight,
All in gore blood there tumbled on the ground,
Having both ſides through grip't with grieſly wound.
His weapons ſoon from him he threw away;
And ſtooping down to her in drery ſwound,
Uprear'd her from the ground, whereon ſhe lay,
And in his tender arms her forced up to ſtay.

28.

So well he did his buſie pains apply,
That the faint ſprite he did revoke again,
To her frail manſion of mortality.
Then up he took her twixt his armes twain,
And ſetting on his ſteed, her did ſuſtain
With careful hands ſoft footing her beſide,
Till to ſome place of reſt they mote attain,
Where ſhe in ſafe aſſurance mote abide,
Till ſhe recured were of thoſe her woundes wide.

29.

Now when as *Phœbus* with his fiery wain
Unto his Inn began to draw apace;
Tho, wexing weary of that toyſom pain,
In travelling on foot ſo long a ſpace,
Not wont on foot with heavy arms to trace,
Down in a dale forby a rivers ſide,
He chanc't to ſpy a fair and ſtately place,
To which he meant his weary ſteps to guide,
In hope there for his Love ſome ſuccour to provide.

30.

But coming to the rivers ſide, he found
That hardly paſſable on foot it was:
Therefore there ſtill he ſtood as in a ſtound,
Ne wiſt which way he through the foord mote paſs.
Thus whil'ſt he was in this diſtreſſed caſe,
Deviſing what to do, he nigh eſpide
An armed Knight approching to the place,
With a fair Lady linked by his ſide,
The which themſelves prepar'd thorough the foord to ride.

31.

Whom *Calepine* ſaluting (as became)
Beſought of courteſie in that his need
(For ſafe conducting of his ſickly Dame,
Through that ſame perilous foord with better heed)
To take him up behind upon his ſteed:
To whom that other did this taunt return;
Perdy thou peaſant Knight mightſt rightly reed
Me then to be full baſe and evil born,
If I would bear behind a burden of ſuch ſcorn.

32.

But as thou haſt thy ſteed forlorn with ſhame,
So fare on foot till thou another gain,
And let thy Lady likewiſe do the ſame,
Or bear her on thy back with pleaſing pain,
And prove thy manhood on the billows vain.
With which rude ſpeech his Lady much diſpleaſed,
Did him reprove, yet could him not reſtrain,
And would on her own Palfrey him have eaſed,
For pity of his Dame, whom ſhe ſaw ſo diſeaſed.

33.

Sir *Calepine* her thankt; yet, inly wroth
Againſt her Knight, her gentleneſs refuſed,
And careleſly into the river goth,
As in deſpight to be ſo foul abuſed
Of a rude churl, whom often he accuſed
Of foul diſcourteſie, unfit for Knight;
And ſtrongly wading through the waves unuſed,
With Spear in th' one hand, ſtayd himſelf upright,
With th' other ſtayd his Lady up with ſteddy might.

34.

And all the while, that ſame diſcourteous Knight
Stood on the further bank beholding him.
At whoſe calamity, for more deſpight,
He laught, and mockt to ſee him like to ſwim.
But when as *Calepine* came to the brim,
And ſaw his carriage paſt that peril well,
Looking at that ſame Carl with count'nance grim,
His heart with vengeance inwardly did ſwell,
And forth at laſt did break in ſpeeches ſharp and fell.

Un-

35.

Unknightly Knight, the blemiſh of that name,
And blot of all that arms upon them take,
Which is the badge of honour and of fame,
Loe I defie thee, and here challenge make,
That thou for ever do thoſe arms forſake;
And be for ever held a recreant Knight,
Unleſs thou dare for thy dear Ladies ſake,
And for thine own defence on foot alight,
To juſtifie thy fault gainſt me in equal fight.

36.

The daſtard, that did hear himſelf defide,
Seem'd not to waigh his threatful words at all,
But laught them out, as if his greater pride
Did ſcorn the challenge of ſo baſe a thrall:
Or had no courage, or elſe had no gall.
So much the more was *Calepine* offended,
That him to no revenge he forth could call;
But both his challenge and himſelf contemned,
Ne cared as a coward ſo to be condemned.

37.

But he nought weighing what he ſaid or did,
Turned his ſteed about another way,
And with his Lady to the Caſtle rid,
Where was his won; ne did the other ſtay,
But after went directly as he may,
For his ſick charge ſome harbour there to ſeek;
Where he arriving with the fall of day,
Drew to the gate, and there with prayers meek,
And mild entreaty, lodging did for her beſeek.

38.

But the rude Porter, that no manners had,
Did ſhut the gate againſt him in his face,
And entrance boldly unto him forbad.
Natheleſs the Knight, now in ſo needy caſe,
Gan him entreat even with ſubmiſſion baſe,
And humbly prayd to let them in that night:
Who to him anſwer'd, that there was no place
Of lodging fit for any errant Knight,
Unleſs that with his Lord he formerly did fight.

39.

Full loth am I, quoth he, as now at earſt,
When day is ſpent, and reſt us needeth moſt,
And that this Lady, both whoſe ſides are pearc't
With wounds, is ready to forgo the ghoſt:
Ne would I gladly combat with mine hoſt,
That ſhould to me ſuch courteſie afford,
Unleſs that I were thereunto enforc't.
But yet aread to me, how hight thy Lord,
That doth thus ſtrongly ward the Caſtle of the ford.

40.

His name quoth he, if that thou liſt to learn,
Is hight Sir *Turpine*, one of mickle might,
And manhood rare, but terrible and ſtern
In all aſſays to every errant Knight,
Becauſe of one, that wrought him foul deſpight.
Ill ſeems ſaid he, if he ſo valiant be,
That he ſhould be ſo ſtern to ſtranger wight:
For, ſeldom yet did living creature ſee,
That curteſie and manhood ever diſagree.

41.

But go thy ways to him, and fro me ſay,
That here is at the gate an errant Knight,
That houſe-room craves, yet would be loth t' aſſay
The proof of battel, now in doubtful night,
Or courteſie with rudeneſs to requite:
Yet if he needs will fight, crave leave till morn,
And tell (withall) the lamentable plight,
In which this Lady languiſheth forlorn,
That pity craves, as he of Woman was yborn.

42.

The Groom went ſtreightway in, and to his Lord
Declar'd the meſſage, which that Knight did move:
Who, ſitting with his Lady then at bord,
Not only did not his demand approve,
But both himſelf revil'd, and eke his Love;
Albe his Lady, that *Blandina* hight,
Him of ungentle uſage did reprove
And earneſtly entreated that they might
Find favour to be lodged there for that ſame night.

43.

Yet would he not perſwaded be for ought,
Ne from his curriſh will awhit reclame.
Which anſwer when the Groom, returning brought
To *Calepine*, his heart did inly flame
With wrathful fury for ſo foul a ſhame,
That he could not thereof avenged be:
But moſt for pity of his deareſt Dame,
Whom now in deadly danger he did ſee;
Yet had no means to comfort, nor procure her glee.

44.

But all in vain; for why, no remedy
He ſaw the preſent miſchief to redreſs,
But th' utmoſt end perforce for to aby,
Which that nights fortune would for him addreſs.
So down he took his Lady in diſtreſs,
And layd her underneath a buſh to ſleep,
Cover'd with cold, and wrapt in wretchedneſs,
Whiles he himſelf all night did nought but weep,
And wary watch about her for her ſafegard keep.

45.

The morrow next, ſo ſoon as joyous day
Did ſhew it ſelf in ſunny beams bedight,
Serena full of dolorous diſmay,
Twixt darkneſs drad, and hope of living light,
Uprear'd her head to ſee that cheerful ſight.
Then *Calepine*, how-ever inly wroth,
And greedy to avenge that vile deſpight;
Yet for the feeble Ladies ſake, full loth
To make there longer ſtay, forth on his journey goth.

46.

He goth on foot all armed by her ſide,
Upſtaying ſtill her ſelf upon her ſteed,
Being unable elſe alone to ride;
So ſore her ſides, ſo much her wounds did bleed:
Till that at length, in his extreameſt need,
He chanc't far off an armed Knight to ſpie,
Purſuing him apace with greedy ſpeed;
Whom well he wiſt to be ſome enemy,
That meant to make advantage of his miſery.

47.

Wherefore he ſtayd, till that he nearer drew,
To weet what iſſue would thereof betide.
Tho, when-as he approched nigh in view,
By certain ſigns he plainly him deſcride
To be the man, that with ſuch ſcornful pride
Had him abus'd, and ſhamed yeſterday.
Therefore miſdoubting, leaſt he ſhould miſ-guide
His former malice to ſome new aſſay,
He caſt to keep himſelf ſo ſafely as he may.

48.

By this, the other came in place likewiſe;
And couching cloſe his ſpear and all his powre,
As bent to ſome malicious enterpriſe,
He bad him ſtand, t'abide the bitter ſtoure
Of his ſore vengeance, or to make avour
Of the lewd words and deed, which he had done:
With that ran at him, as he would devour
His life attonce; who nought could do, but ſhun
The peril of his pride, or elſe be over-run.

49.

Yet he him ſtill purſewd from place to place,
With full intent him cruelly to kill;
And like a wild Goat round about did chaſe,
Flying the fury of his bloody will.
But his beſt ſuccour and refuge was ſtill
Behind his Ladies back; who to him cride,
And called oft with prayers loud and ſhrill,
As ever he to Lady was affide,
To ſpare her Knight, and reſt with reaſon pacifide.

50.

But he the more thereby enraged was,
And with more eager felneſs him purſew'd:
So that at length, after long weary chace,
Having by chance a cloſe advantage vew'd,
He over-raught him, having long eſchew'd
His violence in vain; and with his ſpear
Strook through his ſhoulder, that the blood enſew'd
In great aboundance, as a Well it were,
That forth out of an hill freſh guſhing did appear.

51.

Yet ceaſt he not for all that cruel wound,
But chac't him ſtill, for all his Ladies cry;
Not ſatisfide till on the fatal ground
He ſaw his life pour'd forth deſpiteouſly:
The which was certes in great jeopardy,
Had not a wondrous chance his reskew wrought,
And ſaved from his cruel villany.
Such chances oft exceed all humane thought:
That in another Canto ſhall to end be brought.

CANTO IV.

Calepine *by a ſalvage man*
From Turpine *reskew'd is;*
And whil'ſt an Infant from a Bear
He ſaves, his Love doth miſs.

1.

LIke as a Ship with dreadful ſtorm long toſt,
Having ſpent all her maſts and her ground-hold,
Now far from harbour likely to be loſt.
At laſt ſome fiſher bark doth near behold,
That giveth comfort to her courage cold:
Such was the ſtate of this moſt courteous Knight,
Being oppreſſed by that faytour bold,
That he remained in moſt perilous plight,
And his ſad Lady left in pitiful affright.

2.

Till that by fortune, paſſing all foreſight,
A ſalvage man, which in thoſe woods did wone,
Drawn with that Ladies loud and pitious ſhright,
Toward the ſame inceſſantly did rone,
To underſtand what there was to be done.
There he this moſt diſcourteous craven found,
As fiercely yet, as when he firſt begone,
Chaſing the gentle *Calepine* around,
Ne ſparing him the more for all his grievous wound.

3.

The ſalvage man, that never til this hour
Did taſte of pity, neither gentleſs knew,
Seeing his ſharp aſſault and cruel ſtour
Was much emmoved at his perils view;
That even his ruder heart began to rew,
And feel compaſſion of his evil plight,
Againſt his foe, that did him ſo purſew:
From whom he meant to free him, if he might,
And him avenge of that ſo villenous deſpight.

4.

Yet arms or weapon had he none to fight,
Ne knew the uſe of warlike inſtruments,
Save ſuch as ſudden rage him lent to ſmite;
But naked without needful veſtiments,
To clad his corpſe with meet habiliments,
He cared not for dint of ſword nor ſpear,
No more than for the ſtrokes of ſtraws or bents:
For, from his Mothers womb, which him did bear,
He was invulnerable made by Magick lear.

5.

He ſtayd not to advize, which way were beſt
His foe t'aſſail, or how himſelf to gard;
But with fierce fury and with force infeſt
Upon him ran: who, being well prepar'd:
His firſt aſſault full warily did ward,
And with the puſh of his ſharp pointed ſpear
Full on the breaſt him ſtrook, ſo ſtrong and hard,
That forc't him back recoyl, and reel arear;
Yet in his body made no wound nor blood appear.

With

6.

With that, the wild man more enraged grew,
Like to a Tygre that hath miſt his pray,
And with mad mood again upon him flew,
Regarding neither ſpear that mote him ſlay,
Nor his fierce ſteed, that mote him much diſmay.
The ſalvage Nation doth all dread deſpiſe:
Tho, on his ſhield he gripe hold did lay,
And held the ſame ſo hard, that by no wiſe
He could him force to looſe, or leave his enterpriſe.

7.

Long did he wreſt and wring it to and fro,
And every way did try, but all in vain:
For he would not his greedy gripe for-go,
But hal'd and puld with all his might and main,
That from his ſteed him nigh he drew again.
Who having now no uſe of his long ſpear,
So nigh at hand, nor force his ſhield to ſtrain,
Both ſpear and ſhield, as things that needleſs were,
He quite forſook, and fled himſelf away for fear.

8.

But after him the wild man ran apace,
And him purſewed with importune ſpeed:
(For, he was ſwift as any Buck in chace)
And had he not in his extreameſt need,
Been helped through the ſwiftneſs of his ſteed,
He had him overtaken in his flight.
Who, ever as he ſaw him nigh ſucceed,
Gan cry aloud with horrible affright,
And ſhrieked out; a thing uncomely for a Knight.

9.

But when the Salvage ſaw his labour vain,
In following of him that fled ſo faſt,
He weary woxe, and back return'd again
With ſpeed unto the place, where-as he laſt
Had left that couple, near their utmoſt caſt.
There he that Knight full ſorely bleeding found,
And eke the Lady fearfully aghaſt,
Both for the peril of the preſent ſtound,
And alſo for the ſharpneſs of her rankling wound.

10.

For, though ſhe were full glad, ſo rid to be
From that vile lozell, which her late offended;
Yet now no leſs encombrace ſhe did ſee,
And peril by this ſalvage man pretended;
Gainſt whom ſhe ſaw no means to be defended,
By reaſon that her Knight was wounded ſore.
Therefore her ſelf ſhe wholly recommended
To Gods ſole grace, whom ſhe did oft implore,
To ſend her ſuccour, being of all hope forlore.

11.

But the wild man, contrary to her fear,
Came to her, creeping like a fawning hound,
And by rude tokens made to her appear
His deep compaſſion of her doleful ſtound,
Kiſſing his hands, and crouching to the ground;
For, other language had he none nor ſpeech,
But a ſoft murmure, and confuſed ſound
Of ſenſeleſs words, which Nature did him teach,
T'expreſs his paſſions, which his reaſon did empeach.

12.

And coming likewiſe to the wounded Knight,
When he beheld the ſtreams of purple blood
Yet flowing freſh; as moved with the ſight,
He made great mone, after his ſalvage mood:
And running ſtreight into the thickeſt wood,
A certain herb from thence unto him brought,
Whoſe vertue he by uſe well underſtood:
The juice whereof into his wound he wrought,
And ſtopt the bleeding ſtraight, ere he it ſtanched thought.

13.

Then taking up that Recreants ſhield and ſpear,
Which earſt he left, he ſigns unto them made,
With him to wend unto his wonning near:
To which he eaſily did them perſwade.
Far in the Foreſt by a hollow glade,
Covered with moſſie ſhrubs, which ſpredding broad
Did underneath them make a gloamy ſhade;
Where foot of living creature never troad,
Ne ſcarce wild beaſts durſt come, there was this wights abode.

14.

Thither he brought theſe unacquainted gueſts;
To whom fair ſemblance, as he could, he ſhewed
By ſigns, by looks and all his other geſts.
But the bare ground, with hoary moſs beſtrowed,
Muſt be their bed, their pillow was unſowed,
And the fruits of the Foreſt was their feaſt:
For, their bad Stuard neither plough'd nor ſowed,
Ne fed on fleſh, ne ever of wild beaſt
Did taſte the blood, obeying Natures firſt beheaſt.

15.

Yet howſoever baſe and mean it were,
They took it well, and thanked God for all;
Which had them fre'ed from that deadly fear,
And ſav'd from being to that caitive thrall.
Here they of force (as fortune now did fall)
Compelled were themſelves awhile to reſt,
Glad of that eaſement, though it were but ſmall;
That having there their wounds awhile redreſt,
They mote the abler be to paſs unto the reſt.

16.

During which time, that wild man did apply
His beſt endeavour, and his daily pain,
In ſeeking all the woods both far and nie
For herbs to dreſs their wounds; ſtill ſeeming fain,
When ought he did, that did their liking gain.
So as ere long he had that Knightes wound
Recured well, and made him whole again:
But that ſame Ladies hurt no herb be found,
Which could redreſs, for it was inwardly unſound.

17.

Now when as *Calepine* was woxen ſtrong,
Upon a day he caſt abroad to wend,
To take the air, and hear the Thruſhes ſong,
Unarm'd, as fearing neither foe nor friend,
And without ſword his perſon to defend.
There him befell, unlooked for before,
An hard adventure with unhappy end,
A cruel Bear, the which an Infant bore
Betwixt his bloody jaws, beſprinkled all with gore.

The

18.

The little babe did loudly ſcriek and ſquall,
And all the woods with pitious plaints did fill,
As if his cry did mean for help to call
To *Calepine*, whoſe ears thoſe ſhrieches ſhrill
Pearcing his heart with pities point did thrill;
That after him, he ran with zealous haſte,
To reſcue th' Infant, ere he did him kill:
Whom though he ſaw now ſomewhat over-paſt,
Yet by the cry he follow'd, and purſewed faſt.

19.

Well then him chanc't his heavy arms to want,
Whoſe burden mote impeach his needful ſpeed,
And hinder him from liberty to pant:
For, having long time, as his daily weed,
Them wont to wear, and wend on foot for need;
Now wanting them he felt himſelf ſo light,
That like an Hawk, which feeling her ſelf freed
From bells and jeſſes, which did let her flight,
Him ſeem'd his feet did fly, and in their ſpeed delight.

20.

So well he ſped him, that the weary Bear
Ere long he over-took, and forc't to ſtay;
And without weapon him aſſailing near,
Compel'd him ſoon the ſpoyl adown to lay.
Wherewith the beaſt enrag'd to loſe his prey,
Upon him turned, and with greedy force
And fury, to be croſſed in his way,
Gaping full wide, did think without remorſe
To be aveng'd on him, and to devour his corſe.

21.

But the bold Knight no whit thereat diſmay'd:
But catching up in hand a ragged ſtone,
Which lay thereby (ſo fortune him did aid)
Upon him ran, and thruſt it all attone
Into his gaping throte, that made him grone
And gaſp for breath, that he nigh choked was,
Being unable to digeſt that bone;
Ne could it upward come, nor downward paſs:
Ne could he brook the coldneſs of the ſtony maſs.

22.

Whom when as he thus cumbred did behold,
Striving in vain that nigh his bowels braſt,
He with him cloſ'd: and laying mighty hold
Upon his throte, did gripe his gorge ſo faſt,
That wanting breath, him down to ground he caſt;
And then oppreſſing him with urgent pain,
Ere long enforc't to breath his utmoſt blaſt,
Gnaſhing his cruel teeth at him in vain, (ſtrain.
And threatning his ſharp claws, now wanting powre to

23.

Then took he up betwixt his armes twain
The little babe, ſweet relicks of his pray;
Whom pitying to hear ſo ſore complain,
From his ſoft eyes the tears he wip't away,
And from his face the filth that did it ray:
And every little limb he ſearcht around,
And every part, that under ſweath-bands lay,
Leaſt that the beaſts ſharp teeth had any wound
Made in his tender fleſh; but whole them all he found.

24.

So having all his bands again up-tyde,
He with him thought back to return again:
But when he lookt about on every ſide,
To weet which way were beſt to entertain,
To bring him to the place where he would fain,
He could no path nor tract of foot deſcry,
Ne by inquiry learn, nor gheſs by aym.
For, nought but woods and Foreſts far and nye,
That all about did cloſe the compaſs of his eye.

25.

Much was he then encombred, ne could tell
Which way to take: now Weſt he went awhile,
Then North; then neither, but as fortune fell.
So up and down he wandred many a mile,
With weary travel and uncertain toyl,
Yet nought the nearer to his journeys end;
And evermore his lovely little ſpoyl
Crying for food did greatly him offend.
So all that day in wandring vainly he did ſpend.

26.

At laſt, about the ſetting of the Sun,
Himſelf out of the Foreſt he did wind,
And by good fortune the plain Champain wone:
Where looking all about, where he mote find
Some place of ſuccour to content his mind,
At length he heard under the Foreſts ſide
A voyce, that ſeemed of ſome Woman-kind,
Which to her ſelf lamenting loudly cride,
And oft complain'd of Fate, and Fortune oft deſide.

27.

To whom approching, when as ſhe perceived
A ſtranger wight in place, her plaint ſhe ſtayd,
As if ſhe doubted to have been deceived,
Or loth to let her ſorrows be bewrayed.
Whom when as *Calepine* ſaw ſo diſmay'd,
He to her drew, and with fair blandiſhment
Her chearing up, thus gently to her ſaid;
What be you woful Dame, which thus lament?
And for what cauſe declare, ſo mote ye not repent.

28.

To whom ſhe thus; What need me Sir to tell
That which your ſelf have earſt ared ſo right?
A woful Dame ye have me tearmed well;
So much more woful, as my woful plight
Cannot redreſſed be by living wight.
Nath'leſs, quoth he, if need do not you bind,
Do it diſcloſe, to eaſe your grieved ſpright:
Oft-times it haps, that ſorrows of the mind
Find remedy unſought, which ſeeking cannot find.

29.

Then thus began the lamentable Dame;
Sith then ye needs will know the grief I hoord,
I am th' unfortunate *Matilde* by name,
The Wife of bold Sir *Brain*, who is Lord
Of all this land, late conquer'd by his ſword
From a great Gyant, called *Cormoraunt*;
Whom he did overthrow by yonder foord,
And in three battels did ſo deadly daunt,
That he dare not return for all his daily vaunt.

So

30.

So is my Lord now ſeiz'd of all the land,
And in his fee, with peaceable eſtate,
And quietly doth hold it in his hand,
Ne any dares with him for it debate.
But to thoſe happy fortunes, cruel Fate
Hath joyn'd one evil, which doth over-throw
All theſe our joys, and all our bliſs abate;
And like in time to further ill to grow,
And all this land with endleſs loſs to over-flow.

31.

For, th' heavens, envying our proſperity,
Have not vouchſaft to grant unto us twain
The gladful bleſſing of poſterity,
Which we might ſee after our ſelves remain
In th' heritage of our unhappy pain:
So that for want of heirs it to defend,
All is in time like to return again
To that foul feend, who daily doth attend
To leap into the ſame after our lives end.

32.

But moſt my Lord is grieved here withall,
And makes exceeding mone, when he does think
That all this land unto his foe ſhall fall,
For which he long in vain did ſweat and ſwink,
That now the ſame he greatly doth for-think.
Yet was it ſaid, there ſhould to him a Son
Be gotten, not begotten, which ſhould drink
And dry up all the Water, which doth rone
In the next brook, by whom that feend ſhould be fordone.

33.

Well hop't he then, when this was propheſide,
That from his ſide ſome noble child ſhould riſe,
The which, through fame ſhould far be magnifide,
And this proud Gyant ſhould with brave empriſe
Quite overthrow, who now gins to deſpiſe
The good Sir *Bruin*, growing far in years;
Who thinks from me his ſorrow all doth riſe.
Lo, this my cauſe of grief to you appears;
For which I thus do mourn, and pour forth ceaſeleſs tears.

34.

Which when he heard, he inly touched was
With tender ruth for her unworthy grief:
And when he had devized of her caſe,
He gan in mind conceive a fit relief
For all her pain, if pleaſe her make the prief.
And having cheared her, thus ſaid; Fair Dame,
In evils, counſel is the comfort chief:
Which though I be not wiſe enough to frame,
Yet as I well it mean, vouchſafe it without blame.

35.

If that the cauſe of this your languiſhment
Be lack of children, to ſupply your place;
Lo, how good fortune doth to you preſent
This little babe of ſweet and lovely face,
And ſpotleſs ſpirit, in which ye may enchace
What-ever forms ye liſt thereto apply,
Being now ſoft and fit them to embrace;
Whether ye liſt him train in chevalry,
Or nourſle up in lore of learn'd Philoſophy.

36.

And certes it hath often-times been ſeen,
That of the like whoſe linage was unknown,
More brave and noble Knights have raiſed been
(As their victorious deeds have often ſhown,
Being with fame through many Nations blown)
Than thoſe, which have been dandled in the lap.
Therefore ſome thought, that thoſe brave Imps were
Here by the gods, and fed with heavenly ſap, (ſown
That made them grow ſo high t' all honorable hap.

37.

The Lady, harkning to his ſenſeful ſpeech,
Found nothing that he ſaid, unmeet nor geaſon,
Having oft ſeen it tride, as he did teach.
Therefore inclining to his goodly reaſon,
Agreeing well both with the place and ſeaſon,
She gladly did of that ſame babe accept,
As of her own by livery and ſeiſin;
And having over it a little wept,
She bore it thence, and ever as her own it kept.

38.

Right glad was *Calepine* to be ſo rid
Of his young charge, whereof he skilled nought:
Ne ſhe leſs glad; for, ſhe ſo wiſely did,
And with her Husband under hand ſo wrought,
That when that Infant unto him ſhe brought,
She made him think it ſurely was his own,
And it in goodly thews ſo well up-brought,
That it became a famous Knight well known,
And did right noble deeds, the which elſwhere are ſhown.

39.

But *Calepine*, now being left alone
Under the green-woods ſide in ſorry plight,
Withouten arms or ſteed to ride upon,
Or houſe to hide his head from heavens ſpight,
Albe that Dame (by all the means ſhe might)
Him oft deſired home with her to wend;
And offred him (his courteſie to requite)
Both horſe and arms, and what-ſo elſe to lend;
Yet he them all refus'd, though thankt her as a friend.

40.

And for exceeding grief which inly grew,
That he his Love ſo luckleſs now had loſt,
On the cold ground, maugre himſelf he threw,
For fell deſpight, to be ſo ſorely croſt;
And there all night himſelf in anguiſh toſt;
Vowing, that never he in bed again
His limbs would reſt, ne lig in eaſe emboſt,
Till that his Ladies ſight he mote attain,
Or underſtand, that ſhe in ſafety did remain.

CANTO.

CANTO V.

The ſalvage ſerves Matilda *well,*
till ſhe Prince Arthur *find;*
Who her together with his Squire
with th' Hermit leaves behind.

1.

O what an eaſie thing is to deſcry
The gentle blood, how-ever it be wrapt
In ſad misfortunes foul deformity,
And wretched ſorrows, which have often hapt?
For, howſoever it may grow mis-ſhap't
(Like this wild man, being undiſciplin'd)
That to all vertue it may ſeem unapt,
Yet will it ſhew ſome ſparks of gentle mind,
And at the laſt break forth in his own proper kind.

2.

That plainly may in this wild man be red,
Who though he were ſtill in this deſertwood,
Mongſt ſalvage beaſts, both rudely born and bred,
Ne ever ſaw fair guize, ne learned good,
Yet ſhew'd ſome token of his gentle blood,
By gentle uſage of that wretched Dame.
For, certes he was born of noble blood,
How-ever by hard hap he hither came:
As ye may know, when time ſhall be to tell the ſame.

3.

Who, when as now long time he lacked had
The good Sir *Calepine*, that far was ſtray'd,
Did wex exceeding ſorrowful and ſad,
As he of ſome miſfortune were afrayd:
And leaving there this Lady all diſmay'd,
Went forth ſtraight-way into the Foreſt wide,
To ſeek, if he perchance aſleep were laid,
Or what-ſo elſe were unto him betide:
He ſought him far and near, yet him no where he ſpide.

4.

Tho, back returning to that ſory Dame,
He ſhewed ſemblant of exceeding mone,
By ſpeaking ſigns, as he them beſt could frame;
Now wringing both his wretched hands in one,
Now beating his hard head upon a ſtone,
That ruth it was to ſee him ſo lament.
By which ſhe well perceiving what was done,
Gan tear her hair, and all her garments rent,
And beat her breſt, and pitiouſly her ſelf torment.

5.

Upon the ground her ſelf ſhe fiercely threw,
Regardleſs of her wounds, yet bleeding rife,
That with their blood did all the floor imbrew,
As if her breſt, new launc't with murdrous knife,
Would ſtraight diſlodge the wretched weary life.
There ſhe long groveling, and deep groning lay,
As if her vital powers were at ſtrife
With ſtronger death, and feared their decay:
Such were this Ladies pangs and dolorous aſſay.

6.

Whom when the ſalvage ſaw ſo ſore diſtreſt,
He reared her up from the bloody ground,
And ſought by all the means that he could beſt
Her to recure out of that ſtony ſwound,
And ſtaunch the bleeding of her dreary wound.
Yet n'ould ſhe be recomforted for nought,
Ne ceaſe her ſorrow and impatient ſtound,
But day and night did vex her careful thought,
And evermore and more her own affliction wrought.

7.

At length, when as no hope of his return
She ſaw now left, ſhe caſt to leave the place,
And wend abroad, though feeble and forlorn,
To ſeek ſome comfort in that ſory caſe.
His ſteed, now ſtrong through reſt ſo long a ſpace,
Well as ſhe could, ſhe got, and did bedight:
And being thereon mounted, forth did paſe,
Withouten guide her to conduct aright,
Or gard her to defend from bold oppreſſors might.

8.

Whom when her Hoſt ſaw ready to depart,
He would not ſuffer her alone to fare,
But gan himſelf addreſs to take her part.
Thoſe warlike arms, which *Calepine* whylear
Had left behind, he gan eftſoons prepare,
And put them all about himſelf unfit,
His ſhield, his helmet, and his curats bare;
But without ſword upon his thigh to ſit:
Sir *Calepine* himſelf away had hidden it.

9.

So forth they travel'd, an uneven pair,
That mote to all men ſeem an uncouth ſight;
A ſalvage man matcht with a Lady fair,
That rather ſeem'd the conqueſt of his might,
Gotten by ſpoyl, then purchaſed aright.
But he did her attend moſt carefully,
And faithfully did ſerve both day and night,
Withouten thought of ſhame or villeny,
Ne ever ſhewed ſign of foul diſloyalty.

10.

Upon a day as on their way they went,
It chaunc't ſome furniture about her ſteed
To be diſordered by ſome accident:
Which to redreſs, ſhe did th' aſſiſtance need
Of this her groom: which he by ſigns did reed;
And ſtraight his combrous arms aſide did lay
Upon the ground, withouten doubt or dreed,
And in his homely wize began to aſſay
T'amend what was amiſs, and put in right array.

11.

Bout which whil'ſt he was buſied thus hard,
Lo, where a Knight together with his Squire,
All arm'd to point, came riding thitherward,
Which ſeemed by their portance and attire,
To be two errant Knights, that did enquire
After adventures, where they mote them get.
Thoſe were to weet (if that ye it require)
Prince *Arthur* and young *Timias*, which met
By ſtrange occaſion, that here needs forth be ſet.

After

12.

After that *Timias* had again recured
The favour of *Belphœbe*, (as ye heard)
And of her grace did ſtand again aſſured,
To happy bliſs he was full high uprear'd,
Neither of envy, nor of change afeard,
Though many foes did him malign therefore,
And with unjuſt detraction him did beard;
Yet he himſelf ſo well and wiſely bore,
That in her ſoverain liking he dwelt evermore.

13.

But of them all which did his ruine ſeek,
Three mighty en'mies did him moſt deſpight;
Three mighty ones, and cruel minded eke,
That him not only ſought by open might
To overthrow, but to ſupplant by ſlight.
The firſt of them by name was cal'd *Deſpetto*,
Exceeding all the reſt in powre and hight;
The ſecond not ſo ſtrong, but wiſe, *Decetto*;
The third, nor ſtrong nor wiſe, but ſpightfulleſt, *Defetto*.

14.

Oft-times their ſundry powers they did employ,
And ſeveral deceits, but all in vain:
For, neither they by force could him deſtroy,
Ne yet entrap in treaſons ſubtil train.
Therefore conſpiring all together plain,
They did their counſels now in one compound;
Where ſingled forces fail, conjoyn'd may gain.
The *Blatant Beaſt* the fitteſt means they found,
To work his utter ſhame, and throughly him confound.

15.

Upon a day, as they the time did wait,
When he did range the wood for ſalvage game,
They ſent that *Blatant Beaſt* to be a bait,
To draw him from his dear beloved Dame,
Unwares unto the danger of defame.
For, well they wiſt, that Squire to be ſo bold,
That no one Beaſt in Foreſt wild or tame,
Met him in chaſe, but he it challenge would,
And pluck the prey oft-times out of their greedy hold.

16.

The hardy boy, as they deviſed had,
Seeing the ugly Monſter paſſing by,
Upon him ſet, of peril nought adrad,
Ne skilful of the uncouth jeopardy;
And charged him ſo fierce and furiouſly,
That (his great force unable to endure)
He forced was to turn from him and fly:
Yet ere he fled, he with his tooth impure
Him heedleſs bit, the whiles he was thereof ſecure.

17.

Securely he did after him purſew,
Thinking by ſpeed to overtake his flight; (drew,
Who through thick wood and brakes and briers him
To weary him the more, and waſte his ſpight;
So that he now has almoſt ſpent his ſpright.
Till that at length unto a woody glade
He came, whoſe covert ſtopt his further ſight:
There his three foes, throwded in guileful ſhade,
Out of their ambuſh broke, and gan him to invade.

18.

Sharply they all attonce did him aſſail,
Burning with inward rancour and deſpight,
And heaped ſtrokes did round about him hail
With ſo huge force, that ſeemed nothing might
Bear off their blows from pearcing thorough quite.
Yet he them all ſo warily did ward,
That none of them in his ſoft fleſh did bite,
And all the while his back for beſt ſafegard,
He leant againſt a tree, that backward onſet bard.

19.

Like a wild Bull, that being at a bay,
Is baited of a Maſtiff and a Hound,
And a Cur-dog; that do him ſharp aſſay
On every ſide, and beat about him round;
But moſt that Cur, barking with bitter ſound,
And creeping ſtill behind, doth him incomber,
That in his chauff he digs the trampled ground,
And threats his horns, and bellows like the thonder;
So did that Squire his foes diſperſe, and drive aſonder.

20.

Him well behoved ſo; for, his three foes
Sought to encompaſs him on every ſide,
And dangerouſly did round about encloſe;
But moſt of all *Defetto* him annoy'd,
Creeping behind, him ſtill to have deſtroyd:
So did *Decetto* eke him circumvent:
But ſtout *Deſpetto*, in his greater pride,
Did front him face to face againſt him bent;
Yet he them all withſtood, and often made relent.

21.

Till that at length nigh tyr'd with former chace,
And weary now with careful keeping ward,
He gan to ſhrink, and ſomewhat to give place,
Full like ere long to have eſcaped hard;
When-as unwares he in the Foreſt heard
A trampling ſteed, that with his neighing faſt
Did warn his rider be upon his gard;
With noiſe whereof the Squire, now nigh aghaſt,
Revived was, and ſad deſpair away did caſt.

22.

Eftſoons he ſpyde a Knight approching nie:
Who ſeeing one in ſo great danger ſet
Mongſt many foes, himſelf did faſter hie,
To reskue him, and his weak part abet,
For pity ſo to ſee him over-ſet.
Whom ſoon as his three enemies did view,
They fled and faſt into the wood did get:
Him booted not to think them to purſew,
The covert was ſo thick, that did no paſſage ſhew.

23.

Then turning to that ſwain, him well he knew
To be his *Timias*, his own true Squire:
Whereof exceeding glad he to him drew,
And him embracing twixt his arms entire,
Him thus beſpake; My lief, my lifes deſire,
Why have ye me alone thus long yleft?
Tell me what worlds deſpight, or heavens yre
Hath you thus long away from me bereft? (weft?
Where have ye all this while bin wandring, where bin

24.

With that, he ſighed deep for inward tyne:
To whom the Squire nought anſwered again;
But ſhedding few ſoft tears from tender eyne,
His dear affect with ſilence did reſtrain,
And ſhut up all his plaint in privy pain.
There they awhile ſome gracious ſpeeches ſpent,
As to them ſeem'd fit, time to entertain.
After all which, up to their ſteeds they went,
And forth together rode a comely couplement.

25.

So now they be arrived both in ſight
Of this wild man, whom they full buſie found
About the ſad *Serena* things to dight,
With thoſe brave armours lying on the ground,
That ſeem'd the ſpoyl of ſome right well renown'd.
Which when the Squire beheld, he to them ſtept,
Thinking to take them from that hilding hound:
But he it ſeeing, lightly to him lept,
And ſternly with ſtrong hand it from his handling kept.

26.

Gnaſhing his grinded teeth with grieſly look,
And ſparkling fire out of his furious eyn,
Him with his fiſt unwares on th' head he ſtrook,
That made him down unto the earth encline;
Whence ſoon upſtarting, much he gan repine.
And laying hand upon his wrathful blade,
Thought therewithall forthwith to have him ſlain;
Who it perceiving, hand upon him layd,
And greedily him griping, his avengement ſtayd.

27.

With that, aloud the fair *Serena* cryde
Unto the Knight them to diſpart in twain:
Who to them ſtepping did them ſoon divide,
And did from further violence reſtrain,
Albe the wild-man hardly would refrain.
Then gan the Prince of her for to demand,
What and from whence ſhe was, and by what train
She fell into that ſalvage villains hand,
And whether free with him ſhe now were, or in band.

28.

To whom ſhe thus; I am, as now ye ſee,
The wretcheſt Dame that lives this day on ground;
Who both in mind, the which moſt grieveth me,
And body, have receiv'd a mortal wound,
That hath me driven to this drery ſtound.
I was erewhile, the Love of *Calepine:*
Who whether he alive be to be found,
Or by ſome deadly chance be done to pine,
Sith I him lately loſt, uneath is to define.

29.

In ſalvage Foreſt I him loſt of late,
Where I had ſurely longly ere this been dead,
Or elſe remained in moſt wretched ſtate,
Had not this wild man in that woful ſtead
Kept and delivered me from deadly dread.
In ſuch a ſalvage wight, of brutiſh kind,
Amongſt wild beaſts in deſert Foreſt bred,
It is moſt ſtrange and wonderful to find
So mild humanity, and perfect gentle mind.

30.

Let me therefore this favour for him find,
That ye will not your wrath upon him wreak,
Sith he cannot expreſs his ſimple mind,
Ne yours conceive, ne but by tokens ſpeak:
Small praiſe to prove your powre on wight ſo weak.
With ſuch fair words ſhe did their heat aſſwage,
And the ſtrong courſe of their diſpleaſure break,
That they to pity turn'd their former rage,
And each ſought to ſupply the office of her page.

31.

So having all things well about her dight,
She on her way caſt forward to proceed;
And they her forth conducted, where they might
Find harbour fit to comfort her great need.
For, now her wounds corruption gan to breed;
And eke this Squire, who likewiſe wounded was
Of that ſame Monſter late, for lack of heed,
Now gan to faint, and further could not paſs
Through feebleneſs, which all his limbs oppreſſed has.

32.

So forth they rode together all in troop,
To ſeek ſome place, the which mote yield ſome eaſe
To theſe ſick twain, that now began to droop:
And all the way the Prince ſought to appeaſe
The bitter anguiſh of their ſharp diſeaſe,
By all the courteous means he could invent;
Somewhile with merry purpoſe fit to pleaſe,
And otherwhile with good encouragement,
To make them to endure the pains did them torment.

33.

Mongſt which, *Serena* did to him relate
The foul diſcourt'ſies and unknightly parts,
Which *Turpine* had unto her ſhewed late,
Without compaſſion of her cruel ſmarts:
Although *Blandina* did with all her arts
Him otherwiſe perſwade, all that ſhe might;
Yet he of malice, without her deſarts,
Not only her excluded late at night,
But alſo traiterouſly did wound her weary Knight.

34.

Wherewith the Prince ſore moved, there avoud,
That ſoon as he returned back again,
He would avenge th' abuſes of that proud
And ſhameful Knight, of whom ſhe did complain.
This wize did they each other entertain,
To paſs the tedious travel of the way;
Till toward night they came unto a Plain,
By which a little hermitage there lay,
Far from all neighbourhood, the which annoy it may.

35.

And nigh thereto a little Chappel ſtood,
Which being all with Yvy over-ſpred,
Deckt all the roof; and ſhadowing the rood,
Seem'd like a grove fair branched over-head:
Therein the Hermite, which his life here led
In ſtraight obſervance of religious vow,
Was wont his howres and holy things to bed;
And therein he likewiſe was praying now,
When-as theſe Knights arriv'd, they wiſt not where nor (how?

They

36.

They ſtayd not there, but ſtraight way in did paſs.
Whom when the Hermite preſent ſaw in place,
From his devotion ſtraight he troubled was;
Which breaking off, he toward them did paſe,
With ſtayed ſteps, and grave beſeeming grace:
For, well it ſeem'd, that whylom he had been
Some goodly perſon and of gentle race;
That could his good to all, and well did ween,
How each to entertain with curt'ſie well beſeen.

37.

And ſoothly it was ſaid by common fame,
So long as age enabled him thereto,
That he had been a man of mickle name,
Renowned much in arms and derring do:
But being aged now and weary to
Of wars delight, and worlds contentious toyl,
The name of Knighthood he did diſavow,
And hanging up his arms and warlike ſpoyl,
From all this worlds incombrance did himſelf aſſoyl.

38.

He thence them led into his Hermitage,
Letting their ſteeds to graze upon the Green:
Small was his houſe, and like a little cage,
For his own turn, yet inly neat and clean,
Deckt with green boughs, and flowers gay beſeen.
Therein he them full fair did entertain
Not with ſuch forged ſhows, as fitter been
For courting fools, that courteſies would fain,
But with intire affection and appearance plain.

39.

Yet was their fair but homely, ſuch as he
Did uſe, his feeble body to ſuſtain;
The which full gladly they did take in gree,
Such as it was, ne did of want complain,
But being well ſuffiz'd, them reſted fain.
But fair *Serene* all night could take no reſt,
Ne yet that gentle Squire, for grievous pain
Of their late wounds, the which the *Blatant Beaſt*
Had given them, whoſe grief through ſuffrance ſore in-
creaſt.

40.

So all that night they paſt in great diſeaſe,
Till that the morning, bringing early light
To guide mens labours, brought them alſo eaſe,
And ſome aſſwagement of their painful plight.
Then up they roſe, and gan themſelves to dight
Unto their journey; but that Squire and Dame
So faint and feeble were, that they ne might
Endure to travel, nor one foot to frame: (lame.
Their harts were ſick, their ſides were ſore, their feet were

41.

Therefore the Prince, whom great affairs in mind
Would not permit to make there longer ſtay,
Was forced there to leave them both behind,
In that good Hermits charge, whom he did pray
To tend them well. So forth he went his way,
And with him eke the Salvage (that whylere
Seeing his royal uſage and array,
Was greatly grown in love of that brave pere)
Would needs depart, as ſhall declared be elſe-where.

CANTO VI.

The Hermit heals both Squire and Dame of their ſore maladies: He Turpine *doth defeat, and ſhame for his late villanies.*

1.

NO wound, which warlike hand of enemy
Inflicts with dint of ſword, ſo ſore doth light,
As doth the poyſnous ſting which Infamy
Infixeth in the name of noble wight:
For, by no art, nor any Leaches might
It ever can recured be again;
Ne all the skill, which that immortal ſpright
Of *Podalyrius* did in it retain,
Can remedy ſuch hurts: ſuch hurts are helliſh pain.

2.

Such were the wounds, the which that *Blatant Beaſt*
Made in the bodies of that Squire and Dame;
And being ſuch, were now much more increaſt,
For want of taking heed unto the ſame,
That now corrupt and cureleſs they became:
How-be that careful Hermite did his beſt,
With many kinds of medicines meet, to tame
The poyſnous humour, which did moſt infeſt
Their rankling wounds, and every day them duely dreſt.

3.

For, he right well in Leaches craft was ſeen;
And through the long experience of his days,
Which had in many fortunes toſſed been,
And paſt through many perilous aſſays,
He knew the diverſe went of mortal ways,
And in the minds of men had great in-ſight;
Which, with ſage counſel, when they went aſtray,
He could enform, and them reduce aright,
And all the paſſions heal, which wound the weaker ſpright.

4.

For, whylom, he had been a doughty Knight,
As any one that lived in his days,
And proved oft in many perilous fight;
In which he grace and glory won always,
And in all battels bore away the bays.
But being now attacht with timely age,
And weary of this worlds unquiet ways,
He took himſelf unto this Hermitage,
In which he liv'd alone, like careleſs birds in cage.

5.

One day, as he was ſearching of their wounds,
He found that they had feſtred privily,
And rankling inward with unruly ſtounds,
The inner parts now gan to putrifie,
That quite they ſeem'd paſt help of Surgery;
And rather needed to be diſciplinde
With wholſome reed of ſad ſobriety,
To rule the ſtubborn rage of paſſion blind:
Give ſalves to every ſore, but counſel to the mind.

6.

So taking them apart into his Cell,
He to that point fit ſpeeches gan to frame,
As he the art of words knew wondrous well,
And eke could do, as well as ſay the ſame;
And thus he to them ſaid, Fair Daughter Dame,
And you fair Son, which here thus long now lye
In pitious languor, ſince ye hither came,
In vain of me ye hope for remedy,
And I likewiſe in vain do ſalves to you apply.

7.

For in your ſelf your only help doth lye,
To heal your ſelves, and muſt proceed alone
From your own will, to cure your malady.
Who can him cure, that will be cur'd of none?
If therefore health ye ſeek, obſerve this one;
Firſt, learn your outward ſenſes to refrain
From things that ſtir up frail affection;
Your eyes, your ears, your tongue, your talk reſtrain,
From that they moſt affect, and in due terms contain.

8.

For from thoſe outward ſenſes ill affected,
The ſeed of all this evil firſt doth ſpring,
Which at the firſt before it had infected,
Mote eaſie be ſuppreſt with little thing:
But being growen ſtrong, it forth doth bring
Sorrow, and anguiſh, and impatient pain
In th' inner parts, and laſtly ſcattering
Contagious poyſon cloſe through every vain,
It never reſts, till it have wrought his final bane.

9.

For, that Beaſts teeth, which wounded you to-fore,
Are ſo exceeding venemous and keen,
Made all of ruſty Iron, rankling ſore,
That where they bite, it booteth not to ween
With ſalve, or antidote, or other mean
It ever to amend: ne marvail ought;
For, that ſame beaſt was bred of helliſh ſtrene,
And long in darkſom *Stygian* den up-brought,
Begot of foul *Echidna*, as in books is taught.

10.

Echidna is a Monſter direful dred,
Whom Gods do hate, and heavens abhor to ſee;
So hideous in her ſhape, ſo huge her head,
That even the helliſh fiends affrighted be
At ſight thereof, and from her preſence flee:
Yet did her face and former parts profeſs
A fair young Maiden, full of comely glee:
But all her hinder parts did plain expreſs
A monſtrous Dragon, full of fearful uglineſs.

11.

To her the Gods, for her ſo dreadful face,
(In fearful darkneſs, furtheſt from the skye,
And from the earth) appointed have her place
Mongſt Rocks and Caves, where ſhe enrold doth lye
In hideous horrour and obſcurity,
Waſting the ſtrength of her immortal age.
There did *Typhaon* with her company;
Cruel *Typhaon*, whoſe tempeſtuous rage
Makes th'heavens tremble oft, & him with vows aſſwage.

12.

Of that commixtion they did then beget
This helliſh dog, that hight the *Blatant Beaſt*;
A wicked Monſter, that his tongue doth whet
Gainſt all, both good and bad, both moſt and leaſt,
And pours his poyſnous gall forth, to infeſt
The nobleſt wights with notable defame:
Ne ever Knight, that bore ſo lofty creaſt,
Ne ever Lady of ſo honeſt name,
But he them ſpotted with reproch, or ſecret ſhame.

13.

In vain therefore it were, with medicine
To go about to ſalve ſuch kind of ſore,
That rather needs wiſe read and diſcipline,
Than outward ſalves, that may augment it more.
Aye me! ſaid then *Serena*, ſighing ſore,
What hope of help doth then for us remain,
If that no ſalves may us to health reſtore?
But ſith we need good counſel, ſaid the ſwain,
Aread good ſire, ſome counſel, that may us ſuſtain.

14.

The beſt, ſaid he, that I can you adviſe,
Is to avoid the occaſion of the ill:
For, when the cauſe whence evil doth ariſe,
Removed is, th' effect ſurceaſeth ſtill.
Abſtain from pleaſure, and reſtrain your will,
Subdue deſire, and bridle looſe delight,
Uſe ſcanted dyet, and forbear your fill,
Shun ſecrecy, and talk in open ſight:
So ſhall you ſoon repair your preſent evil plight.

15.

Thus having ſaid, his ſickly Patients
Did gladly harken to his grave beheaſt,
And kept ſo well his wiſe commandements,
That in ſhort ſpace their malady was ceaſt;
And eke the byting of that harmful Beaſt
Was throughly heal'd. Tho, when they did perceive
Their wounds recur'd, and forces reincreaſt,
Of that good Hermite both they took their leave,
And went both on their way, ne each would other leave,

16.

But each the other vow'd t' accompany:
The Lady, for that ſhe was much in dred,
Now left alone in great extremity;
The Squire, for that he courteous was indeed,
Would not her leave alone in her great need.
So both together travel'd, till they met
With a fair Maiden clad in mourning weed,
Upon a mangy Jade unmeetly ſet,
And a lewd fool her leading thorough dry and wet.

17.

But by what means that ſhame to her befell,
And how thereof her ſelf ſhe did acquite,
I muſt awhile forbear to you to tell;
Till that as comes by courſe, I do recite
What fortune to the Briton Prince did light,
Purſuing that proud Knight, the which whylear,
Wrought to Sir *Calidore* ſo foul deſpight;
And eke his Lady, though ſhe ſickly were,
So lewdly had abus'd, as ye did lately hear.

The

18.

The Prince, according to the former token,
Which fair *Serene* to him deliver'd had,
Purſu'd him ſtraight, in mind to been ywroken
Of all the vile demean, and uſage bad,
With which he had thoſe two ſo ill beſtad:
Ne wight with him on that adventure went,
But that wild man; whom though he oft forbad,
Yet for no bidding, nor for being ſhent,
Would he reſtrained be from his attendment.

19.

Arriving there, as did by chance befall,
He found the gate wide ope, and in he rode,
Ne ſtayd, till that he came into the hall:
Where ſoft diſmounting like a weary lode,
Upon the ground with feeble feet he trode;
As he unable were for very need
To move one foot, but there muſt make abode;
The whiles the ſalvage man did take his ſteed,
And in ſome ſtable near did ſet him up to feed.

20.

Ere long, to him a homely Groom there came,
That in rude wiſe him asked what he was,
That durſt ſo boldly, without let or ſhame,
Into his Lords forbidden hall to paſs.
To whom, the Prince (him faining to embaſe)
Mild anſwer made; he was an errant Knight,
The which was fall'n into this feeble caſe,
Through many wounds, which lately he in ſight,
Received had, and prayd to pity his ill plight.

21.

But he the more outrageous and bold,
Sternly did bid him quickly thence avaunt,
Or dear aby; for why, his Lord of old
Did hate all errant Knights which there did haunt,
Ne lodging would to any of them grant:
And therefore lightly bade him pack away;
Not ſparing him with bitter words to taunt;
And there-withall, rude hand on him did lay,
To thruſt him out of door, doing his worſt aſſay.

22.

Which, when the Salvage coming now in place
Beheld, eftſoons he all enraged grew;
And running ſtraight upon that villain baſe,
Like a fell Lyon at him fiercely flew,
And with his teeth and nails, in preſent view
Him rudely rent, and all to pieces tore:
So miſerably him all helpleſs ſlew,
That with the noyſe, whil'ſt he did loudly rore,
The people of the houſe roſe forth in great up-rore.

23.

Who, when on ground they ſaw their fellow ſlain,
And that ſame Knight and Salvage ſtanding by,
Upon them two they fell with might and main,
And on them laid ſo huge and horribly,
As if they would have ſlain them preſently.
But the bold Prince defended him ſo well,
And their aſſault withſtood ſo mightily,
That maugre all their might, he did repell
And beat them back, whil'ſt many underneath him fell.

24.

Yet he them ſtill ſo ſharply did purſew,
That few of them he left alive, which fled,
Thoſe evil tydings to their Lord to ſhew.
Who hearing how his people badly ſped,
Came forth in haſte: where, when-as with the dead
He ſaw the ground all ſtrow'd, and that ſame Knight
And Salvage with their blood freſh ſteeming red,
He wox nigh mad with wrath and fell deſpight,
And with reprochful words him thus beſpake on hight;

25.

Art thou he, traytor, that with treaſon vile
Haſt ſlain my men in this unmanly manner,
And now triumpheſt in the pitious ſpoyl
Of theſe poor folk, whoſe ſouls with black diſhonour
And foul defame do deck thy bloody banner?
The meed whereof ſhall ſhortly be thy ſhame,
And wretched end, which ſtill attendeth on her.
With that, himſelf to battle he did frame;
So did his forty yeomen, which there with him came.

26.

With dreadful force they all did him aſſail,
And round about with boyſtrous ſtrokes oppreſs,
That on his ſhield did rattle like to hail
In a great tempeſt; that in ſuch diſtreſs,
He wiſt not to which ſide him to addreſs.
And evermore that craven coward Knight,
Was at his back with hartleſs heedineſs,
Waiting if he unwares him murther might:
For, cowardize doth ſtill in villany delight.

27.

Whereof when-as the Prince was well aware,
He to him turn'd with furious intent,
And him againſt his powre gan to prepare;
Like a fierce Bull, that being buſie bent
To fight with many foes about him ment,
Feeling ſome Curr behind his heels to bite,
Turns him about with fell avengement:
So likewiſe turn'd the Prince upon the Knight,
And layd at him amain with all his will and might.

28.

Who, when he once his dreadful ſtrokes had taſted,
Durſt not the fury of his force abide,
But turn'd aback, and to retire him haſted
Through the thick preace, there thinking him to hide.
But when the Prince had once him plainly eyde,
He foot by foot him followed alway,
Ne would him ſuffer once to ſhrink aſide;
But joyning cloſe, huge load at him did lay:
Who flying ſtill did ward, and warding fly away.

29.

But when his foe he ſtill ſo eager ſaw,
Unto his heels himſelf he did betake,
Hoping unto ſome refuge to with-draw:
Ne would the Prince him ever foot forſake,
Where-ſo he went, but after him did make.
He fled from room to room, from place to place,
Whil'ſt every joynt for dread of death did quake,
Still looking after him that did him chaſe:
That made him evermore increaſe his ſpeedy paſe.

At

30.

At laſt, he up into the chamber came,
Where-as his Love was ſitting all alone,
Wayting what tydings of her folk became.
There did the Prince him over-take anone,
Crying in vain to her, him to bemone;
And with his ſword him on the head did ſmite,
That to the ground he fell in ſenſeleſs ſwone:
Yet whether thwart or flatly it did lite,
The tempred ſteel did not into his brain-pan bite.

31.

Which when the Lady ſaw, with great affright
She ſtarting up, began to ſhriek aloud;
And with her garment covering him from ſight,
Seem'd under her protection him to ſhroud;
And falling lowly at his feet, her bow'd
Upon her knee, intreating him for grace,
And often him beſought, and pray'd and vow'd;
That with the ruth of her ſo wretched caſe,
He ſtayd his ſecond ſtroke, and did his hand abaſe.

32.

Her weed ſhe then with-drawing, did him diſcover:
Who now come to himſelf, yet would not riſe,
But ſtill did lye as dead, and quake and quiver,
That even the Prince his baſeneſs did deſpiſe;
And eke his Dame him ſeeing in ſuch guiſe,
Gan him recomfort, and from ground to rear.
Who riſing up at laſt in ghaſtly wiſe,
Like troubled Ghoſt did dreadfully appear,
As one that had no life him left through former fear.

33.

Whom when the Prince ſo deadly ſaw diſmaid,
He for ſuch baſeneſs ſhamefully him ſhent,
And with ſharp words did bitterly upbraid;
Vile coward dog, now do I much repent,
That ever I this life unto thee lent,
Whereof thou caitive ſo unworthy art;
That both thy Love, for lack of hardiment,
And eke thy ſelf, for want of manly hart,
And eke all Knights haſt ſhamed with this Knightleſs part.

34.

Yet further haſt thou heaped ſhame to ſhame,
And crime to crime, by this thy coward fear.
For, firſt it was to thee reprochful blame,
To erect this wicked cuſtom which I hear,
Gainſt errant Knights and Ladies thou doſt rear;
Whom when thou mayſt, thou doſt of arms deſpoyl,
Or of their upper garment which they wear:
Yet doſt thou not with manhood, but with guile,
Maintain this evil uſe, thy foes thereby to foyl.

35.

And laſtly, in approvance of thy wrong,
To ſhew ſuch faintneſs and foul cowardize,
Is greateſt ſhame: for oft it falls, that ſtrong
And valiant Knights do raſhly enterprize,
Either for fame, or elſe for exercize,
A wrongful quarrel to maintain by fight;
Yet have, through proweſs and their brave emprize,
Gotten great worſhip in this worldes ſight. (right.
For, greater force there needs to maintain wrong than

36.

Yet ſith thy life unto this Lady fair
I given have, live in reproch and ſcorn;
Ne ever arms, ne ever Knighthood dare
Hence to profeſs: for, ſhame is to adorn
With ſo brave badges one ſo baſely born,
But only breath, ſith that I did forgive.
So having from his craven body torn
Thoſe goodly arms, he them away did give,
And only ſuffred him this wretched life to live.

37.

There whil'ſt he thus was ſetling things above,
Atween that Lady mild and recreant Knight,
To whom his life he granted for her Love,
He gan bethink him in what perilous plight
He had behind him left that Salvage wight,
Amongſt ſo many foes, whom ſure he thought
By this quite ſlain in ſo unequal fight:
Therefore deſcending back in haſte, he ſought
If yet he were alive, or to deſtruction brought.

38.

There he him found environed about
With ſlaughtred bodies, which his hand had ſlain;
And laying yet afreſh with courage ſtout
Upon the reſt that did alive remain;
Whom he likewiſe right ſorely did conſtrain,
Like ſcattred ſheep, to ſeek for ſafety,
After he gotten had with buſie pain
Some of their weapons, which thereby did lye,
With which he layd about, and made them faſt to flye.

39.

Whom when the Prince ſo felly ſaw to rage,
Approching to him near, his hand he ſtayd,
And ſought by making ſigns, him to aſſwage:
Who him perceiving, ſtraight to him obayd,
As to his Lord, and down his weapons layd,
As if he long had to his heaſts been train'd.
Thence he him brought away, and up convayd
Into the chamber where the Dame remain'd
With her unworthy Knight, who ill him entertain'd.

40.

Whom when the Salvage ſaw from danger free,
Sitting beſide his Lady there at eaſe,
He well remembred that the ſame was he,
Which lately ſought his Lord for to diſpleaſe:
Tho all in rage, he on him ſtraight did ſeaze,
As if he would in pieces him have rent;
And were not that the Prince did him appeaze,
He had not left one limb of him unrent:
But ſtraight he held his hand, at his commandement.

41.

Thus having all things well in peace ordain'd,
The Prince himſelf there all that night did reſt;
Where him *Blandina* fairly entertain'd,
With all the courteous glee and goodly feaſt,
The which for him ſhe could imagine beſt.
For well ſhe knew the ways to win good will
Of every wight, that were not too infeſt;
And how to pleaſe the mind of good and ill, (skil.
Through tempering of her words & looks by wondrous

Yet

42.

Yet were her words and looks but falſe and fained,
To ſome hid end to make more eaſie way,
Or to allure ſuch fondlings, whom ſhe trained
Into her trap unto their own decay:
There-to when needed, ſhe would weep and pray:
And when her liſted, ſhe could fawn and flatter;
Now ſmiling ſmoothly, like to ſummers day,
Now glooming ſadly, ſo to cloke her matter;
Yet were her words but wind, and all her tears but water.

43.

Whether ſuch grace were given her by kind,
As Women wont their guileful wits to guide;
Or learn'd the art to pleaſe, I do not find.
This well I wote, that ſhe ſo well applide
Her pleaſing tongue, that ſoon ſhe pacifide
The wrathful Prince, & wrought her Husbands peace:
Who natheleſs, not there-with ſatisfide,
His rancorous deſpight did not releaſe,
Ne ſecretly from thought of fell revenge ſurceaſe.

44.

For, all that night, the whiles the Prince did reſt
In careleſs couch, not weeting what was ment,
He watcht in cloſe await with weapons preſt,
Willing to work his villainous intent
On him that had ſo ſhamefully him ſhent:
Yet durſt he not for very cowardize
Effect the ſame, whil'ſt all the night was ſpent.
The morrow next, the Prince did early riſe,
And paſſed forth to follow his firſt enterprize.

CANTO VII.

Turpine is baffuld: his two Knights do gain their treaſons meed: Fair Mirabellaes puniſhment for loves diſdain decreed.

1.

Like as a gentle hart it ſelf bewrays,
In doing gentle deeds with frank delight:
Even ſo the baſer mind it ſelf diſplays,
In cancred malice and revengeful ſpight.
For, to maligne, t' envy, t' uſe ſhifting ſlight,
Be arguments of a vile dunghill-mind:
Which what it dare not do by open might,
To work by wicked treaſon ways doth find,
By ſuch diſcourteous deeds diſcovering his baſe kind.

2.

That well appears in this diſcourteous Knight,
The coward *Turpine*, whereof now I treat;
Who notwithſtanding that in former fight
He of the Prince his life received late,
Yet in his mind malicious and ingrate
He gan devize, to be aveng'd anew
For all that ſhame, which kindled inward hate.
Therefore, ſo ſoon as he was out of view,
Himſelf in haſte he arm'd, and did him faſt purſew.

3.

Well did he tract his ſteps as he did ride,
Yet would not near approch in dangers eye,
But kept aloof, for dread to be deſcride,
Until fit time and place he mote eſpy,
Where he mote work him ſcath and villeny.
At laſt, he met two Knights to him unknown,
The which were armed both agreeably,
And both combin'd, what-ever chance were blown,
Betwixt them to divide, and each to make his own.

4.

To whom falſe *Turpine* coming courteouſly,
To cloke the miſchief which he inly ment,
Gan to complain of great diſcourteſie,
Which a ſtrange Knight, that near afore him went,
Had doen to him, and his dear Lady ſhent:
Which, if they would afford him aid at need,
For to avenge in time convenient,
They ſhould accompliſh both a Knightly deed,
And for their pains obtain of him a goodly meed.

5.

The Knights beleev'd that all he ſaid was trew;
And being freſh, and full of youthly ſpright,
Were glad to hear of that adventure new,
In which they mote make tryal of their might,
Which never yet they had approv'd in fight:
And eke deſirous of the offred meed:
Said then the one of them; Where is that wight,
The which hath doen to thee this wrongful deed,
That we may it avenge, and puniſh him with ſpeed.

6.

He rides, ſaid *Turpine*, there not far afore,
With a wild man ſoft footing by his ſide,
That if ye liſt to haſte a little more,
Ye may him over-take in timely tide:
Eftſoons they pricked forth with forward pride;
And ere that little while they ridden had,
The gentle Prince not far away they ſpide,
Riding a ſoftly paſe with portance ſad,
Devizing of his Love, more than of danger drad.

7.

Then one of them aloud unto him cride,
Bidding him turn again, falſe traytor Knight,
Foul Woman-wronger; for, he him deride.
With that, they both attonce with equal ſpight
Did bend their ſpears, and both with equal might
Againſt him ran; but th' one did miſs his mark;
And being carried with his force forth-right,
Glaunſt ſwiftly by; like to that heavenly ſpark,
Which glyding through the air, lights all the heavens dark.

8.

But th' other, ayming better, did him ſmite
Full in the ſhield, with ſo impetuous powre,
That all his launce in pieces ſhivered quite,
And (ſcattered all about) fell on the flowre.
But the ſtout Prince, with much more ſteddy ſtowre
Full on his Bever did him ſtrike ſo ſore,
That the cold ſteel, through-pearcing, did devour
His vital breath, and to the ground him bore,
Where ſtill he bathed lay in his own bloody gore.

As

9.

As when a caſt of Faulcons make their flight
At an Hernſhaw, that lyes aloft on wing,
The whiles they ſtrike at him with heedleſs might,
The wary fowl his bill doth backward wring;
On which the firſt, whoſe force her firſt doth bring,
Her ſelf quite through the body doth engore,
And falleth down to ground like ſenſeleſs thing;
But th' other, not ſo ſwift as ſhe before,
Fails of her ſouſe, and paſſing by, doth hurt no more.

10.

By this, the other which was paſſed by,
Himſelf recovering, was return'd to fight;
Where, when he ſaw his fellow lifeleſs ly,
He much was daunted, with ſo diſmal ſight;
Yet nought abating of his former ſpight,
Let drive at him with ſo malicious mind,
As if he would have paſſed through him quight:
But the ſteel-head no ſtedfaſt hold could find,
But glauncing by, deceiv'd him of that he deſyn'd.

11.

Not ſo the Prince: for, his well learned ſpear
Took ſurer hold, and from his horſes back
Above a launces length him forth did bear,
And gainſt the cold hard earth ſo ſore him ſtrake,
That all his bones in pieces nigh he brake.
Where ſeeing him ſo ly, he left his ſteed,
And to him leaping, vengeance thought to take
Of him, for all his former follies meed,
With flaming ſword in hand his terror more to breed.

12.

The fearful ſwain, beholding death ſo nie,
Cryde out aloud for mercy him to ſave;
In lieu whereof, he would to him deſcry
Great treaſon to him meant, his life to reave.
The Prince ſoon harkned, and his life forgave.
Then thus, ſaid he; There is a ſtranger Knight,
The which for promiſe of great meed, us drave
To this attempt, to wreak his hid deſpight,
For that himſelf thereto did want ſufficient might.

13.

The Prince much muſed at ſuch villeny,
And ſaid; Now ſure ye well have earn'd your meed:
For, th' one is dead, and th' other ſoon ſhall dye,
Unleſs to me thou hither bring with ſpeed
The wretch that hir'd you to this wicked deed.
He glad of life, and willing eke to wreak
The guilt on him, which did this miſchief breed,
Swore by his ſword, that neither day nor week
He would ſurceaſe, but him, where-ſo he were, would ſeek.

14.

So up he roſe, and forth ſtraightway he went
Back to the place where *Turpine* late he lore;
There he him found in great aſtoniſhment,
To ſee him ſo bedight with bloody gore,
And grieſly wounds that him appalled ſore.
Yet thus at length he ſaid; How now, Sir Knight?
What meaneth this which here I ſee before?
How fortuneth this foul uncomely plight,
So different from that which earſt ye ſeem'd in ſight?

15.

Perdy, ſaid he, in evil hour it fell,
That ever I for meed did undertake
So hard a task, as life for hire to ſell;
The which I earſt adventur'd for your ſake.
Witneſs the wounds, and this wide bloody lake,
Which ye may ſee yet all about me ſteem
Therefore now yield, as ye did promiſe make,
My due reward; the which right well I deem
I earned have, that life ſo dearly did redeem.

16.

But where then is, quoth he, half wrathfully,
Where is the booty which therefore I bought;
That curſed caitive, my ſtrong enemy,
That recreant Knight, whoſe hated life I ſought?
And where is eke your friend, which half it ought?
He lies, ſaid he, upon the cold bare ground,
Slain of that errant Knight, with whom he fought;
Whom afterwards, my ſelf with many a wound
Did ſley again, as ye may ſee there in the ſtound.

17.

Thereof falſe *Turpine* was full glad and fain,
And needs with him ſtraight to the place would ride,
Where he himſelf might ſee his foe-man ſlain;
For, elſe his fear could not be ſatisfide.
So as they rode, he ſaw the way all dide
With ſtreams of blood; which tracking by the trail,
Ere long they came, where-as in evil tide,
That other ſwain, like aſhes deadly pale,
Lay in the lap of death, rewing his wretched bale.

18.

Much did the Craven ſeem to mone his caſe,
That for his ſake his dear life had forgone;
And, him bewailing with affection baſe,
Did counterfeit kind pity, where was none:
For, where's no courage, there's no ruth nor mone.
Thence paſſing forth, not far away he found,
Where-as the Prince himſelf lay all alone,
Looſly diſplay'd upon the graſſie ground,
Poſſeſſed of ſweet ſleep, that lul'd him ſoft in ſwound.

19.

Weary of travel in his former fight,
He there in ſhade himſelf had laid to reſt,
Having his arms and warlike things undight,
Fearleſs of foes that mote his peace moleſt;
The whiles his ſalvage Page, that wont be preſt,
Was wandred in the wood another way,
To do ſomething that ſeemed to him beſt,
The whiles his Lord in ſilver ſlumber lay,
Like to the Evening ſtar, adorn'd with deawy ray.

20.

Whom when as *Turpine* ſaw ſo looſely layd,
He weened well that he indeed was dead,
Like as that other Knight to him had ſaid:
But when he nigh approch't, he mote aread
Plain ſigns in him of life and live-lihead.
Where-at much griev'd againſt that ſtranger Knight,
That him too light of credence did miſlead,
He would have back retired from that ſight,
That was to him on earth the deadlieſt deſpight.

But

21.

But that ſame knight would not once let him ſtart,
But plainly 'gan to him declare the caſe
Of all his miſchief, and late luckleſs ſmart;
How both he and his fellow there in place
Were vanquiſhed, and put to foul diſgrace,
And how that he in lieu of life him lent,
Had vow'd unto the Victor, him to trace
And follow through the world, where-ſo he went,
Till that he him delivered to his puniſhment.

22.

He, there-with much abaſhed and affraid,
Began to tremble every limb and vain;
And ſoftly whiſpering him, entirely praid,
T'advize him better, than by ſuch a train
Him to betray unto a ſtranger ſwain,
Yet rather counſel'd him contrariwiſe,
Sith he likewiſe did wrong by him ſuſtain,
To joyn with him, and vengeance to deviſe,
Whil'ſt time did offer means him ſleeping to ſurprize.

23.

Nath'leſs, for all his ſpeech, the gentle knight
Would not be tempted to ſuch villeny,
Regarding more his faith, which he did plight;
All were it to his mortal enemy,
Than to entrap him by falſe treachery:
Great ſhame in Lieges blood to be embrew'd.
Thus, whilſt they were debating diverſly,
The Salvage forth out of the wood iſſew'd
Back to the place, where-as his Lord he ſleeping view'd.

24.

There, when he ſaw thoſe two ſo neer him ſtand,
He doubted much what mote their meaning be:
And throwing down his load out of his hand
(To weet, great ſtore of forreſt fruit, which he
Had for his food late gathered from the tree)
Himſelf unto his weapon he betook,
That was an oaken plant, which lately he
Rent by the root; which he ſo ſternly ſhook,
That like an hazel wand it quivered and quook.

25.

Whereat, the Prince awaking, when he ſpide
The traytor *Turpine* with that other knight,
He ſtarted up; and ſnatching neer his ſide
His truſty ſword, the ſervant of his might,
Like a fell Lion leaped to him light,
And his left hand upon his collar laid.
There-with, the coward deaded with affright,
Fell flat to ground, ne word unto him ſaid,
But holding up his hands, with ſilence mercy praid.

26.

But he ſo full of indignation was,
That to his prayer nought he would incline,
But as he lay upon the humbled graſs,
His foot he ſet on his vile neck, in ſign
Of ſervile yoke, that nobler hearts repine.
Then, letting him ariſe like abject thrall,
He 'gan to him object his hainous crime,
And to revile, and rate, and recreant call,
And, laſtly to deſpoil of knightly banneral.

27.

And after all, for greater infamy,
He by the heels him hung upon a tree,
And baffuld ſo, that all which paſſed by,
The picture of his puniſhment might ſee,
And by the like enſample warned be,
How ever they through treaſon do treſpaſs.
But turn we now back to that Lady free,
Whom late we left riding upon an Aſs,
Led by a Carle and fool, which by her ſide did paſs.

28.

She was a Lady of great dignity,
And lifted up to honourable place,
Famous through all the land of Fairy,
Though of mean parentage and kindred baſe,
Yet deckt with wondrous gifts of Natures grace,
That all men did her perſon much admire,
And praiſe the feature of her goodly face,
The beams whereof did kindle lovely fire
In th'hearts of many a Knight, and many a gentle Squire.

29.

But ſhe thereof grew proud and inſolent,
That none ſhe worthy thought to be her fere,
But ſcorn'd them all that love unto her ment:
Yet was ſhe lov'd of many a worthy pere;
Unworthy ſhe to be belov'd ſo dere,
That could not weigh of worthineſs aright.
For, beauty is more glorious, bright and clere,
The more it is admir'd of many a wight,
And nobleſt ſhe, that ſerved is of nobleſt knight.

30.

But this coy Damzel thought contrariwiſe,
That ſuch proud looks would make her praiſed more;
And that the more ſhe did all Love deſpiſe,
The more would wretched Lovers her adore.
What cared ſhe who ſighed for her ſore,
Or who did wail, or watch the weary night?
Let them that liſt, their luckleſs lot deplore;
She was born free, not bound to any wight,
And ſo would ever live, and love her own delight.

31.

Through ſuch her ſtubborn ſtifneſs, and hard hart,
Many a wretch, for want of remedy,
Did languiſh long in life-conſuming ſmart,
And at the laſt, through dreary dolour die:
Whil'd ſhe (the Lady of her liberty)
Did boaſt, her beauty had ſuch ſoverain might,
That with the only twinkle of her eye,
She could or ſave, or ſpill, whom ſhe would hight.
What could the Gods do more, but do it more aright?

32.

But loe, the Gods, that mortal follies view,
Did worthily revenge this Maidens pride;
And nought regarding her ſo goodly hew,
Did laugh at her that many did deride,
Whil'ſt ſhe did weep, of no man mercifide.
For, on a day, when *Cupid* kept his Court,
As he is wont at each Saint Valentide,
Unto the which all Lovers do reſort,
That of their loves ſucceſs they there may make report;

33.

It fortun'd then, that when the rolls were read,
In which the names of all Loves folk were fil'd,
That many there were miſſing, which were dead,
Or kept in bands, or from their Loves exil'd,
Or by ſome other violence deſpoil'd.
Which when as *Cupid* heard, he wexed wroth,
And doubting to be wronged, or beguil'd,
He bade his eyes to be unblindfold both,
That he might ſee his men, and muſter them by oth.

34.

Then found he many miſſing of his crew,
Which wont do ſuit and ſervice to his might;
Of whom what was becomen, no man knew.
Therefore a Jury was impannel'd ſtraight,
T'enquire of them, whether by force or ſleight,
Or their own guilt, they were away convaid.
To whom foul *Infamy* and fell *Deſpight*
Gave evidence, that they were all betraid,
And murdred cruelly by a rebellious Maid.

35.

Fair *Mirabella* was her name, whereby
Of all thoſe crimes ſhe there indited was:
All which when *Cupid* heard, he by and by
In great diſpleaſure, will'd a *Capias*
Should iſſue forth, t'attach that ſcornful Laſs.
The Warrant ſtraight was made, and there-withall
A Bayliff errant forth in poſt did paſs,
Whom they by name their *Portamore* did call;
He which doth ſummon Lovers to loves judgment hall.

36.

The Damzel was attach't, and ſhortly brought
Unto the Bar, where-as ſhe was arrain'd:
But ſhe there-to nould plead nor anſwer ought
Even for ſtubborn pride, which her reſtrain'd.
So judgment paſt, as is by law ordain'd
In caſes like; which when at laſt ſhe ſaw,
Her ſtubborn heart, which love before diſdain'd,
'Gan ſtoup, and falling down with humble aw,
Cryde mercy, to abate the extremity of law.

37.

The ſon of *Venus*, who is mild by kind
But where he is ptovok't with peeviſhneſs,
Unto her prayers pitiouſly inclin'd,
And did the rigour of his doom repreſs;
Yet not ſo freely, but that natheleſs
He unto her a penance did impoſe:
Which was, that through the worlds wide wilderneſs
She wander ſhould in company of thoſe,
Till ſhe had ſav'd ſo many Loves as ſhe did loſe.

38.

So now ſhe had been wandring two whole years
Throughout the world, in this uncomely caſe,
Waſting her goodly hew in heavy tears,
And her good days in dolorous diſgrace:
Yet had ſhe not, in all theſe two years ſpace,
Saved but two; yet in two years before,
Through her deſpiteous pride, whil'ſt love lackt place,
She had deſtroyed two and twenty more. (fore?
Aye me! how could her love make half amends there-

39.

And now ſhe was upon the weary way,
When as the gentle Squire, with fair *Serene*,
Met her in ſuch miſſeeming foul array;
The whiles, that mighty man did her demean
With all the evil tearms and cruel mean
That he could make; And eke that angry fool,
Which follow'd her, with curſed hands unclean
Whipping her horſe, did with his ſmarting tool
Oft whip her dainty ſelf, and much augment her dool.

40.

Ne ought it mote avail her to entreat
The one or th'other, better her to uſe:
Forth, both ſo wilful were and obſtinate,
That all her pitious plaint they did refuſe,
And rather did the more her beat and bruſe.
But moſt, the former villain, which did lead
Her tyrling Jade, was bent her to abuſe;
Who though ſhe were with wearineſs nigh dead,
Yet would not let her lite, nor reaſt a little ſtead.

41.

For, he was ſtern, and terrible by nature,
And eke of perſon huge and hideous,
Exceeding much the meaſure of mans ſtature,
And rather like a Giant monſtruous.
Forſooth he was deſcended of the houſe
Of thoſe old Giants, which did wars darrain
Againſt the heaven in order battailous,
And ſib to great *Orgolio*, which was ſlain
By *Arthur*, when as *Unas* knight he did maintain.

42.

His looks were dreadful, and his fiery eyes
(Like two great Beacons) glared bright and wide,
Glauncing askew, as if his enemies
He ſcorned in his overweening pride;
And ſtalking ſtately, like a Crane, did ſtride
At every ſtep upon the tip-toes hie:
And all the way he went, one every ſide
He gaz'd about, and ſtared horribly,
As if he with his looks would all men terrifie.

43.

He wore no armour, ne for none did care,
As no whit dreading any living wight;
But in a Jacket quilted richly rare,
Upon checklaton, he was ſtrangely dight,
And on his head a roll of linnen plight,
Like to the Moors of Malebar he wore;
With which his locks, as black as pitchy night,
Were bound about, and voided from before,
And in his hand a mighty iron club he bore.

44.

This was *Diſdain*, who led that Ladies horſe
Through thick & thin, through mountains and through (Plains,
Compelling her, where ſhe would not, by force,
Haling her Palfrey by the hempen reins.
But that ſame fool, which moſt increaſt her pains,
Was *Scorn*, who having in his hand a whip,
Her there-with yirks, and ſtill when ſhe complains,
The more he laughs, and does her cloſely quip,
To ſee her ſore lament, and bite her tender lip.

Whoſe

45.

Whoſe cruel handling when that Squire beheld,
And ſaw thoſe villains her ſo vilely uſe,
His gentle heart with indignation ſweld,
And could no longer bear ſo great abuſe,
As ſuch a Lady ſo to beat and bruſe;
But, to him ſtepping, ſuch a ſtroke him lent,
The forc't him th'halter from his hand to looſe,
And mauger all his might, back to relent:
Elſe had he ſurely there been ſlain, or foully ſhent.

46.

The villain, wroth for greeting him ſo ſore,
Gathered himſelf together ſoon again;
And with his iron batton which he bore,
Let drive at him ſo dreadfull amain,
That for his ſafety he did him conſtrain
To give him ground, and ſhift to every ſide.
Rather than once his burden to ſuſtain:
For, bootleſs thing him ſeemed to abide
So mighty blows, or prove the puiſſance of his pride.

47.

Like as a Maſtiff, having at a bay
A ſalvage Bull, whoſe cruel horns do threat
Deſperate danger, if he them aſſay,
Traceth his ground, and round about doth beat,
To ſpy where he may ſome advantage get;
The whiles the beaſt doth rage and loudly rore:
So did the Squire, the whiles the Carle did fret,
And fume in his diſdainful mind the more,
And oftentimes by Turmagant and Mahound ſwore.

48.

Nath'leſs, ſo ſharply ſtill he him purſew'd,
That at advantage him at laſt he took,
When his foot ſlipt (that ſlip he dearly rew'd)
And with his iron club to ground him ſtrook;
Where ſtill he lay, ne out of ſwoun awook,
Till heavy hand the Carle upon him laid,
And bound him faſt: Tho, when he up did look,
And ſaw himſelf captiv'd, he was diſmaid,
Ne powre had to withſtand, ne hope of any aid.

49

Then up he made him riſe, and forward fare,
Led in a rope, which both his hands did bind;
Ne ought that fooll for pity did him ſpare;
But with his whip him following behind,
Him often ſcourg'd, and forc't his feet to find:
And other-whiles, with bitter mocks and mows
He would him ſcorn, that to his gentle mind
Was much more grievous than the others blows:
Words ſharply wound, but greateſt grief of ſcorning (grows.

50.

The fair *Serena* when ſhe ſaw him fall
Under that villains club, then ſurely thought
That ſlain he was, or made a wretched thrall,
And fled away with all the ſpeed ſhe mought,
To ſeek for ſafety, which long time ſhe ſought;
And paſt through many perils by the way,
Ere ſhe again to *Calepine* was brought:
The which diſcourſe as now I muſt delay,
Till *Mirabellaes* fortunes I do further ſay.

CANTO VIII.

Prince Arthur *overcomes Diſdain,*
quits Mirabell *from dreed:*
Serena, *found of Salvages,*
by Calepine *is freed.*

1.

YE gentle Ladies, in whoſe ſoverain powre
Love hath the glory of his Kingdom left,
And th'hearts of men, as your eternal dowre,
In iron chains, of liberty bereft,
Delivered hath into your hands by gift;
Be well aware, how ye the ſame do uſe,
That pride do not to tyranny you lift;
Leaſt if men you of cruelty accuſe,
He from you take that chiefdom which ye do abuſe.

2.

And as ye ſoft and tender are by kind,
Adorn'd with goodly gifts of beauties grace,
So be ye ſoft and tender eke in mind;
But cruelty and hardneſs from you chace,
That all your other praiſes will deface,
And from you turn the love of men, to hate.
Enſample take of *Mirabellaes* caſe,
Who from the high degree of happy ſtate,
Fell into wretched woes, which ſhe repented late.

3.

Who after thraldom of the gentle Squire,
Which ſhe beheld with lamentable eye,
Was touched with compaſſion entire,
And much lamented his calamity,
That for her ſake fell into miſery:
Which booted not for prayers, nor for threat,
To hope for to releaſe or mollifie;
For, aye the more that ſhe did them intreat,
The more they him miſus'd, and cruelly did beat.

4.

So as they forward on their way did paſs,
Him ſtill reviling and afflicting ſore,
They met Prince *Arthur* with Sir *Enias*,
(That was courteous Knight, whom he before
Having ſubdew'd, yet did to life reſtore)
To whom as they approach't, they 'gan augment
Their cruelty, and him to puniſh more,
Scourging and haling him more vehement;
As if it them ſhould grieve to ſee his puniſhment.

5.

The Squire himſelf, when-as he ſaw his Lord,
The witneſs of his wretchedneſs, in place,
Was much aſham'd, that with an hempen cord
He like a dog was led in captive caſe;
And did his head for baſhfulneſs abaſe,
As loth to ſee, or to be ſeen at all:
Shame would be hid. But when-as *Enias*
Beheld two ſuch, of two ſuch villains thrall,
His manly mind was much emmoved there-withall,

6.

And to the Prince thus ſaid; See you, Sir Knight,
The greateſt ſhame that ever eye yet ſaw?
Yond Lady and her Squire with foul deſpight
Abus'd, againſt all reaſon and all law,
Without regard of pity or of aw.
See how they do that Squire beat and revile;
See how they do the Lady hale and draw.
But if ye pleaſe to lend me leave awhile,
I will them ſoon acquit, and both of blame aſſoil.

7.

The Prince aſſented: and then he ſtraightway
Diſmounting light, his ſhield about him threw,
With which approching, thus he 'gan to ſay;
Abide ye caitive treachetours untrew,
That have with treaſon thralled unto you
Theſe two, unworthy of your wretched bands;
And now your crime with cruelty purſew.
Abide, and from them lay your loathly hands;
Or elſe abide the death, that hard before you ſtands.

8.

The villain ſtaid not anſwer to invent,
But with his iron club preparing way,
His minds ſad meſſage back unto him ſent;
The which deſcended with ſuch dreadful ſway,
That ſeemed nought the courſe thereof could ſtay:
No more than lightning from the lofty ſky.
Ne liſt the Knight the powre thereof aſſay,
Whoſe doom was death; but lightly ſlipping by,
Unwares defrauded his intended deſtiny.

9.

And to requite him with the like again,
With his ſharp ſword he fiercely at him flew,
And ſtrook ſo ſtrongly, that the Carle with pain
Saved himſelf, but that he there him ſlew:
Yet ſav'd no ſo, but that the bloud it drew,
And gave his foe good hope of victory.
Who there-with fleſht, upon him ſet anew,
And with the ſecond ſtroke, thought certainly
To have ſuppliſde the firſt, and paid the uſury.

10.

But Fortune anſwer'd not unto his call;
For, as his hand was heaved upon hight,
The villain met him in the middle fall,
And with his club bet back his brandiron bright
So forcibly, that with his own hands might
Rebeaten back upon himſelf again,
He driven was to ground in ſelf deſpight;
From whence ere he recovery could gain,
He in his neck did ſet his foot with fell diſdain.

11.

With that, the fool, which did that end await,
Came running in; and whil'ſt on ground he lay,
Laid heavy hands on him, and held ſo ſtrait,
That down he kept him with his ſcornful ſway,
So as he could not weild him any way.
The whiles, that other villain went about
Him to have bound, and thrald without delay;
The whiles, the fool did him revile and flout, (ſtout.
Threatning to yoke them two, and tame their courage

12.

As when a ſturdy Plough-man with his hind
By ſtrength have overthrown a ſtubborn ſtear,
They down him hold, and faſt with cords do bind
Till they him force the buxom yoke to bear:
So did theſe two this Knight oft tug and tear.
Which when the Prince beheld, there ſtanding by,
He left his lofty ſteed to aid him near;
And buckling ſoon himſelf, 'gan fiercely fly
Upon that Carle, to ſave his friend from jeopardy.

13.

The villain, leaving him unto his mate
To be captiv'd, and handled as he liſt,
Himſelf addreſt unto this new debate,
And with his club him all about ſo bliſt,
That he which way to turn him ſcarcely wiſt:
Some-times aloft he laid, ſome-times alow;
Now here, now there, and oft him neer he miſt;
So doubtfully, that hardly one could know
Whether more wary were to give or ward the blow.

14.

But yet the Prince ſowell enured was
With ſuch huge ſtrokes, approved oft in fight,
That way to them he gave forth-right to paſs;
Ne would endure the danger of their might,
But wait advantage, when they down did light.
At laſt, the caitive after long diſcourſe,
When all his ſtrokes he ſaw avoided quite,
Reſolv'd in one t'aſſemble all his force,
And make one end of him without ruth or remorſe.

15.

His dreadful hand he heaved up aloft;
And with his dreadful inſtruments of ire,
Thought ſure have powned him to powder ſoft,
Or deep embowel'd in the earth entire:
But fortune did not with his will conſpire.
For, ere his ſtroke attained his intent,
The noble child preventing his deſire,
Under his club with wary boldneſs went,
And ſmote him on the knee, that never yet was bent.

16.

It never yet was bent, ne bent it now,
Albe the ſtroke ſo ſtrong and puiſſant were,
That ſeem'd a marble pillour it could bow:
But all that leg which did his body bear,
It crakt through-out, yet did no bloud appear;
So as it was unable to ſupport
So huge a burden on ſuch broken gear,
But fell to ground, like to a lump of durt;
Whence he aſſaid to riſe, but could not for his hurt.

17.

Eftſoons the Prince to him full nimbly ſtept;
And, leaſt he ſhould recover foot again,
His head meant from his ſhoulders to have ſwept.
Which when the Lady ſaw, ſhe cride amain;
Stay, ſtay, Sir Knight, for love of God abſtain,
From that unwares ye weetleſs do intend;
Slay not that Carle, though worthy to be ſlain:
For, more on him doth than himſelf depend;
My life will by his death have lamentable end.

He

18.

He ſtaid his hand according her deſire,
Yet nathemore him ſuffred to ariſe;
But ſtill ſuppreſſing, 'gan of her inquire,
What meaning mote thoſe uncouth words comprize,
That in that villains health her ſafety lies:
That, were no might in man, nor heart in Knights,
Which durſt her dreaded reskew enterprize,
Yet heavens themſelves, that favour feeble rights,
Would for it ſelf redreſs, and puniſh ſuch deſpights.

19.

Then, burſting forth in tears, which guſhed faſt
Like many water ſtreams, awhile ſhe ſtaid:
Till the ſharp paſſion being over-paſt,
Her tongue to her reſtor'd, then thus ſhe ſaid;
Nor heavens, nor men, can me moſt wretched maid
Deliver from the doom of my deſart;
The which the God of Love hath on me laid,
And damned to endure this direful ſmart,
For penance of my proud and hard rebellious hart.

20.

In prime of youthly years, when firſt the flowre
Of beauty 'gan to bud, and blooſm delight,
And Nature me endu'd with plentious dowre
Of all her gifts that pleas'd each living ſight,
I was belov'd of many a gentle Knight,
And ſude and ſought with all the ſervice dew:
Full many a one for me deep groand, and ſigh't,
And to the door of death for ſorrow drew,
Complaining out on me, that would not on them rew.

21.

But let them love that liſt, or live or die:
Me liſt not die for any Lovers dool:
Ne liſt me leave my loved liberty,
To pity him that liſt to play the fool:
To love my ſelf I learned had in ſchool.
Thus I triumphed long in Lovers pain,
And ſitting careleſs on the ſcorners ſtool,
Did laugh at thoſe that did lament and plain:
But all is now repaid with intereſt again.

22.

For, loe, the winged God, that woundeth harts,
Caus'd me be called to account therefore;
And for revengement of thoſe wrongful ſmarts,
Which I to others did inflict afore,
Addeem'd me to endure this penance ſore;
That in this wiſe, and this unmeet array,
With theſe two lewd companions, and no more,
Diſdain and *Scorn*, I through the world ſhould ſtray,
Till I have ſav'd ſo many as I earſt did ſlay.

23.

Certes, ſaid then the Prince, the God is juſt,
That taketh vengeance of his peoples ſpoil:
For, were no law in love, but all that luſt
Might them oppreſs, and painfully turmoil,
His kingdom would continue but a while.
But tell me Lady, wherefore do you bear
This bottle thus before you with ſuch toil,
And eke this wallet at your back arear,
That for theſe Carles to carry much more comely were?

24.

Here, in this bottle, ſaid the ſorry Maid,
I put the tears of my contrition,
Till to the brim I have it full defraid:
And in this bag which I behind me don,
I put repentance for things paſt and gon.
Yet is the bottel leak, and bag ſo torn,
That all which I put in, falls out anon;
And is behind me trodden down of *Scorn*,
Who mocketh all my pain, and laughs the more I mourn.

25.

The Infant harkned wiſely to her tale;
And wondred much at *Cupids* judgment wiſe,
That could ſo meekly make proud hearts avale,
And wreak himſelf on them that him deſpiſe.
Then ſuffred he *Diſdain* up to ariſe,
Who was not able up himſelf to rear,
By means his leg, through his late luckleſs priſe,
Was crackt in twain; but by his fooliſh fear
Was holpen up, who him ſupported ſtanding near.

26.

But, being up, he lookt again aloft,
As if he never had received fall;
And with ſtern eye-brows ſtared at him oft,
As if he would have daunted him with-all:
And, ſtanding on his tip-toes to ſeem tall,
Down on his golden feet he often gaz'd,
As if ſuch pride the other could apall;
Who was ſo far from being ought amaz'd
That he his looks deſpiſed, and his boaſt diſprais'd.

27.

Then, turned back unto that captive thrall,
Who all this while ſtood there beſide them bound,
Unwilling to be known, or ſeen at all,
He from thoſe bands ween'd him to have unwound.
But when approching near, he plainly found,
It was his own true groom, the gentle Squire,
He thereat wext exceedingly aſtound,
And him did oft embrace, and oft admire;
Ne could, with ſeeing, ſatisfie his great deſire.

28.

Mean-while, the ſalvage man, when he beheld
That huge great fool oppreſſing th'other Knight,
Whom with his weight unwieldy down he held,
He flew upon him, like a greedy Kight
Unto ſome carrion offered to his ſight:
And down him plucking, with his nails and teeth
'Gan him to hale and tear, and ſcratch and bite;
And from him taking his own whip, there-with
So ſore him ſcourgeth, that the bloud down followeth

29.

And ſure, I ween, had not the Ladies cry
Procur'd the Prince his cruel hand to ſtay,
He would with whipping him have done to die:
But being checkt, he did abſtain ſtraightway,
And let him riſe. Then thus the Prince 'gan ſay;
Now Lady, ſith your fortunes thus diſpoſe,
That if ye liſt have liberty, ye may,
Unto your ſelf I freely leave to choſe,
Whether I ſhall you leave, or from theſe villains loſe.

Ah!

30.

Ah! nay, Sir Knight, ſaid ſhe, it may not be,
But that I needs muſt by all means fulfill
This penance, which enjoyned is to me,
Leaſt unto me betide a greater ill;
Yet no leſs thanks to you for your good will.
So humbly taking leave, ſhe turn'd aſide:
But *Arthur*, with the reſt, went onward ſtill
On his firſt queſt: in which did him betide
A great adventure, which did him from them divide.

31.

But firſt, it falleth me by courſe to tell
Of fair *Serena*: who as earſt you heard,
When firſt the gentle Squire at variance fell
With thoſe two Carles, fled faſt away, afeard
Of villany to be to her inferd:
So freſh the image of her former dread,
Yet dwelling in her eye, to her appeard,
That every foot did tremble, which did tread;
And every body two, and two ſhe four did read.

32.

Through hills & dales, through buſhes, and through brers
Long thus ſhe fled, till that at laſt ſhe thought
Her ſelf now paſt the peril of her fears.
Then looking round about, and ſeeing nought,
Which doubt of danger to her ofter mought,
She from her palfrey lighted on the Plain;
And ſitting down, her ſelf awhile bethought
Of her long travel, and turmoiling pain;
And often did of love, and oft of luck complain.

33.

And evermore, ſhe blamed *Calepine*,
The good Sir *Calepine*, her own true Knight,
As th'only author of her woful tine:
For being of his love to her ſo light,
As her to leave in ſuch a pitious plight.
Yet never Turtle truer to his Make,
Than he was tride unto his Lady bright:
Who all this while endured, for her ſake,
Great peril of his life, and reſtleſs pains did take.

34.

Tho, when as all her plaints ſhe had diſplaid,
And well disburdened her engrieved breſt,
Upon the graſs her ſelf adown ſhe laid;
Where being tir'd with travel, and oppreſt
With ſorrow, ſhe betook her ſelf to reſt.
There whil'ſt in *Morpheus* boſome ſafe ſhe lay,
Fearleſs of ought that mote her peace moleſt,
Falſe Fortune did her ſafety betray,
Unto a ſtrange miſchance, that menac't her decay.

35.

In theſe wild deſarts, where ſhe now abode,
There dwelt a ſalvage Nation, which did live
Of ſtealth and ſpoil, and making nightly rode
Into their neighbours borders: ne did give
Themſelves to any trade (as for to drive
The painful plough, or cattel for to breed,
Or by adventrous merchandize to thrive)
But on the labours of poor men to feed,
And ſerve their own neceſſities with others need.

36.

There-to they us'd one moſt accurſed order,
To eat the fleſh of men, whom they mote find,
And ſtrangers to devour, which on their border
Were brought by errour, or by wreckful wind,
A monſtrous cruelty 'gainſt courſe of kind.
They towards evening wandring every way,
To ſeek for booty, came (by Fortune blind)
Where-as this Lady, like a ſheep aſtray,
Now drowned in the depth of ſleep all fearleſs lay.

37.

Soon as they ſpide her, Lord what gladful glee
They made amongſt themſelves! but when her face
Like the fair Ivory ſhining they did ſee,
Each 'gan his fellow ſolace and embrace,
For joy of ſuch good hap by heavenly grace.
Then 'gan they to deviſe what courſe to take:
Whether to ſlay her there upon the place,
Or ſuffer her out of her ſleep to wake,
And then her eat attonce; or many meals to make.

38.

The beſt avizement was of bad, to let her
Sleep out her fill, without encomberment:
For, ſleep (they ſaid) would make her battil better.
Then, when ſhe wak't, they all gave one conſent,
That ſith by grace of God ſhe there was ſent,
Unto their God they would her ſacrifize;
Whoſe ſhare, her guiltleſs bloud they would preſent:
But, of her dainty fleſh they did devize
To make a common feaſt, and feed with gurmandize.

39.

So, round about her they themſelves did place
Upon the graſs, and diverſly diſpoſe,
As each thought beſt to ſpend the lingring ſpace.
Some with their eyes the daintieſt morſels choſe;
Some praiſe her paps, ſome praiſe her lips and noſe;
Some whet their knives, and ſtrip their elbows bare:
The Prieſt himſelf a garland doth compoſe
Of fineſt flowres, and with full buſie care
His bloudy veſſels waſh, and holy fire prepare.

40.

The Damzel wakes: then all attonce up-ſtart,
And round about her flock, like many flies,
Whooping, and hollowing on every part,
As if they would have rent the braſen skies.
Which when ſhe ſees with ghaſtly griefful eyes,
Her heart does quake, and deadly pallid hew
Benumbs her cheeks: Then out aloud ſhe cries,
Where none is nigh to hear, that will her rew,
And rends her golden locks, and ſnowy breſts embrew.

41.

But all boots not: they hands upon her lay;
And firſt they ſpoil her of her jewels dear,
And afterwards of all her rich array;
The which amongſt them they in pieces tear,
And of the prey each one a part doth bear.
And being naked to their ſordid eyes
The goodly threaſures of Nature appear:
Which as they view with luſtful fantaſies,
Each wiſheth to himſelf, and to the reſt envies.

Her

42.

Her ivory neck, her alabaſter breaſt,
Her paps, which like white ſilken pillows were,
For Love in ſoft delight thereon to reſt;
Her tender ſides, her belly white and clear,
Which like an Altar did it ſelf up-rear,
To offer ſacrifice divine thereon;
Her goodly thighs, whoſe glory did appear
Like a triumphal Arch, and therupon
The ſpoils of Princes hang'd, which were in battel won:

43.

Thoſe dainty parts, the dearlings of delight,
Which mote not be profan'd of common eyes,
Thoſe villains view'd with looſe laſcivious ſight,
And cloſely tempted with their crafty ſpies;
And ſome of them 'gan 'mongſt themſelves deviſe,
Thereof by force to take their beaſtly pleaſure.
But them the Prieſt rebuking did adviſe
To dare not to pollute ſo ſacred treaſure,
Vow'd to the gods: religion held even thieves in meaſure.

44.

So being ſtaid, they her from thence directed
Unto a little grove not far aſide,
In which an Altar ſhortly they erected,
To ſlay her on. And now the eventide
His broad black wings had through the heavens wide
By this diſſpred, that was the time ordain'd
For ſuch a diſmal deed, their guilt to hide:
A few green turfs an Altar ſoon they fain'd, (tain'd.
And deckt it all with flowrs, which they nigh hand ob-

45.

Tho, when-as all things ready were aright,
The Damzel was before the Altar ſet,
Being already dead with fearful fright.
To whom the Prieſt with naked arms full net
Approaching nigh, and murdrous knife well whet,
'Gan mutter cloſe a certain ſecret charm,
With other diveliſh ceremonies met:
Which doen, he 'gan aloft t'advance his arm,
Whereat they ſhouted all, and made aloud alarm.

46.

Then 'gan the bag-pipes and the horns to ſhrill
And ſhriek aloud, that with the peoples voice
Confuſed, did the air with terror fill,
And made the wood to tremble at the noice:
The whiles ſhe waild, the more they did rejoice.
Now mote ye underſtand that to this grove
Sir *Calepine* by chance, more than by choice,
The ſelf ſame evening fortune hither drove,
As he to ſeek *Serena* through the woods did rove.

47.

Long had he ſought her, and through many a ſoil
Had travel'd ſtill on foot in heavy arms,
Ne ought was tyred with his endleſs toil,
Ne ought was feared of his certain harms:
And now all weetleſs of the wretched ſtorms,
In which his love was loſt, he ſlept full faſt,
Till being waked with theſe loud alarms,
He lightly ſtarted up like one aghaſt,
And catching up his arms, ſtreight to the noiſe forth paſt.

48.

There by th'uncertain glimpſe of ſtarry night,
And by the twinkling of their ſacred fire,
He mote perceive a little dawning ſight
Of all, which there was doing in that quire:
'Mongſt whom, a woman ſpoild of all attire
He ſpide lamenting her unlucky ſtrife,
And groning ſore from grieved heart entire;
Eftſoons he ſaw one with a naked knife
Ready to launce her breaſt, and let out loved life.

49.

With that he thruſts into the thickeſt throng,
And even as his right hand down deſcends,
He him preventing, lays on earth along,
And ſacrificeth to th'infernal feends.
Then to the reſt his wrathful hand he bends:
Of whom he makes ſuch havock and ſuch hew,
That ſwarms of damned ſouls to hell he ſends:
The reſt, that ſcape his ſword and death eſchew,
Fly like a flock of doves before a Faulcons view.

50.

From them returning to that Lady back,
Whom by the Altar he doth ſitting find,
Yet fearing death, and next to death, the lack
Of clothes to cover what ſhe ought by kind,
He firſt her hands beginneth to unbind;
And then to queſtion of her preſent woe;
And afterwards to chear with ſpeeches kind.
But ſhe, for nought that he could ſay or do,
One word durſt ſpeak, or anſwer him awhit thereto.

51.

So inward ſhame of her uncomely caſe
She did conceive, through care of womanhood,
That though the night did cover her diſgrace,
Yet ſhe in ſo unwomanly a mood,
Would not bewray the ſtate in which ſhe ſtood.
So, all that night to him unknown ſhe paſt.
But day that doth diſcover bad and good,
Enſewing, made her known to him at laſt:
The end whereof Ile keep until another caſt.

CANTO IX.

Calidore *hoſts with* Melibee, *and loves fair* Paſtorell; Coridon *envies him, yet he for ill rewards him well.*

1.

NOw turn again my teme thou jolly ſwain,
Back to the furrow which I lately left;
I lately left a furrow, one or twain
Unplough'd, the which my coulter hath not cleft:
Yet ſeem'd the ſoil both fair and fruitful eft,
As I it paſt; that were too great a ſhame,
That ſo rich fruit ſhould be from us bereft;
Beſides the great diſhonour and defame,
Which ſhould befall to *Calidores* immortal name.

Great

2.

Great travel hath the gentle *Calidore*
And toil endured, ſith I left him laſt
Sewing the *Blatant Beaſt*; which I forbore
To finiſh then, for other preſent haſte.
Full many paths,& perils he hath paſt, (through Plains,
Through hills, through dales, through foreſts and
In that ſame queſt, which Fortune on him caſt;
Which he atchieved to his own great gains,
Reaping eternal glory of his reſtleſs pains.

3.

So ſharply he the monſter did purſew,
That day nor night he ſuffred him to reſt:
Ne reſted he himſelf (but Natures dew)
For dread of danger, not to be redreſt,
If he for ſlouth forſlackt ſo famous queſt.
Him firſt from Court he to the cities courſed,
And from the cities to the towns him preſt,
And from the towns into the country forced,
And from the country back to private farms he ſcorſed.

4.

From thence into the open fields he fled,
Whereas the Heards were keeping of their neat,
And ſhepheards ſinging to their flocks that fed,
Lays of ſweet love and youths delightful heat:
Him thither eke (for all his fearful threat)
He follow'd faſt, and chaced him ſo nie,
That to the folds, where ſheep at night do ſeat,
And to the little cotes, where ſhepheards lie
In winters wrathful time, he forced him to flie.

5.

There on a day as he purſew'd the chace,
He chanc't to ſpy a ſort of ſhepheard grooms,
Playing on pipes, and caroling apace,
The whiles their beaſts there in the budded brooms
Beſide them fed, and nipt the tender blooms:
For other worldly wealth they cared nought.
To whom Sir *Calidore* yet ſweating comes,
And them to tell him curteouſly beſought,
If ſuch a beaſt they ſaw, which he had thither brought.

6.

They anſwer'd him, that no ſuch beaſt they ſaw,
Nor any wicked feend, that mote offend
Their happy flocks, nor danger to them draw:
But if that ſuch there were (as none they kend)
They prayd high God him far from them to ſend.
Then one of them him ſeeing ſo to ſweat,
After his ruſtick wiſe (that well he weend)
Offred him drink, to quench his thirſty heat,
And if he hungry were, him offred eke to eat.

7.

The knight was nothing nice, where was no need,
And took their gentle offer: ſo adown
They prayd him ſit, and gave him for to feed
Such homely what, as ſerves the ſimple clown,
That doth deſpiſe the dainties of the town.
Tho having fed his fill, he there beſide
Saw a fair damzil, which did wear a crown
Of ſundry flowres, with ſilken ribbands tyde,
Y clad in home-made green that her own hands had dyde.

8.

Upon a little hillock ſhe was plac'd
Higher than all the reſt, and round about
Environ'd with a girlond, goodly grac'd,
Of lovely laſſes: and them all without
The luſty ſhepheard ſwains ſate in a rout,
The which did pipe and ſing her praiſes dew,
And oft rejoyce, and oft for wonder ſhout,
As if ſome miracle of heavenly hew
Were down to them deſcended in that earthly view.

9.

And ſoothly ſure ſhe was full fair of face,
And perfectly well ſhap't in every lim;
Which ſhe did more augment with modeſt grace,
And comely carriage of her count'nance trim,
That all the reſt like leſſer lamps did dim:
Who, her admiring as ſome heavenly wight,
Did for their ſoverain goddeſs her eſteem,
And caroling her name both day and night,
The faireſt *Paſtorella* her by name did hight.

10.

Ne was there Heard, ne was there ſhepheards ſwain
But her did honour, and eke many a one
Burnt in her love, and with ſweet pleaſing pain
Full many a night for her did ſigh and grone:
But moſt of all the ſhepheard *Coridon*
For her did languiſh, and his dear life ſpend;
Yet neither ſhe for him, nor other none
Did care a whit, ne any liking lend:
Though mean her lot, yet higher did her mind aſcend.

11.

Her whiles Sir *Calidore* there viewed well,
And markt her rare demeanure, which him ſeem'd
So far the mean of ſhepheards to excell,
As that he in his mind her worthy deem'd,
To be a Princes Paragone eſteem'd;
He was unawares ſurpriz'd in ſubtil bands
Of the blind Boy, ne thence could be redeem'd
By any skill out of his cruel hands,
Caught like the bird, which gazing ſtill on others ſtands.

12.

So ſtood he ſtill long gazing thereupon,
Ne any will had thence to move away,
Although his queſt were far afore him gone:
But after he had fed, yet did he ſtay,
And ſate there ſtill, until the flying day
Was far forth ſpent, diſcourſing diverſly
Of ſundry things, as fell, to work delay;
And evermore his ſpeech he did apply
To th'heards, but meant them to the damzels fantaſie.

13.

By this, the moiſty night approaching faſt,
Her deawy humour 'gan on th'earth to ſhed,
That warn'd the ſhepheards to their homes to haſte
Their tender flocks, now being fully fed,
For fear of wetting them before their bed.
Then came to them a good old aged Syre,
Whoſe ſilver locks bedeckt his beard and head,
With ſhepheards hook in hand, and fit attire,
That will'd the Damzell riſe; the day did now expire.

He

14.

He was to weet by common voyce eſteem'd
The Father of the faireſt *Paſtorell*,
And of her ſelf in very deed ſo deem'd;
Yet was not ſo, but as old ſtories tell
Found her by fortune, which to him befell,
In th'open fields an Infant left alone,
And taking up brought home, and nurſed well
As his own child; for other he had none,
That ſhe in tract of time accounted was his own.

15.

She at his bidding meekly did ariſe,
And ſtreight unto her little flock did fare:
Then all the reſt about her roſe likewiſe,
And each his ſundry ſheep with ſeveral care
Gathered together, and them home-ward bare:
Whil'ſt every one with helping hands did ſtrive
Amongſt themſelves, and did their labours ſhare,
To help fair *Paſtorella* home to drive
Her fleecy flock; but *Corridon* moſt help did give.

16.

But *Melibee* (ſo hight that good old man)
Now ſeeing *Calidore* left all alone,
And night arrived hard at hand, began
Him to invite unto his ſimple home:
Which though it were a Cottage clad with lome,
And all things therein mean; yet better ſo
To lodge, than in the Salvage fields to rome.
The Knight full gladly ſoon agreed thereto,
Being his hearts own wiſh, and home with him did go.

17.

There he was welcom'd of that honeſt Syre,
And of his aged Beldame homely well;
Who him beſought himſelf to diſattyre,
And reſt himſelf, till ſupper time befell;
By which, home came the faireſt *Paſtorell*,
After her flock ſhe in her fold had tyde:
And ſupper ready dight, they to it fell
With ſmall ado, and nature ſatisfide,
The which doth little crave, contented to abide.

18.

Tho, when they had their hunger ſlaked well,
And the fair Maid the table t'an away;
The gentle Knight, as he that did excell
In courteſie, and well could do and ſay,
For ſo great kindneſs as he found that day,
Gan greatly thank his hoſt and his good wife;
And drawing thence his ſpeech another way,
Gan highly to commend the happy life
Which Shepherds lead, without debate or bitter ſtrife.

19.

How much, ſaid he, more happy is the ſtate,
In which ye father here do dwell at eaſe,
Leading a life ſo free and fortunate,
From all the tempeſts of theſe worldly ſeas,
Which toſs the reſt in dangerous diſeaſe?
Where wars and wrecks, and wicked enmity
Do them afflict, which no man can appeaſe;
That certes I your happineſs envy
And wiſh my love were plac't in ſuch felicity.

20.

Surely my Son (then anſwer'd he again)
If happy, then it is in this intent,
That having ſmall, yet do I not complain
Of want, ne wiſh for more it to augment,
But do my ſelf, with that I have, content;
So taught of Nature, which doth little need
Of forrein helps to lifes due nouriſhment.
The fields my food, my flock my rayment breed;
No better do I wear, no better do I feed.

21.

Therefore I do not any one envy,
Nor am envide of any one therefore;
They that have much, fear much to loſe thereby,
And ſtore of cares do follow riches ſtore.
The little that I have grows daily more
Without my care, but only to attend it.
My Lambs do every year encreaſe their ſcore,
And my flocks father daily doth amend it.
What have I, but to praiſe th'Almighty, that doth ſend it?

22.

To them, that liſt, the worlds gay ſhows I leave,
And to great ones ſuch follies do forgive,
Which oft through pride do their own perill weave,
And through ambition down themſelves do drive
To ſad decay, that might contented live.
Me no ſuch cares nor combrous thoughts offend,
Ne once my minds unmoved quiet grieve;
But all the night in ſilver ſleep I ſpend,
And all the day to what I liſt, I do attend.

23.

Sometimes I hunt the Fox, the vowed foe
Unto my lambs, and him diſlodge away;
Sometime the Fawn I practice, from the Doe,
Or from the Goat her kid how to convay;
Another while I baits and nets diſplay,
The birds to catch or fiſhes to beguile:
And when I weary am, I down do lay
My limbs in every ſhade, to reſt from toyl, boyl.
And drink of every brook, when thirſt my throat doth

24.

The time was once, in my firſt prime of years,
When pride of youth forth pricked my deſire,
That I diſdain'd among mine equal peers
To follow ſheep and ſhepherds baſe attire:
For further fortune then I would inquire.
And leaving home, to Royal Court I ſought;
Where I did ſell my ſelf for yearly hire,
And in the Princes garden daily wrought:
There I beheld ſuch vainneſs, as I never thought.

25.

With ſight whereof ſoon cloyd, and long deluded
With idle hopes, which them do entertain,
After I had ten years my ſelf excluded
From native home, and ſpent my youth in vain,
I gan my follies to my ſelf to plain,
And this ſweet peace, whoſe lack did then appear.
Tho, back returning to my ſheep again,
I from thenceforth have learn'd to love more dear
This lowly quiet life, which I inherit here.

26.

Whil'ſt thus he talkt, the Knight with greedy care
Hong ſtill upon his melting mouth attent;
Whoſe ſenſeful words empierc't his heart ſo near,
That he was wrapt with double raviſhment,
Both of his ſpeech that wrought him great content,
And alſo of the object of his view,
On which his hungry eye was always bent;
That twixt his pleaſing tongue, and her fair hew,
He loſt himſelf, and like one half entranced grew.

27.

Yet to occaſion means, to work his mind,
And to inſinuate his hearts deſire,
He thus reply'd; Now ſurely ſyre I find,
That all this worlds gay ſhows, which we admire,
Be but vain ſhadows to this ſafe retire
Of life, which here in lowlineſs ye lead,
Fearleſs of foes, or Fortunes wrackful yre,
Which toſſeth ſtates, and under foot doth tread
The mighty ones, afraid of every changes dread:

28.

That even I which daily do behold
The glory of the great, mongſt whom I won;
And now have prov'd, what happineſs ye hold
In this ſmall plot of your dominion,
Now loath great Lordſhip and Ambition;
And wiſh the heavens ſo much had graced me,
As grant me live in like condition;
Or that my fortunes might tranſported be
From pitch of higher place, unto this low degree.

29.

In vain, ſaid then old *Melibœ*, do men
The heavens of their fortunes fault accuſe;
Sith they know beſt, what is the beſt for them:
For, they to each ſuch fortune do diffuſe,
As they do know each can moſt aptly uſe.
For, not that which men covet moſt, is beſt,
Nor that thing worſt, which men do moſt refuſe:
But fitteſt is, that all contented reſt
With that they hold: each hath his fortune in his breſt.

30.

It is the mind that maketh good or ill,
That maketh wretch or happy, rich or poor:
For ſome, that hath abundance at his will,
Hath not enough, but wants in greateſt ſtore;
And other, that hath little, asks no more,
But in that little is both rich and wiſe.
For, wiſdom is moſt riches; fools therefore
They are, which fortunes do by vows devize,
Sith each unto himſelf his life may fortunize,

31.

Since then in each mans ſelf, ſaid *Calidore*,
It is, to faſhion his own lifes eſtate,
Give leave awhile, good father, in this ſhore
To reſt my bark, which hath been beaten late
With ſtorms of fortune and tempeſtuous fate,
In ſeas of troubles and of toyſom pain;
That whither quite from them for to retreat
I ſhall reſolve, or back to turn again,
I may here with your ſelf ſome ſmall repoſe obtain.

32.

Not that the burden of ſo bold a gueſt
Shall chargeful be, or change to you at all;
For your mean food ſhall be my daily feaſt,
And this your cabin both my bowre and hall.
Beſides, for recompence hereof, I ſhall
You well reward, and golden guerdon give,
That may perhaps you better much withall,
And in this quiet make you ſafer live.
So, forth he drew much gold, and toward him it drive.

33.

But the good man, nought tempted with the offer,
Of his rich mould, did thruſt it far away,
And thus beſpake; Sir Knight, your bountious proffer
Be far fro me, to whom ye ill diſplay
That mucky maſs, the cauſe of mens decay,
That mote empair my peace with dangers dread.
But if ye algates covet to aſſay
This ſimple ſort of life, that Shepherds lead,
Be it your own: our rudeneſs to your ſelf aread.

34.

So there that night Sir *Colidore* did dwell,
And long while after, whil'ſt him liſt remain,
Daily beholding the fair *Paſtorell*,
And feeding on the bayt of his own bane.
During which time, he did her entertain
With all kind courteſies, he could invent;
And every day her company to gain,
When to the field ſhe went, he with her went:
So, for to quench his fire, he did it more augment.

35.

But ſhe that never had acquainted been
With ſuch queint uſage, fit for Queens and Kings,
Ne ever had ſuch Knightly ſervice ſeen
(But being bred under baſe Shepherds wings,
Had ever learn'd to love the lowly things)
Did little whit regard his courteous guize:
But cared more for *Colins* carolings
Than all that he could do, or ev'r devize:
His lays, his loves, his looks ſhe did them all deſpize.

36.

Which *Calidore* perceiving, thought it beſt
To change the manner of his lofty look;
And doffing his bright arms, himſelf addreſt
In ſhepherds weed, and in his hand he took,
In ſtead of ſteel-head ſpear, a Shepherds hook;
That who had ſeen him then, would have bethought
On *Phrygian Paris* by *Plexippus* brook,
When he the love of fair *Benoné* ſought,
What time the golden apple was unto him brought.

37.

So being clad, unto, the fields he went
With the fair *Paſtorella* every day,
And kept her ſheep with diligent attent,
Watching to drive the ravenous Wolf away.
The whil'ſt at pleaſure ſhe mote ſport and play;
And every evening helping them to fold:
And otherwhiles for meed, he did aſſay
In his ſtrong hand their rugged teats to hold,
And out of them to preſs the milk: love ſo much could.

Which

38.

Which ſeeing *Coridon*, who her likewiſe
Long time had lov'd, and hop't her love to gain,
He much was troubled at that ſtrangers guize,
And many jealous thoughts conceiv'd in vain,
That this of all his labour and long pain
Should reap the harveſt, ere it ripened were;
That made him ſcoul, and pout, and oft complain
Of *Paſtorell* to all the Shepherds there,
That ſhe did love a ſtranger ſwain than him more dere.

39.

And ever when he came in company,
Where *Calidore* was preſent, he would lour,
And bite his lip, and even for jealouſie
Was ready oft his own heart to devour,
Impatient of any Paramour:
Who on the other ſide did ſeem ſo far
From malicing, or grudging his good hour,
That all he could, he graced him with her,
Ne ever ſhewed ſign of rancour or of jarr.

40.

And oft, when *Coridon* unto her brought
Or little ſparrows, ſtolen from their neſt,
Or wanton ſquirrils, in the woods far ſought,
Or other dainty thing for her addreſt;
He would commend his gift, and make the beſt:
Yet ſhe no whit his preſents did regard,
Ne him could find to fancy in her breaſt:
This new come ſhepherd had his market mard.
Old love is little worth, when new is more prefard.

41.

One day when as the ſhepherd ſwains together
Were met, to make their ſports and merry glee,
As they are wont in fair ſun-ſhiny weather,
The whiles their flocks in ſhadows ſhrouded be,
They fell to dance: Then did they all agree,
That *Colin Clout* ſhould pipe, as one moſt fit;
And *Calidore* ſhould lead the ring, as he
That moſt in *Paſtorellaes* grace did ſit.
Thereat frown'd *Coridon*, and his lip cloſely bit.

42.

But *Calidore*, of courteous inclination,
Took *Coridon*, and ſet him in his place,
That he ſhould lead the dance, as was his faſhion;
For *Coridon* could dance, and trimly trace.
And when as *Paſtorella*, him to grace,
Her flowry garlond took from her own head,
And plac't on his, he did it ſoon diſplace,
And did it put on *Coridons* in ſtead:
Then *Coridon* wox frollick, that earſt ſeemed dead.

43.

Another time, when as they did diſpoſe
To practice games, and maſteries to try,
They for their Judg did *Paſtorella* choſe;
A garland was the meed of victory.
There *Coridon*, forth ſtepping openly,
Did challenge *Calidore* to wreſtling game:
For, he through long and perfect induſtry,
Therein well practis'd was, and in the ſame (ſhame.
Thought ſure t'avenge his grudge, and work his foe great

44.

But *Calidore* he greatly did miſtake;
For, he was ſtrong and mightily ſtiff pight,
That with one fall his neck he almoſt brake:
And had he not upon him fallen light,
His deareſt joynt he ſure had broken quight.
Then was the oaken crown by *Paſtorell*
Given to *Calidore*, as his due right;
But he, that did in courteſie excell,
Gave it to *Coridon*, and ſaid he won it well.

45.

Thus did the gentle Knight himſelf abear
Amongſt that ruſtick rout in all his deeds,
That even they the which his rivals were,
Could not malign him, but commend him needs:
For, courteſie amongſt the rudeſt breeds
Good will and favour. So it ſurely wrought
With this fair Maid, and in her mind the ſeeds
Of perfect love did ſow, that laſt forth brought
The fruit of joy and bliſs, though long time dealy bought.

46.

Thus *Calidore* continu'd there long time,
To win the love of the fair *Paſtorell*;
Which having got, he uſed without crime
Or blameful blot; but menaged ſo well,
That he of all the reſt, which there did dwell,
Was favoured, and to her grace commended.
But what ſtrange fortunes unto him befell,
Ere he attain'd the point by him intended,
Shall more conveniently in other place be ended.

CANTO X.

Caldiore *ſees the Graces dance, to* Colins *Melody? The whiles his* Paſtorel *is led, into Captivity.*

1.

WHo now does follow the foul *Blatant Beaſt*,
Whil'ſt *Calidore* does follow that fair Maid,
Unmindful of his vow and high beheaſt,
Which by the Fairy Queen was on him laid,
That he ſhould never leave, nor be delayed
From chaſing him, till he had it atchieved?
But now entrapt of love, which him betray'd,
He mindeth more, how he may be relieved (grived;
With grace from her, whoſe love his heart hath ſore en-

2.

That from henceforth he means no more to ſew
His former queſt, ſo full of toyl and pain;
Another queſt, another game in view
He hath, the guerdon of his love to gain:
With whom he minds for ever to remain,
And ſet his reſt amongſt the ruſtick ſort,
Rather than hunt ſtill after ſhadows vain
Of courtly favour, fed with light report
Of every blaſt, and ſayling always in the port.

3.

Ne ceases mote he greatly blamed be,
From so high step to stoop unto so low.
For, who had tasted once (as oft did he)
The happy peace, which there doth over-flow,
And prov'd the perfect pleasures which do grow
Amongst poor hinds, in hills, in woods, in dales,
Would never more delight in painted show
Of such false bliss, as there is set for stales,
T' entrap unwary fools in their eternal bales.

4.

For, what hath all that goodly glorious gaze
Like to one sight, which *Calidore* did view?
The glance whereof their dimmed eyes would daze,
That never more they should endure the shew
Of that sun-shine, that makes them look askew:
Ne ought in all that world of beauties rare
(Save only *Glorianaes* heavenly hew;
To which what can compare?) can it compare;
The which, as cometh now by course, I will declare.

5.

One day as he did range the fields abroad,
Whil'st his fair *Pastorella* was elsewhere,
He chanc't to come, far from all peoples troad,
Unto a place, whose pleasance did appear
To pass all others, on the earth which were:
For, all that ever was by natures skill
Deviz'd to work delight, was gathered there,
And there by her were powred forth at fill,
As if this to adorn, she all the rest did pill.

6.

It was an hill, plac't in an open Plain,
That round about was bordered with a wood,
Of matchless height, that seem'd th'earth to disdain;
In which all trees of honour stately stood,
And did all winter as in summer bud,
Spredding pavilions for the birds to bowre,
Which in their lower branches sung aloud,
And in their tops the soaring hawk did towre,
Siting like king of fowles, in majesty and powre.

7.

And at the foot thereof, a gentle flud
His silver waves did softly tumble down,
Unmard with ragged moss or filthy mud;
Ne mote wild beasts, ne mote the ruder clown
Thereto approach, ne filth mote therein drown:
But Nymphs and Fairies by the banks did sit,
In the woods shades, which did the waters crown,
Keeping all noysom things away from it,
And to the waters fall tuning their accents fit.

8.

And on the top thereof a spacious Plain
Did spread it self, to serve to all delight,
Eyther to dance, when they to dance would fain,
Or else to course-about their bases light;
Ne ought there wanted, which for pleasure might
Desired be, or thence to banish bale:
So pleasantly the hill, with equal hight,
Did seem to over-look the lowly vale;
Therefore it rightly cleeped was mount *Acidale*.

9.

They say that *Venus*, when she did dispose
Her self to pleasance, used to resort
Unto this place, and therein to repose
And rest her self as in a gladsom port,
Or with the Graces there to play and sport;
That even her own Cytheron, though in it
She used most to keep her royal Court,
And in her soverain Majesty to sit,
She in regard hereof refus'd and thought unfit.

10.

Unto this place when as the Elfin knight
Approacht, him seemed that the merry sound
Of a shrill pipe he playing heard on hight,
And many feet fast thumping th'hollow ground,
That through the woods their Eccho did rebound.
He nigher drew, to weet what mote it be;
There he a troop of Ladies dancing found
Full merrily, and making gladful glee,
And in the midst a Shepherd piping he did see.

11.

He durst not enter into th'open Green,
For dread of them unwares to be descrid,
For breaking of their dance, if he were seen;
But in the covert of the wood did bide,
Beholding all, yet of them unespy'd.
There he did see, that pleased much his sight,
That even he himself his eyes envy'd,
An hundred naked maidens lilly white,
All ranged in a ring, and dancing in delight.

12.

All they without were ranged in a ring,
And danced round; but in the midst of them
Three other Ladies did both dance and sing,
The whil'st the rest them round about did hem,
And like a girlond did in compass stem:
And in the midst of those same there was placed
Another Damsel, as a precious gem
Amidst a ring most richly well enchaced,
That with her goodly presence all the rest much graced.

13.

Look how the Crown which *Ariadne* wore
Upon her yvory forehead that same day
That *Theseus* her unto his bridale bore
(When the bold *Centaures* made that bloody fray
With the fierce *Lapithes* which did him dismay)
Being now placed in the firmament,
Through the bright heaven doth her beams display,
And is unto the Stars an ornament,
Which round about her move in order excellent:

14.

Such was the beauty of this goodly band,
Whose sundry parts were here too long to tell:
But she that in the midst of them did stand,
Seem'd all the rest in beauty to excell,
Crown'd with a rosie girlond, that right well
Did her beseem. And ever, as the crew
About her danc't, sweet flowers, that far did smell,
And fragrant odours they upon her threw;
But most of all, those three did her with gifts endew.

Those

15.

Thoſe were the Graces, daughters of delight,
Handmaids of *Venus*, which are wont to haunt
Upon this hill, and dance there day and night:
Thoſe three to men all gifts of grace do graunt;
And all, that *Venus* in her ſelf doth vaunt,
Is borrowed of them. But that fair one,
That in the midſt was placed paravant,
Was ſhe to whom that Shepherd pip't alone,
That made him pipe ſo merrily, as never none.

16.

She was to weet that jolly Shepherds laſs,
Which piped there unto that merry rout:
That jolly Shepherd, which there piped, was
Poor *Colin Clout* (who knows not *Colin Clout*?)
He pip't apace, whil'ſt they him daunc't about.
Pype jolly Shepherd, pipe thou now apace
Unto thy Love, that made thee low to lout;
Thy Love is preſent there with thee in place,
Thy Love is there advaunc't to be another Grace.

17.

Much wondred *Calidore* at this ſtrange ſight,
Whoſe like before his eye had never ſeen:
And ſtanding long aſtoniſhed in ſpright,
And rapt with pleaſance, wiſt not what to ween;
Whether it were the train of beauties Queen,
Or Nymphs, or Fairies, or enchanted ſhow,
With which his eyes have more deluded been.
Therefore reſolving, what it was to know,
Out of the wood he roſe, and toward them did go.

18.

But ſoon as he appeared to their view,
They vaniſht all away out of his ſight,
And clean were gone, which way he never knew;
All ſave the Shepherd, who for fell deſpight
Of that diſpleaſure, broke his bag-pipe quight,
And made great mone for that unhappy turn.
But *Calidore*, though no leſs ſory wight,
For that miſ-hap, yet ſeeing him to mourn,
Drew near, that he the truth of all by him mote learn.

19.

And firſt him greeting, thus unto him ſpake;
Hail jolly Shepherd, which thy joyous days
Here leadeſt in this goodly merry-make,
Frequented of theſe gentle Nymphs always,
Which to thee flock, to hear thy lovely lays;
Tell me, what mote theſe dainty Damſels be,
Which here with thee do make their pleaſant plays?
Right happy thou, that maiſt them freely ſee:
But why, when I them ſaw, fled they away from me?

20.

Not I ſo happy, anſwer'd then that ſwain,
As thou unhappy, which them thence didſt chace,
Whom by no means thou canſt recall again.
For, being gone, none can them bring in place,
But whom they of themſelves liſt ſo to grace.
Right ſory I, ſaid then Sir *Calidore*,
That my ill fortune did them hence diſplace.
But ſince things paſſed none may now reſtore,
Tell me, what were they all, whoſe lack thee grieves ſo ſore.

21.

Tho, gan that Shepherd thus for to dilate;
Then wote thou Shepherd, whatſoere thou be,
That all thoſe Ladies, which thou ſaweſt late,
Are *Venus* Damſels, all within her fee,
But differing in honour and degree:
They are all Graces which on her depend,
Beſides a thouſand more, which ready be
Her to adorn, when-ſo ſhe forth doth wend:
But thoſe three in the midſt do chief on her attend.

22.

They are the daughters of ſky-ruling Love,
By him begot of fair *Eurynome*,
The Oceans daughter, in this pleaſant grove,
As he this way coming from feaſtful glee
Of *Thetis* wedding with *Aecidee*,
In ſommers ſhade himſelf here reſted weary.
The firſt of them hight myld *Euphroſyne*,
Next fair *Aglaia*, laſt *Thalia* merry,
Sweet goddeſſes all three which me in mirth do cherry.

23.

Theſe three on men all gracious gifts beſtow,
Which deck the body or adorn the mind,
To make them lovely or well-favoured ſhow:
As, comely carriage, entertainment kind,
Sweet ſemblant, friendly offices that bind,
And all the complements of courteſie:
They teach us, how to each degree and kind
We ſhould our ſelves demean, to low, to hie;
To friends, to foes: which skill men call Civility.

24.

Therefore they always ſmoothly ſeem to ſmile,
That we likewiſe ſhould mild and gentle be;
And alſo naked are, that without guile
Or falſe diſſemblance all them plain may ſee,
Simple and true from covert malice free:
And eke themſelves ſo in their dance they bore,
That two of them ſtill froward ſeem'd to be,
But one ſtill towards ſhew'd her ſelf afore;
That good ſhould from us go, then come in greater ſtore.

25.

Such were thoſe goddeſſes, which ye did ſee;
But that fourth Maid, which there amidſt them traced,
Who can aread, what creature mote ſhe be,
Whether a creature or a goddeſs graced
With heavenly gifts from heaven firſt enraced?
But what-ſo ſure ſhe was, ſhe worthy was
To be the fourth, with thoſe three other placed:
Yet was ſhe certes but a country laſs,
Yet ſhe all other countrey laſſes far did paſs.

26.

So far as doth the daughter of the day,
All other leſſer lights in light excell,
So far doth ſhe in beautiful array
Above all other laſſes bear the bell:
Ne leſs in vertue that beſeems her well,
Doth ſhe exceed the reſt of all her race;
For which, the Graces that here wont to dwell,
Have for more honour brought her to this place,
And graced her ſo much to be another Grace.

27.

Another Grace ſhe well deſerves to be,
In whom ſo many Graces gathered are,
Excelling much the mean of her degree;
Divine reſemblance, beauty ſoverain rare,
Firm Chaſtity, that ſpight ne blemiſh dare;
All which ſhe with ſuch courteſie doth grace,
That all her Peers cannot with her compare,
But quite are dimmed, when ſhe is in place.
She made me often pipe and now to pipe apace.

28.

Sun of the world, great glory of the ſky,
That all the Earth do'ſt lighten with thy rays,
Great *Gloriana*, greateſt Majeſty,
Pardon thy ſhepherd mong ſo many lays,
As he hath ſung of thee in all his days,
To make one minime of thy poor handmaid,
And underneath thy feet to place her praiſe;
That when thy glory ſhall be far diſplayd
To future age, of her this mention may be made.

29.

When thus that Shepherd ended had his ſpeech,
Said *Calidore*; Now ſure it yrketh me,
That to thy bliſs I made this luckleſs breach,
As now the Author of thy bale to be,
Thus to bereave thy Loves dear ſight from thee:
But gentle Shepherd pardon thou my ſhame,
Who raſhly ſought that which I mote not ſee.
Thus did the courteous Knight excuſe his blame,
And to recomfort him, all comely means did frame.

30.

In ſuch diſcourſes they together ſpent
Long time, as fit occaſion forth them led;
With which, the Knight himſelf did much content,
And with delight his greedy fancy fed,
Both of his words, which he with reaſon red;
And alſo of the place, whoſe pleaſures rare
With ſuch regard his ſenſes raviſhed,
That thence he had no will away to fare, (ſhare.
But wiſht, that with that ſhepherd he mote dwelling

31.

But that envinimd ſting, the which of yore,
His poyſonous point deep fixed in his heart
Had left, now gan afreſh to rankle ſore,
And to renue the rigour of his ſmart:
Which to recure, no skill of Leaches art
Mote him avail, but to return again
To his wounds worker, that with lovely dart
Dinting his breaſt, had bred his reſtleſs pain,
Like as the wounded Whale to ſhore flies from the main.

32.

So, taking leave of that ſame gentle ſwain,
He back returned to his ruſtick wone,
Where his fair *Paſtorella* did remain:
To whom in ſort, as he at firſt begone,
He daily did apply himſelf to done
All dewful ſervice, void of thoughts impure:
Ne any pains ne peril did he ſhone,
By which he might her to his love allure,
And liking in her yet untamed heart procure.

33.

And evermore the Shepherd *Coridon*,
What-ever thing he did to her aggrate,
Did ſtrive to match, with ſtrong contention,
And all his pains did cloſely emulate;
Whether it were to caroll, as they ſate
Keeping their ſheep, or games to exerciſe,
Or to preſent her with their labours late;
Through which if any grace chanc't to arize
To him, the Shepherd ſtreight with jealouſie did frize.

34.

One day, as they all three together went
To the green wood, to gather ſtrawberies,
There chanc't to them a dangerous accident;
A Tigre forth out of the wood did riſe,
That with fell claws full of fierce gourmandize,
And greedy mouth, wide gaping like hell gate,
Did run at *Paſtorell*, her to ſurprize:
Whom ſhe beholding, now all deſolate
Gan cry to them aloud, to help her all too late.

35.

Which *Coridon* firſt hearing, ran in haſt
To reſcue her: But when he ſaw the feend,
Through coward fear he fled away as faſt,
Ne durſt abide the danger of the end;
His life he ſteemed dearer than his friend,
But *Calidore* ſoon comming to her aid
When he the beaſt ſaw ready now to rend
His Loves dear ſpoyl, in which his heart was praid,
He ran at him enrag'd, in ſtead of being fraid.

36.

He had no weapon, but his Shepherds hook,
To ſerve the vengeance of his wrathful will;
With which ſo ſternly he the monſter ſtrook,
That to the ground aſtoniſhed he fell:
Whence ere he could recov'r, he did him quell;
And hewing off his head, it preſented
Before the feet of the fair *Paſtorell*;
Who, ſcarcely yet from former fear exempted, (ted.
A thouſand times him thankt, that had her death preven-

37.

Form that day forth ſhe gan him to affect,
And daily more her favour to augment;
But *Coridon*, for cowardize reject,
Fit to keep ſheep, unfit for loves content:
The gentle hart ſcorns baſe diſparagement.
Yet *Calidore* did not deſpiſe him quight,
But us'd him friendly for further intent,
That by his fellowſhip, he colour might
Both his eſtate, and love, from skill of any wight.

38.

So well he woo'd her, and ſo well he wrought her,
With humble ſervice, and with daily ſute,
That at the laſt unto his will he brought her;
Which he ſo wiſely well did proſecute,
That of his love he reapt the timely fruit,
And joyed long in cloſe felicity;
Till Fortune fraught with malice, blind, and brute,
That envies Lovers long proſperity,
Blew up a bitter ſtorm of foul adverſity.

It

39.

It fortuned one day, when *Calidore*
Was hunting in the woods (as was his trade)
A lawleſs people, *Brigants* hight of yore,
That never u'ſd to live by plough nor ſpade,
But fed on ſpoyl and booty, which they made
Upon their neighbours, which did nigh them border,
The dwelling of thoſe ſhepherds did invade,
And ſpoyld their houſes, and themſelves did murder,
And drove away their flocks with other much diſorder.

40.

Amongſt the reſt, the which they then did pray,
They ſpoyld old *Meliba* of all he had,
And all his people captive led away;
Mongſt which this luckleſs Maid away was lad,
Fair *Paſtorella*, ſorrowful and ſad,
Moſt ſorrowful, moſt ſad, that ever ſigh't,
Now made the ſpoyl of thieves and *Brigants* bad,
Which was the conqueſt of the gentleſt Knight
That ever liv'd, and th'only glory of his might.

41.

With them alſo was taken *Coridon*,
And carried captive by thoſe thieves away;
Who in the covert of the night, that none
Mote them deſcry, nor reſcue from their prey,
Unto their dwelling did them cloſe convay.
Their dwelling in a little Iſland was,
Covered with ſhrubby woods, in which no way
Appear'd for people in nor out to paſs,
Nor any footing find for over-growen graſs.

42.

For underneath the ground their way was made,
Through hollow Caves, that no man mote diſcover
For the thick ſhrubs, which did them always ſhade
From view of living wight, and covered over:
But darkneſs drad and daily night did hover,
Through all the inner parts, wherein they dwelt.
Ne lighted was with window, nor with lover,
But with continual candle-light, which dealt
A doubtful ſenſe of things, not ſo well ſeen, as felt.

43.

Hither thoſe *Brigants* brought their preſent pray,
And kept them with continual watch and ward;
Meaning ſo ſoon, as they convenient may,
For ſlaves to ſell them for no ſmall reward,
To Merchants, which they kept in bondage hard,
Or ſold again. Now when fair *Paſtorell*
Into this place was brought, and kept with gard
Of grieſly thieves, ſhe thought her ſelf in hell,
Where with ſuch damned fiends ſhe ſhould in darkneſs dwell.

44.

But for to tell the doleful dreriment,
And pitiful complaints which there ſhe made
(Where day and night ſhe nought did but lament
Her wretched life, ſhut up in deadly ſhade,
And waſt her goodly beauty, which did fade
Like to a flowre that feels no heat of ſun,
Which may her feeble leaves with comfort glade)
And what befell her in that thieviſh wone,
Will in another Canto better be begone.

CANTO XI.

The thieves fall out for Paſtorel,
whileſt Melibœ *is ſlain:*
Her, Calidore *from them redeems,*
and bringeth back again.

1.

THe joys of love, if they ſhould ever laſt,
Without affliction or diſquietneſs,
That worldly chances do amongſt them caſt,
Would be on earth too great a bleſſedneſs,
Liker to heaven than mortal wretchedneſs.
Therefore the winged god, to let men weet,
That here on earth is no ſure happineſs,
A thouſand ſowres hath tempred with one ſweet,
To make it ſeem more dear and dainty, as is meet.

2.

Like as is now befaln to this fair maid,
Fair *Paſtorell*, of whom is now my ſong:
Who being now in dreadful darkneſs laid,
Amogſt thoſe thieves, which her in bondage ſtrong
Detaind; yet Fortune, not with all this wrong
Contented, greater miſchief on her threw,
And ſorrows heapt on her in greater throng;
That who-ſo hears her heavineſs, would rew
And pity her ſad plight, ſo chang'd from pleaſant hew.

3.

Whil'ſt thus ſhe in theſe helliſh dens remain'd,
Wrapped in wretched cares and hearts unreſt,
It ſo befell (as Fortune had ordain'd)
That he, which was their Capitain profeſt,
And had the chief command of all the reſt,
One day as he did all his priſoners view,
With luſtful eyes beheld that lovely gueſt,
Fair *Paſtorella*; whoſe ſad mournful hew
Like the fair Morning clad in miſty fog did ſhew.

4.

At ſight whereof his barbarous hart was fir'd,
And inly burnt with flames moſt raging hot,
That her alone he for his part deſir'd,
Of all the other pray which they had got,
And her in mind did to him ſelf allot.
From that day forth he kindneſs to her ſhow'd,
And ſought her love, by all the means he mote;
With looks, with words, with gifts he oft her wowed:
And mixed threats among, and much unto her vowed.

5.

But all that ever he had could do or ſay,
Her conſtant mind could not a whit remove,
Nor draw unto the lure of his lewd lay,
To grant him favour, or afford him love.
Yet ceaſt he not to ſew and all ways prove,
By which he mote accompliſh his requeſt,
Saying and doing all that mote behove:
Ne day nor night he ſuffred her to reſt,
But her all night did watch, and all the day moleſt.

At

6.

At laſt, when him ſhe ſo importune ſaw,
Fearing leaſt he at length the reanes would lend
Unto his luſt, and make his will his law,
Sith in his powre ſhe was to foe or friend;
She thought it beſt, for ſhadow to pretend
Some ſhew of favour, by him gracing ſmall,
That ſhe thereby mote either freely wend,
Or at more eaſe continue there his thrall;
A little well is lent that gaineth more withall.

7.

So from thenceforth, when love he to her made,
With better tearms ſhe did him entertain:
Which gave him hope, and did him half perſwade,
That he in time her joyance ſhould obtain.
But when ſhe ſaw, through that ſmall favours gain,
That further than ſhe willing was, he preſt;
She found no means to barr him, but to fain
A ſodain ſickneſs, which her ſore oppreſt,
And made unfit to ſerve his lawleſs minds beheaſt.

8.

By means whereof, ſhe would not him permit
Once to approach to her in privity,
But only mongſt the reſt by her to ſit,
Mourning the rigour of her malady.
And ſeeking all things meet for remedy.
But ſhe reſolv'd no remedy to find,
Nor better chear to ſhew in miſery,
Till Fortune would her captive bonds unbind.
Her ſickneſs was not of the body, but the mind.

9.

During which ſpace that ſhe thus ſick did ly,
It chaunc't a ſort of Merchants which were wont
To skim thoſe coaſts, for bondmen there to buy,
And by ſuch traffique after gains to hunt,
Arrived in this Iſle (though bare and blunt)
T'inquire for ſlaves; where being ready met
By ſome of theſe ſame thieves at th'inſtant brunt,
Were brought unto their Captain, who was ſet
By his fair Patients ſide with ſorrowful regret.

10.

To whom they ſhewed, how thoſe Merchants were
Arriv'd in place, their bondſlaves for to buy,
And therefore prayd, that thoſe ſame captives there
Mote to them for their moſt commodity
Be ſold, and mongſt them ſhared equally.
This their requeſt the Captain much appalled;
Yet could he not their juſt demands deny,
And willed ſtraight the ſlaves ſhould forth be called,
And ſold for moſt advantage not to be forſtalled.

11.

Then forth the good old *Melibœ* was brought,
And *Coridon*, with many other moe,
Whom they before in diverſe ſpoils had caught!
All which he to the Merchants ſale did ſhow;
Till ſome, which did the ſundry priſoners know,
Gan to inquire for the fair Shepherdeſs,
Which with the reſt they took not long ago,
And gan her Form and feature to expreſs, (neſs.
The more t'augment her price, through praiſe of comli-

12.

To whom the Captain in full angry wize
Made anſwer, that the Maid of whom they ſpake,
Was his own purchaſe and his only prize:
With which none had to do, ne ought partake,
But he himſelf which did that conqueſt make;
Little for him to have one ſilly laſs:
Beſides, through ſickneſs now ſo wan and weak,
That nothing meet in Merchandiſe to paſs.
So ſhew'd them her, to prove how pale and weak ſhe was.

13.

The ſight of whom, though now decay'd and mard,
And eke but hardly ſeen by candle-light:
Yet like a Diamond of rich regard,
In doubtful ſhadow of the darkſom night,
With ſtarry beams about her ſhining bright,
Theſe Merchants fixed eyes did ſo amaze,
That what through wonder, and what through delight,
Awhile on her they greedily did gaze,
And did her greatly like, and did her greatly praiſe.

14.

At laſt, when all the reſt them offred were,
And prices to them placed at their pleaſure,
They all refuſed in regard of her,
Ne ought would buy, how-ever pris'd with meaſure,
Withouten her, whoſe worth above all threaſure
They did eſteem, and offred ſtore of gold.
But then the Captain fraught with more diſpleaſure,
Bade them be ſtill, his Love ſhould not be ſold:
The reſt take if they would, he her to him would hold.

15.

Therewith, ſome other of the chiefeſt thieves
Boldly him bade ſuch injury forbear;
For, that ſame Maid, how-ever it him grieves,
Should with the reſt be ſold before him there,
To make the prices of the reſt more dear.
That with great rage he ſtoutly doth denay;
And fiercely drawing forth his blade, doth ſwear,
That who-ſo hardy hand on her doth lay,
It dearly ſhall aby, and death for handſel pay.

16.

Thus as they words amongſt them multiply,
They fall to ſtrokes, the fruit of too much talk:
And the mad ſteel about doth freely flie,
Not ſparing wight, ne leaving any balk,
But making way for death at large to walk;
Who, in the horror of the grieſly night,
In thouſand dreadful ſhapes doth mongſt them ſtalk,
And makes huge havock, whiles the candle-light
Out-quenched, leaves no skill nor difference of wight.

17.

Like as a ſort of hungry dogs ymet
About ſome carcaſs by the common way,
Do fall together, ſtriving each to get
The greateſt portion of the greedy prey;
All on confuſed heaps themſelves aſſay,
And ſnatch, and bite, and rend, and tug, and tear;
That who them ſees, would wonder at their fray;
And who ſees not, would be afraid to hear:
Such was the conflict of thoſe cruel *Brigants* there.

But

18.

But firſt of all, their captives they do kill,
Leaſt they ſhould joyn againſt the weaker ſide,
Or riſe againſt the remnant at their will,
Old *Meliboe* is ſlain, and him beſide
His aged wife, with many others wide:
But *Coridon*, eſcaping craftily,
Creeps forth of doors, whilſt darkneſs him doth hide,
And flies away as faſt as he can hie,
Ne ſtayeth leave to take, before his friends do die.

19.

But *Paſtorella*, woful wretched Elf,
Was by the Captain all this while defended:
Who minding more her ſafety than himſelf,
His target always over her pretended;
By means whereof, that mote not be amended,
He at the length was ſlain, and laid on ground;
Yet holding faſt twixt both his arms extended
Fair *Paſtorell*, who with the ſelf ſame wound
Lanc't through the arm, fell down with him in drery ſwound.

20.

There lay ſhe covered with confuſed preaſs
Of carcaſes, which dying on her fell.
Tho, when as he was dead, the fray gan ceaſe,
And each to other calling, did compell
To ſtay their cruel hands from ſlaughter fell,
Sith they that were the cauſe of all, were gone.
Thereto they all at once agreed well,
And lighting candles new, gan ſearch anone,
How many of their friends were ſlain, how many fone.

21.

Their Captain there they cruelly found kild,
And in his arms the drery dying maid,
Like a ſweet Angel twixt two Clouds up-held:
Her lovely light was dimmed and decaid,
With cloud of death upon her eyes diſplaid:
Yet did the cloud make ev'n that dimmed light
Seem much more lovely in that darkneſs laid,
And twixt the twinkling of her eye-lids bright,
To ſpark out little beams, like ſtars in foggy night.

22.

But when they mov'd the carcaſes aſide,
They found that life did yet in her remain:
Then all their helps they buſily apply'd,
To call the Soul back to her home again;
And wrought ſo well with labour and long pain,
That they to life recovered her at laſt.
Who ſighing ſore, as if her heart in twain
Had riven been, and all her heart-ſtrings braſt,
With drery drouping eyn lookt up like one aghaſt.

23.

There ſhe beheld, that ſore her griev'd to ſee,
Her father and her friends about her lying,
Her ſelf ſole left, a ſecond ſpoyl to be
Of thoſe, that having ſaved her from dying,
Renew'd her death by timely death denying:
What now is left her but to wail and weep,
Wringing her hands, and ruefully loud crying?
Ne cared ſhe her wound in tears to ſteep
Albe with all their might thoſe *Brigants* her did keep.

24.

But when they ſaw her now reviv'd again,
They left her ſo, in charge of one the beſt
Of many worſt, who with unkind diſdain
And cruel rigour her did much moleſt;
Scarce yielding her due food, or timely reſt,
And ſcarcely ſuffring her infeſtred wound,
That ſore her pain'd, by any to be dreſt.
So leave we her in wretched thraldom bound,
And turn we back to *Calidore*, where we him found.

25.

Who when he back returned from the wood,
And ſaw his ſhepherds cottage ſpoiled quight,
And his Love reft away, he wexed wood,
And half enraged at that rueful ſight;
That ev'n his heart for very fell deſpight,
And his own fleſh he ready was to tear:
He chauſt, he griev'd, he fretted, and he ſight,
And fared like a furious wild Bear,
Whoſe whelps are ſtoln away, ſhe being other-where.

26.

Ne wight he found, to whom he might complain,
Ne wight he found of whom he might enquire;
That more increaſt the anguiſh of his pain.
He ſought the woods; but no man could ſee there:
He ſought the Plains; but could no tydings hear.
The woods did nought but ecchoes vain rebound;
The Plains all waſt and empty did appear:
Where wont the ſhepherds oft their pipes reſound,
And feed an hundred flocks, there now not one he found.

27.

At laſt, as there he romed up and down,
He chanc't one coming towards him to ſpy,
That ſeem'd to be ſome ſory ſimple clown,
With ragged weeds, and locks up-ſtaring hie,
As if he did from ſome late danger flie,
And yet his fear did follow him behind:
Who as he unto him approached nie,
He mote perceive by ſigns, which he did find,
That *Coridon* it was, the ſilly ſhepherds hind.

28.

Tho, to him running faſt, he did not ſtay
To greet him firſt, but askt where were the reſt;
Where *Paſtorell?* who full of freſh diſmay,
And guſhing forth in tears, was ſo oppreſt,
That he no word could ſpeak, but ſmit his breſt,
And up to heaven his eyes faſt ſtreaming threw.
Whereat the Knight amaz'd, yet did not reſt,
But askt again, what meant that rueful hew:
Where was his *Paſtorell?* where all the other crew?

29.

Ah well away, ſaid he then ſighing ſore,
That ever I did live, this day to ſee,
This diſmal day, and was not dead before,
Before I ſaw fair *Paſtorella* die.
Die? out alas then *Calidore* did cry:
How could the death dare ever her to quell?
But read thou Shepherd, read what deſtiny,
Or other direful hap from heaven or hell
Hath wrought this wicked deed: Do fear away, and tell.

30.

Tho, when the ſhepherd breathed had awhile,
He thus began: Where ſhall I then commence
This woful tale? or how thoſe *Brigants* vile,
With cruel rage, and dreadful violence
Spoyld all our cots, and carried us from hence?
Or how fair *Paſtorell* ſhould have been ſold
To Merchants, but was ſav'd with ſtrong defence?
Or how thoſe thieves, whil'ſt one ſought her to hold,
Fell all at ods, and fought through fury fierce and bold.

31.

In that ſame conflict (woe is me) befell
This fatal chaunce, this doleful accident,
Whoſe heavy tydings now I have to tell.
Firſt, all the captives which they here had hent,
Were by them ſlain by general conſent;
Old *Melibœ*, and his good wife withal
Theſe eyes ſaw dye, and dearly did lament:
But when the lot to *Paſtorell* did fall,
Their Captain long withſtood, and did her death forſtall.

32.

But what could he gainſt all them do alone?
It could not boot; needs mote ſhe dye at laſt:
I only ſcap't through great confuſion
Of cries and clamours which amongſt them paſt,
In dreadful darkneſs, dreadfully aghaſt;
That better were with them to have been dead,
Than here to ſee all deſolate and waſt,
Deſpoiled of thoſe joys and jollyhead
Which with thoſe gentle ſheperds here I wont to lead.

33.

When *Calidore* theſe rueful news had raught,
His hart quite deaded was with anguiſh great,
And all his wits with dool were nigh diſtraught;
That he his face, his head, his breaſt did beat,
And death it ſelf unto himſelf did threat;
Oft curſing th'heavens, that ſo cruel were
To her, whoſe name he often did repeat;
And wiſhing oft that he were preſent there,
When ſhe was ſlain, or had been to her ſuccour nere.

34.

But after grief awhile had had his courſe,
And ſpent it ſelf in mourning, he at laſt
Began to mitigate his ſwelling ſource,
And in his mind with better reaſon caſt,
How he might ſave her life, if life did laſt;
Or if that dead, how he her death might wreak,
Sith otherwiſe he could not mend thing paſt;
Or if it to revenge he were too weak,
Then for to dye with her, and his lieves threed to break.

35.

Tho, *Coridon* he prayd, ſith he well knew
The ready way unto that thieviſh wone,
To wend with him, and be his conduct trew
Unto the place, to ſee what ſhould be done.
But he, whoſe hart through fear was late fordone,
Would not for ought be drawn to former dreed;
But by all means the danger known did ſhone:
Yet *Calidore*, ſo well him wrought with meed,
And fair beſpoke with words, that he at laſt agreed.

36.

So, forth they go together (God before)
Both clad in ſhepherds weeds agreeably,
And both with ſhepherds hooks: But *Calidore*
Had underneath, him armed privilie.
Tho, to the place when they approached nie,
They chaun't upon an hill, not far away,
Some flocks of ſheep and ſhepherds to eſpy;
To whom they both agreed to take their way,
In hope there news to learn, how they mote beſt aſſay.

37.

There did they find, that which they did not fear,
The ſelf ſame flocks, the which thoſe thieves had reft
From *Melibœ* and from themſelves whylear,
And certain of the thieves there by them left,
The which for want of heards themſelves then kept.
Right well knew *Coridon* his own late ſheep,
And ſeeing them, for tender pity wept:
But when he ſaw the thieves which did them keep,
His hart gan fail, albe he ſaw them all aſleep.

38.

But *Calidore* recomforting his grief,
Though not his fear: for, nought may fear diſſwade;
Him hardly forward drew, where-as the thief
Lay ſleeping ſoundly in the buſhes ſhade,
Whom *Coridon* him counſel'd to invade
Now all unwares, and take the ſpoyl away:
But he, that in his mind had cloſely made
A further purpoſe, would not them ſo ſlay,
But gently waking them, gave them the time of day.

39.

Tho, ſitting down by them upon the Green,
Of ſundry things he purpoſe gan to fain;
That he by them might certain tydings ween
Of *Paſtorell*, were ſhe alive or ſlain.
Mongſt which the thieves them queſtioned again,
What miſter men, and eke from whence they were.
To whom they anſwer'd, as did appertain, (ere
That they were poor heard-grooms, the which whil-
Had from their maſters fled, & now ſought hire elſewhere.

40.

Whereof right glad they ſeem'd, and offer made
To hire them well, if they their flocks would keep:
For, they themſelves were evil grooms, they ſaid,
Unwont with heards to watch, or paſture ſheep,
But to forray the Land, or ſcour the deep.
There-to they ſoon agreed, and earneſt took,
To keep their flocks for little hire and cheep:
For, they for better hire did ſhortly look:
So there all day they bode, till light the ſky forſook.

41.

Tho, when-as towards darkſome night it drew,
Unto their helliſh dens thoſe thieves them brought;
Where ſhortly they in great acquaintance grew,
And all the ſecrets of their entrails ſought.
There did they find (contrary to their thought)
That *Paſtorell* yet liv'd; but all the reſt
Were dead, right ſo as *Coridon* had taught:
Whereof they both full glad and blithe did reſt,
But chiefly *Calidore*, whom grief had moſt poſſeſt.

At

42.

At length, when they occaſion fitteſt found,
In dead of night, when all the thieves did reſt
After a late forray, and ſlept full ſound,
Sir *Calidore* him arm'd, as he thought beſt,
Having of late (by diligent inqueſt)
Provided him a Sword of meaneſt ſort:
With which he ſtraight went to the Captains neſt.
But *Coridon* durſt not with him conſort,
Ne durſt abide behind, for dread of worſe effort.

43.

When to the Cave they came, they found it faſt:
But *Calidore*, with huge reſiſtleſs might,
The doors aſſailed, and the locks up-braſt.
With noyſe whereof the thief awaking light,
Unto the entrance ran: Where the bold Knight
Encountring him, with ſmall reſiſtance ſlew;
The whiles fair *Paſtorell* through great affright
Was almoſt dead, miſdoubting leaſt of new
Some up-roar were like that which lately ſhe did view.

44.

But when as *Calidore* was comen in,
And gan aloud for *Paſtorell* to call:
Knowing his voice (although not heard long ſin)
She ſuddain was revived there-withall,
And wondrous joy felt in her ſpirits thrall:
Like him that being long in tempeſt toſt,
Looking each hour into deaths mouth to fall,
At length, eſpies at hand the happy coaſt,
On which he ſafety hopes, that earſt feard to be loſt.

45.

Her gentle heart, that now long ſeaſon paſt
Had never joyance felt, nor chearful thought,
Began ſome ſmack of comfort now to taſte,
Like lifeful heat to nummed ſenſes brought,
And life to feel, that long for death had ſought:
Ne leſs in heart rejoyced *Calidore*
When he her found; but like to one diſtraught
And rob'd of reaſon, towards her him bore,
A thouſand times embrac't, and kiſt a thouſand more.

46.

But now by this, with noyſe of late up-roar,
The hue and cry was raiſed all about:
And all the *Brigants*, flocking in great ſtore,
Unto the Cave gan preace, nought having doubt
Of what was done, and entred in a rout:
But *Calidore*, in th'entry cloſe did ſtand,
And entertaining them with courage ſtout,
Still ſlew the formoſt that came firſt to hand,
So long, till all the entry was with bodies mand.

47.

Tho, when no more could nigh to him approach,
He breath'd his ſword, and reſted him till day:
Which when he ſpy'd upon the earth t'encroach,
Through the dead carcaſes he made his way;
Mongſt which he found a ſword of better ſay,
With which he forth went into th'open light;
Where all the reſt for him did ready ſtay,
And fierce aſſailing him with all their might,
Gan all upon him lay: there gan a dreadful fight.

48.

How many flies in hotteſt Summers day
Do ſeize upon ſome beaſt, whoſe fleſh is bare,
That all the place with ſwarms do over-lay,
And with their little ſtings right felly fare;
So many thieves about him ſwarming are,
All which do him aſſail on every ſide,
And ſore oppreſs, ne any him doth ſpare:
But he doth with his raging brond divide
Their thickeſt troups, & round about him ſcattereth wide.

49.

Like as a Lyon mongſt an heard of Deer,
Diſperſeth them to catch his choiceſt pray;
So did he flie amongſt them here and there,
And all that near him came, did hew and ſlay,
Till he had ſtrow'd with bodies all the way;
That none his danger daring to abide,
Fled from his wrath, and did themſelves convay
Into their Caves, their heads from death to hide,
Ne any left, that victory to him envide.

50.

Then back returning to his deareſt Dear,
He her gan to recomfort all he might,
With gladful ſpeeches, and with lovely chear;
And forth her bringing to the joyous light,
Whereof ſhe long had lackt the wiſhful ſight,
Deviz'd all goodly means, from her to drive
The ſad remembrance of her wretched plight.
So, her uneath at laſt he did revive,
That long had lien dead, and made again alive,

51.

This doen, into thoſe thieviſh dens he went,
And thence did all the ſpoiles and treaſures take,
Which they from many long had rob'd and rent,
But fortune now the Victors meed did make;
Of which the beſt he did his Love betake;
And alſo all thoſe flocks, which they before
Had reft from *Melibœ*, and from his Make,
He did them all to *Coridon* reſtore.
So, drove them all away, and his Love with him bore.

CANTO XII.

Fair Paſtorella, *by great hap,*
her parents underſtands:
Calidore *doth the Blatant Beaſt*
ſubdue, and bind in bands.

1.

Like as a ſhip, that through the Ocean wide
Directs her courſe unto one certain coaſt,
Is met of many a counter wind and tide,
With which her winged ſpeed is let and croſt,
And ſhe her ſelf in ſtormy ſurges toſt;
Yet making many a board, and many a bay,
Still winneth way, ne hath her compaſs loſt:
Right ſo it fares with me in this long way,
Whoſe courſe is oftent ſtaid, yet never is aſtray.

2.

For, all that hitherto hath long delaid
This gentle Knight, from ſewing his firſt queſt,
Though out of courſe, yet hath not been miſ-ſaid,
To ſhew the courteſie by him profeſt,
Even unto the loweſt and the leaſt.
But now I come unto my courſe again,
To his atchievement of the *Blatant* Beaſt;
Who all this while at will did range and rain,
Whil'ſt none was him to ſtop, nor none him to reſtrain.

3.

Sir *Calidore*, when thus he now had raught
Fair *Paſtorella* from thoſe *Brigants* powre,
Unto the Caſtle of *Belgard* her brought,
Whereof was Lord the good Sir *Bellamour*;
Who whylom was in his youths freſhes flowre
A luſty Knight as ever wielded ſpear,
And had endured many a dreadful ſtoure
In bloody battel for a Lady dear,
The faireſt Lady then of all that living were.

4.

Her name was *Caribell*: whoſe father hight
The Lord of *Many Iſlands*, far renown'd
For his great riches, and his greater might.
He, through the wealth wherein he did abound,
This daughter thought in wedlock to have bound
Unto the Prince of *Picteland*, bordering near;
But ſhe, whoſe ſides before with ſecret wound
Of love to *Bellamour* empearced were,
By all means ſhund to match with any forrain fere.

5.

And *Bellamour* again ſo well her pleaſed,
With daily ſervice and attendance dew,
That of her love he was entirely ſeized,
And cloſely did her wed, but known to few:
Which when her father underſtood, he grew
In ſo great rage, that them in dungeon deep
Without compaſſion, cruelly he threw;
Yet did ſo ſtraightly them aſunder keep,
That neither could to company of th'other creep.

6.

Nath'leſs, Sir *Bellamour*, whether through grace
Or ſecret gifts, ſo with his Keepers wrought,
That to his Love ſometimes he came in place;
Whereof, her womb, unwiſt to wight, was fraught,
And in due time a maiden child forth brought.
Which ſhe ſtraight way (for dread leaſt if her Sire
Should know thereof, to ſlay he would have ſought)
Deliver'd to her handmaid, that (for hire)
She ſhould it cauſe be foſtred under ſtrange attire.

7.

The truſty Damzel, bearing it abroad
Into the empty fields, where living wight
Mote not bewray the ſecret of her load,
She forth gan lay unto the open light
The little babe, to take thereof a ſight.
Whom, whil'ſt ſhe did with watry eyn behold,
Upon the little breaſt (like cryſtal bright)
She mote perceive a little purple mold,
That like a Roſe, her ſilken leaves did fair unfold.

8.

Well ſhe it markt, and pityed the more,
Yet could not remedy her wretched caſe;
But cloſing it again like as before,
Bedeaw'd with tears there left it in the place:
Yet left not quite, but drew a little ſpace
Behind the buſhes, where ſhe her did hide,
To weet what mortal hand, or heavens grace
Would for the wretched infants help provide,
For which it loudly call'd, and pitifully cryd.

9.

At length; a Shepherd, which there-by did keep
His fleecy flock upon the Plains around,
Led with the infants cry, that loud did weep,
Came to the place, where when he wrapped found
Th'abandond ſpoyl, he ſoftly it unbound:
And ſeeing there that did him pity ſore,
He took it up, and in his mantle wound;
So home unto his honeſt wife it bore,
Who as her own it nurſt, and named evermore.

10.

Thus long continu'd *Claribell* a thrall,
And *Bellamour* in bands, till that her ſire
Departed life, and left unto them all.
Then all the ſtorms of Fortunes former ire
Were turn'd, and they to freedom did retire.
Thence-forth, they joy'd in happineſs together.
And lived long in peace and love intire,
Without diſquiet or diſlike of either,
Till time that *Calidore* brought *Paſtorella* thither.

11.

Both whom they goodly well did entertain;
For, *Bellamour* knew *Calidore* right well,
And loved for his proweſs, ſith they twain
Long ſince had fought in field. Als *Claribell*,
No leſs did tender the fair *Paſtorell*,
Seeing her weak and wan, through durance long.
There they awhile together thus did dwell
In much delight, and many joys among,
Until the Damzel gan to wex more ſound and ſtrong.

12.

Tho, gan Sir *Calidore* him to adviſe
Of his firſt queſt, which he had long forlore;
Aſham'd to think, how he that enterpriſe,
The which the Fairy Queen had long afore
Bequeath'd to him, forſlacked had ſo ſore;
That much he feared, leaſt reproachful blame,
With foul diſhonour him mote blot therefore;
Beſides the loſs of ſo much praiſe and fame,
As through the world there-by ſhould glorifie his name.

13.

Therefore reſolving to return in haſt
Unto ſo great atchievement, he bethought
To leave his Love, now perill being paſt,
With *Claribell*, whil'ſt he that monſter ſought
Throughout the world, and to deſtruction brought.
So taking leave of his fair *Paſtorell*,
(Whom to recomfort, all the means he wrought)
With thanks to *Bellamour* and *Claribell*,
He went forth on his queſt, and did that him befell.

But

14.

But firſt, ere I do his adventures tell,
In this exploit, me needeth to declare
What did betide to the fair *Paſtorell*,
During his abſence left in heavy care,
Through daily mourning, and nightly misfare:
Yet did that ancient Matron all ſhe might,
To cheriſh her with all things choice and rare;
And her own hand-maid, that *Meliſſa* hight,
Appointed to attend her duely day and night.

15.

Who, in a morning, when this Maiden fair
Was dighting her (having her ſnowy breaſt
As yet not laced, nor her golden hair
Into their comely treſſes duely dreſt)
Chanc't to eſpy upon her Ivory cheſt
The roſie mark, which ſhe remembred well
That little Infant had, which forth ſhe keſt,
The daughter of her Lady *Claribell*,
The which ſhe bore, the whiles in priſon ſhe did dwell.

16.

Which well avizing, ſtraight ſhe gan to caſt
In her conceitful mind, that this fair Maid
Was that ſame infant, which ſo long ſince paſt
She in the open fields had looſely laid
To fortunes ſpoyl, unable it to aid.
So, full of joy, ſtraight forth ſhe ran in haſt
Unto her Miſtreſs, being half diſmaid,
To tell her how the heavens had her grac't,
To ſave her child, which in misfortunes mouth was plac't.

17.

The ſober mother, ſeeing ſuch her mood
(Yet knowing not what meant that ſuddain thro)
Askt her how mote her words be underſtood,
And what the matter was that mov'd her ſo.
My life, ſaid ſhe, ye know, that long ygo,
Whil'ſt ye in durance dwelt, ye to me gave
A little maid, the which ye childed tho:
The ſame again if now ye liſt to have,
The ſame is yonder Lady, whom high God did ſave.

18.

Much was the Lady troubled at that ſpeach,
And gan to queſtion ſtraight how ſhe it knew.
Moſt certain marks, ſaid ſhe, do me it teach;
For, on her breſt I with theſe eyes did view
The little purple roſe, which there-on grew,
Where-of her name ye then to her did give.
Beſides, her countenance, and her likely hew,
Matched with equal years, do ſurely prieve,
That yond ſame is your daughter ſure, which yet doth (live

19.

The Matron ſtaid no longer to enquire,
But forth in haſte ran to the ſtranger Maid;
Whom catching greedily for great deſire,
Rent up her breſt, and boſom open laid;
In which that Roſe ſhe plainly ſaw diſplain.
Then her embracing twixt her armes twain,
She long ſo held, and ſoftly weeping ſaid;
And liveſt thou my daughter now again?
And art thou yet alive, whom dead I long did fain?

20.

Tho, further asking her of ſundry things,
And times comparing with their accidents,
She found at laſt, by very certain ſigns,
And ſpeaking marks of paſſed monuments,
That this young Maid, whom chance to her preſents,
Is her own daughter, her own infant dear.
Tho, wondring long at thoſe ſo ſtrange events,
A thouſand times ſhe her embraced near,
With many a joyful kiſs, and many a melting tear.

21.

Who-ever is the mother of one child,
Which having thought long dead, ſhe finds alive,
Let her by proof of that which ſhe hath fild
In her own breaſt, this mothers joy deſcrive:
For, other none ſuch paſſion can contrive
In perfect form, as this good Lady felt,
When ſhe ſo fair a daughter ſaw ſurvive,
As *Paſtorella* was, that nigh ſhe ſwelt
For paſſing joy, which did all into pity melt.

22.

Thence running forth unto her lovely Lord,
She unto him recounted all that fell:
Who, joyning joy with her in one accord,
Acknowledg'd for his own fair *Paſtorell*.
There leave we them in joy, and let us tell
Of *Calidore*: Who ſeeking all this while
That monſtrous Beaſt by finall force to quell,
Through every place, with reſtleſs pain and toyl
Him follow'd, by the track of his outragious ſpoyl.

23.

Through all eſtates he found that he had paſt,
In which he many maſſacres had left,
And to the Clergy now was come at laſt;
In which ſuch ſpoyl, ſuch havock, and ſuch theft
He wrought, that thence all goodneſs he bereft,
That endleſs were to tell. The Elfin Knight,
Who now no place beſides unſought had left,
At length into a Monaſtere did light,
Where he him found deſpoyling all with main and might.

24.

Into their Cloyſters now he broken had,
Through which the Monks he chaſed here and there,
And them purſu'd into their dortours ſad,
And ſearched all their Cells and ſecrets near;
In which, what filth and ordour did appear,
Were irkſome to report; Yet that foul Beaſt,
Nought ſparing them, the more did toſs and tear,
And ranſack all their dens from moſt to leaſt,
Regarding nought Religion, nor their holy heaſt.

25.

From thence, into the ſacred Church he broke,
And rob'd the Chancel, and the desks down threw,
And Altars fouled, and blaſphemy ſpoke;
And th'Images, for all their goodly hew,
Did caſt to ground, whil'ſt none was them to rew;
So all confounded and diſordered there.
But ſeeing *Calidore*, away he flew,
Knowing his fatal hand by former fear;
But he him faſt purſuing, ſoon approached near.

Him

26.

Him in a narrow place he overtook,
And fierce aſſayling, forc't him turn again:
Sternly he turn'd again, when he him ſtrook
With his ſharp ſteel, and ran at him amain
With open mouth, that ſeemed to contain
A full good peck within the utmoſt brim,
All ſet with iron teeth in ranges twain,
That terrifide his foes, and armed him,
Appearing like the mouth of *Orcus*, griſly grim.

27.

And therein were a thouſand tongues empight,
Of ſundry kinds, and ſundry quality:
Some were of dogs, that barked day and night,
And ſome of cats, that wrauling ſtill did cry:
And ſome of Bears, that groynd continually;
And ſome of Tigers, that did ſeem to gren,
And ſnar at all, that ever paſſed by:
But moſt of them were tongues of mortal men,
Which ſpake reproachfully, not caring where nor when.

28.

And them amongſt, were mingled here and there,
The tongues of Serpents, with three forked ſtings,
That ſpat out poyſon and gore bloody gere
At all that came within his ravenings,
And ſpake licentious words, and hateful things
Of good and bad alike, of low and hie;
Ne Keſar ſpared he a whit, nor Kings,
But either blotted them with infamy,
Or bit them with his baneful teeth of injury.

29.

But *Calidore*, thereof no whit afraid,
Re'ncountred him with ſo impetuous might,
That th'outrage of his violence he ſtaid,
And bet aback, threatning in vain to bite,
And ſpetting forth the poyſon of his ſpight,
That fomed all about his bloody jaws.
Tho, rearing up his former feet on hight,
He rampt upon him with his ravenous paws,
As if he would have rent him with his cruel claws.

30.

But he, right well aware his rage to ward,
Did caſt his ſhield atween; and there-withall,
Putting his puiſſance forth, purſu'd ſo hard,
That backward he enforced him to fall:
And being down, ere he new help could call,
His ſhield he on him threw, and faſt down held;
Like as a bullock, that in bloody ſtall
Of butchers baleful hand to ground is feld,
Is forcibly kept down, till he be throughly queld.

31.

Full cruelly the Beaſt did rage and rore,
To be down held, and maſtered ſo with might,
That he gan fret and ſome out bloody gore,
Striving in vain to rear himſelf up-right.
For, ſtill the more he ſtrove, the more the Knight
Did him ſurpaſs, and forcibly ſubdew;
That made him almoſt mad for fell deſpight.
He grind, he bit, he ſcratcht, he venim threw,
And fared like a fiend, right horrible in hew.

32.

Or like the hell-born *Hydra*, which they fain
That great *Alcides* whylom overthrew,
After that he had labour'd long in vain,
To crop his thouſand heads, the which ſtill new
Forth budded, and in greater number grew.
Such was the fury of this helliſh Beaſt,
Whil'ſt *Calidore* him under him down threw;
Who nathemore his heavy load releaſt:
But aye the more he rag'd, the more his powre increaſt.

33.

Tho, when the Beaſt ſaw he mote nought avail
By force, he gan his hundred tongues apply,
And ſharply at him to revile and rail,
With bitter terms of ſhameful infamy;
Oft interlacing many a forged lie,
Whoſe like he never once did ſpeak, nor hear,
Nor ever thought thing ſo unworthily:
Yet did he nought, for all that, him forbear,
But ſtrained him ſo ſtraightly, that he choakt him near.

34.

At laſt, when-as he found his force to ſhrink,
And rage to quail, he took a muzzle ſtrong
Of ſureſt iron, made with many a link;
There-with he mured up his mouth along,
And therein ſhut up his blaſphemous tong,
For never more defaming gentle Knight,
Or any lovely Lady doing wrong:
And there-unto a great long chain he tight,
With which he drew him forth, even in his own deſpight.

35.

Like as whylom that ſtrong *Tyrinthian* ſwain,
Brought forth with him the dreadful dog of hell,
Againſt his will faſt bound in iron chain;
And roring horribly, did him compell
To ſee the hateful ſin; that he might tell
The grieſly *Pluto*, what on earth was done,
And to the other damned ghoſts which dwell
For aye in darkneſs, which day-light doth ſhone:
So led this Knight his captive, with like conqueſt wone.

36.

Yet greatly did the Beaſt repine at thoſe
Strange bands, whoſe like till then he never bore,
Ne ever any durſt till then impoſe,
And chauſed inly, ſeeing now no more
Him liberty was left aloud to rore:
Yet durſt he not draw back; nor once withſtand
The proved powre of noble *Calidore*,
But trembled underneath his mighty hand,
And like a fearful dog him followed through the land.

37.

Him through all Fairy Land he follow'd ſo,
As if he learned had obedience long,
That all the people where-ſo he did go,
Out of their towns did round about him throng,
To ſee him lead that Beaſt in bondage ſtrong;
And ſeeing it, much wondred at the ſight:
And all ſuch perſons, as he earſt did wrong,
Rejoyced much to ſee his captive plight (Knight.
And much admir'd the Beaſt, but more admir'd the

Thus

38.

Thus was this Monſter by the maiſtring might
Of doughty *Calidore*, ſuppreſt and tam'd,
That never more he mot endamage wight
With his vile tongue, which many had defam'd,
And many cauſeleſs cauſed to be blam'd:
So did he eke long after this remain,
Untill that (whether wicked fate ſo fram'd,
Or fault of men) he broke his iron chain,
And got into the world at liberty again.

39.

Thence-forth, more miſchief & more ſcathe he wrought
To mortal men, than he had done before;
Ne ever could by any more be brought
Into like bands, ne maiſtred any more:
Albe that long time after *Calidore*,
The good Sir *Pelleas* him took in hand;
And after him, Sir *Lamorack* of yore,
And all his brethren born in Britain land;
Yet none of them could ever bring him into band.

40.

So now he rangeth through the world again,
And rageth ſore in each degree and ſtate;
Ne any is that may him now reſtrain,
He growen is ſo great and ſtrong of late,
Barking, and byting all that him do bate,
Albe they worthy blame, or clear of crime:
Ne ſpareth he moſt gentle wits to rate,
Ne ſpareth he the gentle Poets rime,
But rends without regard of perſon or of time.

41.

Ne may this homely verſe, of many meaneſt,
Hope to eſcape his venemous deſpite,
More than my former writs, all were they cleareſt
From blameful blot, and free from all that wite
With which ſome wicked tongues did it backbite,
And bring into a mighty Peers diſpleaſure,
That never ſo deſerved to endite.
Therefore do you my rimes keep better meaſure, (ſure.
And ſeek to pleaſe, that now is counted wiſe mens trea-

The End of the Sixth Book.

TWO

TWO CANTO'S OF MUTABILITY:

Which both for Form and Matter, appear to be parcel of ſome following Book

OF THE Fairy Queen:

Under the Legend of *Conſtancy.*

CANTO VI.

Proud Change (*not pleas'd in mortal things beneath the Moon, to raign*)
Pretends, as well of Gods, as Men, to be the Soverain.

1.

WHat man that ſees the ever-whirling wheel
Of *Change*, the which all mortal things doth ſway,
But that thereby doth find, and plainly feel,
How *Mutability* in them doth play
Her cruel ſports, to many mens decay?
Which that to all may better yet appear,
I will rehearſe that whylom I heard ſay,
How ſhe at firſt her ſelf began to rear,
Gainſt all the Gods, and th' Empire ſought from them to bear.

2.

But firſt, here falleth fitteſt to unfold
Her antique race and linage ancient,
As I have found it regiſtred of old,
In *Fairy* Land mongſt records permanent:
She was to weet, a Daughter by deſcent
Of thoſe old *Titants*, that did whylom ſtrive
With *Saturns* Son for heavens regiment.
Whom though high *Jove* of Kingdom did deprive,
Yet many of their ſtem long after did ſurvive.

3.

And many of them afterwards obtain'd
Great power of *Jove*, and high Authority;
As *Heccate*, in whoſe Almighty hand
He plac't all rule and principality,
To be by her diſpoſed diverſly,
To Gods, and Men, as ſhe them liſt divide:
And drad *Bellona*, that doth ſound on hie
Wars and alarums unto Nations wide,
That makes both heaven and earth to tremble at her pride.

4.

So likewiſe did this *Titaneſſe* aſpire,
Rule and dominion to her ſelf to gain;
That as a Goddeſs, men might her admire,
And heavenly honours yield, as to them twain.
And firſt, on earth ſhe ſought it to obtain;
Where ſhe ſuch proof and ſad examples ſhew'd
Of her great power, to many ones great pain,
That not men only (whom ſhe ſoon ſubdew'd)
But eke all other creatures her bad doings rew'd.

5.

For, ſhe the face of earthly things ſo changed,
That all which nature had eſtabliſht firſt
In good eſtate, and in meet order ranged,
She did pervert, and all their ſtatutes burſt:
And all the worlds fair frame (which none yet durſt
Of Gods or Men to alter or miſguide)
She alter'd quite, and made them all accurſt
That God had bleſt, and did at firſt provide
In that ſtill happy ſtate for ever to abide.

6.

Ne ſhe the laws of Nature only brake,
But eke of Juſtice, and of Policy;
And wrong of right, and bad of good did make,
And death for life exchanged fooliſhly:
Since which, all living wights have learn'd to dye,
And all this world is woxen daily worſe.
O pitious work of *Mutability!*
By which, we all are ſubject to that curſe,
And death in ſtead of life have ſucked from our Nurſe.

7.

And now, when all the earth ſhe thus had brought
To her beheſt, and thralled to her might,
She gan to caſt in her ambitious thought,
T' attempt the Empire of the heavens hight,
And *Jove* himſelf to ſhoulder from his right.
And firſt, ſhe paſt the region of the ayr,
And of the fire, whoſe ſubſtance thin and ſlight,
Made no reſiſtance, ne could her contrair,
But ready paſſage to her pleaſure did prepair.

8.

Thence to the Circle of the Moon ſhe clamb,
Where *Cynthia* raigns in everlaſting glory:
To whoſe bright ſhining palace ſtraight ſhe came,
All fairly deckt with heavens goodly ſtory;
Whoſe ſilver gates (by which there ſate an hory
Old aged Sire, with howre-glaſs in hand,
Hight *Time*) ſhe entred, were he lief or ſory:
Ne ſtaid till ſhe the higheſt ſtage had ſcand,
Where *Cynthia* did ſit, that never ſtill did ſtand.

9.

Her ſitting on an Ivory throne ſhe found,
Drawn of two ſteeds, th' one black, the other white,
Environd with ten thouſand ſtars around,
That duly her attended day and night:
And by her ſide, there ran her Page, that hight
Veſper, whom we the Evening-ſtar intend,
That with his Torch, ſtill twinkling like twylight,
Her lightened all the way where ſhe ſhould wend,
And joy to weary wandering travelers did lend:

10

That when the hardy *Titaneſſe* beheld
The goodly building of her Palace bright,
Made of the heavens ſubſtance, and up-held
With thouſand Cryſtal pillors of huge hight,
She gan to burn in her ambitious ſpright,
And t'envy her that in ſuch glory raign'd.
Eftſoons ſhe caſt by force and tortious might,
Her to diſplace, and to her ſelf to have gain'd
The Kingdom of the Night, and waters by her wain'd.

11.

Boldly ſhe bid the Goddeſs down deſcend,
And let her ſelf into that Ivory throne;
For, ſhe her ſelf more worthy thereof wend,
And better able it to guide alone:
Whether to men, whoſe fall ſhe did bemone,
Or unto Gods, whoſe ſtate ſhe did malign,
Or to th' infernal Powers, her need give lone
Of her fair light, and bounty moſt benign,
Her ſelf of all that rule ſhe deemed moſt condign.

12.

But ſhe that had to her that ſoveraign ſeat
By higheſt *Jove* aſſign'd, therein to bear
Nights burning lamp, regarded not her threat,
Ne yielded ought for favour or for fear;
But with ſtern count'nance and diſdainful chear,
Bending her horned brows, did put her back:
And boldly blaming her for coming there,
Bade her attonce from heavens coaſt to pack,
Or at her peril bide the wrathful Thunders wrack.

13.

Yet nathemore the *Gianteſſe* forbare:
But boldly preacing-on, raught forth her hand
To pluck her down perforce from off her chair;
And there-with lifting up her golden wand,
Threatned to ſtrike her if ſhe did with-ſtand.
Where-at the Stars which round about her blazed,
And eke the Moons bright wagon ſtill did ſtand,
All beeing with ſo bold attempt amazed,
And on her uncouth habit and ſtern look ſtill gazed.

14.

Mean-while, the lower world, which nothing knew
Of all that chanced here, was darkned quite;
And eke the heavens, and all the heavenly crew
Of happy wights, now unpurvaid of light,
Were much afraid, and wondred at that ſight;
Fearing leaſt *Chaos* broken had his chain,
And brought again on them eternal night:
But chiefly *Mercury*, that next doth raign,
Ran forth in haſte, unto the King of Gods to plain.

15.

All ran together with a great out-cry,
To *Joves* fair Palace, fixt in heavens hight;
And beating at his gates full earneſtly,
Gan call to him aloud with all their might,
To know what meant that ſuddain lack of light.
The Father of the Gods when this he heard,
Was troubled much at their ſo ſtrange affright,
Doubting leaſt *Typhon* were again uprear'd,
Or other his old foes, that once him ſorely fear'd.

16.

Eftſoons the Son of *Maia* forth he ſent
Down to the Circle of the Moon, to know
The cauſe of this ſo ſtrange aſtoniſhment,
And why ſhe did her wonted courſe forſlow;
And if that any were on earth below
That did with Charms or Magick her moleſt,
Him to attach, and down to hell to throw:
But, if from heaven it were, then to arreſt
The Author, and him bring before his preſence preſt.

17.

The wing'd-foot God, ſo faſt his plumes did beat,
That ſoon he came where-as the *Titaneſſe*
Was ſtriving with fair *Cynthia* for her ſeat:
At whoſe ſtrange ſight, and haughty hardineſs,
He wondred much, and feared her no leſs.
Yet laying fear aſide to do his charge,
At laſt, he bade her (with bold ſtedfaſtneſs)
Ceaſe to moleſt the Moon to walk at large,
Or come before high *Jove*, her doings to diſcharge.

And

18.

And there-with-all, he on her ſhoulder laid
His ſnaky-wreathed Mace, whoſe awful power
Doth make both Gods and helliſh fiends affraid:
Where-at the *Titaneſſe* did ſternly lower,
And ſtoutly anſwer'd, that in evil hower
He from his *Jove* ſuch meſſage to her brought,
To bid her leave fair *Cynthia*'s ſilver bower;
Sith ſhe his *Jove* and him eſteemed nought, (ſought.
No more than *Cynthia*'s ſelf; but all their Kingdoms

19.

The Heavens Herald ſtaid not to reply,
But paſt away, his doings to relate
Unto his Lord; who now in th' higheſt ſky,
Was placed in his principal Eſtate,
With all the Gods about him congregate:
To whom when *Hermes* had his meſſage told,
It did them all exceedingly amate, (bold,
Save *Jove*; who, changing nought his count'nance
Did unto them at length theſe ſpeeches wiſe unfold.

20.

Harken to me awhile ye heavenly Powers.
Ye may remember ſince th' Earths curſed ſeed
Sought to aſſail the heavens eternal towers,
And to us all exceeding fear did breed:
But how we then defeated all their deed,
Ye all do know, and them deſtroyed quite;
Yet not ſo quite, but that there did ſucceed
An off-ſpring of their blood, which did alite
Upon the fruitful earth, which doth us yet deſpite.

21.

Of that bad ſeed is this bold Woman bred,
That now with bold preſumption doth aſpire
To thruſt fair *Phœbe* from her ſilver bed,
And eke our ſelves from heavens high Empire,
If that her might were matcht to her deſire:
Wherefore, it now behoves us to adviſe
What way is beſt to drive her to retire;
Whether by open force, or counſel wiſe,
Areed ye Sons of God, as beſt ye can deviſe.

22.

So having ſaid, he ceaſt; and with his brow
(His black eye-brow, whoſe doomful dreaded beck
Is wont to wield the world unto his vow,
And even the higheſt Powers of heaven to check)
Made ſign to them in their degrees to ſpeak:
Who ſtraight gan caſt their counſel grave and wiſe.
Mean-while, th' Earths Daughter, though ſhe nought
Of *Hermes* meſſage; yet gan now adviſe, (did reck
What courſe were beſt to take in this hot bold emprize.

23.

Eftſoons ſhe thus reſolv'd; that whil'ſt the Gods
(After return of *Hermes* Embaſſie)
Were troubled, and amongſt themſelves at ods,
Before they could new counſels re-allie,
To ſet upon them in that extaſie;
And take what fortune time and place would lend:
So forth ſhe roſe, and through the pureſt ſky
To *Joves* high Palace ſtraight caſt to aſcend,
To proſecute her plot: Good on-ſet boads good end.

24.

She there arriving, boldly in did paſs;
Where all the Gods ſhe found in counſel cloſe,
All quite unarm'd, as then their manner was.
At ſight of her they ſuddain all aroſe,
In great amaze, ne wiſt what way to choſe.
But *Jove* all fearleſs, forc't them to aby;
And in his ſoveraign throne, gan ſtraight diſpoſe
Himſelf more full of grace and Majeſty,
That mote enchear his friends, and foes mote terrifie.

25.

That when the haughty *Titaneſſe* beheld,
All were ſhe fraught with pride and impudence,
Yet with the ſight thereof was almoſt queld;
And inly quaking, ſeem'd as reft of ſenſe,
And voyd of ſpeech in that drad audience;
Until that *Jove* himſelf, her ſelf beſpake:
Speak thou frail Woman, ſpeak with confidence,
Whence art thou, and what doſt thou here now make?
What idle errand haſt thou, earths manſion to forſake?

26.

She half confuſed with his great command,
Yet gathering ſpirit of her natures pride,
Him boldly anſwer'd thus to his demand:
I am a Daughter by the Mothers ſide,
Of her that is Grand-mother magnifide
Of all the Gods, great *Earth*, great *Chaos* child:
But by the Fathers (be it not envide)
I greater am in blood (whereon I build)
Than all the Gods, though wrongfully from heaven exil'd

27.

For, *Titan* (as ye all acknowledge muſt)
Was *Saturns* elder Brother by birth-right;
Both Sons of *Uranus*: but by unjuſt
And guileful means, through *Coribantes* ſlight,
The younger thruſt the elder from his right:
Since which, thou *Jove*, injurioufly haſt held
The heavens rule from *Titans* Sons by might;
And them to helliſh dungeons down haſt feld:
Witneſs ye Heavens the truth of all that I have teld.

28.

Whil'ſt ſhe thus ſpake, the Gods that gave good ear
To her bold words, and marked well her grace,
Being of ſtature tall as any there
Of all the Gods, and beautiful of face,
As any of the Goddeſſes in place,
Stood all aſtonied, like a ſort of Steers,
Mongſt whom, ſome beaſt of ſtrange and forrain race,
Unwares is chaunc't, far ſtraying from his peers:
So did their ghaſtly gaze bewray their hidden fears.

29.

Till having pauz'd awhile, *Jove* thus beſpake;
Will never mortal thoughts ceaſe to aſpire,
In this bold ſort, to Heaven clame to make,
And touch celeſtial ſeats with earthly mire?
I would have thought, that bold *Procruſtes* hire,
Or *Typhons* fall, or proud *Ixions* pain,
Or great *Prometheus*, taſting of our ire,
Would have ſuffic'd, the reſt for to reſtrain;
And warn'd all men by their example to refrain.

30.

But now, this off-ſcum of this curſed fry,
Dare to renew the like bold enterprize,
And challenge th'heritage of this our sky;
Whom what ſhould hinder, but that we likewiſe
Should handle as the reſt of her allies,
And thunder-drive to Hell? With that he ſhook
His Nectar-dewed locks, with which the skyes
And all the world beneath for terror quook,
And eft his burning levin-brond in hand he took.

31.

But when he looked on her lovely face,
In which fair beams of beauty did appear,
That could the greateſt wrath ſoon turn to grace
(Such ſway doth Beauty even in Heaven bear)
He ſtaid his hand: and having chang'd his chear,
He thus again in milder wiſe began;
But ah! if Gods ſhould ſtrive with fleſh yfere,
Then ſhortly ſhould the progeny of Man
Be rooted out, if *Jove* ſhould do ſtill what he can.

32.

But thee fair *Titans* child, I rather ween,
Through ſome vain errour or inducement light,
To ſee that mortal eyes have never ſeen;
Or through enſample of thy Siſters might,
Bellona; whoſe great glory thou doſt ſpight,
Since thou haſt ſeen her dreadful power below,
Mongſt wretched men (diſmaid with her affright)
To bandy Crowns, and Kingdoms to beſtow:
And ſure thy worth, no leſs than hers, doth ſeem to ſhow.

33.

But wote thou this, thou hardy *Titaneſſe*,
That not the worth of any living wight
May challenge ought in Heavens intereſs;
Much leſs the Title of old *Titans* Right:
For, we by Conqueſt of our ſoveraign might,
And by eternal doom of Fates decree,
Have wone the Empire of the Heavens bright;
Which to our ſelves we hold, and to whom we
Shall worthy deem partakers of our bliſs to be.

34.

Then ceaſe thy idle claim thou fooliſh girl,
And ſeek by grace and goodneſs to obtain
That place from which by folly *Titan* fell;
There-to thou maiſt perhaps, if ſo thou fain
Have *Jove* thy gracious Lord and Soveraign.
So having ſaid, ſhe thus to him replide;
Ceaſe *Saturns* Son, to ſeek by proffers vain
Of idle hopes t'allure me to thy ſide,
For to betray my Right, before I have it tride.

35.

But thee, O *Jove*, no equal Judge I deem
Of my deſert, or of my dueful Right;
That in thine own behalf maiſt partial ſeem:
But to the higheſt him, that is behight
Father of Gods and men by equal might;
To weet, the God of Nature, I appeal.
There-at *Jove* wexed wroth, and in his ſpright
Did inly grudge, yet did it well conceal,
And bade *Dan Phœbus* Scribe her Appellation ſeal.

36.

Eftſoons the time and place appointed were,
Where all, both Heavenly Powers, and Earthly wights,
Before great Natures preſence ſhould appear,
For tryal of their Titles and beſt Rights:
That was to weet upon the higheſt hights
Of *Arlo hill* (who knows not *Arlo hill*?)
That is the higheſt head (in all mens ſights)
Of my old Father *Mole*, whom Shepherds quill
Renowned hath with hymns fit for a rural skill.

37.

And were it not ill fitting for this file,
To ſing of hills and woods, mongſt wars and Knights,
I would abate the ſternneſs of my ſtile,
Mongſt theſe ſtern ſtounds to mingle ſoft delights;
And tell how *Arlo* through *Dianaes* ſpights
(Being of old the beſt and faireſt Hill
That was in all this holy-Iſlands hights)
Was made the moſt unpleaſant, and moſt ill.
Mean while, O *Clio*, lend *Calliope* thy quill.

38.

Whylom, when *IRELAND* flouriſhed in fame
Of wealths and goodneſs, far above the reſt
Of all that bear the *Britiſh* Iſlands name,
The Gods then us'd (for pleaſure and for reſt)
Oft to reſort there-to, when ſeem'd them beſt:
But none of all there-in more pleaſure found,
Than *Cynthia*; that is ſoveraign Queen profeſt
Of Woods and Foreſts, which therein abound,
Sprinkled with wholſom waters, more than moſt on ground.

39.

But mongſt them all, as fitteſt for her game,
Either for chace of beaſts with hound or Bow,
Or for to ſhrowd in ſhade from *Phœbus* flame,
Or bath in Fountains that do freſhly flow,
Or from high hills, or from the dales below,
She choſe this *Arlo*; where ſhe did reſort
With all her Nymphs enranged on a row,
With whom the woody Gods did oft conſort:
For with the Nymphs, the Satyrs love to play and ſport.

40.

Amongſt the which, there was a Nymph that hight
Molanna; Daughter of old Father *Mole*,
And Siſter unto *Mulla*, fair and bright:
Unto whoſe bed falſe *Bregog* whylom ſtole,
That Shepherd *Colin* dearly did condole,
And made her luckleſs loves well known to be.
But this *Molanna*, were ſhe not ſo ſhole,
Were no leſs fair and beautiful than ſhe:
Yet as ſhe is, a fayrer flood may no man ſee.

41.

For firſt ſhe ſprings out of two marble Rocks,
On which a grove of Oakes high mounted grows;
That as a girlond ſeems to deck the locks (ſhows
Of ſome fair Bride, brought forth with pompous
Out of her bowre, that many flowers ſtrows:
So through the flowry Dales ſhe tumbling down,
Through many Woods, and ſhady coverts flows
(That on each ſide her ſilver channel crown)
Till to the Plain ſhe come, whoſe Valleys ſhe doth drown.

In

42.

In her ſweet ſtreams, *Diana* uſed oft
(After her ſweaty chace and toylſom play)
To bath her ſelf; and after on the ſoft
And downy graſs, her dainty limbs to lay
In covert ſhade, where none behold her may:
For much ſhe hated ſight of living eye.
Fooliſh God *Faunus*, though full many a day
He ſaw her clad, yet longed fooliſhly
To ſee her naked mongſt her Nymphs in privity.

43.

No way he found to compaſs his deſire,
But to corrupt *Molanna*, this her maid,
Her to diſcover for ſome ſecret hire:
So, her with flattering words he firſt aſſaid;
And after, pleaſing gifts for her purvaid,
Queen-apples, and red Cherries from the tree;
With which he her allured and betraid,
To tell what time he might her Lady ſee,
When ſhe her ſelf did bathe, that he might ſecret be.

44.

There-to he promiſt, if ſhe would him pleaſure
With this ſmall boon, to quit her with a better;
To weet, that where-as ſhe had out of meaſure
Long lov'd the *Fanchin*, who by nought did ſet her,
That he would undertake, for this to get her
To be his Love, and of him liked well:
Beſide all which he vow'd to be her debter
For many moe good turns than he would tell;
The leaſt of which, this little pleaſure ſhould excell.

45.

The ſimple maid did yield to him anone;
And eft him placed where he cloſe might view
That never any ſaw, ſave only one;
Who, for his hire to ſo fool-hardy dew,
Was of his hounds devour'd in Hunters hew.
Tho, as her manner was on ſunny day,
Diana with her Nymphs about her, drew
To this ſweet ſpring; where doffing her array,
She bath'd her lovely limbs, for *Jove* a likely pray.

46.

There *Faunus* ſaw that pleaſed much his eye,
And made his hart to tickle in his breſt,
That for great joy of ſome-what he did ſpy;
He could him not contain in ſilent reſt;
But breaking forth in laughter, loud profeſt
His fooliſh thought. A fooliſh *Faun* indeed,
That couldſt not hold thy ſelf ſo hidden bleſt,
But wouldeſt needs thine own conceit areed.
Babblers unworthy been of ſo divine a meed.

47.

The Goddeſs, all abaſhed with that noiſe,
In haſt forth ſtarted from the guilty brook;
And running ſtraight where-as ſhe heard his voyce,
Enclos'd the buſh about, and there him took,
Like darred Lark; not daring up to look
On her whoſe ſight before ſo much he ſought:
Thence, forth they drew him by the horns, and ſhook
Nigh all to pieces, that they left him nought;
And then into the open light they forth him brought.

48.

Like as an huſwife, that with buſie care
Thinks of her Dairy to make wondrous gain,
Finding where-as ſome wicked beaſt unware
That breaks into her Dayr'houſe, there doth drain
Her creaming pans, and fruſtrate all her pain;
Hath in ſome ſnare or gin ſet cloſe behind,
Entrapped him, and caught into her train,
Then thinks what puniſhment were beſt aſſign'd,
And thouſand deaths deviſeth in her vengeful mind.

49.

So did *Diana* and her maydens all
Uſe ſilly *Faunus*, now within their bail:
They mock and ſcorn him, and him foul miſcall;
Some by the noſe him pluckt, ſome by the tail,
And by his goatiſh beard ſome did him hail:
Yet he (pour ſoul) with patience all did bear;
For nought againſt their wills might counter vail:
Ne ought he ſaid what-ever he did hear;
But hanging down his head, did like a Mome appear.

50.

At length when they had flouted him their fill,
They gan to caſt what penance him to give.
Some would have gelt him, but that ſame would ſpill
The Wood-gods breed, which muſt for ever live:
Others would through the River him have drive,
And ducked deep: but that ſeem'd penance light;
But moſt agreed and did this ſentence give,
Him in Deers ſkin to clad; and in that plight, (might,
To hunt him with their hounds, himſelf ſave how he

51.

But *Cynthia*'s ſelf more angry than the reſt,
Thought not enough, to puniſh him in ſport,
And of her ſhame to make a gameſom jeſt;
But gan examine him in ſtraighter ſort,
Which of her Nymphs, or other cloſe conſort,
Him thither brought, and her to him betrayd.
He much affeard, to her confeſſed ſhort,
That't was *Molanna* which her ſo bewrayd.
Then all attonce their hands upon *Molanna* layd

52.

But him (according as they had decreed)
With a Deers-ſkin they covered, and then chaſt
With all their hounds, that after him did ſpeed;
But he more ſpeedy, from them fled more faſt
Than any Deer: ſo ſore him dread aghaſt.
They after follow'd all with ſhrill out-cry,
Shouting as they the heavens would have braſt:
That all the Woods and Dales where he did fly,
Did ring again, and loud reeccho to the sky.

53.

So they him follow'd till they weary were;
When back returning to *Molann'* again,
They by commandment of *Diana*, there
Her whelm'd with ſtones. Yet *Faunus* (for her pain)
Of her beloved *Fanchin* did obtain,
That her he would receive unto his bed.
So now her waves paſs through a pleaſant Plain,
Till with the *Fanchin* ſhe her ſelf do wed,
And (both combin'd) themſelves in one fair River ſpred.

Nath'-

54.

Nath'leſs *Diana*, full of indignation,
Thence-forth abandon'd her delicious brook;
In whoſe ſweet ſtream, before that bad occaſion,
So much delight to bath her limbs ſhe took:
Ne only her, but alſo quite forſook
All thoſe fair Foreſts about *Arlo* hid,
And all that Mountain, which doth over-look
The richeſt champain that may elſe be rid,
And the fair *Shure*, in which are thouſand Salmonds bred.

55.

Them all, and all that ſhe ſo dear did way,
Thence-forth ſhe left; and parting from the place,
There-on an heavy hapleſs curſe did lay,
To weet, that Wolves, where ſhe was wont to ſpace,
Should harbour'd be, and all thoſe Woods deface,
And Thieves ſhould rob and ſpoyl that Coaſt around.
Since which, thoſe Woods, and all that goodly Chaſe,
Doth to this day with Wolves and Thieves abound:
Wch too-too true that lands in-dwellers ſince have found.

CANTO VII.

Pealing, from Jove, *to* Nature's *Bar,*
bold Alteration *pleads*
Large Evidence: but Nature *ſoon*
her righteous Doom areads.

1.

AH! whither doſt thou now thou greater Muſe
Me from theſe woods and pleaſing Foreſts bring?
And my frail ſpirit (that doth oft refuſe
This too high flight, unfit for her weak wing)
Lift up aloft, to tell of heavens King
(Thy Soveraign Sire) his fortunate ſucceſs,
And victory, in bigger notes to ſing,
Which he obtain'd againſt that *Titaneſſe*,
That him of heavens Empire ſought to diſpoſſeſs.

2.

Yet ſith I needs muſt follow thy beheſt,
Do thou my weaker wit with skill inſpire,
Fit for this turn; and in my ſable breſt
Kindle freſh ſparks of that immortal fire,
Which learned minds inflameth with deſire
Of heavenly things: for, who but thou alone,
That art yborn of heaven and heavenly Sire,
Can tell things doen in heaven ſo long ygone;
So far paſt memory of man that may be known.

3.

Now at the time that was before agreed,
The Gods aſſembled all on *Arlo* hill;
As well thoſe that are ſprung of heavenly ſeed,
As thoſe that all the other world do fill,
And rule both Sea and Land unto their will:
Only th' infernal Powers might not appear;
Aſwell for horror of their count'nance ill,
As for th' unruly fiends which they did fear;
Yet *Pluto* and *Proſerpina* were preſent there.

4.

And thither alſo came all other creatures,
What-ever life or motion do retain,
According to their ſundry kinds of features;
That *Arlo* ſcarſly could them all contain;
So full they filled every hill and plain:
And had not *Natures* Sergeant (that is *Order*)
Them well diſpoſed by his buſie pain,
And ranged far abroad in every border,
They would have cauſed much confuſion and diſorder.

5.

Then forth iſſewed (great goddeſs) great dame *Nature*,
With goodly port and gracious Majeſty;
Being far greater and more tall of ſtature
Than any of the gods or powers on hie:
Yet certes by her face and phyſnomy,
Whether ſhe Man or Woman inly were,
That could not any creature well deſcry:
For, with a veil that wimpled every where,
Her head and face was hid, that mote to none appear.

6.

That ſome do ſay was ſo by skill devized,
To hide the terror of her uncouth hew,
From mortal eyes that ſhould be ſore agrized;
For that her face did like a Lyon ſhew,
That eye of wight could not indure to view:
But others tell that it ſo beautious was,
And round about ſuch beams of ſplendor threw,
That it the Sun a thouſand times did paſs,
Ne could be ſeen, but like an Image in a glaſs.

7.

That well may ſeemen true: for, well I ween
That this ſame day, when ſhe on *Arlo* ſat,
Her garment was ſo bright and wondrous ſheen,
That my frail wit cannot devize to what
It to compare, nor find like ſtuff to that,
As thoſe three ſacred *Saints*, though elſe moſt wiſe,
Yet on mount *Thabor* quite their wits forgat,
When they their glorious Lord in ſtrange diſguiſe
Transfigur'd ſaw; his garments ſo did daze their eyes.

8.

In a fair Plain upon an equal Hill,
She placed was in a pavilion;
Not ſuch as Crafts-men by their idle skill
Are wont for Princes ſtates to faſhion:
But th' earth her ſelf of her own motion,
Out of her fruitful boſome made to grow
Moſt dainty Trees; that ſhooting up anon,
Did ſeem to bow their blooſming heads full low,
For homage unto her, and like a throne did ſhow.

9.

So hard it is for any living wight,
All her array and veſtiments to tell,
That old *Dan Geffrey* (in whoſe gentle ſpright
The pure well head of Poeſie did dwell)
In his *Foules parley* durſt not with it mell,
But it transfer'd to *Alane*, who he thought
Had in his *Plaint of kinds* deſcrib'd it well:
Which who will read ſet forth ſo as it ought,
Go ſeek he out that *Alane* where he may be ſought.

And

10.

And all the earth far underneath her feet
Was dight with flowres, that voluntary grew
Out of the ground, and ſent forth odours ſweet,
Ten thouſand mores of ſundry ſent and hew,
That might delight the ſmell, or pleaſe the view:
The which the Nymphs, from all the brooks thereby
Had gathered, which they at her foot-ſtool threw;
That richer ſeem'd than any Tapeſtry,
That Princes bowres adorn with painted imagery.

11.

And *Mole* himſelf, to honour her the more,
Did deck himſelf, in freſheſt fair attire,
And his high head, that ſeemeth always hore
With hardned froſts of former winters ire,
He with an Oaken girlond now did tire,
As if the love of ſome new Nymph late ſeen,
Had in him kindled youthful freſh deſire,
And made him change his gray attire to green;
Ah gentle *Mole!* ſuch joyance hath thee well beſeen.

12

Was never ſo great joyance ſince the day
That all the gods whylom aſſembled were,
On *Hæmus* hill in their divine array,
To celebrate the ſolemn bridal chear,
'Twixt *Peleus*, and Dame *Thetis* pointed there;
Where *Phœbus* ſelf, that god of Poets hight,
They ſay did ſing the ſpouſal hymn full cleer,
That all the gods were raviſht with delight
Of his celeſtial ſong, and Muſicks wondrous might.

13.

This great Grandmother of all creatures bred
Great *Nature*, ever young, yet full of eld,
Still moving, yet unmoved from her ſted;
Unſeen of any, yet of all beheld;
Thus ſitting in her throne as I have teld,
Before her came Dame *Mutability*;
And being low before her preſence feld,
With meek obeyſance and humility,
Thus gan her Plaintiff Plea with words to amplifie.

14.

To thee, O greateſt goddeſs, only great,
An humble ſuppliant loe, I lowly fly
Seeking for Right, which I of thee entreat;
Who Right to all doſt deal indifferently,
Damning all Wrong and tortious Injury,
Which any of thy creatures do to other
(Oppreſſing them with power unequally)
Sith of them all thou art the equal Mother,
And knitteſt each to each, as Brother unto Brother.

15.

To thee therefore of this ſame *Jove* I plain,
And of his fellow gods that fain to be,
That challenge to themſelves the whole worlds raign;
Of which, the greateſt part is due to me,
And heaven it ſelf by heritage in Fee:
For heaven and earth are both alike to deem,
Sith heaven and earth are both alike to thee;
And gods no more than men thou doſt eſteem:
For even the gods to thee, as men to gods do ſeem.

16.

Then weigh, O ſoverain goddeſs, by what right
Theſe gods do claim the worlds whole ſoverainty;
And that is only due unto my might
Arrogate to themſelves ambitiouſly:
As for the gods own principality,
Which *Jove* uſurps unjuſtly; that to be
My heritage, *Jove*'s ſelf cannot deny,
From my great Grandſire *Titan*, unto me,
Deriv'd by due deſcent; as is well knowen to thee.

17.

Yet maugre *Jove*, and all his gods beſide,
I do poſſeſs the world moſt regiment;
As if ye pleaſe it into parts divide,
And every parts inholders to convent,
Shall to your eyes appear incontinent.
And firſt, the Earth (great Mother of us all)
That only ſeems unmov'd and permanent,
And unto *Mutability* not thrall;
Yet is ſhe chang'd in part, and eke in generall.

18.

For, all that from her ſprings, and is ybred,
How-ever fair it flouriſh for a time,
Yet ſee we ſoon decay; and being dead,
To turn again unto their earthly ſlime:
Yet, out of their decay and mortal crime,
We daily ſee new creatures to arize;
And of their Winter ſpring another Prime,
Unlike in form, and chang'd by ſtrange diſguiſe:
So turn they ſtill about, and change in reſtleſs wiſe.

19.

As for her tenants; that is, man and beaſts,
The beaſts we daily ſee maſſacred dy,
As thralls and vaſſals unto mens beheaſts:
And men themſelves do change continually,
From youth to eld, from wealth to poverty,
From good to bad, from bad to worſt of all.
Ne do their bodies only flit and fly:
But eke their minds (which they immortal call)
Still change and vary thoughts, as new occaſions fall.

20.

Ne is the Water in more conſtant caſe;
Whether thoſe ſame on high, or theſe below.
For, th' Ocean moveth ſtill from place to place;
And every River ſtill doth ebb and flow:
Ne any Lake that ſeems moſt ſtill and ſlow,
Ne Pool ſo ſmall, that can his ſmoothneſs hold,
When any wind doth under heaven blow;
With which, the clouds are alſo toſt and roll'd;
Now like great Hills; and ſtreight like ſluces them unfold.

21.

So likewiſe are all watry living wights
Still toſt, and turned, with continual change,
Never abiding in their ſtedfaſt plights.
The fiſh, ſtill floting, do at random range,
And never reſt; but evermore exchange
Their dwelling-places, as the ſtreams them carry:
Ne have the watry fouls a certain grange,
Wherein to reſt, ne in one ſtead do tarry;
But flitting ſtill do fly, and ſtill their places vary.

Next

22.

Next is the Ayr: which who feels not by ſenſe
(For, of all ſenſe it is the middle mean)
To flit ſtill? and with ſubtil influence
Of his thin ſpirit, all creatures to maintain,
In ſtate of life? O weak life! that does lean
On thing ſo tickle as th' unſteady ayr;
Which every howre is chang'd, and altred clean
With every blaſt that bloweth fowl or fair:
The fair doth it prolong; the fowl doth it impair.

23.

Therein the changes infinite behold,
Which to her creatures every minute chance;
Now boyling hot: ſtreight friezing deadly cold:
Now fair ſun-ſhine, that makes all skip and dance:
Streight bitter ſtorms and baleful countenance,
That makes them all to ſhiver and to ſhake:
Rain, hail, and ſnow do pay them ſad pennance,
And dreadful thunder-claps (that make them quake)
With flames and flaſhing lights that thouſand changes make.

24.

Laſt is the fire: which, though it live for ever,
Ne can be quenched quite; yet every day,
We ſee his parts, ſo ſoon as they do ſever,
To loſe their heat, and ſhortly to decay;
So makes himſelf his own conſuming pray.
Ne any living creatures doth he breed:
But all that are of others bred doth ſlay;
And with their death, his cruel life doth feed;
Nought leaving, but their barren aſhes, without ſeed.

25.

Thus all theſe four (the which the ground-work be
Of all the world, and of all living wights)
To thouſand ſorts of *Change* we ſubject ſee:
Yet are they chang'd (by other wondrous ſlights)
Into themſelves, and loſe their native mights;
The Fire to Ayr, and th' Ayr to Water ſheer,
And Water into Earth: yet Water fights
With Fire, and Ayr with Earth approching near:
Yet all are in one body, and as one appear.

26.

So, in them all raigns *Mutability*;
How-ever theſe, that Gods themſelves do call,
Of them do claim the rule and ſoveraignty:
As *Veſta*, of the fire æthereal;
Vulcan, of this, with us ſo uſuall;
Ops, of the earth; and *Juno* of the Ayr;
Neptune, of Seas; and Nymphs, of Rivers all.
For, all thoſe Rivers to me ſubject are:
And all the reſt, which they uſurp, be all my ſhare.

27.

Which to approven true, as I have told,
Vouchſafe, O goddeſs, to thy preſence call
The reſt which do the world in being hold:
As times and ſeaſons of the year that fall:
Of all the which, demand in generall,
Or judge thy ſelf, by verdit of thine eye,
Whether to me they are not ſubject all.
Nature did yield thereto; and by-and-by,
Bade *Order* call them all, before her Majeſty.

28.

So forth iſſew'd the Seaſons of the year;
Firſt, luſty *Spring*, all dight in leaves of flowres
That freſhly budded and new bloſoms bear
(In which a thouſand birds had built their bowres,
That ſweetly ſung, to call forth Paramours:)
And in his hand a Javelin he did bear,
And on his head (as fit for warlike ſtoures)
A gilt engraven morion he did wear;
That as ſome did him love, ſo others did him fear.

29.

Then came the jolly *Summer*, being dight
In a thin ſilken caſſock coloured green,
That was unlyned all, to be more light:
And on his head a girlond well beſeen
He wore, from which as he had chauffed been
The ſweat did drop; and in his hand he bore
A bow and ſhafts, as he in Foreſt green
Had hunted late the Libbard or the Bore,
And now would bath his limbs, with labour heated ſore.

30.

Then came the *Autumn* all in yellow clad,
As though he joyed in his plentious ſtore,
Laden with fruits that made him laugh, full glad
That he had baniſht hunger, which to-fore
Had by the belly oft him pinched ſore.
Upon his head a wreath, that was enrold
With ears of corn of every ſort, he bore:
And in his hand a ſickle he did hold,
To reap the ripened fruits the which the earth had yold.

31.

Laſtly, came *Winter* cloathed all in frize,
Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill,
Whil'ſt on his hoary beard his breath did freeſe;
And the dull drops that from his purpled bill
As from a limbeck did adown diſtill.
In his right hand a tipped ſtaff he held,
With which his feeble ſteps he ſtayed ſtill:
For he was faint with cold, and weak with eld;
That ſcarſe his looſed limbs he able was to weld.

32.

Theſe marching ſoftly, thus in order went,
And after them, the Months all riding came;
Firſt, ſturdy *March* with brows full ſternly bent,
And armed ſtrongly, rode upon a Ram,
The ſame which over *Helleſpontus* ſwam:
Yet in his hand a ſpade he alſo hent,
And in a bag all ſorts of ſeeds yſame,
Which on the earth he ſtrowed as he went,
And fil'd her womb with fruitful hope of nouriſhment.

33.

Next came freſh *April* full of luſtyhed,
And wanton as a Kid whoſe horn new buds:
Upon a Bull he rode, the ſame which led
Europa floting through th' *Argolick* fluds:
His horns were gilden all with golden ſtuds
And garniſhed with garlonds goodly dight
Of all the faireſt flowres and freſheſt buds
Which th' earth brings forth, & wet he ſeem'd in ſight
With waves, through wch he waded for his loves delight.

Then

34.

Then came fair *May*, the faireſt maid on ground,
Deckt all with dainties of her ſeaſons pride,
And throwing flowres out of her lap around:
Upon two brethrens ſhoulders ſhe did ride,
The twins of *Leda*; which on either ſide
Supported her like to their ſoveraign Queen.
Lord how all creatures laught, when her they ſpide,
And leapt and danc't, as they had raviſht been!
And *Cupid* ſelf about her fluttred all in green.

35.

And after her, came jolly *June*, array'd
All in green leaves, as he a Player were;
Yet in his time, he wrought as well as play'd,
That by his Plough-yrons mote right well appear:
Upon a Crab he rode, that him did bear
With crooked crawling ſteps an uncouth paſe,
And backward yode, as Bargemen wont to fare
Bending their force contrary to their face,
Like that ungracious crew which fains demureſt grace.

36.

Then came hot *July*, boyling like to fire,
That all his garments he had caſt away:
Upon a Lyon raging yet with ire
He boldly rode and made him to obay:
It was the beaſt that whylom did forray
The Nemæan Foreſt, till th' *Amphytrionide*
Him ſlew, and with his hide did him array:
Behind his back a ſithe, and by his ſide
Under his belt he bore a ſickle circling wide.

37.

The ſixt was *Auguſt*, being rich array'd
In garment all of gold down to the ground:
Yet rode he not, but led a lovely Maid
Forth by the lilly hand, the which was croun'd
With ears of Corn, and full her hand was found;
That was the righteous Virgin, which of old
Liv'd here on earth, and plenty made abound;
But, after Wrong was lov'd and Juſtice ſold,
She left th' unrighteous world and was to heaven extold.

38.

Next him, *September* marched eke on foot;
Yet was he heavy laden with the ſpoyl
Of harveſts riches, which he made his boot,
And him enricht with bounty of the ſoyl:
In his one hand, as fit for harveſts toyl,
He held a knife-hook; and in th' other hand
A pair of waights, with which he did aſſoyl
Both more and leſs, where it in doubt did ſtand,
And equal gave to each as Juſtice duly ſcan'd.

39.

Then came *October* full of merry glee:
For, yet his noul was totty of the muſt,
Which he was treading in the Wine-fats ſee,
And of the joyous oyl, whoſe gentle guſt
Made him ſo frollick and ſo full of luſt:
Upon a dreadful Scorpion he did ride,
The ſame which by *Dianaes* doom unjuſt
Slew great *Orion*: and eke by his ſide
He had his ploughing ſhare, and coulter ready tyde.

40.

Next was *November*, he full groſs and fat,
As fed with lard, and that right well might ſeem;
For, he had been a fatting hogs of late,
That yet his brows with ſweat did reek and ſteem,
And yet the ſeaſon was full ſharp and breem;
In planting eke he took no ſmall delight:
Whereon he rode, not eaſie was to deem;
For it a dreadful *Centaure* was in ſight,
The ſeed of *Saturn*, and fair *Nais*, *Chiron* hight.

41.

And after him, came next the chill *December*:
Yet he through merry feaſting which he made,
And great Bonfires, did not the cold remember;
His Saviours birth his mind ſo much did glad:
Upon a ſhaggy-bearded Goat he rode,
The ſame wherewith *Dan Jove* in tender years,
They ſay, was nouriſht by th' *Iæan* maid;
And in his hand a broad deep bowl he bears;
Of which he freely drinks an health to all his peers.

42.

Then came old *January*, wrapped well
In many weeds to keep the cold away;
Yet did he quake and quiver like to quell,
And blow his nails to warm them if he may:
For, they were numb'd with holding all the day
An hatchet keen, with which he felled wood,
And from the Trees did lop the needleſs ſpray:
Upon an huge great Earth-pot ſtean he ſtood; (flood.
From whoſe wide mouth there flowed forth the Roman

43.

And laſtly, came cold *February*, ſitting
In an old Wagon, for he could not ride;
Drawn of two fiſhes for the ſeaſon fitting,
Which through the flood before did ſoftly ſlyde
And ſwim away: yet had he by his ſide
His plough and harneſs fit to till the ground,
And tools to prune the Trees, before the pride
Of haſting Prime did make them burgein round:
So paſt the twelve months forth, & their due places found.

44.

And after theſe, there came the *Day* and *Night*,
Riding together both with equal paſe,
Th' one on a Palfrey black, the other white;
But *Night* had covered her uncomely face
With a black veil, and held in hand a mace,
On top whereof the Moon and Stars were pight,
And ſleep and darkneſs round about did trace:
But *Day did* bear, upon his ſcepters hight,
The goodly Sun, encompaſt all with beames bright.

45.

Then came the *Howres*, fair Daughters of high *Jove*,
And timely *Night*, the which were all endewed
With wondrous beauty fit to kindle love;
But they were Virgins all, and Love eſchewed
That might forſlack the charge to them fore-ſhewed
By mighty *Jove*; who did them Porters make
Of heavens gate (whence all the gods iſſued)
Which they did daily watch, and nightly wake
By even turns, ne ever did their charge forſake.

46.

And after all came *Life*, and laſtly *Death*;
Death with moſt grim and grieſly viſage ſeen,
Yet is he nought but parting of the breath;
Ne ought to ſee, but like a ſhade to ween,
Unbodied, unſoul'd, unheard, unſeen.
But *Life* was like a fair young luſty boy,
Such as they fain *Dan Cupid* to have been,
Full of delightful health and lively joy,
Deckt all with flowres, and wings of gold fit to employ.

47.

When theſe were paſt, thus gan the *Titaneſſe*;
Lo, mighty Mother, now be judge and ſay,
Whether in all thy creatures more or leſs
Change doth not raign and bear the greateſt ſway:
For, who ſees not, that *Time* on all doth pray?
But *Times* do change and move continually.
So nothing here long ſtandeth in one ſtay:
Wherefore, this lower world who can deny
But to be ſubject ſtill to *Mutability*.

48.

Then thus gan *Jove*; Right true it is, that theſe
And all things elſe that under heaven dwell
Are chang'd of *Time*, who doth them all diſſeiſe
Of being: But, who is it (to me tell)
That *Time* himſelf doth move and ſtill compell
To keep his courſe? Is not that namely we
Which pour that vertue from our heavenly cell,
That moves them all, and makes them changed be?
So them we gods do rule, and in them alſo thee.

49.

To whom, thus *Mutability*: The things
Which we ſee not how they are mov'd and ſway'd,
Ye may attribute to your ſelves as Kings,
And ſay they by your ſecret powre are made:
But what we ſee not, who ſhall us perſwade?
But were they ſo, as ye them fain to be,
Mov'd by your might, and ordred by your aid;
Yet what if I can prove, that even ye
Your ſelves are likewiſe chang'd, and ſubject unto me?

50.

And firſt, concerning her that is the firſt,
Even you fair *Cynthia*, whom ſo much ye make
Joves deareſt darling, ſhe was bred and nurſt
On *Cynthus* hill, whence ſhe her name did take:
Then is ſhe mortal born, how-ſo ye crake;
Beſides, her face and countenance every day
We changed ſee, and ſundry forms partake, (gray:
Now horned, now round, now bright, now brown and
So that *as changeful as the Moon* men uſe to ſay.

51.

Next, *Mercury*, who though he leſs appear
To change his hew, and always ſeems as one;
Yet, he his courſe doth alter every year,
And is of late far out of order gone:
So *Venus* eke, that goodly Paragone,
Though fair all night, yet is ſhe dark all day;
And *Phœbus* ſelf, who lightſome is alone,
Yet is he oft eclipſed by the way,
And fills the darkned world with terror and diſmay.

52.

Now *Mars* that valiant man is changed moſt:
For, he ſometimes ſo far runs out of ſquare,
That he his way doth ſeem quite to have loſt,
And clean without his uſual ſphere to fare;
That even theſe Star-gazers ſtoniſht are
At ſight thereof, and damn their lying books:
So likewiſe, grim Sir *Saturn* oft doth ſpare
His ſtern aſpect, and calm his crabbed looks:
So many turning cranks theſe have, ſo many crooks.

53.

But you *Dan Jove*, that only conſtant are,
And King of all the reſt, as ye do clame,
Are you not ſubject eke to this misfare?
Then let me ask you this withouten blame,
Where were ye born? Some ſay in *Crete* by name,
Others in *Thebes*, and others other-where:
But whereſoever they comment the ſame,
They all conſent that ye begotten were,
And born here in this world, ne other can appear.

54.

Then are ye mortal born, and thrall to me,
Unleſs the Kingdom of the ſky ye make
Immortal, and unchangeable to be;
Beſides, that power and vertue which ye ſpake,
That ye here work, doth many changes take,
And your own natures change: for, each of you
That vertue have, or this, or that to make,
Is checkt and changed from his nature trew,
By others oppoſition or obliquid view.

55.

Beſides, the ſundry motions of your Sphears,
So ſundry ways and faſhions as Clerks fain,
Some in ſhort ſpace, and ſome in longer years;
What is the ſame but alteration plain?
Only the ſtarry ſky doth ſtill remain:
Yet do the Stars and Signs therein ſtill move,
And even it ſelf is mov'd, as wizards fain.
But all that moveth, doth mutation love:
Therefore both you and them to me I ſubject prove.

56.

Then ſince within this wide great *Univerſe*
Nothing doth firm and permanent appear,
But all things toſt and turned by tranſverſe:
What then ſhould let, but I aloft ſhould rear
My Trophee, and from all, the triumph bear?
Now judge then (O thou greateſt goddeſs trew!)
According as thy ſelf doſt ſee and hear,
And unto me addoom that is my dew,
That is the rule of all, all being rul'd by you.

57.

So having ended, ſilence long enſewed,
Ne *Nature* to or fro ſpake for a ſpace,
But with firm eyes affixt, the ground ſtill viewed.
Mean while, all creatures, looking in her face,
Expecting th' end of this ſo doubtful caſe,
Did hang in long ſuſpence what would enſew,
To whether ſide ſhould fall the ſoveraign place:
At length, ſhe looking up with chearful view,
The ſilence brake, and gave her doom in ſpeeches few.

I

58.

I well conſider all that ye have ſaid,
And find that all things ſtedfaſtneſs do hate
And changed be: yet being rightly way'd
They are not changed from the firſt eſtate;
But by their change their being do dilate:
And turning to themſelves at length again,
Do work their own perfection ſo by fate:
Then over them Change doth not rule and raign;
But they raign over change, and do their ſtates maintain.

59.

Ceaſe therefore Daughter further to aſpire,
And thee content thus to be rul'd by me:
For thy decay thou ſeekſt by thy deſire;
But time ſhall come that all ſhall changed be,
And from thenceforth, none no more change ſhall ſee.
So was the *Titaneſſe* put down and whiſt,
And *Jove* confirm'd in his imperial ſee.
Then was that whole aſſembly quite diſmiſt,
And *Natur's* ſelf did vaniſh; whither, no man wiſt.

The VIII. Canto, *imperfect.*

1.

When I bethink me on that ſpeech whylear,
Of *Mutability*, and well it way:
Me ſeems, that though ſhe all unworthy were
Of the Heav'ns Rule; yet very ſooth to ſay,
In all things elſe ſhe bears the greateſt ſway.
Which makes me loath this ſtate of life ſo tickle,
And love of things ſo vain and caſt away;
Whoſe flowring pride, ſo fading and ſo fickle,
Short *Time* ſhall ſoon cut down with his conſuming ſickle.

2.

Then gin I think on that which Nature ſaid,
Of that ſame time when no more *Change* ſhall be,
But ſtedfaſt reſt of all things firmly ſtayd
Upon the pillors of *Eternity*,
That is contrayr to *Mutability*:
For, all that moveth, doth in *Change* delight:
But thence-forth all ſhall reſt eternally
With him that is the God of Sabaoth hight:
O that great Sabaoth God, grant me that Sabaoths ſight.

FINIS.

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PROSOPOPOIA:
OR,
Mother Hubberds
TALE.

By *EDMUND SPENSER.*

Dedicated to the right Honourable, the Lady
COMPTON and *MOUNTEGLE.*

LONDON,

Printed by *Henry Hills* for *Jonathan Edwin*, at the Three Roſes in *Ludgate-ſtreet.* 1678.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

The LADY

COMPTON and *MOUNTEGLE.*

MOST fair and vertuous Lady; having often ſought opportunity by ſome good means to make known to your Ladiſhip the humble affection and faithful duty which I have always profeſſed, and am bound to bear to that Houſe from whence ye ſpring, I have at length found occaſion to remember the ſame, by making a ſimple Preſent to you of theſe my idle labours; which having long ſithens compoſed in the raw conceit of my youth, I lately amongſt other Papers lighted upon, and was by others, which liked the ſame, moved to ſet them forth. Simple is the device, and the compoſition mean, yet carrieth ſome delight, even the rather, becauſe of the ſimplicity and meanneſs thus perſonated. The ſame I beſeech your Ladiſhip take in good part, as a pledge of that profeſſion which I have made to you; and keep vvith you, until vvith ſome other more vvorthy labour, I do redeem it out of your hands, and diſcharge my utmoſt duty. Till then, vviſhing your Ladiſhip all increaſe of honour and happineſs, I humbly take leave,

Your Ladiſhips ever

humbly;

Ed. Spencer.

PROSOPOPOIA:

OR,

MOTHER HUBBERD's TALE.

IT was the month, in which the rigorous Maid,
That for diſdain of ſinful worlds upbraid,
Fled back to heaven, whence ſhe was firſt conceiv'd,
Into her ſilver bowr the Sun receiv'd;
And the hot *Syrian* dog on him awaiting,
After the chafed Lions cruel baiting,
Corrupted hath th'air with his noiſom breath,
And pour'd on th'earth plague, peſtilence, and death.
Emongſt the reſt, a wicked maladie
Raign'd emongſt men, that many did to die,
Depriv'd of ſenſe and ordinary reaſon;
That it to Leeches ſeemed ſtrange and geaſon.
My fortune was 'mongſt many other moe,
To be partaker of their common woe;
And my weak body ſet on fire with grief,
Was rob'd of reſt, and natural relief.
In this ill plight, there came to viſit me
Some friends, who ſorry my ſad caſe to ſee,
Began to comfort me in chearful wiſe,
And means of gladſom ſolace to deviſe.
But ſeeing kindly ſleep refuſe to do
His office, and my feeble eyes forgo,
They ſought my troubled ſenſe how to deceave
With talk, that might unquiet fancies reave;
And ſitting all on ſeats about me round,
With pleaſant tales (fit for that idle ſtound)
They caſt in courſe to waſte the weary houres:
Some told of Ladies, and their Paramoures;
Some of brave Knights, and their renowned Squires;
Some of the Fairies and their ſtrange attires;
And ſome of Giants, hard to be believ'd,
That the delight thereof me much reliev'd.
Amongſt the reſt, a good old woman was,
Hight Mother *Hubberd*, who did far ſurpaſs
The reſt in honeſt mirth, that ſeem'd her well:
She when her turn was come her Tale to tell,
Told of a ſtrange adventure, that betided
Betwixt the Fox and th'Ape by him miſguided;
The which for that my ſenſe it greatly pleaſed,
All were my ſpirit heavy and diſeaſed,
Ile write in terms, as ſhe the ſame did ſay,
So well as I her words remember may.
No Muſes aid me needs here-to to call;
Baſe is the ſtyle, and matter mean withall.

Whylom (ſaid ſhe) before the world was civil,
The Fox and th'Ape diſliking of their evil
And hard eſtate, determined to ſeek
Their fortunes far abroad, like with his like:
For both were crafty and unhappy witted;
Two fellows might no where be better fitted.

The Fox, that firſt this cauſe of grief did find,
'Gan firſt thus plain his caſe with words unkind.
Neighbour Ape, and my Goſſip eke beſide
(Both two ſure bands in friendſhip to be tide)
To whom may I more truſtily complain
The evil plight, that doth me ſore conſtrain,
And hope thereof to find due remedy?
Hear then my pain and inward agony.
Thus many years I now have ſpent and worn,
In mean regard, and baſeſt fortunes ſcorn,
Doing my Country ſervice as I might,
No leſs I dare ſay than the proudeſt wight;
And ſtill I hoped to be up advanced,
For my good parts; but ſtill it hath miſchanced.
Now therefore that no longer hope I ſee,
But froward fortune ſtill to follow me,
And loſels lifted high, where I did look,
I mean to turn the next leaf of the book:
Yet ere that any way I do betake,
I mean my Goſſip privy firſt to make.

Ah! my dear Goſſip (anſwer'd then the Ape)
Deeply do your ſad words my wits awhape,
Both for becauſe your grief doth great appear,
And eke becauſe my ſelf am touched near:
For I likewiſe have waſted much good time,
Still waiting to Preferment up to clime,
Whil'ſt others always have before me ſtept,
And from my beard the fat away have ſwept;
That now unto deſpair I 'gin to grow,
And mean for better wind about to throw.
Therefore to me, my truſty friend, aread
Thy counſel: Two is better than one head.

Certes (ſaid he) I mean me to diſguize
In ſome ſtrange habit, after uncouth wize,
Or like a Pilgrim, or a Lymiter,
Or like a Gipſen, or a Juggeler,
And ſo to wander to the worldes end,
To ſeek my fortune, where I may it mend:
For worſe than that I have, I cannot meet.
Wide is the world I wote, and every ſtreet
Is full of fortunes, and adventures ſtrange,
Continually ſubject unto change.
Say, my fair brother now, if this device
Do like you, or may you to like entice.

Surely (ſaid th'Ape) it likes me wondrous well;
And would ye not poor fellowſhip expell,
My ſelf would offer you t'accompany
In this adventures chanceful jeopardy.
For to wex old at home in idleneſs,
Is diſadventrous, and quite fortuneleſs:

Abroad where change is, good may gotten be.
The Fox was glad, and quickly did agree:
So both resolv'd the morrow next ensuing,
So soon as day appear'd to peoples viewing,
On their intended journey to proceed;
And over night, what-so thereto did need,
Each did prepare in readiness to be.
The morrow next, so soon as one might see
Light out of heavens windows forth to look,
Both their habiliments unto them took,
And put themselves (a Gods name) on their way:
When-as the Ape beginning well to wey
This hard adventure, thus began t'advise;
Now read, Sir Reynold, as ye be right wise,
What course ye ween is best for us to take,
That for our selves we may a living make.
Whether shall we profess some trade or skill?
Or shall we vary our device at will,
Even as new occasion appears?
Or shall we tie our selves for certain years,
To any service, or to any place?
For it behoves ere that into the race
We enter, to resolve first hereupon.
Now surely brother (said the Fox anon)
Ye have this matter motioned in season:
For every thing that is begun with reason
Will come by ready means unto his end:
But things miscounselled must needs miswend.
Thus therefore I advise upon the case,
That not to any certain trade or place,
Nor any man we should our selves apply;
For, why should he that is at liberty
Make himself bond? Sith then we are free born,
Let us all servile base subjection scorn;
And as we be sons of the world so wide,
Let us our fathers heritage divide,
And challenge to our selves our portions dew
Of all the patrimony, which a few
Now hold in hugger mugger in their hand,
And all the rest do rob of good and land.
For now a few have all, and all have nought,
Yet all be brethren ylike dearly bought:
There is no right in this partition,
Ne was it so by institution
Ordained first, ne by the law of Nature,
But that she gave like blessing to each creature
As well of worldly livelode as of life,
That there might be no difference nor strife,
Nor ought call'd mine or thine: thrice happy then
Was the condition of mortal men.
That was the golden age of *Saturn* old,
But this might better be the world of gold:
For, without gold now nothing will be got.
Therefore (if please you) this shall be our plot,
We will not be of any occupation.
Let such vile vassals born to base vocation
Drudge in the world, and for their living droil
Which have no wit to live withouten toil.
But we will walk about the world at pleasure
Like two free men, and make our ease a treasure.
Free men some beggars call; but they be free,
And they which call them so more beggers be:
For they do swink and sweat to feed the other,
Who live like Lords of that which they do gather,
And yet do never thank them for the same,
But as their due by Nature do it clame.
Such will we fashion both our selves to be,
Lords of the world, and so will wander free
Where so us listeth, uncontroll'd of any:
Hard is our hap, if we (emongst so many)
Light not on some that may our state amend;
Sildom but some good cometh ere the end.
Well seem'd the Ape to like this ordinance:
Yet well considering of the circumstance,
As pausing in great doubt a while he staid,
And afterwards with grave advisement said;
I cannot my lief brother like but well
The purpose of the complot which ye tell:
For well I wot (compar'd to all the rest
Of each degree) that Beggers life is best:
And they that think themselves the best of all,
Oft-times to begging are content to fall.
But this I wote withal, that we shall run
Into great danger, like to be undun,
Wildly to wander thus in the worlds eye,
Withouten Pasport or good warranty,
For fear least we like rogues should be reputed,
And for ear-marked beasts abroad be bruted:
Therefore I read, that we our counsels call,
How to prevent this mischief ere it fall,
And how we may with most security,
Beg amongst those that Beggers do defie.
Right well, dear Gossip, ye advised have,
(Said then the Fox) but I this doubt will save:
For ere we farther pass, I will devise
A Pasport for us both in fittest wise,
And by the names of Souldiers us protect;
That now is thought a civil begging sect.
Be you the Souldier, for you likest are
For manly semblance, and small skill in war:
I will but wait on you, and as occasion
Falls out, my self fit for the same will fashion.
The Pasport ended, both they forward went,
The Ape clad Souldier-like, fit for th'intent,
In a blew jacket with a cross of red,
And many slits, as if that he had shed
Much blood through many wounds therein received,
Which had the use of his right arm bereaved;
Upon his head an old Scotch cap he wore,
With a plume feather all to pieces tore:
His breeches were made after the new cut,
Al Portugese, loose like an empty gut;
And his hose broken high above the heeling,
And his shooes beaten out with traveling.
But neither sword nor dagger he did bear,
Seems that no foes revengement he did fear,
In stead of them a handsom bat he held,
On which he leaned, as one far in eld.
Shame light on him, that through so false illusion,
Doth turn the name of Souldiers to abusion,

And that which is the nobleſt myſtery,
Brings to reproach and common infamy.
Long they thus travelled, yet never met
Adventures which might them a working ſet;
Yet many ways they ſought, and many tryed;
Yet for their purpoſes none fit eſpyed.
At laſt, they chanc't to meet upon the way,
A ſimple husbandman in garments gray;
Yet though his veſture were but mean and baſe
A good yeoman he was of honeſt place,
And more for thrift did care than for gay clothing:
Gay without good, is good hearts greateſt lothing.
The Fox him ſpying, bad the Ape him dight
To play his part, for loe he was in ſight
That (if he err'd not) ſhould them entertain,
And yeild them timely profit for their pain.
Eftſoons the Ape himſelf gan to uprear,
And on his ſhoulders high his bat to bear,
As if good ſervice he were fit to do;
But little thrift for him he did it to:
And ſtoutly forward he his ſteps did ſtrain,
That like a handſom Swain it him became.
When-as they nigh approached, that good man
Seeing them wander looſely, firſt began
T'enquire of cuſtom, what and whence they were?
To whom the Ape, I am a Souldiere,
That late in wars have ſpent my deareſt blood,
And in long ſervice loſt both limbs and good,
And now conſtrain'd that trade to over-give,
I driven am to ſeek ſome means to live:
Which might it you in pity pleaſe t'afford,
I would be ready both in deed and word,
To do you faithful ſervice all my days.
This yron world (that ſame he weeping ſays)
Brings down the ſtouteſt hearts to loweſt ſtate:
For miſery doth braveſt minds abate,
And makes them ſeek for that they wont to ſcorn,
Of Fortune and of Hope at once forlorn.
The honeſt man that heard him thus complain,
Was griev'd, as he had felt part of his pain;
And well diſpos'd him ſome relief to ſhow,
Askt if in husbandry he ought did know,
To plough, to plant, to reap, to rake, to ſow,
To hedg, to ditch, to threſh, to thatch, to mow;
Or to what labour elſe he was prepar'd?
For husbands life is laborous and hard.
When-as the Ape him heard ſo much to talk
Of labour, that did from his liking balk,
He would have ſlipt the coller handſomly
And to him ſaid; Good Sir, full glad am I
To take what pains may any living wight:
But my late maimed limbs lack wonted might
To do their kindly ſervices, as needeth:
Scarce this right hand the mouth with diet feedeth,
So that it may no painful work endure,
Ne to ſtrong labour can it ſelf enure.
But if that any other place you have,
Which asks ſmall pains, but thriftineſs to ſave,
Or care to over-look, or truſt to gather,
Ye may me truſt as your own ghoſtly father.

With that, the husbandman gan him avize,
That it for him was fitteſt exerciſe
Cattle to keep, or ground to over-ſee;
And asked him if he could willing be
To keep his ſheep, or to attend his ſwine,
Or watch his mares, or take his charge of kine?
Gladly (ſaid he) what ever ſuch like pain
Ye put on me, I will the ſame ſuſtain:
But gladlieſt I of your fleecy ſheep
(Might it you pleaſe) would take on me the keep.
For ere that unto arms I me betook:
Unto my fathers ſheep I us'd to look,
That yet the skill thereof I have not loſt:
There-to right well this Curdog by my coſt,
(Meaning the Fox) will ſerve, my ſheep to gather,
And drive to follow after their Belwether.
The husbandman was meanly well content,
Tryal to make of his endeavourment,
And home him leading, lent to him the charge
Of all his flock, with liberty full large,
Giving account of the annual increaſe
Both of their Lambs, and of their woolly fleece.
Thus is this Ape become a Shepherd ſwain,
And the falſe Fox, his dog (God give them pain)
For, ere the year have half his courſe out-run,
And do return from whence it firſt begun,
They ſhall him make an ill account of thrift.
Now, when-as Time flying with wings ſwift,
Expired had the term, that theſe two javels
Should render up a reckning of their travels
Unto their maſter, which it of them ſought,
Exceedingly they troubled were in thought,
Ne wiſt what anſwer unto him to frame,
Ne how to ſcape great puniſhment, or ſhame,
For their falſe treaſon and vile thievery.
For, not a lamb of all their flocks ſupply
Had they to ſhew: But ever as they bred,
They ſlew them, and upon their fleſhes fed:
For that diſguiſed dog lov'd blood to ſpill,
And drew the wicked Shepherd to his will.
So twixt them both they not a lambkin left,
And when Lambs fail'd, the old ſheeps lives they reft;
That how t'acquit themſelves unto their Lord,
They were in doubt, and flatly ſet abord.
The Fox then counſel'd th'Ape, for to require
Reſpite till morrow, t'anſwer his deſire:
For times delay new hope of help ſtill breeds.
The good man granted, doubting nought their deeds,
And bad, next day that all ſhould ready be.
But they more ſubtil meaning had than he:
For the next morrows meed they cloſely ment,
For fear of afterclaps for to prevent.
And that ſame evening, when all ſhrowded were
In careleſs ſleep, they without care or fear,
Cruelly fell upon their flock in fold,
And of them ſlew at pleaſure what they wold:
Of which, when as they feaſted had their fill,
For a full complement of all their ill,
They ſtole away, and took their haſty flight,
Carried in clouds of all-concealing night.

So was the husbandman left to his loſs,
And they unto their fortunes change to toſs.
After which ſort they wandered long while,
Abuſing many through their cloaked guile;
That at the laſt they gan to be deſcried
Of every one, and all their ſleights eſpied.
So as their begging now them failed quite;
For none would give, but all men would them wite:
Yet would they take no pains to get their living,
But ſeek ſome other way to gain by giving,
Much like to begging, but much better named;
For many beg, which are thereof aſhamed.
And now the Fox had gotten him a gown,
And th'Ape a caſſock ſide-long hanging down;
For they their occupation meant to change,
And now in other ſtate abroad to range:
For, ſince their ſouldiers Paſs no better ſped,
They forg'd another, as for Clerks book-red.
Who paſſing forth, as their adventures fell,
Through many haps, which needs not here to tell;
At length chanc't with a formal Prieſt to meet,
Whom they in civil manner firſt did greet,
And after askt an alms for Gods dear love.
The man ſtraight-way his choler up did move,
And with reproachful terms gan them revile,
For following that trade ſo baſe and vile;
And askt what Licence, or what Paſs they had?
Ah (ſaid the Ape, as ſighing wondrous ſad)
It's an hard caſe, when men of good deſerving
Muſt either driven be perforce to ſterving.
Or asked for their Paſs by every ſquib,
That liſt at will them to revile or ſnib:
And yet (God wote) ſmall odds I often ſee
Twixt them that ask, and them that asked be.
Nath'leſs, becauſe you ſhall not us miſdeem,
But that we are as honeſt as we ſeem,
Ye ſhall our Paſport at your pleaſure ſee,
And then ye will (I hope) well moved be.
Which when the Prieſt beheld, he view'd it nere,
As if therein ſome Text he ſtudying were;
But little elſe (God wote) could thereof skill:
For, read he could not Evidence, nor Will,
Ne tell a written word, ne write a letter,
Ne make one title worſe, ne make one better:
Of ſuch deep learning little had he need,
Ne yet of Latin, ne of Greek, that breed
Doubts mongſt Divines, and difference of Texts,
From whence ariſe diverſity of Sects,
And hateful hereſies of God abhor'd:
But this good Sir did follow the plain Word,
Ne medled with their controverſies vain,
All his care was, his Service well to ſain,
And to read Homelies on holidays,
When that was done, he might attend his plays;
An eaſie life, and fit high God to pleaſe.
He, having over-lookt their Paſs at eaſe,
Gan at the length them to rebuke again,
That no good trade of life did entertain,
But loſt their time in wandring looſe abroad,
Seeing the world, in which they bootleſs boad,
Had ways enow for all therein to live;
Such grace did God unto his creatures give.
Said then the Fox; Who hath the world not tride,
From the right way full eath may wander wide.
We are but Novices, new come abroad,
We have not yet the tract of any troad,
Nor on us taken any ſtate of life,
But ready are of any to make prief. (proved,
Therefore, might pleaſe you, which the world have
Us to adviſe, which forth but lately moved,
Of ſome good courſe, that we might undertake:
Ye ſhall for ever us your bondmen make.
The Prieſt gan wex half proud to be ſo praid,
And thereby willing to afford them aid;
It ſeems (ſaid he) right well that ye be Clerks,
Both by your witty words, and by your werks.
Is not that name enough to make a living
To him that hath a whit of Natures giving?
How many honeſt men ſee ye arize
Daily thereby, and grow to goodly prize?
To Deans, to Archdeacons, to Commiſſaries,
To Lords, to Principals, to Prebendaries;
All jolly Prelates, worthy rule to bear,
Who ever them envy: Yet ſpite bites near.
Why ſhould ye doubt then, but that ye likewiſe
Might unto ſome of thoſe in time ariſe?
In the mean time to live in good eſtate,
Loving that love, and hating thoſe that hate;
Being ſome honeſt Curate, or ſome Vicker,
Content with little in condition ſicker.
Ah! but (ſaid th'Ape) the charge is wondrous great,
To feed mens ſouls, and hath an heavy threat.
To feed mens ſouls (quoth he) is not in man:
For, they muſt feed themſelves, do what we can.
We are but charg'd to lay the meat before:
Eat they that liſt, we need to do no more.
But God it is that feeds them with his grace,
The bread of Life pour'd down from heavenly place,
Therefore ſaid he that with the budding rod
Did rule the Jewes, *All ſhall be taught of God.*
That ſame hath Jeſus Chriſt now to him raught,
By whom the flock is rightly fed and taught:
He is the Shepherd, and the Prieſt is he;
We but his ſhepherd ſwains ordain'd to be.
Therefore here-with do not your ſelf diſmay;
Ne is the pains ſo great, but bear ye may;
For not ſo great as it was wont of yore,
It's now adays, ne half ſo ſtraight and ſore.
They whylom uſed duly every day
Their Service and their holy things to ſay,
At noon and even, beſides their Anthems ſweet,
Their peny Maſſes, and their Complynes meet,
Their Diriges, their Trentals, and their ſhrifts,
Their memories, their ſingings, and their gifts.
Now all theſe needleſs works are laid away;
Now once a week upon the Sabbath day,
It is enough to do our ſmall devotion,
And then to follow any merry motion.
Ne are we tide too faſt, but when we liſt,
Ne to wear garments baſe of wollen twiſt,

But with the fineſt ſilks us to aray,
That before God we may appear more gay,
Reſembling *Aarons* glory in his place:
For far unfit it is, that perſons baſe
Should with vile cloaths approach Gods majeſtie
Whom no uncleanneſs may approachen nie:
Or that all men which any maſter ſerve,
Good garments for their ſervice ſhould deſerve;
But he that ſerves the Lord of Hoaſts moſt high,
And that in higheſt place, t'approach him nigh,
And all the peoples prayers to preſent
Before his throne, as on ambaſſage ſent
Both to and fro, ſhould not deſerve to wear
A garment better, than of wool or hair.
Beſide, we may have lying by our ſides
Our lovely Laſſes, or bright ſhining Brides:
We be not tyde to wilful chaſtity,
But have the Goſpel of free liberty.
By that he ended had his ghoſtly ſermon,
The Fox was well induc'd to be a Parſon;
And of the Prieſt eftſoons gan to enquire,
How to a Benefice he might aſpire.
Mary there (ſaid the Prieſt) is art indeed.
Much good deep learning one thereout may reed,
For, that the ground-work is, and end of all,
How to obtain a Beneficial.
Firſt therefore, when ye have in handſom wiſe
Your ſelves attired, as you can deviſe,
Then to ſome Noble man your ſelf apply,
Or other great one in the worldes eye,
That hath a zealous diſpoſition
To God, and ſo to his Religion:
There muſt thou faſhion eke a godly zeal,
Such as no capers may contraryr reveal:
For, each thing fained ought more weary be.
There thou muſt walk in ſober gravitie,
And ſeem as Saint-like as Saint *Radegund*;
Faſt much, pray oft, look lowly on the ground,
And unto every one do curteſie meek.
Theſe looks (nought ſaying) do a Benefice ſeek,
And be thou ſure one not to lack ere long.
But if thee liſt unto the Court to throng,
And there to hunt after the hoped pray,
Then muſt thou thee diſpoſe another way:
For there thou needs muſt learn, to laugh, to lye,
To face, to forge, to ſcoff, to company,
To crouch, to pleaſe, to be a beetle ſtock
Of thy great Maſters will, to ſcorn, to mock:
So maiſt thou chance mock out a Benefice,
Unleſs thou canſt one conjure by device,
Or caſt a figure for a Biſhoprick:
And if one could, it were but a School-trick.
Theſe be the ways by which without reward
Livings in Court be gotten, though full hard.
For nothing there is done without a fee:
The Courtier needs muſt recompenced be
With a Benevolence, or have in gage
The *Primitias* of your Parſonage:
Scarce can a Biſhoprick forpaſs them by,
But that it muſt be gelt in privity.
Do not thou therefore ſeek a living there,
But of more private perſons ſeek elſewhere,
Whereras thou mayſt compound a better peny,
Ne let thy learning queſtion'd be of any.
For ſome good Gentleman that hath the right
Unto his Church for to preſent a wight,
Will cope with thee in reaſonable wiſe;
That if the living yearly do ariſe
To forty pound, that then his youngeſt ſon
Shall twenty have, and twenty thou haſt wone:
Thou haſt it wone, for it is of frank gift,
And he will care for all the reſt to ſhift;
Both, that the Biſhop may admit of thee,
And that therein thou maiſt maintained be.
This is the way for one that is unlearn'd
Living to get, and not to be diſcern'd.
But they that are great Clerks, have nearer ways,
For learning-ſake to Living them to raiſe:
Yet many eke of them (God wote) are driven,
T' accept a Benefice in pieces riven.
How ſay'ſt thou (friend) have I not well diſcourſt
Upon this Common place (though plain, not wourſt)?
Better a ſhort tale, than a bad long ſhriving.
Needs any more to learn to get a living?
Now ſure and by my hallidom (quoth he)
Ye a great maſter are in your degree:
Great thanks I yield you for your diſcipline;
And do not doubt, but duly to incline
My wits thereto, as ye ſhall ſhortly hear.
The Prieſt him wiſht good ſpeed, and well to fare.
So parted they, as eithers way them led.
But th'Ape and Fox ere long ſo well them ſped,
Through the Prieſts wholſom counſel lately tought,
And through their own fair handling wiſely wrought,
That they a Benefice twixt them obtained;
And crafty Reynold was a Prieſt ordained;
And th'Ape his Pariſh Clark procur'd to be.
Then made they revel-rout and goodly glee.
But ere long time had paſſed, they ſo ill
Did order their affairs, that th'evil will
Of all their Pariſhners they had conſtrain'd;
Who to the Ordinary of them complain'd,
How fouly they their offices abus'd,
And them of crimes and hereſies accus'd;
That Purſivants he often for them ſent:
But they neglecting his commandement
So long perſiſted obſtinate and bold,
Till at the length he publiſhed to hold
A Viſitation, and them cryed thither:
Then was high time their wits about to gather;
What did they then, but made a compoſition
With their next neighbour Prieſt for light condition,
To whom their living they reſigned quight
For a few pence, and ran away by night.
So paſſing through the Country in diſguize,
They fled far off, where none might them ſurprize,
And after that long ſtrayed here and there,
Through every field and forreſt far and near;
Yet never found occaſion for their turn,
But almoſt ſterv'd, did much lament and mourn.

At laſt, they chanc't to meet upon the way
The Mule, all deckt in goodly rich aray,
With bells and boſſes, that full loudly rung,
And coſtly trappings, that to ground down hung.
Lowly they him ſaluted in meek wiſe,
But he through pride and fatneſs gan deſpiſe
Their meanneſs; ſcarce vouchſaft them to requite.
Whereat the Fox deep groning in his ſprite,
Said, Ah! ſir Mule, now bleſſed be the day,
That I ſee you ſo goodly and ſo gay
Of your attires, and eke your ſilken hyde
Fill'd with round fleſh, that every bone did hide.
Seems that in fruitful paſtures you do live,
Or Fortune doth you ſecret favour give.
Fooliſh Fox (ſaid the Mule) thy wretched need
Praiſeth the thing that doth thy ſorrow breed.
For well I ween, thou canſt not but envy
My wealth, compar'd to thine own miſery,
That art ſo lean and meagre waxen late,
That ſcarce thy legs uphold thy feeble gate.
Ay me (ſaid then the Fox) whom evil hap
Unworthy in ſuch wretchedneſs doth wrap,
And makes the ſcorn of other beaſts to be:
But read (fair Sir, of grace) from whence come ye?
Or what of tydings you abroad do hear?
News may perhaps ſome good unweeting bear.
From royal Court I lately came (ſaid he)
Where all the bravery that eye may ſee,
And all the happineſs that heart deſire,
Is to be found; he nothing can admire,
That hath not ſeen that heavens portracture:
But tydings there is none, I you aſſure,
Save that which common is, and known to all,
That Courtiers as the tyde, do riſe and fall.
But, tell us (ſaid the Ape) we do you pray,
Who now in Court doth bear the greateſt ſway.
That if ſuch fortune do to us befall,
We may ſeek favour of the beſt of all,
Mary (ſaid he) the higheſt now in grace,
Be the wild beaſts, that ſwifteſt are in chaſe;
For in their ſpeedy courſe and nimbleſt flight
The Lyon now doth take the moſt delight:
But chiefly joys on foot them to behold,
Enchaſte with chain and circulet of gold:
So wild a beaſt, ſo tame ytaught to be,
And buxom to his bands is joy to ſee.
So well his golden Circlet him beſeemeth:
But his late chain his Liege unmeet eſteemeth;
For ſo brave beaſts he loveth beſt to ſee
In the wild Forreſt ranging freſh and free.
Therefore if fortune thee in Court to live,
In caſe thou ever there wilt hope to thrive,
To ſome of theſe thou muſt thy ſelf apply:
Elſe, as a thiſtle-down in th'ayre doth fly,
So, vainly, ſhalt thou to and fro be toſt,
And loſe thy labour and thy fruitleſs coſt.
And yet full few that follow them I ſee,
For vertues bare regard advanced be,
But either for ſome fainful benefit,
Or that they may for their own turns be fit.
Nath'leſs, perhaps, ye things may handle ſo,
That ye may better thrive than thouſands mo.
But (ſaid the Ape) how ſhall we firſt come in,
That after we may favour ſeek to win?
How elſe (ſaid he) but with a good bold face,
And with big words, and with a ſtately pace,
That men may think of you in generall,
That to be in you, which is not at all:
For, not by that which is, the world now deemeth
(As it was wont) but by that ſame it ſeemeth.
Ne do I doubt, but that ye well can faſhion
Your ſelves there-to, according to occaſion:
So fare ye well, good Courtiers may ye be;
So proudly neighing, from them parted he.
Then gan this crafty couple to devize,
How for the Court themſelves they might aguize:
For thither they themſelves meant to addreſs,
In hope to find there happier ſucceſs;
So well they ſhifted, that the Ape anon
Himſelf had cloathed like a Gentleman,
And the ſly Fox, as like to be his groom,
That to the Court in ſpeedy ſort they come.
Where the fond Ape himſelf uprearing hy
Upon his tiptoes, ſtalketh ſtately by,
As if he were ſome great *Magnifico*,
And boldly doth amongſt the boldeſt go.
And his man Raynold with fine counterfeſance
Supports his credit and his countenance.
Then gan the Courtiers gaze on every ſide,
And ſtare on him, with big looks baſen wide,
Wondring what miſter wight he was, and whence:
For he was clad in ſtrange accouſtrements,
Faſhion'd with queint deviſes never ſeen
In Court before, yet there all faſhions been:
Yet he them in newfangleneſs did paſs:
But his behaviour altogether was
Alla Turcheſca, much the more admir'd,
And his lofty looks, as if he aſpir'd
To dignity, and deign'd the low degree;
That all which did in him ſuch ſtrangeneſs ſee,
By ſecret means gan of his ſtate enquire,
And privily his ſervant thereto hire:
Who, throughly arm'd againſt ſuch coverture,
Reported unto all, that he was ſure
A Noble Gentleman of high regard,
Which through the world had with long travel far'd,
And ſeen the manners of all beaſts on ground;
Now here arriv'd, to ſee if like he found.
Thus did the Ape at firſt him credit gain,
Which afterwards he wiſely did maintain
With gallant ſhow, and daily more augment
Through his fine feats and Courtly complement;
For he could play, and dance, and vaute, and ſpring,
And all that elſe pertains to Revelling,
Only through kindly aptneſs of his joynts.
Beſides, he could do many other points,
The which in Court him ſerved to good ſtead:
For, he mongſt Ladies could their fortunes read
Out of their hands, and merry leaſings tell,
And juggle finely, that became him well:

But he ſo light was at legier-demain,
That what he toucht came not to light again;
Yet would he laugh it out, and proudly look,
And tell them, that they greatly him miſtook.
So would he ſcoff them out with mockery,
For he therein had great felicity;
And with ſharp quips joy'd others to deface,
Thinking that their diſgracing did him grace:
So whilſt that other like vain wits he pleas'd,
And made to laugh, his heart was greatly eas'd.
But the right gentle mind would bite his lip,
To hear the Javel ſo good men to nip:
For though the vulgar yield an open ear,
And common Courtiers love to gybe and flear
At every thing which they hear ſpoken ill,
And the beſt ſpeeches with ill meaning ſpill;
Yet the brave Courtier, in whoſe beautious thought
Regard of honour harbours more than ought,
Doth loath ſuch baſe condition, to backbite
Anies good name for envy or deſpite:
He ſtands on terms of honourable mind,
Ne will be carried with the common wind
Of Courts inconſtant mutabilitie,
Ne after ever tattling fable flie;
But hears, and ſees the follies of the reſt,
And thereof gathers for himſelf the beſt,
He will not creep, nor crouch with fained face,
But walks upright with comely ſtedfaſt pace,
And unto all doth yield due curteſie;
But not with kiſſed hand below the knee,
As that ſame Apiſh crue is wont to do:
For he diſdains himſelf t'embaſe there-to.
He hates foul leaſings, and vile flattery,
Two filthy blots in noble Gentery;
And lothful idleneſs he doth deteſt,
The Canker-worm of every gentle breſt:
The which to baniſh with fair exerciſe
Of knightly feats, he daily doth deviſe:
Now menaging the mouths of ſtubborn ſteeds,
Now practiſing the proof of warlike deeds,
Now his bright arms aſſaying, now his ſpear,
Now the nigh-aimed ring away to bear;
At other times he caſts to ſew the chace
Of ſwift wild beaſts, or run on foot a race,
T'enlarge his breath (large breath in arms moſt needful)
Or elſe by wreſtling to wex ſtrong and heedful,
Or his ſtiff arms to ſtretch with Eughen bow,
And manly legs, ſtill paſſing to and fro,
Without a gowned beaſt him faſt beſide;
A vain enſample of the *Perſian* pride,
Who after he had won th'*Aſſyrian* foe,
Did ever after ſcorn on foot to go.
Thus when this Courtly Gentleman with toil
Himſelf hath wearied, he doth recoil
Unto his reſt, and there with ſweet delight
Of Muſicks skill revives his toiled ſpright;
Or elſe with Loves, and Ladies gentle ſports,
The joy of youth, himſelf he recomforts:
Or laſtly, when the body liſt to pauſe,
His mind unto the Muſes he with-draws;
Sweet Lady Muſes, Ladies of delight,
Delights of life, and ornaments of light,
With whom he cloſe confers with wiſe diſcourſe,
Of Natures works, of heavens continual courſe,
Of forrain lands, of people different,
Of kingdoms change, of divers government,
Of dreadful battails, of renowned Knights;
With which he kindleth his ambitious ſprights
To like deſire and praiſe of noble fame,
The only up-ſhot whereto he doth aim:
For all his mind on honour fixed is,
To which he levels all his purpoſes,
And in his Princes ſervice ſpends his days,
Not ſo much for to gain, or for to raiſe
Himſelf to high degree; as for his grace,
And in his liking to win worthy place,
Through due deſerts and comely carriage,
In what-ſo pleaſe employ his perſonage,
That may be matter meet to gain him praiſe;
For he is fit to uſe in all aſſays,
Whether for Arms and warlike amenance,
Or elſe for wiſe and civil governance.
For he is practiz'd well in policy,
And thereto doth his courting moſt apply:
To learn the enterdeal of Princes ſtrange,
To mark th'intent of Counſels, and the change
Of ſtates, and eke of private men ſome-while,
Supplanted by fine falſhood and fair guile;
Of all the which he gathereth what is fit
T'enrich the ſtorehouſe of his powerful wit,
Which through wiſe ſpeeches, and grave conference
He daily ekes, and brings to excellence.
Such is the rightful Courtier in his kind:
But unto ſuch the Ape lent not his mind;
Such were for him no fit companions,
Such would deſcry his lewd conditions:
But the young luſty gallants he did choſe
To follow, meet to whom he might diſcloſe
His witleſs pleaſance, and ill-pleaſing vain.
A thouſand ways he them could entertain,
With all the thriftleſs games that may be found,
With mumming and with masking all around,
With dice, with cards, with balliards far unfit,
With ſhuttlecocks, miſſeeming manly wit,
With courtizans and coſtly riotize,
Whereof ſtill ſomewhat to his ſhare did rize:
Ne them to pleaſure, would he ſometimes ſcorn
A Pandars coat (ſo baſely was he born:)
There-to he could fine loving verſes frame,
And play the Poet oft. But ah! for ſhame,
Let not ſweet Poets praiſe, whoſe only pride
Is vertue to advance, and vice deride,
Be with the work of loſels wit defam'd,
Ne let ſuch verſes Poetry be nam'd:
Yet he the name on him would raſhly take,
Maugre the ſacred Muſes, and it make
A ſervant to the vile affection
Of ſuch, as he depended moſt upon,
And with the ſugry ſweet thereof allure
Chaſte Ladies ears to fantaſies impure.

To

To ſuch delights the noble wits he led
Which him reliev'd, and their vain humors fed
With fruitleſs follies, and unſound delights.
But if perhaps into their noble ſprights
Deſire of honour, or brave thought of arms
Did ever creep, then with his wicked charms
And ſtrong conceits he would it drive away,
Ne ſuffer it to houſe there half a day.
And when-ſo love of letters did inſpire
Their gentle wits, and kindly wiſe deſire
That chiefly doth each noble mind adorn,
Then he would ſcoff at learning, and eke ſcorn
The Sectaries thereof, as people baſe,
And ſimple men, which never came in place
Of worlds affairs, but in dark corners mewd,
Muttred of matters, as their books them ſhewd,
Ne other knowledge ever did attain,
But with their gowns their gravity maintain.
From them he would his impudent lewd ſpeach
Againſt Gods holy Miniſters oft reach,
And mock Divines and their profeſſion:
What elſe then did he by progreſſion,
But mock high God himſelf, whom they profeſs?
But what car'd he for God or godlineſs?
All his care was himſelf how to advance,
And to uphold his courtly countenance
By all the cunning means he could deviſe;
Were it by honeſt ways, or otherwiſe,
He made ſmall choice: yet ſure his honeſty
Got him ſmall gains, but ſhameleſs flattery,
And filthy brocage, and unſeemly ſhifts,
And borrow baſe, and ſome good Ladies gifts:
But the beſt help, which chiefly him ſuſtain'd,
Was his man Raynolds purchaſe which he gain'd.
For he was ſchool'd by kind in all the skill
Of cloſe conveyance, and each practiſe ill
Of cooſinage and cleanly knavery,
Which oft maintain'd his Maſters bravery.
Beſides, he us'd another ſlippery ſlight,
In taking on himſelf in common ſight,
Falſe perſonages, fit for every ſted,
With which he thouſands cleanly cooſined:
Now like a Merchant, Merchants to deceave
With whom his credit he did often leave
In gage, for his gay Maſters hopeleſs det:
Now like a Lawyer, when he land would let,
Or ſell fee-ſimples in his Maſters name,
Which he had never, nor ought like the ſame:
Then would he be a Broker, and draw in
Both wares and money, by exchange to win:
Then would he ſeem a Farmer, that would ſell,
Bargains of woods, which he did lately fell,
Or corn, or cattle, or ſuch other ware,
There-by to cooſin men not well aware;
Of all the which there came a ſecret fee
To th'Ape, that he his countenance might be.
Beſides all this, he us'd oft to beguile
Poor ſuters, that in Court did haunt ſome while:
For he would learn their buſineſs ſecretly,
And then inform his Maſter haſtily,
That he by means might caſt them to prevent,
And beg the ſute the which the other ment.
Or otherwiſe, falſe Reynold would abuſe
The ſimple Suter, and wiſh him to chuſe
His Maſter, being one of great regard
In Court, to compaſs any ſute not hard,
In caſe his pains were recompenc't with reaſon:
So would he work the ſilly man by treaſon
To buy his Maſters frivolous good will,
That had not power to do him good or ill.
So pitiful a thing is Suters ſtate.
Moſt miſerable Man, whom wicked fate
Hath brought to Court, to ſue for had-y-wiſt,
That few have found, and many one hath miſt;
Full little knoweſt thou that haſt not tride,
What hell it is, in ſuing long to bide:
To looſe good days that might be better ſpent;
To waſte long nights in penſive diſcontent.
To ſpeed to day, to be put back to morrow;
To feed on hope, to pine with fear and ſorrow;
To have thy Princes grace, yet want her Peers;
To have thy asking, yet wait many yeers;
To fret thy ſoul with croſſes and with cares;
To eat thy heart through comfortleſs deſpairs;
To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run;
To ſpend, to give, to want, to be undun.
Unhappy wight, born to diſaſtrous end,
That doth his life in ſo long tendance ſpend.
Who ever leaves ſweet home, where mean eſtate
In ſafe aſſurance, without ſtrife or hate,
Finds all things needful for contentment meek;
And will to Court for ſhadows vain to ſeek,
Or hope to gain, himſelf a daw will try:
That curſe God ſend unto mine enemy.
For none but ſuch as this bold Ape unbleſt,
Can ever thrive in that unlucky queſt;
Or ſuch as hath a Reynold to his man,
That by his ſhifts his Maſter furniſh can.
But yet this Fox could not ſo cloſely hide
His crafty feats, but that they were deſcride
At length, by ſuch as ſate in Juſtice ſeat,
Who for the ſame him fouly did entreat;
And having worthily him puniſhed,
Out of the Court for ever baniſhed.
And now the Ape wanting his huckſter man,
That wont provide his neceſſaries, 'gan
To grow into great lack, ne could up-hold
His countenance in thoſe his garments old;
Ne new ones could he eaſily provide,
Though all men him uncaſed 'gan deride,
Like as a Puppit placed in a play,
Whoſe part once paſt, all men bid take away:
So that he driven was to great diſtreſs,
And ſhortly brought to hopeleſs wretchedneſs.
Then cloſely as he might, he caſt to leave
The Court, not asking any Paſs or leave;
But ran away in his rent rags by night,
Ne ever ſtaid in place, ne ſpake to wight,
Till that the Fox his copeſmate he had found,
To whom complaining his unhappy ſtound,

At laſt again with him in travel joyn'd,
And with him far'd ſome better chance to find.
So in the world long time they wandered,
And mickle want and hardneſs ſuffered;
That them repented much ſo fooliſhly
To come ſo far to ſeek for miſery,
And leave the ſweetneſs of contented home,
Though eating hips, and drinking watry ſome.
Thus as they them complained to and fro,
Whil'ſt through the forreſt rechleſs they did go,
Lo where they ſpide, how in a gloomy glade,
The Lion ſleeping lay in ſecret ſhade,
His Crown and Scepter lying him beſide,
And having doft for heat his dreadful hide:
Which when they ſaw, the Ape was ſore afraid,
And would have fled with terror all diſmaid.
But him the Fox with hardy words did ſtay,
And bad him put all cowardize away:
For now was time (if ever they would hope)
To aim their counſels to the faireſt ſcope,
And them for ever highly to advance,
In caſe the good which their own happy chance
Them freely offred, they would wiſely take.
Scarce could the Ape yet ſpeak, ſo did he quake,
Yet as he could, he askt how good might grow,
Where nought but dread and death do ſeem in ſhow.
Now (ſaid he) whiles the Lion ſleepeth ſound,
May we his Crown and Mace take from the ground,
And eke his skin, the terror of the wood,
Where-with we may our ſelves (if we think good)
Make Kings of beaſts, and Lords of forreſts all,
Subject unto that powre imperial.
Ah! but (ſaid th'Ape) who is ſo bold a wretch,
That dare his hardy hand to thoſe out-ſtretch;
When as he knows his meed, if he be ſpide,
To be a thouſand deaths, and ſhame beſide?
Fond Ape (ſaid then the Fox) into whoſe breſt
Never crept thought of honour, nor brave geſt,
Who will nót venture life a King to be,
And rather rule and raign in ſoveraign ſee,
Than dwell in duſt inglorious and bace,
Where none ſhall name the number of his place?
One joyous hour in bliſsful happineſs,
I chuſe before a life of wretchedneſs.
Be therefore counſelled herein by me,
And ſhake of this vile hearted cowardre.
If he awake, yet is not death the next,
For we may colour it with ſome pretext
Of this, or that, that may excuſe the crime:
Elſe we may fly; thou to a tree mayſt clime,
And I creep under ground; both from his reach:
Therefore be rul'd to do as I do teach.
The Ape, that earſt did nought but chill and quake,
Now 'gan ſome courage unto him to take,
And was content to attempt that enterpriſe,
Tickled with glory and raſh covetiſe;
But firſt 'gan queſtion, whether ſhould aſſay
Thoſe royal ornaments to ſteal away.
Mary that ſhall your ſelf (quoth he thereto)
For ye be fine and nimble it to do;
Of all the beaſts which in the forreſts be,
Is not a fitter for his turn than ye:
Therefore, mine own dear brother, take good hart,
And ever think a kingdom is your part.
Loth was the Ape (though praiſed) to adventure,
Yet faintly 'gan into his work to enter,
Afraid of every leaf that ſtirr'd him by,
And every ſtick that underneath did ly;
Upon his tiptoes nicely he up went,
For making noiſe, and ſtill his ear he lent
To every ſound that under heaven blew,
Now went, now ſtept, now crept, now backward drew;
That it good ſport had been him to have eyd:
Yet at the laſt (ſo well he him applyd,)
Through his fine handling, and his cleanly play,
He all thoſe royal ſigns had ſtoln away,
And with the Foxes help them borne aſide,
Into a ſecret corner uneſpide;
Whither when as they came, they fell at words,
Whether of them ſhould be the Lord of Lords:
For th'Ape was ſtrifeful, and ambicious;
And the Fox guileful, and moſt covetous,
That neither pleaſed was, to have the rain
Twixt them divided into even twain,
But either (algates) would be Lords alone:
For Love and Lordſhip bide no paragone.
I am moſt worthy (ſaid the Ape) ſith I
For it did put my life in jeopardy:
There-to I am in perſon and in ſtature
Moſt like a man, the Lord of every creature,
So that it ſeemeth I was maid to raign,
And born to be a kingly Soveraign.
Nay (ſaid the Fox) Sir Ape, you are aſtray:
For though to ſteal the Diadem away
Were the work of your nimble hand, yet I
Did firſt deviſe the plot by policy;
So that it wholly ſpringeth from my wit:
For which alſo I claim my ſelf more fit
Than you, to rule: for government of ſtate
Will without wiſdom ſoon be ruinate.
And where you claim your ſelf for outward ſhape
Moſt like a man, Man is not like an Ape
In his chief parts, that is, in wit and ſpirit;
But I therein moſt like to him do merit
For my ſly wyles and ſubtil craftineſs,
The title of the kingdom to poſſeſs.
Nath'leſs (my brother) ſince we paſſed are
Unto this point, we will appeaſe our jar,
And I with reaſon meet will reſt content,
That ye ſhall have both crown and government;
Upon condition that ye ruled be
In all affairs, and counſelled by me;
And that ye let none other ever draw
Your mind from me, but keep this as a law:
And hereupon an oath unto me plight.
The Ape was glad to end the ſtrife ſo light,
And there-to ſwore: for who would not oft ſwear,
And oft unſwear, a Diadem to bear?
Then freely up thoſe royal ſpoils he took,
Yet at the Lions skin he inly quook;

But it diſſembled, and upon his head
The Crown, and on his back the skin he did,
And the falſe Fox him helped to array.
Then when he was all dight, he took his way
Into the forreſt, that he might be ſeen
Of the wild beaſts in his new glory ſheen.
There the two firſt, whom he encountred, were
The Sheep and th'Aſs, who ſtriken both with fear
At ſight of him, 'gan faſt away to fly,
But unto them the Fox aloud did cry,
And in the Kings name bad them both to ſtay,
Upon the pain that thereof follow may.
Hardly nath'leſs were they reſtrained ſo,
Till that the Fox forth toward them did go,
And there diſſwaded them from needleſs fear,
For that the King did favour to them bear;
And therefore dreadleſs bad them come to Corte:
For no wild beaſts ſhould do them any torte
There or abroad, ne would his Majeſty
Uſe them but well, with gracious clemency,
As whom he knew to him both faſt and true;
So he perſwaded them with homage due
Themſelves to humble to the Ape proſtrate,
Who gently to them bowing in his gate,
Received them with chearful entertain.
Thence, forth proceeding with his Princely train,
He ſhortly met the Tygre, and the Bore,
Which with the ſimple Camel raged ſore
In bitter words, ſeeking to take occaſion,
Upon his fleſhy corps to make invaſion:
But ſoon as they this mock-King did eſpy,
Their troublous ſtrife they ſtinted by and by,
Thinking indeed that it the Lion was.
He then to prove whether his power would paſs
As currant, ſent the Fox to them ſtraight way,
Commanding them their cauſe of ſtrife bewray;
And if that wrong on either ſide there were,
That he ſhould warn the wronger to appear
The morrow next at Court, it to defend;
In the mean time upon the King t'attend.
The ſubtile Fox ſo well his meſſage ſaid,
That the proud beaſts him readily obayd:
Whereby the Ape in wondrous ſtomack wox,
Strongly encourag'd by the crafty Fox;
That King indeed himſelf he ſhortly thought,
And all the beaſts him feared as they ought:
And followed unto his Palace hie,
Where taking Conge, each one by and by
Departed to his home in dreadful aw,
Full of the feared ſight which late they ſaw.
The Ape thus ſeiz'd of the Regal throne,
Eftſoons by counſel of the Fox alone,
'Gan to provide for all things in aſſurance,
That ſo his rule might longer have endurance.
Firſt, to his Gate he pointed a ſtrong gard,
That none might enter but with iſſue hard:
Then for the ſafegard of his perſonage,
He did appoint a warlike equipage
Of forrain beaſts, not in the forreſt bred,
But part by land, and part by water fed;
For tyranny is with ſtrange aid ſupported.
Then unto him all monſtrous beaſts reſorted
Bred of two kinds, as Griffons, Minotaures,
Crocodiles, Dragons, Beavers, and Centaures:
With thoſe himſelf he ſtrengthned mightily,
That fear he need no force of enemy.
Then 'gan he rule and tyrannize at will,
Like as the Fox did guide his graceleſs skill,
And all wild beaſts made vaſſals of his pleaſures,
And with their ſpoils enlarg'd his private treaſures.
No care of juſtice, nor no rule of reaſon,
No temperance, nor no regard of ſeaſon
Did thenceforth ever enter in his mind,
But cruelty, the ſign of curriſh kind,
And ſdainful pride, and wilful arrogance;
Such follows thoſe whom fortune doth advance.
But the falſe Fox moſt kindly plaid his part:
For, whatſoever mother wit, or art
Could work, he put in proof: no practice ſly,
No counterpoint of cunning policy,
No reach, no breach, that might him profit bring,
But he the ſame did to his purpoſe wring:
Nought ſuffered he the Ape to give or grant,
But through his hand muſt paſs the Fiant.
All Offices, all Leaſes by him lept,
And of them all what-ſo he lik't, he kept.
Juſtice he ſold injuſtice for to buy,
And for to purchaſe for his progeny.
Ill might it proſper, that ill gotten was:
But ſo he got it, little did he paſs.
He fed his cubs with fat of all the ſoil,
And with the ſweet of others ſweating toil,
He crammed them with crums of Benefices,
And fil'd their mouths with meeds of malefices,
He cloathed them with all colours ſave white,
And loaded them with Lordſhips and with might,
So much as they were able well to bear,
That with the weight their backs nigh broken were;
He chaffred Chairs in which Churchmen were ſet,
And breach of laws to privy farm did let.
No ſtatute ſo eſtabliſhed might be,
Nor ordinance ſo needful, but that he
Would violate, though not with violence,
Yet under colour of the confidence
The which the Ape repos'd in him alone,
And reckned him the kingdoms corner-ſtone.
And ever when he ought would bring to paſs,
His long experience the platform was:
And when he ought not pleaſing would put by,
The cloke was care of thrift, and husbandry,
For to encreaſe the common treaſures ſtore;
But his own treaſure he encreaſed more,
And lifted up his lofty towres thereby,
That they began to threat the neighbour ſky;
The whiles the Princes Palaces fell faſt
To ruin: (for what thing can ever laſt?)
And whil'ſt the other Peers for poverty
Were forc't their ancient houſes to let ly,
And their old Caſtles to the ground to fall,
Which their forefathers (famous over all)

Had

Had founded for the Kingdoms ornament,
And for their memories long moniment.
But he no count made of Nobility,
Nor the wild beaſt whom arms did glorify,
The Realms chief ſtrength and girlond of the Crown;
All theſe through fained crimes he thruſt adown,
Or made them dwell in darkneſs of diſgrace:
For none, but whom he liſt, might come in place.
Of men of arms he had but ſmall regard,
But kept them low, and ſtreightned very hard.
For men of learning little he eſteem'd;
His wiſdom he above their learning deem'd.
As for the raſcal Commons leaſt he car'd;
For not ſo common was his bounty ſhar'd;
Let God (ſaid he) if pleaſe, care for the many,
I for my ſelf muſt care before elſe any:
So did he good to none, to many ill,
So did he all the kingdom rob and pill,
Yet none durſt ſpeak, nor none durſt of him plain;
So great he was in grace, and rich through gain.
Ne would he any let to have acceſs
Unto the Prince, but by his own addreſs:
For all that elſe did come, were ſure to fail,
Yet would he further none but for avail.
For, on a time the Sheep, to whom of yore
The Fox had promiſed of friendſhip ſtore,
What time the Ape the kingdom firſt did gain,
Came to the Court, her caſe there to complain,
How that the Wolf her mortal enemy
Had ſithence ſlain her Lamb moſt cruelly;
And therefore crav'd to come unto the King,
To let him know the order of the thing.
Soft gooddy Sheep (then ſaid the Fox) not ſo:
Unto the King ſo raſh ye may not go,
He is with greater matter buſied,
Than a Lamb, or the Lambs own mothers hed.
Ne certes may I take it well in part,
That ye my couſin Wolf ſo foully thwart,
And ſeek with ſlander his good name to blot:
For there was cauſe, elſe do it he would not.
Therefore ſurceaſe good Dame, and hence depart.
So went the Sheep away with heavy hart.
So many moe, ſo every one was uſed,
That to give largely to the box refuſed.

Now when high *Jove*, in whoſe almighty hand
The care of Kings, and power of Empires ſtand,
Sitting one day within his turret hie,
From whence he views with his black-lidded eye,
What-ſo the heaven in his wide vaut contains,
And all that in the deepeſt earth remains,
And troubled kingdom of wild beaſts beheld,
Whom not their kindly Sovereign did weld,
But an uſurping Ape with guile ſuborn'd,
Had all ſubverſt, he ſdeignfully it ſcorn'd
In his great heart, and hardly did refrain,
But that with thunder-bolts he had him ſlain,
And driven down to hell, his deweſt meed:
But him aviſing, he that dreadful deed
Forbore, and rather choſe with ſcornful ſhame
Him to avenge, and blot his brutiſh name
Unto the world, that never after any
Should of his race be void of infamy:
And his falſe counſellor, the cauſe of all,
To damn to death, or dole perpetual,
From whence he never ſhould be quit, nor ſtall'd.
Forth-with he *Mercury* unto him call'd,
And bad him fly with never-reſting ſpeed
Unto the forreſt, where wild beaſts do breed,
And there enquiring privily, to learn,
What did of late chance to the Lion ſtearn,
That he rul'd not the Empire, as he ought;
And whence were all thoſe plaints unto him brought
Of wrongs and ſpoils by ſalvage beaſts committed;
Which done, he bad the Lion be remitted
Into his ſeat, and thoſe ſame treachours vile
Be puniſhed for their preſumptuous guile.
The ſon of *Maia* ſoon as he receiv'd
That word, ſtraight with his azure wings he cleav'd
The liquid clouds, and lucid firmament;
Ne ſtaid, till that he came with ſteep deſcent
Unto the place, where his preſcript did ſhow.
There ſtouping like an arrow from a bow,
He ſoft arrived on the graſſie Plain,
And fairly paſſed forth with eaſie pain,
Till that unto the Palace nigh he came.
Then 'gan he to himſelf new ſhape to frame,
And that fair face, and that Ambroſial hew,
Which wonts to deck the Gods immortal crew,
And beautifie the ſhiny firmament,
He doft, unfit for that rude rabblement.
So ſtanding by the gates in ſtrange diſguize,
He 'gan enquire of ſome in ſecret wize,
Both of the King, and of his government,
And of the Fox, and his falſe blandiſhment:
And evermore he heard each one complain
Of foul abuſes both in realm and raign.
Which yet to prove more true, he meant to ſee,
And an eye-witneſs of each thing to be.
Tho, on his head his dreadful hat he dight,
Which maketh him inviſible in ſight,
And mocketh th'eyes of all the lookers on,
Making them think it but a viſion.
Through power of that, he runs through enemies ſwerds;
Through power of that, he paſſeth through the herds
Of ravenous wild beaſts, and doth beguile
Their greedy mouths of the expected ſpoil;
Through power of that, his cunning thieveries
He wonts to work, that none the ſame eſpies;
And through the power of that, he putteth on,
What ſhape he liſt in apparition.
That on his head he wore: and in his hand
He took *Caduceus* his ſnaky wand,
With which the damned ghoſts he governeth,
And furies rules, and Tartare tempereth.
With that he cauſeth ſleep to ſeize the eyes,
And fear the hearts of all his enemies;
And when him liſt, an univerſal night
Throughout the world he makes on every wight;
As when his Sire with *Alcumena* lay.
Thus dight, into the Court he took his way,

Both through the gard, which never him deſcride,
And through the watchmen, who him never ſpide:
Thence, forth he paſt into each ſecret part,
Whereas he ſaw (that ſorely griev'd his hart)
Each place abounding with foule injuries,
And fil'd with treaſure rackt with robberies:
Each place defil'd with blood of guiltleſs beaſts,
Which had been ſlain to ſerve the Apes beheaſts;
Gluttony, malice, pride, and covetize,
And lawleſneſs raigning with riotize;
Beſides the infinite extortions,
Done through the Foxes great oppreſſions,
That the complaints thereof could not be told.
Which when he did with lothful eyes behold,
He would no more endure, but came his way,
And caſt to ſeek the *Lion* where he may,
That he might work the avengment for his ſhame,
On thoſe two caitives, which had bred him blame.
And ſeeking all the forreſt buſily,
At laſt he found, where ſleeping he did ly:
The wicked weed, which there the Fox did lay,
From underneath his head he took away,
And then him waking, forced up to rize.
The Lion looking up, 'gan him avize,
As one late in a trance, what had of long
Become of him: for fantaſie is ſtrong.
Ariſe (ſaid *Mercury*) thou ſluggiſh beaſt,
That here lieſt ſenſeleſs, like the corpſe deceaſt,
The whil'ſt thy kingdom from thy head is rent,
And thy throne royal with diſhonour blent:
Ariſe, and do thy ſelf redeem from ſhame,
And be aveng'd on thoſe that breed thy blame.
Here-at enraged, ſoon he 'gan up-ſtart,
Grinding his teeth, and grating his great hart,
And rouzing up himſelf, for his rough hide
He 'gan to reach; but no where it eſpide.
Here-with he 'gan full terribly to rore,
And chauft at that indignity right ſore.
But when his Crown and Scepter both he wanted
Lord how he fum'd, and ſwel'd, and rag'd, and panted;
And threatned death, and thouſand deadly dolours
To them that had purloin'd his Princely honours!
With that in haſte, diſrobed as he was,
He toward his own Palace forth did paſs;
And all the way he roared as he went,
That all the forreſt with aſtoniſhment
Thereof did tremble, and the beaſts therein
Fled faſt away from that ſo dreadful din.
At laſt, he came unto his manſion,
Where all the gates he found faſt lockt anon,
And many warders round about them ſtood.
With that he roar'd aloud, as he were wood,
That all the Palace quaked at the ſtound,
As if it quite were riven from the ground,
And all within were dead and heartleſs left;
And th'Ape himſelf, as one whoſe wits were reft,
Fled here and there, and every corner ſought,
To hide himſelf from his own feared thought.
But the falſe Fox, when he the Lion heard,
Fled cloſely forth, ſtraight-way of death afeard,
And to the Lion came full lowly creeping,
With fained face, and watry eyn half weeping,
T'excuſe his former treaſon and abuſion,
And turning all unto the Apes confuſion:
Nath'leſs, the royal Beaſt forbore believing,
But bad him ſtay at eaſe till further prieving
Then when he ſaw no entrance to him granted,
Roaring yet louder that all hearts it danted,
Upon thoſe gates with force he fiercely flew,
And rending them in pieces, felly ſlew
Thoſe warders ſtrange, and all that elſe he met.
But th'Ape ſtill flying, he no where might get:
From room to room, from beam to beam he fled
All breathleſs, and for fear now almoſt ded:
Yet him at laſt the Lion ſpide, and caught,
And forth with ſhame unto his judgment brought.
Then all the beaſts he caus'd aſſembled be,
To hear their doom, and ſad enſample ſee.
The Fox, firſt Author of that treachery,
He did uncaſe, and then abroad let fly.
But th'Apes long tail (which then he had) he quight
Cut off, and both ears pared of their hight;
Since which, all Apes but half their ears have left,
And of their tails are utterly bereft.

So Mother *Hubberd* her diſcourſe did end:
Which pardon me, if I amiſs have pend;
For, weak was my remembrance it to hold,
And bad her tongue that it ſo bluntly told.

FINIS.

THE

SHEPHERDS CALENDAR:

Containing

Twelve Æglogues,

Proportionable to the

TWELVE MONTHS.

Entituled

To the Noble and Vertuous Gentleman, moſt worthy of all Titles, both of Learning and Chivalry,

Maſter *PHILIP SIDNEY.*

LONDON,

Printed by *Henry Hills* for *Jonathan Edwin*, at the Three Roſes in *Ludgate-ſtreet.* 1678.

To his BOOK.

GO, little Book: thy ſelf preſent,
As Child whoſe Parent is unkent,
To him that is the Preſident
Of Nobleneſs and Chivalrie:
And if that Envy bark at thee,
As ſure it will, for ſuccour flee
Under the ſhadow of his wing.
And, asked who thee forth did bring,
A Shepherds Swain ſay did thee ſing,
All as his ſtraying Flock he fed:
And when his Honour hath thee read,
Crave pardon for thy hardy-head.
But if that any ask thy name,
Say, thou wert baſe begot with blame:
For why thereof thou takeſt ſhame.
And when thou art paſt jeopardy,
Come tell me what was ſaid of me,
And I will ſend more after thee.

Immerito.

LONDON.

Printed by Henry Hills for Iohnthan Edwin, at the Three Roles in Lombard-ſtreet. 1679.

To

To the moſt Excellent and Learned, both Oratour and Poet, Maſter Gabriel Harvey, *his very ſpecial and ſingular good Friend* E. K. *commendeth the good liking of this his good Labour, and the Patronage of the new Poet.*

Ncouth, unkiſt, ſaid the old famous Poet *Chaucer:* whom for his excellency and wonderful skill in making, his ſcholar *Lidgate*, a worthy ſcholar of ſo excellent a Maſter, calleth the Load-ſtar of our Language: and whom our *Collin Clout* in his Æglogue calleth *Tityrus*, the God of Shepherds; comparing him to the worthineſs of the Roman *Tityrus*, *Virgil*. Which Proverb, mine own good friend Mr. *Harvey*, as in that good old Poet, it ſerved well *Pindarus* purpoſe, for the bolſtering of his bawdy brocage, ſo very well taketh place in this our new Poet, who for that he is uncouth (as ſaid *Chaucer*) is unkiſt; and unknown to moſt men, is regarded but of a few. But I doubt not, ſo ſoon as his Name ſhall come into the knowledge of men, and his worthineſs be ſounded in the trump of Fame, but that he ſhall be not only kiſt, but alſo beloved of all, embraced of the moſt, and wondred at of the beſt. No leſs, I think, deſerveth his wittineſs in deviſing, his pithineſs in uttering, his complaint of Love ſo lovely, his diſcourſes of pleaſure ſo pleaſantly, his paſtoral rudeneſs, his moral wiſeneſs, his due obſerving of *Decorum* every where, in perſonages, in ſeaſons, in matter, in ſpeech, and generally, in all ſeemly ſimplicity of handling his matters, and framing his words: the which of many things that in him be ſtrange, I know will ſeem the ſtrangeſt; the words themſelves being ſo ancient, the knitting of them ſo ſhort and intricate, and the whole period and compaſs of his ſpeech ſo delightſom for the roundneſs, and ſo grave for the ſtrangeneſs. And firſt of the words to ſpeak, I grant they be ſomething hard, and of moſt men unuſed, yet both *Engliſh*, and alſo uſed of moſt excellent Authours, and moſt famous Poets. In whom, when as this our Poet hath been much travailed and throughly read, how could it be (as that worthy Oratour ſaid) but that walking in the Sun, although for other cauſe he walked, yet needs he muſt be ſun-burnt; and having the ſound of thoſe ancient Poets ſtill ringing in their ears, he muſt needs in ſinging, hit out ſome of their Tunes. But whether he uſeth them by ſuch caſualty and cuſtom, or of ſet purpoſe and choice, as thinking them fitteſt for ſuch ruſtical rudeneſs of Shepherds; either for that their rough ſound would make his Rimes more ragged and ruſtical, or elſe becauſe ſuch old and obſolete words are moſt uſed of Country folk; ſure I think, and I think I think not amiſs, that they bring great grace, and as one would ſay, authority to the Verſe. For albe, amongſt many other faults, it ſpecially be objected of *Valla* againſt *Livie*, and of other againſt *Saluſt*, that without over-much ſtudy they affect antiquity, as covering thereby credence, and honour of elder years; yet I am of opinion, and eke the beſt learned are of the like, that thoſe ancient ſolemn words, are a great ornament, both in one, and in the other: the one labouring to ſet forth in his work an eternal Image of Antiquity, and the other carefully diſcourſing matters of Gravity and Importance. For, if my Opinion fail not, *Tully* in that Book, wherein he endeavoureth to ſet forth the pattern of a perfect Orator, ſaith, That oft-times an ancient word maketh the ſtile ſeem grave, and as it were reverend, no otherwiſe than we honour and reverence gray hairs, for a certain religious regard, which we have of old age. Yet neither every where muſt old words be ſtuffed in, nor the common Dialect, and manner of ſpeaking ſo corrupted thereby, that as in old buildings, it ſeem diſorderly and ruinous. But as in moſt exquiſite Pictures, they uſe to blaze and portrait, not only the dainty lineaments or beauty, but alſo round about it to ſhadow the rude thickets and craggy clifts, that

by

by the baſeneſs of ſuch parts, more excellency may accrew to the principal (for oftentimes we find our ſelves, I know not how, ſingularly delighted with the ſhew of ſuch natural rudeneſs, and take great pleaſure in that diſorderly order:) even ſo do thoſe rough and harſh terms, enlumine and make more clearly to appear the brightneſs of brave and glorious words. So, oftentimes, a diſcord in Muſick maketh a comely concordance: ſo great delight took the worthy Poet *Alceus*, to behold a blemiſh in the Joynt of a well-ſhaped Body. But if any will raſhly blame ſuch his purpoſe in choice of old and unwonted words, him may I more juſtly blame and condemn, either of witleſs headineſs in judging, or of heedleſs hardineſs in condemning: for not marking the compaſs of his bent, he will judge of the length of his caſt. For in my opinion, it is one eſpecial praiſe of many, which are due to this Poet, that he hath laboured to reſtore as to their rightful heritage, ſuch good and natural *Engliſh* words, as have been long time out of uſe, and almoſt clean diſherited. Which is the only cauſe, that our Mother Tongue, which truly of it ſelf is both full enough for Proſe, and ſtately enough for Verſe, hath long time been counted moſt bare and barren of both. Which default, when as ſome endeavoured to ſalve and recure, they patched up the holes with pieces and raggs of other Languages; borrowing here of the *French*, there of the *Italian*, every where of the *Latin*; not weighing how ill thoſe Tongues accord with themſelves, but much worſe with ours: So now they have made our *Engliſh* Tongue a Gallimaufrey, or Hodgepodge of all other Speeches.

Other-ſome, not ſo well ſeen in the *Engliſh* Tongue, as perhaps in other Languages, if they happen to hear an old word, albeit very natural and ſignificant, cry out ſtraight way, that we ſpeak no *Engliſh*, but Gibberiſh, or rather, ſuch as in old time *Evanders* Mother ſpake: whoſe firſt ſhame is, that they are not aſhamed, in their own Mother Tongue, to be counted ſtrangers and Aliens. The ſecond ſhame no leſs than the firſt, that what they underſtand not, they ſtraightway deem to be ſenſeleſs, and not at all to be underſtood? Much like to the Mole in *Æſops* Fable, that being blind her ſelf, would in no wiſe be perſwaded that any Beaſt could ſee. The laſt, more ſhameful than both, that of their own Country and natural Speech (which together with their Nurſes Milk they ſucked) they have ſo baſe and baſtard Judgment, that they will not only themſelves not labour to garniſh and beautifie it, but alſo repine, that of other it ſhould be embelliſhed; Like to the Dog in the Manger, that himſelf can eat no Hay, and yet barketh at the hungry Bullock, that ſo fain would feed: whoſe curriſh kind, though it cannot be kept from barking, yet I con them thank that they refrain from biting.

Now, for the knitting of Sentences, which they call the Joynts and Members thereof, and for all the compaſs of the Speech, it is round without roughneſs, and learned without hardneſs, ſuch indeed as may be perceived of the leaſt, underſtood of the moſt, but judged only of the Learned. For what in moſt *Engliſh* Writers uſeth to be looſe, and as it were unright, in this Author is well grounded, finely framed, and ſtrongly truſſed up together. In regard whereof I ſcorn and ſpew out the rakehelly rout of our ragged Rymers (for ſo themſelves uſe to hunt the letter) which without learning boaſt, without judgment jangle, without reaſon rage and fome, as if ſome inſtinct of Poetical ſpirit had newly raviſhed them above the meanneſs of common capacity. And being in the midſt of all their bravery, ſuddenly, either for want of matter, or rime, or having forgotten their former conceit, they ſeem to be ſo pained and travailed in their remembrance, as it were a woman in child-birth, or as that ſame Pythia, when the trance came upon her: *Os rabidum fera corda domans*, &c.

Nevertheleſs, let them a Gods name feed on their own folly, ſo they ſeek not to darken the beams of others glory. As for *Colin*, under whoſe perſon the Authors ſelf is ſhadowed, how far he is from ſuch vaunted titles, and glorious ſhews, both himſelf ſheweth, where he ſaith:

Of Muſes Hobbinoll, *I con no skill.* And,
Enough is me to paint out my unreſt, &c.

And

And alſo appeareth by the baſeneſs of the name, wherein it ſeemeth he choſe rather to unfold great matter of argument covertly, than profeſſing it, not ſuffice thereto accordingly. Which moved him rather in Æglogues than otherwiſe to write; doubting perhaps his ability, which he little needed; or minding to furniſh our Tongue with this kind, wherein it faulteth; or following one example of the beſt and moſt ancient Poets, which deviſed this kind of writing, being both ſo baſe for the matter, and homely for the manner, at the firſt to try their abilities: like as young birds, that be newly crept out of the neſt, by little and little firſt prove their tender wings, before they make a greater flight. So flew *Theocritus*, as you may perceive he was already full fledged. So flew *Virgil*, as not yet well feeling his wings. So flew *Mantuane*, as not being well ſom'd. So *Petrarque*. So *Boccace*. So *Marot*, *Sanazarui*, and alſo diverſe other excellent both *Italian* and *French* Poets, whoſe footing this Author every where followeth: yet ſo as few, but they be well ſcented, can trace him out. So finally flyeth this our new Poet, as a bird whoſe principals be ſcarce grown out, but yet as one that in time ſhall be able to keep wing with the beſt.

Now, as touching the general drift and purpoſe of his Æglogues, I mind not to ſay much, himſelf labouring to conceal it. Only this appeareth, that this unſtayed youth had long wandered in the common Labyrinth of Love, in which time, to mitigate and allay the heat of his paſſion, or elſe to warn (as he ſaith) the young Shepherds [his equals and companions] of his unfortunate folly, he compiled theſe Twelve Æglogues; which for that they be proportioned to the ſtate of the Twelve Months, he termeth the *Shepherds Calendar*, applying an old name to a new work. Hereunto have I added a certain Gloſs or Scholion, for the expoſition of old words, and harder phraſes; which manner of gloſſing and commenting, well I wote, will ſeem ſtrange and rare in our Tongue: yet, for ſo much as I knew, many excellent and proper deviſes, both in words and matter, would paſs in the ſpeedy courſe of reading, either as unknown, or as not marked; and that in this kind, as in other, we might be equal to the Learned of other Nations, I thought good to take the pains upon me, the rather for that by means of ſome familiar acquaintance I was made privy to his counſel and ſecret meaning in them, as alſo in ſundry other works of his. Which albeit I know he nothing ſo much hateth, as to promulgate, yet thus much have I adventured upon his friendſhip, himſelf being for long time far eſtranged, hoping that this will the rather occaſion him, to put forth diverſe other excellent works of his, which ſleep in ſilence, as his Dreams, his Legends, his Court of *Cupid*, and ſundry others, whoſe commendation to ſet out, were very vain, the things though worthy of many, yet being known to few. Theſe my preſent pains, if to any they be pleaſurable, or profitable, be you judge, mine own Maſter *Harvey*, to whom I have both in reſpect of your worthineſs generally, and otherwiſe upon ſome particular and ſpecial conſiderations, vowed this my labour, and the maidenhead of this our common friends Poetry, himſelf having already in the beginning dedicated it to the Noble and worthy Gentleman, the right worſhipful Maſter *Philip Sidney*, a ſpecial favourer and maintainer of all kind of Learning. Whoſe cauſe, I pray you Sir, if envy ſhall ſtir up any wrongful accuſation, defend with your mighty Rhetorick, and other your rare gifts of Learning, as you can, and ſhield with your good will, as you ought, againſt the malice and outrage of ſo many enemies, as I know now will be ſet on fire with the ſparks his kindled glory. And thus recommending the Author unto you, as unto his moſt ſpecial good Friend, and my ſelf unto you both, as one making ſingular account of two ſo very good and choice Friends, I bid you both heartily farewel, and commit you and your commendable Studies to the tuition of the Greateſt.

Your own aſſuredly to be

Commanded, E. K.

POST-SCRIPT.

NOw I truſt, Mr. *Harvey*, that upon ſight of your ſpecial Friends and fellow Poets doings, or elſe for envy of ſo many worthy Quidams, which catch at the Garland which to you alone is due, you will be perſwaded to pluck out of the hateful darkneſs thoſe ſo many excellent *Engliſh* Poems of yours, which lye hid, and bring them forth to eternal light. Truſt me, you do them great wrong, in depriving them of the deſired ſun, and alſo your ſelf, in ſmothering your deſerved praiſes, and all men generally, in with-holding from them ſo divine pleaſures, which they might conceive of your gallant *Engliſh* Verſes, as they have already done of your *Latin* Poems, which in my opinion, both for Invention and Elocution, are very delicate and ſuper-excellent. And thus again, I take my leave of my good Mr. *Harvey*.

From my Lodging at London,

the Tenth of April, 1579.

The Ge-

The General

ARGUMENT

Of the whole BOOK.

Little, I hope, needeth me at large to discourse the first Original of Æglogues, having already touched the same. But, for the word Æglogues, I know is unknown to most, and also mistaken of some the best learned (as they think) I will say somewhat thereof, being not at all impertinent to my present purpose.

They were first of the Greeks, the inventors of them, called Æglogas, *as it were,* Ægon, *or* Æginomon logi, *that is Goatherds Tales. For although in* Virgil *and others, the speakers be more Shepherds, than Goatherds, yet* Theocritus, *in whom is more ground of authority than in* Virgil, *this specially from that deriving, as from the first head and well-spring, the whole invention of these Æglogues, maketh Goatherds the Persons and Authors of his Tales. This being, who seeth not the grosness of such as by colour of Learning would make us believe, that they are more rightly termed* Eclogai, *as they would say, extraordinary discourses of unnecessary matter: which definition, albeit in substance and meaning it agree with the nature of the thing, yet no whit answereth with the* Analysis *and interpretation of the word. For they be not termed* Eglogæ, *Eglogues: which sentence this Author very well observing, upon good judgment, though indeed few Goatherds have to do herein, neverthèless doubteth not to call them by the used and best known name. Other curious discourses hereof I reserve to greater occasion.*

These Twelve Æglogues every where answering to the seasons of the Twelve Months, may be well divided into three forms or ranks. For either they be Plaintive, as the First, the Sixth, the Eleventh, and the Twelfth: or Recreative, such as all those be which contain matter of Love, or commendation of special personages: or Moral, which for the most part be mixed with some Satyrical bitterness; namely, the Second of Reverence due to Old Age, the Fifth of Coloured Deceit, the Seventh and Ninth of dissolute Shepherds and Pastors, the Tenth of Contempt of Poetry and Pleasant Wits. And to this division may every thing herein be reasonably applied: a few only except, whose special purpose and meaning I am not privy to. And thus much generally of these Twelve Æglogues.

Now will we speak particularly of all, and first of the first, which he calleth by the first Month's name, January: *wherein to some he may seem foully to have faulted, in that he erroniously beginneth with that Month, which beginneth not the Year. For it is well known, and stoutly maintained with strong reasons of the learned, that the Year beginneth in* March: *for then the Sun reneweth his finished course, and the seasonable Spring refresheth the Earth, and the pleasance thereof being buried in the sadness of the dead Winter, now worn away, reviveth.*

This Opinion maintain the old Astrologers and Philosophers, namely, the reverend Andalo, *and* Macrobius, *in his holy days of* Saturn: *which account also was generally observed both of* Grecians *and* Romans. *But saving the leave of such learned heads, we maintain a Custom of counting the Seasons from the Month* January, *upon a more special cause than the Heathen Phi-*

The ARGUMENT.

losophers ever could conceive: that is, for the Incarnation of our mighty Saviour, and eternal Redeemer the Lord Christ, who as then renewing the state of the decayed World, and returning the compass of expired years, to their former date, and first commencement, left to us his Heirs a Memorial of his Birth, in the end of the last year, and beginning of the next. Which reckoning, beside that eternal Monument of our Salvation, leaneth also upon good proof of special judgment.

For albeit that in elder times, when as yet the count of the year was not perfected, as afterward it was by Julius Cæsar, *they began to tell the Months from* Marches *beginning; and according to the same, God (as is said in Scripture) commanded the people of the* Jews *to count the Month* Abib, *that which we call* March, *for the first Month, in remembrance that in that Month he brought them out of the Land of* Ægypt: *yet, according to Tradition of latter times it hath been otherwise observed, both in Government of the Church, and rule of mightiest Realms. For from* Julius Cæsar, *who first observed the Leap year, which he called* Bissextilem Annum, *and brought into a more certain course the odd wandring days, which of the* Greeks *were called* Hyperbainontes, *of the* Romans, Intercalares (*for in such matter of learning I am forced to use the terms of the learned*) *the Months have been numbred twelve, which in the first Ordinance of* Romulus *were but ten, counting but* 304 *days in every year, and beginning with* March. *But* Numa Pompilius, *who was the father of all the* Roman *Ceremonies, and Religion, seeing that reckoning to agree neither with the course of the Sun, nor the Moon, thereunto added two Months,* January *and* February: *wherein, it seemeth, that wise King minded upon good reason to begin the year at* January, *of him therefore so called* tanquam Janua anni, *the gate and enterance of the year, or of the name of the god* Janus: *to which god, for that the old* Paynims *attributed the birth and beginning of all creatures new coming into the world, it seemeth that he therefore to him assigned the beginning and first entrance of the year. Which account for the most part hath hitherto continued. Notwithstanding, that the* Ægyptians *begin their year at* September, *for that according to the opinion of the best Rabbins, and very purpose of the Scripture it self, God made the World in that Month that is called of them* Tisri. *And therefore he commanded them to keep the Feast of Pavilions in the end of the year, in the* 15 *day of the seventh Month, which before that time was the first.*

But our Authour, respecting neither the subtilty of the one part, nor the antiquity of the other, thinketh it fittest, according to the simplicity of common understanding, to begin with January; *weening it perhaps no* decorum *that Shepherds should be seen in matter of so deep insight, or canvase a case of so doubtful judgment. So therefore beginneth he, and so continueth he throughout.*

JANUARY.

JANUARY.

Ægloga Prima.

ARGUMENT.

IN this first Æglogue, Colin Clout, *a Shepherds boy, complaineth himself of his unfortunate Love, being but newly (as it seemeth) enamoured of a Country Lass called* Rosalind: *With which strong affection being very sore travelled, he compareth his careful case to the sad season of the year, to the frosty ground, to the frozen trees, and to his own Winter-beaten flock. And lastly, finding himself robbed of all former pleasance and delight, he breaketh his Pipe in pieces, and casteth himself to the ground.*

COLIN CLOUT.

A Shepherds boy (no better do him call)
When Winters wastful spight was almost spent,
All in a sunshine day, as did befall,
Led forth his flock, that had been long ypent.
So faint they wox, and feeble in the fold,
That now unnethes their feet could them uphold.

All as the sheep, such was the shepherds look,
For pale and wan he was, (alas the while!)
May seem he lov'd, or else some care he took:
Well couth he tune his Pipe, and frame his stile.
Tho to a hill his fainting flock he led,
And thus he plaind, the while his sheep there fed.

Ye gods of Love, that pity lovers pain,
(If any gods the pain of Lovers pity:)
Look from above, where you in joys remain,
And bow your ears unto my doleful dity.
And *Pan* thou shepherds God, that once did love,
Pity the pains, that thou thy self didst prove.

Thou barren ground whom Winters wrath hath wasted,
Art made a mirror, to behold my plight:
Whylom thy fresh spring flowr'd, and after hasted
The Summer proud, with Daffadillies dight.
And now is come thy Winters stormy state,
Thy mantle mard, wherein thou maskedst late.

Such rage as Winters, raigneth in my heart,
My life-blood freezing, with unkindly cold:
Such stormy stours do breed my baleful smart,
As if my years were waste, and woxen old.
And yet, alas, but now my spring begone,
And yet, alas, it is already done.

You naked trees, whose shady leaves are lost,
Wherein the birds were wont to build their bowre,
And now are cloath'd with mos and hoary frost,
In stead of blossoms, wherewith your buds did flowre,
I see your tears, that from your boughs do rain,
Whose drops in drery ysicles remain.

Also my lustful leaf is dry and sear,
My timely buds with wailing all are wasted:
The blossom, which my branch of youth did bear,
With breathed sighs is blown away, and blasted.
And from mine eyes the drizling tears descend,
As on your boughs the ysicles depend.

Thou feeble flock, whose fleece is rough and rent,
Whose knees are weak, through fast, and evil fare:
Maist witness well by thy ill government,
Thy Masters mind is overcome with care.
Thou weak, I wan: Thou lean, I quite forlorn,
With mourning pine I, you with pining mourn.

A thousand sithes I curse that careful hour,
Wherein I longd the neighbour town to see:
And eke ten thousand sithes I bless the stour,
Wherein I saw so fair a sight as she.
Yet all for nought: Such sight hath bred my bane:
Ah God, that Love should breed both joy and pain!

It is not *Hobbinol*, wherefore I plain,
Albe my Love he seek with daily suit:
His clowniss gifts and courtsies I disdain,
His kids, his cracknels, and his early fruit.
Ah, foolish *Hobbinol*, thy gifts been vain:
Colin them gives to *Rosalind* again.

I love thilk Lass, (alas, why do I love?)
And am forlorn, (alas, why am I lorn?)
She deigns not my good will, but doth reprove,
And of my rural musick holdeth scorn.
Shepherds devise she hateth as the snake,
And laughs the songs that *Colin Clout* doth make.

Wherefore

Wherefore my Pipe, albe rude *Pan* thou pleaſe,
Yet for thou pleaſeſt not where moſt I would,
And thou unlucky Muſe, that wontſt to eaſe
My muſing mind, yet canſt not, when thou ſhould,
Both Pipe and Muſe ſhall ſore the while abie.
So broke his Oaten Pipe, and down did lie.

By that, the welked *Phœbus* gan avail
His weary wain, and now the froſty Night,
Her mantle black through heaven gan over-hail.
Which ſeen, the penſive boy half in deſpight
Aroſe, and homeward drove his ſunny ſheep,
Whoſe hanging heads did ſeem his careful caſe to weep.

Colin's Emblem.

Anchora ſpeme.

GLOSSE.

Colin Clout, is a name not greatly uſed, and yet have I ſeen a poeſie of Mr. *Skelton*'s, under that title. But indeed the word *Colin* is French, and uſed of the French Poet *Marot* (if he be worthy the name of a Poet) in a certain Æglogue. Under which name this Poet ſecretly ſhadoweth himſelf, as ſometime did *Virgil* under the name of *Tytirus*, thinking it much fitter than ſuch Latin names, for the great unlikelihood of the language.

Unnethes, ſcarcely.

Couth, cometh of the verb *Conne*, that is, to know, or to have skill. As well interpreteth the ſame, the worthy Sir *Tho. Smith*, in his book of Government: Whereof I have a perfect copy in writing, lent me by his Kinſman, and my very ſingular good friend, Mr. *Gabriel Harvey*, as alſo of ſome other his moſt Grave and Excellent Writings.

Sith, time. *Neighbour-town*, the next town: expreſſing the Latin, *Vicinia*.

Stour, a fit. *Sear*, withered.

His clowniſh gifts, imitateth *Virgils* verſe:

Ruſticus es Corydon, nec munera curat Alexis.

Hobbinol, is a faigned Country name, whereby, it being ſo common and uſual, ſeemeth to be hidden the perſon of ſome his very ſpecial and moſt familiar friend, whom he intirely and extraordinarily loved, as peradventure ſhall be more largely declared hereafter. In this place ſeemeth to be ſome ſavour of diſorderly love, which the learned call *Pæderaſtice*: But it is gathered beſide his meaning. For who that hath read *Plato* his Dialogue called *Alcibiades*, *Xenophon*, and *Maximus Tyrius* of *Socrates* opinions, may eaſily perceive, that ſuch love is to be allowed and liked of, eſpecially ſo meant, as *Socrates* uſed it: Who ſaith, that indeed he loved *Alcibiades* extreamly; yet not *Alcibiades* perſon, but his ſoul, which is *Alcibiades* own ſelf. And ſo is *Pæderaſtice* much to be preferred before *Gyneraſtice*, that is, the love which inflameth men with Luſt toward womankind. But yet let no man think that herein I ſtand with *Lucian*, or his deviliſh diſciple *Unico Aretino*, in defence of execrable and horrible ſins, of forbidden and unlawful fleſhlineſs. Whoſe abominable error is fully confuted of *Perionius*, and others.

I love: A pretty Epanorthoſis in theſe two verſes, and withall, a Paronomaſia, or playing with the word, where he ſaith, *I love thilk Laſs, alaſs, &c.*

Roſalind, is alſo a fained name, which being well ordered, will bewray the very name of his Love and Miſtreſs, whom by that name he coloureth. So as *Ovid* ſhadoweth his love under the name of *Corynna*, which of ſome is ſuppoſed to be *Julia*, the Emperor *Auguſtus* his daughter, and wife to *Agrippa*: So doth *Aruntius Stella*, every where call his Lady *Aſteris* and *Jantbes*, albeit it is well known that her right name was *Violantilla*: As witneſſeth *Stutius* in his *Epithalamium*. And ſo the famous Paragon of *Italy*, *Madonna Cœlia*, in her letters, envelopeth her ſelf under the name of *Zima*, and *Petrona* under the name of *Bellochia*. And this generally hath been a common cuſtom of counterfeiting the names of ſecret perſonages.

Avail, bring down.

Overhail, draw over.

Emblem.

His Emblem or Poſie is here-under added in *Italian*, *Anchora ſpeme*: The meaning whereof is, that notwithſtanding his extream paſſion and luckleſs love, yet leaning on hope, he is ſomewhat recomforted.

FEBRUARY.

Ægloga Secunda.

ARGUMENT.

THis Æglogue is rather Morall and General, than bent to any Secret or particular purpoſe. It ſpecially containeth a diſcourſe of Old Age, in the perſon of Thenot, *an old Shepherd, who for his Crookedneſs and unluſtfulneſs, is ſcorned of* Cuddy, *an unhappy Herdſmans boy. The matter very well accordeth with the ſeaſon of the month, the year now drooping, and as it were drawing to his laſt age. For as in this time of year, ſo then in our bodies, there is a dry and withered Cold, which congealeth the crudled blood, and freezeth the weather-beaten fleſh, with ſtorms of Fortune, and hoary froſts of Care. To which purpoſe the Old Man telleth a tale of the Oak and the Breer, ſo lively, and ſo feelingly, as if the thing were ſet forth in ſome Picture before our eyes, more plainly could not appear.*

CUDDY and THENOT.

AH for pity, will rank Winters rage
Theſe bitter blaſts never gin t'aſſwage?
The keen cold blows through my beaten hide,
All as I were through the body gride.
My ragged ronts all ſhiver and ſhake,
As done high towers in an earthquake:
They wont in the wine wag their wriggle tails,
Peark as a Peacock: but now it avails.

Thenot.

Lewdly complaineſt, thou laſie lad,
Of Winters wrack for making thee ſad.
Muſt not the world wend in his common courſe,
From good to bad, and from bad to worſe,
From worſe, unto that is worſt of all,
And then return to his former fall?
Who will not ſuffer the ſtormy time,
Where will he live till the luſty prime?
Self have I worn out thrice thirty years,
Some in much joy, many in many tears:
Yet never complained of cold nor heat,
Of Sommers flame, nor of Winters threat:
Ne never was to Fortune foe-man,
But gently took, that ungently came.
And ever my flock was my chief care,
Winter or Sommer they mought well fare.

Cuddy.

No marvel *Thenot*, if thou can bear
Chearfully the Winters warthful chear.
For Age and Winter accord full nie,
This chill, that cold, this crooked, that wry:
And as the lowring weather looks down,
So ſeemeſt thou like good-Friday to frown.
But my flowring youth is ſoe to froſt,
My ſhip unwont in ſtorms to be toſt.

Thenot.

The Soveraign of Seas he blames in vain,
That once Sea-beat, will to ſea again.
So loytring live you little-heard-grooms,
Keeping your beaſts in the budded brooms.
And when the ſhining Sun laugheth once,
You deemen, the Spring is come at once.
Tho gin you, fond flies, the cold to ſcorn,
And crowing in Pipes made of green corn,
You thinking to be Lords of the year:
But eft, when ye count you freed from fear,
Comes the breme Winter with chamfred brows,
Full of wrinkles and froſty furrows,
Drerily ſhooting his ſtormy dart,
Which cruddles the blood, and pricks the heart.
Then is your careleſs courage accoyed,
Your careful heards with cold be annoyed.
Then pay you the price of your ſurquedry,
With weeping, and wailing, and miſery.

Cuddy.

Ah fooliſh Old man, I ſcorn thy skill,
That wouldſt me, my ſpringing youth to ſpill.
I deem thy brain emperiſhed be,
Through ruſty eld, that hath rotted thee:
Or ſiker thy head very totty is,
So on thy corb ſhoulder it leans amiſs.
Now thy ſelf hath loſt both lop and top,
Als my budding branch thou wouldeſt crop:
But were thy years green, as now been mine,
To other delights they would encline.
Tho wouldeſt thou learn to caroll of Love,
And hery with hymns thy Laſſes glove.
Tho wouldeſt thou pipe of *Phillis* praiſe:
But *Phillis* is mine for many days.

I wone her with a girdle of gelt,
Emboſt with bugle about the belt.
Such an one Shepherds would make full fain:
Such an one would make thee young again.

Thenot.

Thou art a fon, of thy love to boſt:
All that is lent to love will be loſt.

Cuddy.

Seeſt how brag yond bullock bears,
So ſmirk, ſo ſmooth, his pricked ears?
His horns been as brade, as rainbows bent,
His dewlap as lithe, as Laſs of Kent.
See how he venteth into the wind,
Weeneſt of love is not his mind?
Seemeth thy flock thy counſel can,
So luſtleſs been they, ſo weak, ſo wan.
Cloathed with cold, and hoary with froſt,
Thy flocks father his courage hath loſt.
Thy Ewes that wont to have blown bags,
Like wailful widdows hangen their crags.
The rather Lambs been ſtarved with cold,
All for their maſter is luſtleſs and old.

Thenot,

Cuddy, I wot thou kenſt little good,
So vainly to advance thy headleſs hood.
For youth is a bubble blown up with breath,
Whoſe wit is weakneſs, whoſe wage is death,
Whoſe way is wilderneſs, whoſe Inn Penance,
And ſtoop gallant Age, the hoſt of Grievance.
But ſhall I tell thee a tale of truth,
Which I cond of *Tityrus* in my youth,
Keeping his ſheep on the hills of Kent?

Cuddy.

To nought more, *Thenot*, my mind is bent,
Than to hear novels of his deviſe:
They been ſo well thewed, and ſo wiſe,
What ever that good old man beſpake.

Thenot.

Many meet tales of youth did he make,
And ſome of love, and ſome of chivalry:
But none fitter than this to apply.
Now liſten awhile and harken the end.

THere grew an aged Tree on the green,
A goodly Oak ſometime had it been,
With arms full ſtrong and largely diſplaid,
But of their leaves they were diſaraid:
The body big and mightily pight,
Throughly rooted, and of wondrous height:
Whylom had been the king of the field,
And mochel maſt to the husband did yield,
And with his nuts larded many ſwine.
But now the gray moſs marred his rine,
His bared boughs were beaten with ſtorms,
His top was bald, and waſted with worms,
His honour decayed, his branches ſere.
Hard by his ſide grew a bragging Breere,
Which proudly thruſt into th'Element,
And ſeemed to threat the Firmament.
It was embelliſht with bloſſoms fair:
And thereto aye wonned to repair
The Shepherds daughters to gather flowers,
To paint their garlands with his colours.
And in his ſmall buſhes uſed to ſhrowd
The ſweet Nightingale ſinging ſo lowd:
Which made this fooliſh Breere wex ſo bold,
That on a time he caſt him to ſcold,
And ſneb the good Oak, for he was old.
Why ſtandſt there (quoth he) thou bruitiſh block?
Nor for fruit, nor for ſhadow ſerves thy ſtock:
Seeſt how freſh my flowres been ſpred,
Died in Lilly white, and Crimſin red,
With leaves engrained in luſty green,
Colours meet to cloath a maiden Queen.
Thy waſte bigneſs but cumbers the ground,
And dirks the beauty of my bloſſoms round.
The mouldy moſs, which the accloyeth,
My Cinamon ſmell too much annoyeth.
Wherefore I rede thee hence to remove,
Leaſt thou the price of my diſpleaſure prove.
So ſpake this bold Breere with great diſdain:
Little him anſwered the Oak again,
But yielded, with ſhame and grief adawed,
That of a weed he was overcrawed.
It chanced after upon a day,
The husbandmans ſelf to come that way,
Of cuſtom to ſurview his ground,
And his trees of ſtate in compaſs round.
Him when the ſpightful Breere had eſpied,
Cauſeleſs complained, and lowdly cried
Unto his Lord, ſtirring up ſtern ſtrife
O my liege Lord, the God of my life,
Pleaſeth you pond your ſuppliants plaint,
Cauſed of wrong, and cruel complaint,
Which I your poor Vaſſal daily endure:
And but your goodneſs the ſame recure,
Am like for deſperate dole to dye,
Through felonous force and mine enemy.
Greatly aghaſt with this pitious plea,
Him reſted the good-man on the lea,
And bad the Breere in his plaint proceed.
With painted words tho gan this proud weed,
(As moſt uſen ambitious folk)
His coloured crime with craft to cloke.
Ah my Soveraign, Lord of Creature all,
Thou placer of plants both humble and tall,
Was not I planted of thine own hand,
To be the Primroſe of all thy land.
With flowring bloſſoms, to furniſh the prime,
And ſkarlet berries in Summer time?
How falls it then, that this faded Oak,
Whoſe body is ſere, whoſe branches broke,
Whoſe naked arms ſtretch unto the fire,
Unto ſuch tyranny doth aſpire?
Hindring with his ſhade my lovely light,
And robbing me of the Suns ſight?
So beat his old boughs my tender ſide,
That oft the blood ſpringeth from wounds wide:

Untimely

Untimely my flowers forced to fall,
That been the honour of your Coronal.
And oft he lets his canker-worms light
Upon my branches, to work me more ſpight:
And oft his hoary locks down doth caſt,
Wherewith my freſh florets bee defaſt.
For this, and many more ſuch outrage,
Craving your goodlyhead to aſſwage
The rancorous rigour of his might.
Nought ask I, but only to hold my right:
Submitting me to your good ſufferance,
And praying to be garded from grievance.
To this, this Oak caſt him to reply
Well as he couth: But his enemy
Had kindled ſuch coles of diſpleaſure,
That the good man nould ſtay his leaſure,
But home him haſted with furious heat.
Encreaſing his wrath with many a threat,
His harmful hatchet he hent in hand,
(Alas, that it ſo ready ſhould ſtand)
And to the field alone he ſpeedeth.
(Aye little help to harm there needeth)
Anger nould let him ſpeak to the tree,
Enaunter his rage mought cooled be:
But to the root bent his ſturdy ſtroak,
And made many wounds in the waſte Oak.
The axes edge did oft turn again,
As half unwilling to cut the grain:
Seemed, the ſenſeleſs iron fear,
Or to wrong holy eld did forbear.
For it had been an ancient tree,
Sacred with many a myſterie.
And often croſt with the Prieſts crew,
And often hallowed with holy water dew.
But ſike fancies weren foolery,
And broughten this Oak to this miſery.
For nought mought they quitten him from decay:
For fiercely the good man at him did lay.
The block oft groned under his blow,
And ſighed to ſee his near overthrow.
In fine, the ſteel had pierced his pith,
Tho dow to the ground he fell forthwith.
His wondrous weight made the ground to quake,
Th'earth ſhrunk under him, and ſeemed to ſhake.
There lyeth the Oak pitied of none.
Now ſtands the Breere like a Lord alone,
Puffed up with pride and vain pleaſance:
But all this glee had no continuance.
For eftſoons Winter gan to approach,
The bluſtering Boreas did encroach,
And beat upon the ſolitary Breere:
For now no ſuccour was him near.
Now gan he repent his pride too late,
Yore naked left and diſconſolate.
The byting froſt nipt his ſtalk dead,
The watry wet weighed down his head,
And heaped ſnow burdned him ſo ſore,
That now upright he can ſtand no more:
And being down, is trode in the durt
Of cattel, and brouzed, and ſore hurt.
Such was th'end of this ambitious Breere,
For ſcorning Eld.

Cuddy.

Now I pray thee Shepherd, tell it not forth:
Here is a long tale, and little worth.
So long have I liſtened to thy ſpeech,
That graffed to the ground is my breech:
My heart blood is wellnigh frorn I feel,
And my galage grown faſt to my heel:
But little eaſe of thy lewd tale I taſted,
Hie thee home Shepherd, the day is nigh waſted.

Thenots Emblem.
Iddio perche é vecchio,
Fa ſuoi al ſuo eſſempio,

Cuddies Emblem.
Niuno vecchio,
Spaventa Iddio.

GLOSSE.

Keen, ſharp.
Gride, pierced: An old word much uſed of *Lidgate*, but not found (that I know of) in *Chaucer*.
Ronts, young bullocks.
Wrack, ruine or violence, whence cometh Shipwrack: And not wreak, that is vengeance or wrath.
Foman, a foe.
Thenot, the name of a Shepherd in *Marot* his Æglogues.
The Soveraign of Seas, is *Neptune*, the God of the Seas. The ſaying is borrowed of *Minus Publianus*, which uſed this proverb in a verſe:

Improbè Neptunum accuſat, qui iterum naufragium facit.

Heardgrooms, *Chaucers* verſe almoſt whole.

Fondflies He compareth careleſs ſluggards, or ill husbandmen to flies, that ſoon as the Sun ſhineth, or it waxeth any thing warm, begin to fly abroad, when ſuddenly they be overtaken with cold.

But eft when: A very excellent and lively deſcription of Winter, ſo as may be indifferently taken, either for old age, or for winter ſeaſon.

Breme, Chill, bitter.

Chamfred, chapt, or wrinkled.

Accoied, plucked down and daunted.

Surquedrie, pride.

Eld, old age.

Siker, ſure.

Totty, wavering.

Corb, crooked.

Herie, worſhip.

Phillis, the name of ſome maid unknown, whom *Cuddy* (whoſe perſon is ſecret) loved. The name is uſuall in *Theocritus*, *Virgil*, and *Mantuane*.

Belt, a girdle, or waſteband.

A fon, a fool.

Lythe, ſoft and gentle.

Venteth, ſunſteth in the wind.

Thy flocks father, the ram.

Crags, necks.

Rather Lambs, that be ewed early in the beginning of the year.

Youth is, a very moral and pithy Allegory of youth, and the luſts thereof, compared to a weary wayfaring man.

Tityrus, I ſuppoſe he means *Chaucer*, whoſe praiſe for pleaſant tales cannot dye, ſo long as the memory of his name ſhall live, and the name of Poetry ſhall endure.

Well thewed, that is, *Bene morata*, full of moral wiſeneſs.

There grew. This tale of the Oak and the Breere, he telleth as learned of *Chaucer*, but it is clean in another kind, and rather like to *Æſop*'s Fables. It is very excellent for pleaſant deſcriptions, being altogether a certain Icon, or Hypotypoſis of diſdainful yonkers.

Embelliſht, beautified and adorned.

To wonne, to haunt or frequent.

Sneb, check.

Why ſtandſt, the ſpeech is ſcornful and very preſumptuous.

Engrained, dyed in Grain.

Accloieth, accumbreth.

Adawed, daunted and confounded.

Trees of ſtate, taller trees, fit for timber wood.

Stern ſtrife, ſaid *Chaucer*, ſ. fell and ſturdy.

O my Liege, a manner of ſupplication, wherein is kindly coloured the affection and ſpeech of ambitious men.

Coronal, garland.

Flowrets, young bloſſoms.

The Primroſe, the chiefeſt and worthieſt.

Naked arms, metaphorically meant of the bare boughs, ſpoiled of leaves. This colourably he ſpeaketh, as adjudging him to the fire.

The blood, ſpoken of a block, as it were of a living creature, figuratively, and (as they ſay) *Kat'exochen.*

Hoarie locks, metaphorically for withered leaves.

Hent, caught.

Nould, for would not.

Aye, evermore.

Wounds, gaſhes.

Enaunter, leaſt that.

The Prieſts crew, holy water-pot, wherewith the Popiſh Prieſts uſed to beſprinkle and hallow the trees from miſchance. Such blindneſs was in thoſe times: Which the Poet ſuppoſeth to have been the final decay of this ancient Oak.

The block oft groaned: A lively figure, which giveth ſenſe and feeling to unſenſible creatures, as *Virgil* alſo ſaith: *Saxa gemunt gravido, &c.*

Boreas, the Northern wind, that bringeth the moſt ſtormy weather.

Glee, Chear and jollity.

For ſcorning eld, And minding (as ſhould ſeem) to have made rime to the former Verſe.

Galoge, a ſtartup or clowniſh ſhooe.

Emblem.

This Emblem is ſpoken of *Thenot*, as a moral of his former tale: Namely, that God which is himſelf moſt aged, being before all ages, and without beginning, maketh thoſe whom he loveth, like to himſelf, in heaping years unto their days, and bleſſing them with long life. For the bleſſing of age is not given to all, but unto whom God will ſo bleſs. And albeit that many evil men reach unto ſuch fulneſs of years, and ſome alſo wax old in miſery and thraldom, yet therefore is not age ever the leſs bleſſing. For even to ſuch evil men, ſuch number of years is added, that they may in their laſt days repent, and come to their firſt home: So the old man checketh the raw-headed Boy, for deſpiſing his gray and froſty hairs.

Whom

Whom *Cuddy* doth counterbuff with a byting and bitter Proverb, ſpoken indeed at the firſt in contempt of Old-age generally. For it was an old opinion, and yet is continued in ſome mens conceit, that men of years have no fear of God at all, or not ſo much as younger folk: For that being ripened with long experience, and having paſſed many bitter bru nts and blaſts of vengeance, they dread no ſtorms of Fortune, nor wrath of God, nor danger of Men; as being either by long and ripe wiſdom armed againſt all miſchances and adverſities, or with much trouble hardned againſt all troubleſome tides. Like unto the Ape, of which is ſaid in *Æſop*'s Fables, that oftentimes meeting the Lyon, he was at firſt ſore aghaſt, and diſmaid at the grimneſs and auſterity of his countenance; but at laſt, being acquainted with his looks, he was ſo far from fearing him, that he would familiarly gybe and jeſt at him: Such long experience breedeth in ſome men ſecurity. Although it pleaſe *Eraſmus*, a great Clark, and good old Father, more fatherly and favourably to conſtrue it in his Adages, for his own behoof; That by the Proverb, *Nemo ſenex metuit Jovem*, is not meant, that Old men have no fear of God at all, but that they be far from Superſtition and idolatrous regard of falſe gods, as is *Jupiter*. But his great learning notwithſtanding, it is too plain to be gain-ſaid, that old men are much more inclined to ſuch fond fooleries than younger heads.

MARCH.

Ægloga Tertia.

ARGUMENT.

IN this Æglogue, two ſhepherds boys, taking occaſion of the Seaſon, begin to make purpoſe of love and other pleaſance, which to Spring-time is moſt agreeable. The ſpecial meaning hereof, is to give certain marks and tokens, to know Cupid, *the Poets God of Love. But more particularly, I think, in the perſon of* Thomalin, *is meant ſome ſecret friend, who ſcorned Love and his Knights ſo long, till at length himſelf was entangled, and unawares wounded with the dart of ſome beautiful regard, which is* Cupid's *Arrow.*

WILLY. THOMALIN.

THomalin, why ſitten we ſo,
As weren overwent with wo,
Upon ſo fair a morrow,
The joyous time now nigheth faſt,
That ſhall aledg this bitter Blaſt,
And ſlake the Winter ſorrow.

Thomalin.

Siker *Willy*, thou warneſt well:
For Winters wrath begins to quell,
And pleaſant Spring appeareth.
The graſs now gins to be refreſht:
The Swallow peeps out of her neſt,
And cloudy Welkin cleareth.

Willy.

Seeſt not thilk ſame Hawthorn ſtud,
How bragly it begins to bud,
And utter his tender head?
Flora now calleth forth each flower,
And bids make ready *Maias* bower,
That now is upriſt from bed.
Tho ſhall we ſporten in delight,
And learn with *Lettice* to wex light,
That ſcornfully looks askance:
Tho will we little Love awake,
That now ſleepeth in *Lethe* lake,
And pray him leaden out dance.

Thomalin.

Willy, I ween thou be aſſot:
For luſty Love ſtill ſleepeth not,
But is a broad at his game.

Willy.

How kenſt thou that he is awoke?
Or haſt thy ſelf his ſlumber broke?
Or made privy to the ſame?

Thomalin.

No, but happily I him ſpide,
Where in a buſh he did him hide,
With wings of purple and blew.

And were not, that my ſheep would ſtray,
The privy marks I would bewray,
Whereby by chance I him knew.
Willy.
Thomalin, have no care for thy,
My ſelf will have a double eye,
Ylike to my flock and thine:
For als at home I have a ſire,
A ſtepdame eke as hot as fire,
That duly adays counts mine.
Thomalin.
Nay, but thy ſeeing will not ſerve,
My ſheep for that may chance to ſwerve,
And fall into ſome miſchief.
For ſithens is but the third morrow,
That I chanceſt to fall aſleep with ſorrow,
And waked again with grief:
The while thilk ſame unhappy Ewe,
Whoſe clouted leg her hurt doth ſhew,
Fell headlong into a dell,
And there unjoynted both her bones:
Mought her neck been joynted attones,
She ſhould have need no more ſpell.
Th' Elf was ſo wanton and ſo wood,
(But now I trow can better good)
She mought ne gang on the green.
Willy.
Let be, as may be, that is paſt:
That is to come, let be forecaſt.
Now tell us what thou haſt ſeen.
Thomalin.
It was upon a holy day,
When Shepherds Grooms han leave to play,
I caſt to go a ſhooting:
Long wandring up and down the land,
With bow and bolts in either hand,
For birds in buſhes tooting:
At length within the Ivy tod,
(There ſhrouded was the little God)
I heard a buſie buſtling.
I bent my bolt againſt the buſh,
Liſtning if any thing did ruſh,
But then heard no more ruſtling.
Tho peeping cloſe into the thick,
Might ſee the moving of ſome quick,
Whoſe ſhape appeared not:
But were it fairy, fiend, or ſnake,
My courage earnd it to awake,
And manfully thereat ſhot.
With that ſprang forth a naked ſwain,
With ſpotted wings like Peacocks train,
And laughing lope to a tree,
His gilden Quiver at his back,
And ſilver Bow which was but ſlack,
Which lightly he bent at me.
That ſeeing, I level'd again,
And ſhot at him with might and main,
As thick, as it had hailed.
So long I ſhot, that all was ſpent,
Tho pumy ſtones I haſtily hent,
And threw: But nought availed.
He was ſo wimble and ſo wight,
From bough to bough he leaped light,
And oft the pumies latched.
Therewith afraid, I ran away:
But he, that earſt ſeem'd but to play,
A ſhaft in earneſt ſnatched,
And hit me running, in the heel:
For then I little ſmart did feel,
But ſoon it ſore increaſed.
And now it rankleth more and more,
And inwardly it feſtreth ſore,
Ne wote I how to ceaſe it.

Willy.
Thomalin, I pity thy plight,
Perdy with Love thou diddeſt fight:
I know him by a token.
For once I heard my father ſay,
How he him caught upon a day,
(Whereof he will be wroken)
Entangled in a fowling net,
Which he for carrion crows had ſet,
That in our Pear-tree haunted:
Tho ſaid, he was a winged lad,
But bow and ſhafts as then none had:
Elſe had he ſore be daunted.
But ſee, the Welkin thicks apace,
And ſtooping *Phœbus* ſteeps his face:
Its time to haſte us homeward.

Willies Emblem.
To be wiſe and eke to love,
Is granted ſcarce to God above.

Thomalins Emblem.
Of honey and of gaul, in love there is ſtore.
The honey is much, but the gaul is more.

GLOSSE.

This Æglogue ſeemeth ſomewhat to reſemble that ſame of *Theocritus*, wherein the boy likewiſe telling the Old man, that he had ſhot at a winged boy in a Tree, was by him warned to be ware of miſchief to come.

Overwent, overgone.

To quell, to abate.

Alegg, to leſſen or aſſwage.

Welkin, the Sky.

The Swallow, which bird uſeth to be counted the meſſenger, and as it were, the fore-runner of the Spring.

Flora, the Goddeſs of flowers, but indeed (as ſaith *Tacitus*) a famous Harlot, which with the abuſe of her body having gotten great riches, made the People of Rome her heir: Who in remembrance of ſo great beneficence, appointed a yearly feaſt for the memorial of her, calling her, not as ſhe was, nor as ſome do think, *Andronica*, but *Flora*: Making her the Goddeſs of all flowers, and doing yearly to her ſolemn Sacrifice.

Maias bower, that is, the pleaſant Field, or rather the May-buſhes. *Maia* is a Goddeſs, and the Mother of *Mercury*, in honour of whom the month of *May* is of her name ſo called, as ſaith *Macrobius*.

Lettice, the name of ſome Country Laſs.

Aſcaunce, askew, or aſquint.

For thy, therefore.

Lethe is a lake in Hell, which the Poets call the lake of Forgetfulneſs: (For *Lethe* ſignifieth forgetfulneſs) wherein the ſouls being dipped, did forget the cares of their former life. So that by ſleeping in *Lethe* lake, he meaneth he was almoſt forgotten, and out of knowledg, by reaſon of Winters hardneſs, when all pleaſures, as it were, ſleep and wear out of mind.

Aſſotte, to dote.

His ſlumber, to break Loves ſlumber, to exerciſe the delights of love and wanton pleaſures.

Wings of purple, ſo is he fained of the Poets.

For als, he imitateth *Virgils* verſe:

Eſt mihi namque domi pater, eſt injuſta noverca, &c.

A dell, a hole in the ground.

Spell is a kind of verſe or Charm, that in elder times they uſed often to ſay over every thing that they would have preſerved: As the night-ſpell for Thieves, and the wood-ſpell. And here-hence, I think, is named the Goſpel, or Word. And ſo ſaith *Chaucer*, *Liſten Lordings to my ſpell.*

Gang, go.

An Ivy todd, a thick buſh.

Swain, a Boy: For ſo is he deſcribed of the Poets, to be a Boy. ſ. always freſh and luſty, blindfolded, becauſe he maketh no difference of perſonages, with diverſe coloured wings, ſ. full of flying fancies, with bow and arrow, that is with glaunce of beauty, which pricketh as a forked arrow. He is ſaid alſo to have ſhafts, ſome leaden, ſome golden: That is, both pleaſure for the gracious and loved, and ſorrow for the love that is diſdained or forſaken. But who liſt more at large to behold *Cupids* colours and furniture, let him read either *Propertius*, or *Moſchus* his *Idyllion* of winged love, being now moſt excellently tranſlated into *Latin*, by the ſingular Learned man *Angelus Politianus*: Which work I have ſeen amongſt other of this Poets doings, very well tranſlated into Engliſh rimes.

Wimble and wight, quick and deliver.

Latched, caught.

In the heel, is very Poetically ſpoken, and not without ſpecial Judgment. For I remember that in *Homer* it is ſaid of *Thetis*, that ſhe took her young Babe *Achilles*, being newly born, and holding him by the heel, dipped him in the river of *Styx*. The vertue whereof is, to defend and keep the bodies waſhed therein, from any mortal wound. So *Achilles* being waſhed all over, ſave only his heel, by which his Mother held, was in the reſt invulnerable: Therefore by *Paris* was fained to be ſhot with a poyſoned Arrow in the heel, while he was buſie about the marrying of *Polixena*, in the Temple of *Apollo*. Which myſtical fable *Æuſtathius* unfolding, ſaith: that by wounding in the heel, is meant luſtful love. For from the heel (as ſay the beſt Phyſicians) to the privy parts, there paſs certain Veins and ſlender Sinews, as alſo the like come from the head, and are carried like little pipes behind the ears: So that (as ſaith *Hippocrates*) if thoſe veins there be cut aſunder, the party ſtraight becometh cold and unfruitful. Which reaſon our Poet well weighing, maketh this ſhepherds boy of purpoſe to be wounded in the heel.

Wroken,

Wroken, revenged.
For once. In this tale is ſet out the ſimplicity of Shepherds opinion of Love.
Stouping Phœbus is a Periphraſis of the Sun-ſetting.

Emblem.

Hereby is meant, that all the delights of Love, wherein wanton youth walloweth, be but folly mixt with bitterneſs, and Sorrow ſawced with repentance. For beſides that the very affection of Love it ſelf tormenteth the mind, and vexeth the body many ways, with unreſtfulneſs all night, and wearineſs all day, ſeeking for that we cannot have, and finding that we would no have: Even the ſelf things which beſt before us liked, in courſe of time, and change of riper years, which alſo there-withall changeth our wonted liking and former fantaſies, will then ſeem loathſome, and breed us annoyance, when youths flower is withered, and we find our bodies and wits anſwer not to ſuch vain Jollity and luſtful Pleaſance.

APRIL.

Ægloga Quarta.

ARGUMENT.

THis Æglogue is purpoſely intended to the honour and praiſe of our Moſt gracious Soveraign, Queen Elizabeth. *The ſpeakers hereof be* Hobbinol *and* Thenot, *two Shepherds: The which* Hobbinoll *being before mentioned, greatly to have loved* Colin, *is here ſet forth more largely, complaining him of that Boys great miſadventure in Love, whereby his mind was alienated, and withdrawn not only from him who moſt loved him, but alſo from all former delights and ſtudies, as well in pleaſant pipeing, as cunning rhyming and ſinging, and other his laudable exerciſes. Whereby he taketh occaſion, for proof of his more excellency and skill in Poetry, to record a ſong which the ſaid* Colin *ſometime made in honour of her Majeſty, whom abruptly he tearmeth* Eliſa.

THENOT. HOBBINOLL.

Thenot.

TEll me good *Hobbinoll*, what gars thee greet?
What? hath ſome Wolf thy tender Lambs ytorn?
Or is thy Bagpipe broke, that ſounds ſo ſweet?
Or art thou of thy loved Laſs forlorn?

Or been thine eyes attempred to the year,
Quenching the gaſping furrows thirſt with rain?

Like *Aprill* ſhowre, ſo ſtreams the trickling tears
Adown thy cheek, to quench thy thirſty pain.

Hobbinoll.

Nor this, nor that, ſo much doth make me mourn,
But for the lad, whom long I loved ſo dear,
Now loves a Laſs, that all his love doth ſcorn:
He plung'd in pain, his treſſed locks doth tear.

Hobbinoll.

Hobbinoll.

Shepherds delights he doth them all forſwear.
His pleaſant Pipe, which makes us merriment,
He wilfully hath broke, and doth forbear
His wonted ſongs, wherein he all out-went.

Thenot.

What is he for a Lad, you ſo lament?
Is Love ſuch pinching pain, to them that prove?
And hath he skill to make ſo excellent,
Yet hath ſo little skill to bridle love?

Hobbinoll.

Colin thou kenſt the Southern Shepherds boy:
Him Love hath wounded with a deadly dart.
Whylom on him was all my care and joy,
Forcing with gifts to win his wanton hart.

But now from me his madding mind is ſtart,
And woes the widdows daughter of the glen:
So no fair *Roſalind* hath bred his ſmart,
So now his friend is changed for arſen.

Thenot.

But if his ditties be ſo trimly dight,
I pray thee *Hobbinoll* record ſome one,
The whiles our flocks do graze about in ſight,
And we cloſe ſhrowded in this ſhade alone.

Hobbinoll.

Contented I: Then will I ſing his lay,
Of fair *Eliſa*, Queen of Shepherds all:
Which once he made, as by a ſpring he lay,
And turned it into the waters fall.

YE dainty Nymphs, that in this bleſſed brook,
doth bathe your breſt,
Forſake your watry bowres, and hither look,
at my requeſt.
And eke you Virgins that on *Parnaſſe* dwell,
Whence floweth *Helycon*, the learned Well,
Help me to blaze
Her worthy praiſe,
Which in her ſex doth all excell.

Of fair *Eliſa* be your ſilver ſong,
that bleſſed wight:
The flowre of Virgins, may ſhe flouriſh long,
in princely plight.
For ſhe is *Syrinx* daughter without ſpot:
Which *Pan* the Shepherds God of her begot:
So ſprung her grace
Of heavenly race,
No mortal blemiſh may her blot.

See, where ſhe ſits upon the graſſy green,
(O ſeemly ſight)
Yclad in Scarlet, like a Maiden Queen,
and Ermines white.
Upon her head a Crimoſin Coronet,
With Damask Roſes, and Daffadillies ſet:
Bayleaves between,
And Primroſes green,
Embelliſh the ſweet Violet.

Tell me, have ye ſeen her Angel-like face,
Like *Phœbe* fair?
Her heavenly behaviour, her princely grace,
can you well compare?
The red Roſe medled with the White yfere,
In either cheek depeinten lively chear:
Her modeſt eye,
Her Majeſty,
Where have you ſeen the like but there?

I ſaw *Phœbus* thruſt out his golden hed,
upon her to gaze:
But when he ſaw how broad her beams did ſpred,
it did him amaze.
He bluſht to ſee another Sun below,
Ne durſt again his fiery face out-ſhow:
Let him, if he dare
His brightneſs compare.
With hers, to have the overthrow.

Shew thy ſelf *Cynthia*, with thy ſilver rays,
and be not abaſht:
When ſhe the beams of her beauty diſplays,
O how art thou daſht?
But I will not match her with *Latonaes* ſeed:
Such folly, great ſorrow to *Niobe* did breed.
Now ſhe is a ſtone,
And makes daily mone,
Warning all other to take heed.

Pan may be proud that ever he begot,
ſuch a Bellibone,
And *Syrinx* rejoyce, that ever was her lot
to bear ſuch an one.
Soon as my younglings cryen for the dam,
To her will I offer a milk white Lamb:
She is my Goddeſs plain,
And I her Shepherds ſwain,
Albe forſwonk and forſwat I am.

I ſee *Calliope* ſpeed her to the place,
where my Goddeſs ſhines:
And after her the other Muſes trace
with their Violines.
Been they not Bay-branches, which they do bear,
All for *Eliza* in her hand to wear?
So ſweetly they play:
And ſing all the way,
That it a heaven is to hear.

Lo, how finely the Graces can it foot
To the inſtrument:

They

They dauncen deffly, and ſingen ſoote,
in their meriment.
Wants not a fourth Grace, to make the dance even?
Let that rowm to my Lady be yeven.
She ſhall be a Grace
To fill the fourth place,
And raign with the reſt in heaven.

And whither rens this bevy of Ladies bright,
ranged in a row?
They been all Ladies of the Lake behight,
that unto her go.
Cloris, that is the chiefeſt Nymph of all,
Of Olive branches bears a Coronall:
Olives been for peace,
When wars do ſurceaſe:
Such for a Princeſs been principal.

Ye Shepherds daughters, that dwell on the green,
hye you there apace:
Let none come there but that Virgins been,
to adorn her grace.
And when you come, whereas ſhe is in place,
See, that your rudeneſs do not you diſgrace:
Bind your fillets faſt.
And gird in your waſte,
For more fineneſs, with a tawdry lace.

Bring hither the Pink, and purple Cullumbine,
with Gylliflowres:
Bring Coronations, and Sops in wine,
worn of Paramours.
Strow me the ground with Daffadowndillies,
And Cowſlips, and Kingcups, and loved Lillies:
The pretty Pawnce,
And the Cheviſance,
Shall match with the fair Flowre-Delice.

Now riſe up *Eliza*, decked as thou art,
in Royal ray:
And now ye dainty Damſels may depart
each one his way.
I fear, I have troubled your troops too long:
Let Dame *Eliza* thank you for her ſong.
And if you come heather,
When Damſins I gather,
I will part them all you among.

Thenot.

And was thilk ſame ſong o *Colins* own making?
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They dauncen deffly, and ſingen ſoote,
in their meriment.
Wants not a fourth Grace, to make the dance even?
Let that rowm to my Lady be yeven.
She ſhall be a Grace
To fill the fourth place,
And raign with the reſt in heaven.

And whither rens this bevy of Ladies bright,
ranged in a row?
They been all Ladies of the Lake behight,
that unto her go.
Cloris, that is the chiefeſt Nymph of all,
Of Olive branches bears a Coronall:
Olives been for peace,
When wars do ſurceaſe:
Such for a Princeſs been principal.

Ye Shepherds daughters, that dwell on the green,
hye you there apace:
Let none come there but that Virgins been,
to adorn her grace.
And when you come, whereas ſhe is in place,
See, that your rudeneſs do not you diſgrace:
Bind your fillets faſt.
And gird in your waſte,
For more fineneſs, with a tawdry lace.

Bring hither the Pink, and purple Cullumbine,
with Gylliflowres:
Bring Coronations, and Sops in wine,
worn of Paramours.
Strow me the ground with Daffadowndillies,
And Cowſlips, and Kingcups, and loved Lillies:
The pretty Pawnce,
And the Cheviſance,
Shall match with the fair Flowre-Delice.

Now riſe up *Eliza*, decked as thou art,
in Royal ray:
And now ye dainty Damſels may depart
each one his way.
I fear, I have troubled your troops too long:
Let Dame *Eliza* thank you for her ſong.
And if you come heather,
When Damſins I gather,
I will part them all you among.

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thirdly, to require them thankfully: which are three ſundry actions in Liberality. And *Boccace* ſaith, that they be painted naked (as they were indeed on the Tomb of C. *Julius Cæſar*) the one having her back towards us, and her face fromward, as proceeding from us: the other two toward us: nothing double thank to be due for the benefit we have done.

Deffly, finely and nimbly. *Soote*, ſweet. *Meriment*, mirth.

Bevie, A bevie of Ladies, is ſpoken figuratively for a Company or a Troop, the tearm is taken of Larks. For they ſay a bevie of Larks, even as a covey of Partriges, or an eye of Pheſants.

Ladies of the lake, be Nymphs. For it was an old opinion among the ancient Heathen, that of every ſpring and fountain was a goddeſs the Soveraign. Which opinion ſtruck in the minds of men not many years ſince, by means of certain fine Fablers, and loud Lyers, ſuch as were the Authors of King *Arthur* the great, and ſuch like, who tell many an unlawful leaſing of the Ladies of the lake, that is, the Nymphs. For the word Nymph in Greek, ſignifieth Well-water; or otherwiſe, a Spouſe or Bride.

Behight, called or named.

Chloris, the name of a Nymph, and ſignifieth greenneſs: of whom is ſaid, that *Zephyrus* the Weſtern wind being in love with her, and coveting her to Wife, gave her for a dowry, the chiefdom and ſoveraignty of all flowers, and green herbs, growing on the earth.

Olives been. The Olive was wont to be the Enſign of peace and quietneſs, either for that it cannot be planted and pruned, and ſo carefully looked to as it ought, but in time of peace: or elſe, for that the Olive Tree, they ſay, will not grow near the Fir-tree, which is dedicate to *Mars* the God of battail, and uſed moſt for ſpears, and other Inſtruments of War. Whereupon is finely fained, that when *Neptune* and *Minerva* ſtrove for the naming of the City of *Athens*, *Neptune* ſtriking the ground with his Mace, cauſed a Horſe to come forth, that importeth War; but at *Minervaes* ſtroke, ſprung out an Olive, to note that it ſhould be a nurſe of learning, and ſuch peaceable ſtudies.

Bind your, ſpoken rudely, and according to Shepherds ſimplicity.

Bring: all theſe be names of flowers. Sops in Wine; a flower in colour much like to a Carnation, but differing in ſmell and quantity. Flower-delice, that which they uſe to miſtearm, flower-deluce, being in Latine called *Flos deliciarum.*

A bellibone, or a Bonnibel, homely ſpoken for a fair Maid, or bonilaſs.

Forſwonk, and forſwat, over-laboured and ſun-burnt.

I ſaw Phœbus, the Sun. A ſenſible narration, and a preſent view of the thing mentioned, which they call *Parouſia.*

Cynthia, the Moon, ſo called of *Cynthus* a hill, where ſhe was honoured.

Latonaes ſeed, was *Apollo* and *Diana*. Whom when as *Niobe* the Wife of *Amphion* ſcorned, in reſpect of the noble fruit of her Womb, namely, her ſeven Sons, and ſo many Daughters, *Latona* being therewith diſpleaſed, commanded her Son *Phœbus* to ſlay all the Sons, and *Diana* all the Daughters: whereat the unfortunate *Niobe* being ſore diſmayed, and lamenting out of meaſure, was fained by the Poets to be turned into a ſtone, upon the Sepulchre of her children: for which cauſe, the Shepherd ſaith, he will not compare her to them, for fear of misfortune.

Now riſe, is the concluſion. For having ſo decked her with praiſes and compariſons, he returneth all the thank of his labour, to the excellency of her Majeſty.

When Damſins, A baſe reward of a clowniſh giver.

Yblent. Y is a Poetical addition, blent, blended.

Emblem.

This Poeſie is taken out of *Virgil*, and thereof himſelf uſed in the perſon of *Æneas* to his Mother *Venus*, appearing to him in likeneſs of one of *Dianaes* Damoſels, being there moſt divinely ſet forth. To which ſimilitude of Divinity, *Hobbinoll* comparing the excellency of *Eliſa*, and being through the worthineſs of *Colins* Song, as it were, overcome with the hugeneſs of his imagination, burſteth out in great admiration (*O quàm te memorem virgo!*) being otherwiſe unable, than by ſudden ſilence, to expreſs the worthineſs of his conceit. Whom *Thenot* anſwereth with another part of the like verſe, as confirming by his grant and approvance, that *Eliſa* is no whit inferior to the Majeſty of her, of whom the Poet ſo boldly pronounced, *O Dea certè.*

MAY.

Ægloga Quinta.

ARGUMENT.

IN this fift Ægloque, under the perſon of two Shepherds, Piers *and* Palinode, *be repreſented two forms of Paſtours or Miniſters, or the Proteſtant and the Catholike; whoſe chief talk ſtandeth in reaſoning, whether the life of one muſt be like the other: with whom having ſhewed that it is dangerous to maintain any fellowſhip, or give too much credit to their colourable and fained good will, he telleth him a tale of the Fox, that by ſuch a counterpoint of craftineſs, deceived and devoured the credulous Kid.*

Palinode. *Piers.*

IS not this the merry month of May,
When love-lads masken in freſh aray?
How falls it then, we no merrier been,
Ylike as others, girt in gawdy green?
Our blonket liveries been all too ſad
For thilk ſame Seaſon, when all is yclad
With pleaſance, the ground with graſs, the woods
With green leaves, the buſhes with bloſſoming buds.
Youths folk now flocken in every where,
To gather May-buskets, and ſmelling Breer:
And home they haſten the poſts to dight,
And all the Kirk pillers ere day light,
With Hawthorn buds, and ſweet Eglantine,
And girlonds of Roſes, and Sops in wine.
Such merry-make holy Saints doth queme:
But we here ſitten as drown'd in a dreme.

Piers.

For yonkers *Palinode* ſuch follies fit,
But we tway been men of elder wit.

Palinode.

Siker, this morrow, no longer ago,
I ſaw a ſhole of Shepherds out go,
With ſinging, and ſhouting, and jolly chear:
Before them yode a luſty Tabrere,
That to the meynie a horn-pipe plaid,
Whereto they dauncen each one with his maid.
To ſee theſe folks make ſuch jouiſaunce,
Made my hart after the pipe to daunce.
Tho to the green wood they ſpeeden them all,
To fetchen home May with their Muſicall:
And home they bringen in a royal throne,
Crowned as King: and his Queen attone
Was Lady *Flora*, on whom did attend
A fair flock of Fairies, and a freſh bend
Of lovely Nymphs. (O that I were there,
To helpen the Ladies their May-buſh bear!)
Ah *Piers*, been thy teeth on edge, to think
How great ſport they gaynen with little ſwink?

Piers.

Perdie, ſo far am I from envy,
That their fondneſs inly I pity:
Thoſe faytours little regarden their charge,
While they letting their ſheep run at large,
Paſſen their time, that ſhould be ſparely ſpent,
In luſtineſs, and wanton merriment.
Thilk ſame been Shepherds for the divils ſted,
That playen while their flocks be unfed.
Well it is ſeen their ſheep is not their own,
That letten them run at random alone.
But they been hired for little pay,
Of other, that caren as little as they,
What fallen the flock, ſo they han the fleece,
And get all the gain, paying but a peece.
I muſe, what account both theſe will make,
The one for the hire, which he doth take,
And th'other for leaving his Lords task,
When great *Pan* account of Shepherds ſhall ask.

Palinode.

Siker, now I ſee thou ſpeakeſt of ſpight,
All for thou lackeſt ſome dele their delight.
I (as I am) had rather be envied.
All were it of my foe, than fonly pitied:
And yet, if need were, pitied would be,
Rather than other ſhould ſcorn at me:
For pitied, is miſhap, that nas remedy,
But ſcorned, been deeds of fond foolery.
What ſhoulden Shepherds other things tend,
Then ſith their God his good does them ſend,
Reapen the fruit thereof, that is pleaſure,
The while they here liven, at eaſe and leaſure?
For when they be dead, their good is ygo,
They ſleepen in reſt, well as other moe:
Tho with them wends, what they ſpent in coſt,
But what they left behind them, is loſt.
Good is no good, but if it be ſpend:
God giveth good for none other end.

Piers.

Ah *Palinod*, thou art a worlds child:
Who touches pitch mought needs be defild.
But Shepherds (as *Algrind* uſed to ſay)
Mought not live ylike, as men of the lay.
With them it ſits to care for their heir,
Enaunter their heritage do impair:
They muſt provide for means of maintenance,
And to continue their wont countenance.
But Shepherd muſt walk another way,
Sike worldly ſovenance he muſt fore-ſay.
The Son of his loyns why ſhould he regard,
To leave chriched with that he hath ſpar'd?
Should not thilk God, that gave him that good,
Eke cheriſh his child, if in his ways he ſtood?
For if he miſlive, in lewdneſs and luſt,
Little boots all the wealth and the truſt,
That his Father left by Inheritance,
All will be ſoon waſted with miſgovernance.
But through this, and other their miſcreance,
They maken many a wrong cheviſance,
Heaping up waves of wealth and woe,
The floods whereof ſhall them overflowe.
Sike mens folly I cannot compare
Better than to the Apes foolish care,
That is ſo enamoured of her young one,
(And yet God wote, ſuch cauſe hath ſhe none)
That with her hard hold, and ſtraight embracing,
She ſtoppeth the breath of her youngling.
So often times, when as good is ment,
Evil enſueth of wrong entent.

The time was once, and may again retorn,
(For oft may happen that hath been beforn)
When Shepherds had none Inheritance,
Ne of land, nor fee in ſufferance:
But what might ariſe of the bare ſheep,
(Were it more or leſs) which they did keep.
Well ywis was it with Shepherds tho:
Nought having, nought feared they to forgo,
For *Pan* himſelf was their Inheritance,
And little them ſerved for their maintenance.
The Shepherds God ſo well them guided,
That of nought they were unprovided:
Butter enough, hony, milk, and whay,
And their flock fleeces them to array.
But tract of time, and long proſperity,
(That nource of vice, this of inſolency)
Lulled the Shepherds in ſuch ſecurity,
That not content with loyal obeyſance,
Some gan to gape for greedy governance,
And match themſelves with mighty Potentates,
Lovers of Lordſhips, and troublers of ſtates.
Tho gan Shepherds ſwains to look aloft,
And leave to live hard, and learn to lig ſoft.
Tho under colour of Shepherds, ſome-while,
There crept in Wolves, full of fraud and guile,
That often devoured their own ſheep,
And often the Shepherd that did them keep.
This was the firſt ſourſe of Shepherds ſorrow,
That now nill be quit with bale, nor borrow.

Palinode.

Three things to bear, been very burdenous,
But the forth to forbear, is outrageous.
Women that of loves longing once luſt,
Hardly forbearen, but have it they muſt:
So when choler is enflamed with rage,
Wanting revenge, is hard to aſſwage:
And who can counſel a thirſty ſoul,
With patience to forbear the offred boul?
But of all burdens, that a man can bear,
Moſt is, a fools talk to bear and to hear.
I ween the Gyant has not ſuch a weight,
That bears on his ſhoulders the heavens height.
Thou findeſt fault, where nys to be found,
And buildeſt ſtrong wark upon a weak ground:
Thou raileſt on right, without reaſon,
And blameſt hem much, for ſmall encheaſon.
How woulden Shepherds live, if not ſo?
What, ſhould they pynen in pain and wo?
Nay, ſay I thereto, by my dear borrow,
If I may reſt, I nill live in ſorrow.
Sorrow ne need to be haſtened on:
For he will come without calling anone.
While times enduren of tranquility,
Uſen we freely our felicity:
For when approchen the ſtormy ſtowres,
We mought with our ſhoulders bear off the ſharp (ſnowres.
And ſooth to ſain, nought ſeemeth ſike ſtrife,
That Shepherds ſo twiten each others life,
And layen their faults the world beforn,
The while their foes done each of them ſcorn.
Let none miſlike of that may not be amended:
So conteck, ſoon by concord, mought be ended.

Piers.

Shepherd, I liſt no accordance make
With Shepherd, that does the right way forſake.
And of the twain, if choice were to me,
Had lever my foe, than my friend he be.
For what concord han light and dark ſam?
Or what peace has the Lyon with the Lamb?
Such faitors, when their falſe harts been hid,
Will do, as did the Fox by the Kid.

Palinode.

Now *Piers*, of fellowſhip, tell us that ſaying:
For the Lad can keep both our flocks from ſtraying.

Piers.

THilk ſame Kid (as I can well deviſe)
Was too very fooliſh and unwiſe.
For, on a time, in Summer ſeaſon,
The Goat her Dame, that had good reaſon,
Yode forth abroad unto the green wood,
To brouze, or play, or what ſhe thought good:
But, for ſhe had a Motherly care
Of her young Son, and wit to beware,
She ſet her youngling before her knee,
That was both freſh and lovely to ſee,
And full of favour, as Kid mought be.
His velvet head began to ſhoot out,
And his wreathed horns gan newly ſprout:
The bloſſoms of luſt to bud did begin,
And ſprung forth rankly under his chin.

My

My Son (quoth ſhe) and with that gan weep:
(For careful thoughts in her hart did creep)
God bleſs thee poor Orphane, as he mought me,
And ſend thee joy of thy jollity.
Thy Father (that word ſhe ſpake with pain,
For a ſigh had nigh rent her heart in twain)
Thy Father, had he lived this day,
To ſee the branches of his body diſplay,
How would he have joyed at this ſweet ſight?
But ah, falſe Fortune ſuch joy did him ſpight,
And cut off his days with untimely woe,
Betraying him unto the trains of his foe.
Now I a wailful Widow behight,
Of my old age have this one delight,
To ſee thee ſucceed in thy Fathers ſtead,
And flouriſh in flowers of luſtihead.
For even ſo thy Father his head upheld,
And ſo his hauty horns did he weld.
Tho marking him with melting eyes,
A thrilling throb from her hart did ariſe,
And interrupted all her other ſpeech,
With ſome old ſorrow that made a new breach:
Seemed ſhe ſaw (in her younglings face)
The old lineaments of his Fathers grace.
At laſt, her ſullen ſilence ſhe broke,
And gan his new budded beard to ſtroke.
Kiddie (quoth ſhe) thou kenſt the great care,
I have of thy health and thy welfare,
Which many wild beaſts liggen in wait,
For to intrap in thy tender ſtate:
But moſt the Fox, maiſter of colluſion:
For he has vowed thy laſt confuſion.
For thy my Kiddie, be ruled by me,
And never give truſt to his trechery:
And if he chance come when I am abroad,
Spar the yate faſt, for fear of fraud.
Ne for all his worſt, nor for his beſt,
Open the door at his requeſt.
So ſchooled the Goat her wanton Son,
That anſwered his mother, All ſhould be done.
Tho went the penſive Dame out of door,
And chaunſt to ſtumble at the threſhold floor:
Her ſtumbling ſtep ſomewhat her amazed,
(For ſuch as ſigns of ill luck hath been diſpraiſed)
Yet forth ſhe yode, thereat half agaſt,
And Kiddie the door ſparred after her faſt.
It was not long after ſhe was gone,
But the falſe Fox came to the door anone.
Not as a Fox, for then he had be kend,
But all as a poor Pedler he did wend:
Bearing a truſs of trifles at his back,
As bells, and babies, and glaſſes in his pack.
A biggen he had got about his brain,
For in his headpeece he felt a ſore pain.
His hinder heel was wrapt in a clout,
For with great cold he had got the gout.
There at the door he caſt me down his pack,
And laid him down, and groned, alack, alack:
Ah deer Lord, and ſweet Saint Charity,
That ſome good body would once pity me.

Well heard Kiddie all this ſore conſtraint,
And lengd to know the cauſe of his complaint:
Tho creeping cloſe, behind the Wickets clink,
Privily he peeped out through a chink:
Yet not ſo privily but the Fox him ſpied,
For deceitful meaning is double eyed.
Ah, good young Maiſter (then gan he cry)
Jeſus bleſs that ſweet face I eſpie,
And keep your corps from the careful ſtounds
That in my carrion carkas abounds.
The Kid, pitying his heavineſs,
Asked the cauſe of his great diſtreſs,
And alſo who, and whence that he were.
Tho he, that had wel ycond his lere,
Thus medled his talk with many a tear:
Sick, ſick, alas, a little lack of dead,
But I be relieved by your beaſtly-head.
I am a poor ſheep, albe my colour dun:
For with longer travail I am brent in the ſun.
And if that my Grandſir me ſaid, be true,
Siker I am very ſybbe to you:
So be your goodlihead do not diſdain
The baſe kinred of ſo ſimple ſwain.
Of mercy and favour then I you pray,
With your aid to foreſtall my near decay.
Tho out of his pack a glaſs he took:
Wherein while Kiddie unwares did look,
He was ſo enamoured with the newel,
That nought he deemed dear for the Jewel.
Tho opened he the door, and in came
The falſe Fox, as he were ſtark lame.
His tail he clapt betwixt his legs twain,
Leſt he ſhould be deſcryed by his train.
Being within, the Kid made him good glee,
All for the love of the glaſs he did ſee.
After his chear, the Pedler gan chat,
And tell many leſings of this, and that:
And how he could ſhew many a fine knack.
Tho ſhewed his ware, and opened his pack,
All ſave a bell, which he left behind
In the basket, for the Kidd to find.
Which when the Kidd ſtouped down to catch,
He popt him in, and his basket did latch:
Ne ſtayed he once, the door to make faſt,
But ran away with him in all haſt.
Home when the doubtful Dame had her hide,
She mought ſee the door ſtand open wide.
All agaſt, lowdly ſhe gan to call
Her Kidde: but he nould anſwer at all.
Tho on the flore ſhe ſaw the marchandiſe,
Of which her Son had ſet too dear a price.
What help? her Kidd ſhe knew well is gone:
She weeped and wailed, and made great mone.
Such end had the Kidd: for he nould warned be
Of craft coloured with ſimplicity:
And ſuch end pardie does all hem remain,
That of ſuch falſers friendſhip been fain.

Palinode.

Truly *Piers*, thou art beſide thy wit,

Fur-

Furtheſt fro the mark, weening it to hit.
Now I pray thee, let me thy tale borrow
For our Sir *John*, to ſay to morrow,
At the Kirk, when it is holiday:
For well he means, but little can ſay.
But and if Foxes been ſo crafty, as ſo,
Much needeth all Shepherds hem to know.

Piers.

Of their falſhood more could I recount,
But now the bright Sun ginneth to diſmount:
And for the dewy night now draw'th nie,
I hold it beſt for us home to hie.

Palinodes Emblem.
Pas men apiſtos apiſtei.

Piers his Emblem.
Tis d'ara piſtis apiſto.

GLOSSE.

Thilk, this ſame month. It is applyed to the ſeaſon of the month, when all men delight themſelves with the pleaſance of Fields, and Gardens and Garments.

Blonket liveries, gray coats. *Yclad*, arrayed. Y, redowndeth, as before.

In every where, a ſtrange, yet proper kind of ſpeaking.

Buskets, a diminutive. i. little buſhes of hawthorn.

Kirk, Church. *Queme*, pleaſe.

A ſhole, a multitude: taken of Fiſh, whereof ſome going in great companies, are ſaid to ſwim in a ſhole.

Yode, went. *Joviſaunce*, joy. *Swink*, labour. *Inly*, entirely. *Faytours*, vagabonds.

Great Pan, is Chriſt, the very God of all Shepherds, which calleth himſelf the great and good Shepherd. The name is moſt rightly (me thinks) applyed to him; for *Pan* ſignifieth all, or omnipotent, which is only the Lord Jeſus. And by that name (as I remember) he is called of *Euſebius*, in his fifth book *De præparat. Evangel.* Who thereof telleth a proper ſtory to that purpoſe; which ſtory is firſt recorded of *Plutarch*, in his book of the ceaſing of Oracles: and of *Lavatere* tranſlated, in his book of walking Spirits: Who ſaith, that about the ſame time that our Lord ſuffered his moſt bitter Paſſion, for the Redemption of Man, certain perſons ſayling from *Italy* to *Cyprus*, and paſſing by certain Iſles called *Paxa*, heard a voyce calling aloud, *Thamus*, *Thamus*, (now *Thamus* was the name of an *Ægyptian*, which was Pylot of the Ship) who giving ear to the cry, was bidden, when he came to *Palodes*, to tell that the great *Pan* was dead: which he doubting to do, yet for that when he came to *Palodes*, there ſuddenly was ſuch a calm of Wind, that the Ship ſtood ſtill in the Sea unmoved, he was forced to cry aloud, that *Pan* was dead: wherewithall, there was heard ſuch pitious out-cryes, and dreadful ſhriking, as hath not been the like. By which *Pan*, though of ſome be underſtood the great Sathanas, whoſe Kingdom was at that time by Chriſt conquered, the gates of Hell broke up, and Death by death delivered to eternal death, (for at that time, as he ſaith, all Oracles ſurceaſed; and enchaunted Spirits, that were wont to delude the people, thenceforth held their peace:) and alſo at the demand of the Emperor *Tiberius*, who that *Pan* ſhould be, anſwer was made him by the wiſeſt and beſt learned, that it was the Son of *Mercury*, and *Penelope*: yet I think it more properly meant of the death of Chriſt, the only and very *Pan*, then ſuffering for his flock.

I as I am, ſeemeth to imitate the common proverb, *Malim invidere mihi omnes, quàm miſereſcere.*

Nas, is a ſyncope, for ne has, or has not: as nould for would not.

Tho with them, doth imitate the Epitaph of the ryotous King, *Sardanapalus*, which he cauſed to be written on his Tomb in Greek: which verſes be thus tranſlated by *Tully*.

" *Hæc habui quæ edi, quæque exaturata libido*
" *Hauſit: at illa manent multa ac præclara relicta.*

Which may thus be turned into Engliſh,

" All that I eat, did I joy; and all that I greedily gorged:
" As for thoſe many goodly matters, left I for others.

Much

Much like the Epitaph of a good Earl of Devonſhire, which though much more wiſdom bewrayeth than *Sardanapalus*, yet hath a ſmack of his ſenſual delights and beaſtlineſs, the rimes be theſe:

"Ho, ho, who lyes here?
"I the good Earl of *Devonſhire*,
"And Mauld my Wife that was full dear:
"We lived together lv. year.
"That we ſpent, we had:
"That we gave, we have:
"That we left, we loſt.

Algrind, the name of a Shepherd. *Men of the lay*, Lay men.

Enanter, leaſt that.

Sovenance, remembrance. *Miſcreance*, diſpraiſe, or misbelief.

Cheviſaunce, ſometimes of *Chaucer* uſed for gain: ſometime of other, for ſpoyl, or booty, or enterpriſe, and ſometime for chiefdom.

Pan himſelf, God: according as it is ſaid in *Deuteronomy*, that in diviſion of the land of *Canaan*, to the tribe of *Levi* no portion of heritage ſhould be allotted, *for God himſelf was their inheritance.*

Some gan, meant of the Pope, and his Antichriſtian Prelates, which uſurp a Tyrannical Dominion in the Church, and with *Peters* counterfeit Keys, open a wide gate to all wickedneſs and inſolent Government. Nought here ſpoken, as of purpoſe to deny Fatherly rule and governance (as ſome maliciouſly of late have done, to the great unreſt and hinderance of the Church) but to diſplay the pride and diſorder of ſuch, as in ſtead of feeding their ſheep, indeed feed of their ſheep.

Sourſe, well-ſpring and original. *Borrow*, pledge or ſurety.

The Gyant, is the great Atlas, whom the Poets fain to be a huge Gyant, that beareth Heaven on his ſhoulders: being indeed a marvailous high Mountain in *Mauritania*, that now is *Barbary*, which to mans ſeeming pearceth the clouds, and ſeemeth to touch the Heavens. Others think, and they not amiſs, that this fable was meant of one Atlas, King of the ſame Country, who (as the Greeks ſay) did firſt find out the hidden courſe of the Stars, by an excellent imagination; wherefore the Poets fained, that he ſuſtained the firmament on his ſhoulders. Many other conjectures needleſs be told hereof.

Wark, work. *Encheaſon*, cauſe, occaſion.

Dear borow, that is our Saviour, the common pledge of all mens debts to death.

Twiten, blame. *Nought ſeemeth*, is unſeemly.

Conteck, ſtrife, contention. *Her*, their, as uſeth Chaucer.

Han, for have. *Sam*, together.

This tale is much like to that in Æſops Fables: but the Cataſtrophe and end is far different. By the Kid may be underſtood the ſimpler ſort of the faithful and true Chriſtians. By his damm, Chriſt; that hath already with careful watch words (as here doth the Gote) warned his little ones, to beware of ſuch doubling deceit. By the Fox, the falſe and faithleſs Papiſts, to whom is no credit to be given, nor fellowſhip to be uſed.

The Gate, the Gote: Northernly ſpoken, to turn O into A.

Yode, went, aforeſaid.

She ſet, A figure called *Fictio*, which uſeth to attribute reaſonable actions, and ſpeeches, to unreaſonable creatures.

The bloſſoms of luſt, be they young and moſſie hairs, which then begin to ſprout and ſhoot forth, when luſtful heat beginneth to kindle.

And with, a very poetical *Pathos*.

Orphane, a youngling or pupil, that needeth a Tutor or Governour.

That word, a pathetical parentheſis, to encreaſe a careful Hyperbaton.

The branch of the Fathers body, is the child.

For even ſo, alluded to the ſaying of *Andromache* to *Aſcanius* in *Virgil.*

Sic oculos, ſic ille manus, ſic ora ferebat.

A thrilling throb, a pearcing ſigh. *Liggen*, lie.

Maiſter of colluſion, i. coloured guile, becauſe the Fox of all beaſts is moſt wilie and crafty.

Spar the yate, ſhut the door.

For ſuch, the Gotes ſtumbling, is here noted as an evil ſign. The like to be marked in all Hiſtories: and that not the leaſt of the Lord *Haſtings* in King *Richard* the third his days. For beſide his dangerous dream (which was a ſhrewd prophecy of his miſhap that followed) it is ſaid, that in the morning riding towards the *Tower* of *London*, there to ſit upon matters of Counſel, his Horſe ſtumbled twice or thrice by the way: which of ſome, that (riding with him in his company) were privy to his near deſtiny, was ſecretly marked, and afterward noted for

for memory of his great miſhap that enſued. For, being then as merry as man might be, and leaſt doubting any mortal danger, he was within two howrs after, of the Tyrant put to a ſhameful death.

Asbelles, by ſuch trifles are noted, the reliques and rags of popiſh ſuperſtition, which put no ſmall Religion in Bells, and Babies, i. Idols, and Glaſſes, ſ. Paxes, and ſuch like Trumperies.

Great cold, for they boaſt much of their outward patience, and voluntary ſufferance, as a work of merit, and holy humbleneſs.

Sweet S. Charity, the Catholicks common oath, and only ſpeech, to have Charity always in their mouth, and ſometime in their outward actions, but never inwardly in faith and godly zeal.

Clink, a Key-hole: whoſe diminutive is clicket, uſed of *Chaucer* for a Key.

Stounds, fits: aforeſaid. *His lere*, a leſſon.

Medled, mingled. *Beaſtlihed*, agreeing to the perſon of a beaſt.

Sibbe, a Kinn. *Newell*, a new thing.

To foreſtall, to prevent. *Glee*, chear: aforeſaid.

Dear a price, his life which he loſt for thoſe toyes.

Such end, is an Epiphonema, or rather the moral of the whole tale; whoſe purpoſe is to warn the Proteſtant to beware, how he giveth credit to the unfaithful Catholick: whereof we have daily proofs ſufficient, but one moſt famous of all, practiſed of late years by *Charles* the ninth.

Fain, glad or deſirous.

Our Sir John, a popiſh Prieſt: A ſaying fit for the groſneſs of a Shepherd, but ſpoken to taunt unlearned Prieſts.

Diſmount, deſcend or ſet. *Nie*, draweth near.

Emblem.

Both theſe Emblems make one whole Hexametre. The firſt ſpoken of *Palinode*, as in reproach of them that be diſtruſtful, is a piece of *Theognis* verſe, intending, that who doth moſt miſtruſt, is moſt falſe. For ſuch experience in falſhood, breedeth miſtruſt in the mind, thinking no leſs guile to lurk in others, than in himſelf. But *Piers* thereto ſtrongly replyeth with another piece of the ſame verſe, ſaying as in his former Fable, what faith then is there in the faithleſs? For, if faith be the ground of Religion, which faith they daily falſe, what hold is there of their Religion? And this is all that they ſay.

JUNE.

Ægloga Sexta.

ARGUMENT.

THis Æglogue is wholly vowed to the complaining of Colins *ill ſucceſs in his love. For being (as is aforeſaid) enamoured of a Countrey Laſs,* Roſalinde, *and having (as ſeemeth) found place in her heart, he lamenteth to his dear friend* Hobbinol, *that he is now forſaken unfaithfully, and in his ſtead,* Menalcas *another Shepherd received diſloyally. And this is the whole Argument of this Æglogue.*

Hobbinol.

LO *Colin*, here the place, whoſe pleaſant ſight
From other ſhades hath weand my wandring mind:
Tell me, what wants me here, to work delight?
The ſimple air, the gentle warbling wind,
So calm, ſo cool, as no where elſe I find:
The graſſie ground with dainty Daiſies dight,
The Bramble buſh, where Birds of every kind
To th' waters fall their tunes attemper right.

Co-

Colin.

O happy *Hobbinol*, I bleſs thy ſtate,
That Paradiſe haſt found which *Adam* loſt.
Here wander may thy flock early or late,
Withouten dread of Wolves to been ytoſt:
Thy lovely lays here mayſt thou freely boaſt:
But I, unhappy man, whom cruel fate,
And angry Gods purſue from coaſt to coaſt,
Can no where find, to ſhrud my luckleſs pate.

Hobbinol.

Then if by me thou liſt adviſed be,
Forſake thy ſoil, that ſo doth thee bewitch:
Leave me thoſe hills, where harbrough nis to ſee,
Nor holy-buſh, nor brere, nor winding witch.
And to the dales reſort, where ſhepherds ritch,
And fruitful flocks been every where to ſee:
Here no night Ravens lodge, more black than pitch,
Nor elviſh ghoſts, nor gaſtly Owls do flee.

But friendly Faries, met with many Graces,
And lightfoot Nymphs can chaſe the lingring night,
With heydegives, and trimly trodden traces,
Whilſt ſiſters nine, which dwell on *Parnaſs* hight,
Do make them muſick, for their more delight:
And *Pan* himſelf to kiſs cryſtal faces,
Will pipe and dance, when *Phœbe* ſhineth bright:
Such pierleſs pleaſures have we in theſe places.

Colin.

And I, whilſt youth, and courſe of careleſs years,
Did let me walk withouten links of love,
In ſuch delights did joy amongſt my peers:
But riper age ſuch pleaſures doth reprove,
My fanſie eke from former follies move
To ſtayed ſteps: for time in paſſing wears
(As garments doen, which wexen old above)
And draweth new delights with hoary hairs.

Tho cough I ſing of love, and tune my pipe
Unto my plaintive pleas in verſes made:
Tho would I ſeek for Queen-apples unripe,
To give mp *Roſalind*, and in Summer ſhade
Dight gawdy Girlonds, was my common trade,
To crown her gold locks: but years more ripe,
And loſs of her, whoſe love as life I wayde,
Thoſe weary wanton toyes away did wipe.

Hobbinol.

Colin, to hear thy rimes and roundelays,
Which thou wert wont on waſteful hills to ſing,
I more delight, than Lark in Summer days:
Whoſe Eccho made the neighbour groves to ring,
And taught the birds, which in the lower ſpring
Did ſhroud in ſhady leaves from ſunny rays,
Frame to thy ſong their cheerful cheriping,
Or hold their peace, for ſhame of thy ſweet lays.

I ſaw *Calliope* with Muſes moe,
Soon as thy Oaten Pipe began to ſound,
Their Ivory Lutes and Timburins forgo:
And from the fountain, where they ſate around,
Ren after haſtily thy ſilver ſound.
But when they came, where thou thy skill didſt ſhow,
They drew aback, as half with ſhame confound,
Shepherd to ſee, them in their art out-go.

Colin.

Of Muſes *Hobbinol*, I con no skill,
For they been daughters of the higheſt *Jove*,
And holden ſcorn of homely ſhepherds quill:
For ſith I heard, that *Pan* with *Phœbus* ſtrove,
Which him to much rebuke and danger drove,
I never liſt preſume to *Parnaſs* hill,
But piping low, in ſhade of lowly grove,
I play to pleaſe my ſelf, albeit ill.

Nought weigh I, who my ſong doth praiſe or blame,
Ne ſtrive to win renown, or paſs the reſt:
With ſhepherd ſits not, follow flying fame:
But feed his flock in fields, where falls him beſt.
I wote my rimes been rough, and rudely dreſt;
The fitter they, my careful caſe to frame:
Enough is me to paint out my unreſt,
And pour my pitious plaints out in the ſame.

The God of Shepherds *Tityrus* is dead,
Who tought me homely, as I can, to make:
He, whilſt he lived, was the ſoveraign head
Of ſhepherds all, that been with love ytake.
Well couth he wail his woes, and lightly ſlake
The flames, which love within his heart had bred,
And tell us merry tales, to keep us wake,
The while our ſheep about us ſafely fed.

Then ſhould my plaints, caus'd of diſcurteſee,
As meſſengers of my painful plight,
Fly to my love, where ever that ſhe be,
And pierce her heart with point of worthy wight:
As ſhe deſerves, that wrought ſo deadly ſpight.
And thou *Menalcas*, that by treachery
Didſt underfong my Laſs, to wex ſo light,
Sould'ſt well be known for ſuch thy villany.

But ſince I am not, as I wiſh I were,
Ye gentle ſhepherds, which your flocks do feed,
Whether on hills, or dales, or other where,
Bear witneſs all of this ſo wicked deed:
And tell the Laſs, whoſe flowre is woxe a weed,
And faultleſs faith, is turned to faithleſs fear,
That ſhe the trueſt ſhepherds heart made bleed,
That lives on earth, and loved her moſt dear.

Hobbinol.

O careful *Colin*, I lament thy caſe,
Thy tears would make the hardeſt flint to flaw.
Ah faithleſs *Roſalind*, and void of grace,
That are the root of all this ruthful wo.
But now is time, I gueſs, homeward to go:
Then riſe ye bleſſed flocks, and home apace,
Leaſt night with ſtealing ſteps do you foreſlo.
And wet your tender Lambs, that by you trace.
Gia ſpeme ſpenta.

Colins Emblem.

GLOSSE.

Syte, ſituation and place.

Paradiſe, A Paradiſe in *Greek*, ſignifieth a Garden of pleaſure, or place of delights. So he compared the ſoil, wherein *Hobbinol* made abode, to that earthly Paradiſe, in Scripture called *Eden*, wherein *Adam* in his firſt creation was placed. Which of the moſt learned is thought to be in *Meſopotamia*, the moſt fertile pleaſant country in the world (as may appear by *Diodorus Syculus* deſcription of it, in the Hiſtory of *Alexanders* Conqueſt thereof) lying between the two famous Rivers (which are ſaid in Scripture to flow out of Paradiſe) *Tygris* and *Euphrates*, whereof it is denominate.

Forſake the ſoil. This is no poetical fiction, but unfainedly ſpoken of the Poet ſelf, who for ſpecial occaſion of private affairs (as I have been partly of himſelf informed) and for his more preferment, removed out of the North parts, came into the South, as *Hobbinol* indeed adviſed him privately.

Thoſe hills, that is, in the North countrey, where he dwelt. *Nis*, is not.

The dales. The South parts, where he now abideth; which though they be full of hills and woods (for *Kent* is very hilly and woody, and therefore ſo called: (for *Kantſh* in the *Saxon* Tongue, ſignifieth woody) yet in reſpect of the North parts, they be called dales. For indeed, the North is counted the higher countrey.

Night Ravens, &c. By ſuch hateful birds, he meaneth all misfortunes, (whereof they be tokens) flying every where.

Friendly Faries. The opinion of Fairies and Elfs is very old, and yet ſticketh very religiouſly in the minds of ſome. But to root that rank opinion of Elfs out of mens hearts, the truth is, that there be no ſuch things, nor yet the ſhadows of the things, but only by a ſort of bald Friers and knaviſh ſhavelings ſo faigned; which as in other things, ſo in that, ſought to nouſel the common people in ignorance, leaſt being once acquainted with the truth of things, they would in time ſmell out the untruth of their packed pelf, and Maſs-peny Religion. But the ſooth is, that when all *Italy* was diſtract into the factions of the *Guelfes* and the *Gibelyns*, being two famous houſes in *Florens*, the name began through their great miſchiefs and many outrages, to be ſo odious, or rather dreadful in the peoples ears, that if their children at any time were forward and wanton, they would ſay to them that the Guelfe or the Gibelyn came. Which words now from them (as many things elſe) be come into our uſe, and for Guelfes and Gibelyns, we ſay Elfs and Goblyns. No otherwiſe than the *Frenchmen* uſed to ſay of that Valiant Captain, the very Scourge of *France*, the Lord *Talbot*, afterward Earl of *Shrewsbury*, whoſe Nobleneſs bred ſuch a terror in the hearts of the *French*, that oft times great Armies were defeated and put to flight at the only hearing of his Name: Inſomuch that the *French*-women, to affray their Children, would tell them that the *Talbot* cometh.

Many Graces, though there be indeed but three Graces or *Charities* (as afore is ſaid) or at the utmoſt but four; yet in reſpect of many gifts of bounty, there may be ſaid more. And ſo *Muſæus* ſaith, that in *Heroes* either eye there ſate a hundred Graces. And by that authority, this ſame Poet in his Pageants, ſaith, *An hundred Graces on her eye-lid ſate, &c.*

Haydeguies, A countrey dance or round. The conceit is, that the Graces and Nymphs do dance unto the Muſes, and *Pan* his muſick, all night by Moon-light. To ſignifie the pleaſantneſs of the ſoil.

Peers, Equals and fellow ſhepherds. *Queen-apples unripe*, imitating *Virgil*'s verſe:

Ipſe ego cana legam tenera lanugine mala.

Neighbour groves, a ſtrange phraſe in *Engliſh*, but word for word expreſſing the Latine, *vicina nemora.*

Spring, not of water, but of young trees ſpringing.

Calliope, aforeſaid. This ſtaff is full of very poetical invention.

Tamburines, an old kind of inſtrument, which of ſome is ſuppoſed to be the Clarion.

Pan with *Phœbus.* The tale is well known, how that *Pan* and *Apollo* ſtriving for excellency in Muſick, choſe *Midas* for their Judge: who being corrupted with partial affection, gave the victory to *Pan*, undeſerved: for which, *Phœbus* ſet a pair of Aſſes ears upon his head, *&c.*

Tityrus: that by *Tityrus* is meant *Chaucer*, hath been already ſufficiently ſaid, and by this more plain appeareth, that he ſaith, he told merry tales. Such as be his *Canterbury* Tales; whom he calleth God of the Poets for his excellency: ſo as *Tully* calleth *Lentulus*, *Deum vitæ ſuæ.* ſ. The God of his life.

To make to verſifie. *O why*, A pretty Epanorthoſis or correction.

Diſcurteſie: he meaneth the falſeneſs of his Lover *Roſalind*, who forſaking him, had choſen another.

Point of worthy wit, the prick of deſerved blame.

Menalcas, the name of a ſhepherd in *Virgil:* but here is meant a perſon unknown and ſecret, againſt whom he often bitterly inveyeth.

Underfong, undermine and deceive by falſe ſuggeſtion.

Emblem:

Emblem.

You remember, that in the firſt Æglogue, *Colins* Poeſie was *Anchora ſpeme*: for as then there was hope of favour to be found in time. But now being clean forlorn and rejected of her, as whoſe hope, that was, is clean extinquiſhed and turned into deſpair, he renounceth all comfort and hope of goodneſs to come: which is all the meaning of the Emblem.

JULY.

Ægloga Septima.

ARGUMENT.

This Æglogue is made in the honour and commendation of good Shepherds, and to the ſhame and diſpraiſe of proud and ambitious Paſtors; Such as Morrel *is here imagined to be.*

THOMALIN.

IS not thilk ſame a Goatherd proud
that ſits on yonder bank:
Whoſe ſtraying herd themſelf doth ſhroud
emong the buſhes rank?

Morrel.

What ho, thou jolly ſhepherds ſwain,
come up the hill to me:
Better is, than the lowly plain,
als for thy flock, and thee.

Thomalin.

Ah, God ſhield, man, that I ſhould clime,
and learn to look aloft:
This read is rife, that oftentime
great cumbers fall unſoft.
In humble dales is footing faſt,
the trode is not ſo tickle:
And though one fall through heedleſs haſt,
yet is his miſs not mickle.
And now the ſun hath reared up,
his fiery-footed teme,
Making his way between the Cup
and golden Diademe:
The rampant Lion hunts he faſt,
with dogs of noiſom breath,
Whoſe baleful barking brings in haſt,
pine, plagues, and drery death.
Againſt his cruel ſcorching heat
where thou haſt coverture:
The waſtful hills unto his threat
is a plain overture.
But if thee luſt, to holden chat
with ſeely ſhepherds ſwain:
Come down, and learn the little what,
That *Tomalin* can ſain.

Morrel.

Siker, thous but a laſie loord,
And rekes much of thy ſwink,
That with fond terms, and witleſs words
to blere mine eyes dooſt think.

MORREL.

In evil hour thou henſt in hond
thus holy hills to blame,
For ſacred unto Saints they ſtond,
and of them han their name.
S. *Michels* Mount who does not know,
that wards the Weſtern coaſt?
And of S. *Bridgets* bowr I trow,
all *Kent* can rightly boaſt:
And they that con of Muſes skill,
fain moſt what, that they dwell
(As Goatherds wont) upon a hill,
beſide a learned well.
And wonned not the great God *Pan*,
upon mount *Olivet*:
Feeding the bleſſed flock of *Dan*,
which did himſelf beget?

Thomalin.

O bleſſed ſheep, O Sheperd great,
that bought his flock ſo dear:
And them did ſave with bloudy ſweat,
from Wolves that would them tear.

Morrel.

Beſide, as holy fathers ſain,
there is a holy place:
Where *Titan* riſeth from the main,
to ren his daily race,
Upon whoſe tops the ſtars been ſtaied,
and all the sky doth lean,
There is the cave where *Phœbe* laied,
the ſhepherd long to dream.
Whilom there uſed ſhepherds all
to feed their flocks at will,
Till by his folly one did fall,
that all the reſt did ſpill.
And ſithence ſhepherds been foreſaid
from places of delight:
For thy, I ween thou be afraid,
to clime this hilles hight.

Of *Synah* can I tell the more,
and of our Ladies bowr:
But little needs to ſtrow my ſtore,
ſuffice this hill of our.
Here han the holy *Faunes* recourſe,
and *Sylvanes* haunten rathe,
Here has the ſalt Medway his ſourſe,
wherein the Nymphs do bathe:
The ſalt Medway that trickling ſtreams
adown the dales of *Kent*,
Till with the elder brother Thames,
his brackiſh waves be meynt.
Here grows *Melampode* every where,
and *Teribinth*, good for Goats:
The one, my madding Kids to ſmere,
the next, to heal their throats.
Hereto, the hills been nigher heaven,
and thence the paſſage ethe:
As well can prove the piercing levin,
that ſeldom falls beneath.

Thomalin.

Siker thou ſpeakeſt like a lewd lorel,
of heaven to deemen ſo:
How be I am but rude and borrel,
yet nearer ways I know.
To Kirk the nar, to God more far,
has been an old ſaid ſaw,
And he that ſtrives to touch a ſtar,
oft ſtumbles at a ſtraw.
Alſoon may ſhepherds clime to skie,
that leads in lowly dales:
As Goatherds proud that ſitting hie,
upon the mountain ſails.
My ſeely ſheep like well below,
they need not *Melampode*,
For they been hale enough, I trow,
and liken their abode.
But if they with thy Goats ſhould yede,
they ſoon might be corrupted:
Or like not of the frowy fede,
or with the weeds be glutted.
The hills where dwelled holy Saints,
I reverence and adore:
Not for themſelf, but for the Saints,
which han been dead of yore.
And now they been to heaven forewent,
their good is with them go:
Their ſample only to us lent,
that als we mought do ſo.
Shepherds they weren of the beſt,
and lived in lowly leas:
And ſith their ſouls be now at reſt,
why done we them diſeaſe?
Such one he was (as I have heard)
old *Algrind*, often ſain:
That whilom was the firſt ſhepherd,
and lived with little gain:
And meek he was, as meek mought be,
ſimple, as ſimple ſheep,
Humble, and like in each degree
the flock which he did keep.
Often he uſed of his ſheep,
a ſacrifice to bring,
Now with a Kid, now with a ſheep,
the Altars hallowing.
So louted he unto the Lord,
Such favour couth he find,
That never ſithens was abhord
the ſimple ſhepherds kind.
And ſuch I ween the brethren were,
that came from *Canaan*:
The brethren twelve, that kept yfere
the flocks of mighty *Pan*.
But nothing ſuch thilk ſhepherd was,
whom *Ida* hill did bear,
That left his flock to fetch a Laſs,
whoſe love he bought too dear:
For he was proud, that ill was paid,
(no ſuch mought ſhepherds be)
And with loud luſt was over-laid:
tway things doen ill agree:
But ſhepherds mought be meek and mild
well eyed, as *Argus* was,
With fleſhly follies undefil'd,
and ſtout as ſteed of braſs.
Sike one (ſaid *Algrind*) *Moſes* was,
that ſaw his Makers face,
His face more clear than cryſtal glaſs,
and ſpake to him in place.
This had a brother, (his name I know)
the firſt of all his cote:
A ſhepherd true, yet not ſo true,
as he that earſt I hote.
Whilom all theſe were low, and leef,
and loved their flocks to feed,
They never ſtroven to be chief:
and ſimple was their weed.
But now (thanked be God therefore)
the world is well amend:
Their weeds been not ſo nighly wore,
ſuch ſimpleſs mought them ſhend.
They been yclad in purple and pall,
ſo hath their God them bliſt:
They raign and rulen over all,
and Lord it as they liſt:
Ygirt with belts of glitter and gold,
(mought they good ſhepherds been)
Their *Pan* their ſheep to them has ſold,
I ſay, as ſome have ſeen.
For *Palinode* (if thou him ken)
yode late on pilgrimage
To *Rome*, (if ſuch be *Rome*) and then
he ſaw thilk miſuſage.
For ſhepherds (ſaid he) there doen lead,
as Lords done other where:
Their ſheep han cruſts, and they the bread:
the chips, and they the chere:
They han the fleece, and eke the fleſh,
(O ſilly ſheep the while)

The

The corn is theirs, let others threſh,
their hands they may not file.
They han great ſtore, and thrifty flocks,
great friends, and feeble foes:
What need hem caren for their flocks,
Their boys can look to thoſe.
Theſe Wiſards welter in wealths waves,
pampred in pleaſures deep:
They han fat kerns, and leany knaves,
their faſting flocks to keep.
Sike miſter men been all miſgone,
they heapen hills of wrath:
Sike ſily ſhepherds have we none,
they keeden all the path.

Morrel.

Here is a great deal of good matter,
loſt for lack of telling:
Now ſiker I ſee thou dooſt but clatter:
harm may come of melling.
Thou medleſt more than ſhall have thank
to witen ſhepherds wealth:
When folk been fat, and riches rank,
it is a ſign of health.

But ſay me, what is *Algrind*, he
that is ſo oft bynempt?

Thomalin.

He is a ſhepherd great in gree,
but hath been long ypent:
One day he ſate upon a hill,
(as now thou wouldeſt me,
But I am taught by *Algrinds* ill,
to love the low degree,)
For ſitting ſo with bared ſcalp,
an Eagle ſored hie,
That weening his white head was chalk
a ſhell fiſh down let flie.
She weend the ſhell fiſh to have broke,
but therewith bruz'd his brain:
So now aſtonied with the ſtroke,
he lies in lingring pain.

Morrel.

Ah good *Algrind*, his hap was ill,
but ſhall be better in time:
Now farewel ſhepherd, ſith this hill
thou haſt ſuch doubt to clime.

Palinodes Emblem.
In medio virtus.

Morrels Emblem
In ſummo felicitas.

GLOSSE.

A Goatherd, by Goats in Scripture be repreſented the wicked and reprobate, whoſe Paſtour muſt needs be ſuch.
Bank, is the ſeat of honour. ***Straying herd***, which wander out of the way of truth.
Als, for alſo. ***Climb***, ſpoken of ambition.
Great climbers, according to *Seneca* his verſe,
Decident celſa graviore lapſu. ***Mickle***, much.
The ſun: a reaſon why he refuſed to dwell on the mountains, becauſe there is no ſhelter againſt the ſcorching Sun, according to the time of the year, which is the hotteſt month of all.
The Cup and Diadem, be two ſigns in the firmament, through which the Sun maketh his courſe in the month of *July*.
Lion, this is poetically ſpoken, as if the Sun did hunt a Lion with one dog. The meaning whereof is, that in *July* the Sun is in *Leo*. At which time, the Dog ſtar, which is called *Syrius*, or *Canicula*, raigneth with immoderate heat, cauſing peſtilence, drought, and many diſeaſes.
Overture, an open place: the word is borrowed of the *French*, and uſed in good Writers.
To holden chat, to talk and prate.
A loord, was wont among the old *Britons* to ſignifie a Lord. And therefore the *Danes*, that long time uſurped their tyranny here in *Britanny*, were called for more dread than dignity, *Lurdans. i.* Lord Danes. At which time it is ſaid, that the inſolence and pride of that Nation was ſo outrageous in this Realm, that if it fortuned a *Briton* to be going over a bidge, and ſaw the *Dane* ſet foot upon the ſame, he muſt return back, till the *Dane* were clean over, or elſe abide the price of his diſpleaſure, which was no leſs than preſent death. But being afterward expelled, the name of *Lurdane* became ſo odious unto the people, whom they had long oppreſſed, that even at this day they uſe for more reproach, to call the Quartan Ague the Feaver-Lurdane.
Recks much of thy ſwink, counts much of thy pains.
Weetleſs, not underſtood.
S. Michaels mount, is a Promontory in the Weſt part of *England*,
A hill, Parnaſſus aforeſaid ***Pan***, Chriſt.

Dan,

Dan, one Tribe is put for the whole Nation, *per Synecdochen.*

Where Titan, the Sun. Which ſtory is to be read in *Diodorus Syc.* of the hill *Ida*, from whence he ſaith, all night time is to be ſeen a mighty fire, as if the sky burned, which toward morning beginneth to gather a round form, and thereof riſeth the Sun, whom the Poets call *Titan.*

The ſhepherd, is Endymion, whom the Poets fain to have been ſo beloved of *Phœbe. i.* the Moon, that he was by her kept aſleep in a Cave by the ſpace of thirteen years, for to enjoy his company.

There, that is, in Paradiſe; where, through errour of the ſhepherds underſtanding, he ſaith, that all ſhepherds did uſe to feed their flocks, till one, (that is) *Adam*, by his folly and diſobedience, made all the reſt of his ofspring to be debarred, and ſhut out from thence.

Sinah, a hill in *Arabia*, where God appeared.

Our Ladies bowr, a place of pleaſure ſo called.

Fauns, or Sylvanes, be of Poets fained to be Gods of the wood.

Medway, the name of a River in *Kent*, which running by *Rocheſter*, meeteth with *Thames:* whom he calleth his elder brother, both becauſe he is greater, and alſo falleth ſooner into the Sea.

Meint, mingled. *Melampode, and Terebinth*, be Herbs good to cure diſeaſed Goats, of the one ſpeaketh *Mantuan:* and of the other, *Theocritus.*

Terminthou tragoon eikaton acremonia.

Nigher heaven: note the ſhepherds ſimpleneſs, which ſuppoſeth that from the hills is nigher way to heaven.

Levin, lightning; which he taketh for an argument, to prove the nighneſs to heaven, becauſe the lightning doth commonly light on high mountains, according to the ſaying of the Poet:

Feriuntque ſummos fulmina montes.

Lorel, a loſel.
Nar, nearer.
Yede, go.
Of yore, long ago.
A borel, a plain fellow.
Hale, for hole.
Frowy, muſty, or moſſie.
Forewent, gone afore.

The firſt ſhepherd was *Abel* the righteous, who (as Scripture ſaith) bent his mind to keeping of ſheep, as did his brother *Cain* to tilling the ground.

His keep, his charge. *i.* his flock. *Louted*, did honour and reverence.

The bretbren, the twelve ſons of *Jacob*, which were ſheepmaſters, and lived only thereupon.

Whom Ida, Paris, which (being the ſon of *Priamus* King of *Troy*) for his mother *Hecubas* dream, (which being with child of him, dreamed ſhe brought forth a fire-brand, that ſet the Town of *Ilium* on fire) was caſt forth on the hill *Ida*; where being foſtred of ſhepherds, he eke in time became a ſhepherd, and laſtly came to the knowledge of his parentage.

A Laſs, *Helena*, the wife of *Menelaus* King of *Lacedemonia*, was by *Venus*, for the golden apple to her given, then promiſed to *Paris:* who thereupon, with a ſort of luſty *Troyans*, ſtole her out of *Lacedemonia*, and kept her in *Troy*; which was the cauſe of the ten years War in *Troy*, and the moſt famous City of all *Aſia*, lamentably ſacked and defaced.

Argus, was of the Poets deviſed to be full of eyes, and therefore to him was committed the keeping of the tranſformed Cow, *Io:* ſo called, becauſe that in the print of the Cows foot, there is figured an I in the midſt of an O.

His name, he meaneth *Aaron:* whoſe name, for more *Decorum*, the ſhepherd ſaith he hath forgot, leaſt his remembrance and skill in antiquities of holy writ, ſhould ſeem to exceed the meanneſs of the perſon.

Not ſo true: for *Aaron* in the abſence of *Moſes* ſtarted aſide, and committed Idolatry.

In purple, Spoken of the Popes and Cardinals, which uſe ſuch tyrannical colours and pompous painting.

Belts, Girdles.

Glitterand, glittering; a participle, uſed ſometimes in *Chaucer*, but altogether in *Joh. Goore.*

Their Pan, that is, the Pope, whom they count their God and greateſt Shepherd.

Palinode, a ſhepherd, of whoſe report he ſeemeth to ſpeak all this.

Wiſards, great learned heads.
Kern, a Churle or Farmer.
Surly, ſtately and proud.
Bett, Better.
Gree, for degree.
Welter, wallow.
Sike miſter men, ſuch kind of men.
Melling, medling.
Benempt, named.

Algrind, the name of a ſhepherd aforeſaid, whoſe miſhap he alludeth to the chance that happened to the Poet *Æſchylus*, that was brained with a ſhell fiſh.

Emblem.

Emblem.

By this Poeſie *Thomalin* confirmeth that, which in his former ſpeech by ſundry reaſons he had proved: for being both himſelf ſequeſtred from all ambition, and alſo abhorring it in others of his coat, he taketh occaſion to praiſe the mean and lowly ſtate, as that wherein is ſafety without fear, and quiet without danger, according to the ſaying of old Philoſophers, that Vertue dwelleth in the midſt, being environed with two contrary vices: whereto *Morrel* replieth with continuance of the ſame Philoſophers opinion, that albeit all bounty dwelleth in mediocrity, yet perfect felicity dwelleth in ſupremacy. For, they ſay, and moſt true it is, that happineſs is placed in the higheſt degree: ſo as if any thing be higher or better, then that way ceaſeth to be perfect happineſs. Much like to that which once I heard alledged in defence of humility, out of a great Doctor, *Suorum Chriſtus humillimus:* which ſaying, a Gentleman in the company taking at the rebound, beat back again with a like ſaying of another Doctor, as he ſaid, *Suorum Deus altiſſimus.*

AUGUST.

Ægloga Octava.

ARGUMENT.

IN this Æglogue is ſet forth a delectable Controverſie, made in imitation of that in Theocritus: *whereto alſo* Virgil *faſhioned his third and ſeventh Æglogue. They choſe for Umpire of their ſtrife,* Cuddy *a neat-heards boy: who having ended their cauſe, reciteth alſo himſelf a proper ſong, whereof* Colin *he ſaith was Author.*

WILLY. PERIGOT. CUDDY.

TEll me *Perigot*, what ſhall be the game,
Wherefore with mine thou dare thy muſick match?
Or been thy Bagpipes ren far out of frame?
Or hath the Cramp thy joynts benum'd with ach?

Perigot.

Ah *Willy*, when the heart is ill aſſaid,
How can Bagpipe or Joynts be well apaid?

Willy.

What the foul evil hath thee ſo beſtad?
Whilom thou waſt peregal to the beſt,
And wont to make the jolly ſhepherds glad,
With pyping and dancing, did paſs the reſt.

Perigot.

Ah, *Willy*, now I have learn'd a new dance:
My old Muſick mar'd by a new miſchance.

Willy.

Miſchief mought to that miſchance befall,
That ſo hath raft us of our meriment:
But read me, What pain doth thee ſo appall?
Or loveſt thou, or been thy yonglings miſwent?

Perigot.

Love hath miſled both my yonglings and me:
I pine for pain, and they my plaint to ſee.

Willy.

Perdy and we'l away: ill may they thrive:
Never knew I Lovers ſheep in good plight:
But and if rimes with me thou dare ſtrive,
Such fond fantaſies ſhall ſoon be put to flight.

Perigot.

That ſhall I do, though mouchel worſe I fared:
Never ſhall be ſaid that *Perigot* was dared.

Willy.

Then lo, *Perigot*, the pledge which I plight,
A mazer ywrought of the Maple war:
Wherein is enchaſed many a fair ſight,
Of Bears and Tygers, that maken herce war:
And over them ſpred a goodly wild Vine,
Entrailed with a wanton Ivy twine.

Thereby

Thereby is a Lamb in the Wolves jaws:
But ſee, how faſt renneth the ſhepherds ſwain,
To ſave the innocent from the beaſts paws:
And here with his ſheephook hath him ſlain.
Tell me, ſuch a cup haſt thou ever ſeen?
Well mought it beſeem any harveſt Queen.

Prigot.

Thereto will I pawn yonder ſpotted Lamb,
Of all my flock there nis ſike another:
For I brought him up without the Damb:
But *Colin Clout* raft me of his brother,
That he purchaſt of me in the plain field:
Sore againſt my will was I forſt to yield.

Willy.

Siker make like account of his brother.
But who ſhall judge the wager won or loſt?

Perigot.

That ſhall yonder heardgroom, and none other,
Which over the pouſſe hitherward doth poſt.

Willy.

But for the Sun-beam ſo ſore doth us beat,
Were not better, to ſhun the ſcorching heat?

Perigot.

Well agreed *Willy*: then ſit the down ſwain:
Sike a ſong never heardeſt thou, but *Colin* ſing.

Cuddy.

'Gin, when ye liſt, ye jolly ſhepherds twain:
Sike a judge, as *Cuddy*, were for a king.

Per. IT fell upon a holy eve,
Will. hey ho holiday,
Per. When holy fathers wont to ſhrive:
Will. now 'ginneth his roundelay.
Per. Sitting upon a hill ſo hie,
Will. hey ho the high hill,
Per. The while my flock did feed thereby,
Will. the while the ſhepherd ſelf did ſpill:
Per. I ſaw the bouncing Bellibone:
Will. hey ho bonnibell,
Per. Tripping over the dale alone,
Will. ſhe can trip it very well.
Per. Well decked in a frock of gray,
Will. hey ho grey is greet,
Per. And in a kirtle of green Say,
Will. the green is for maidens meet.
Per. A chaplet on her head ſhe wore,
Will. hey ho chapelet,
Per. Of ſweet Violets therein was ſtore,
Will. ſhe ſweeter than the Violet.
Per. My ſheep did leave their wonted food,
Will. hey ho ſeely ſheep,
Per. And gaz'd on her, as they were wood,
Will. wood as he, that did them keep.
Per. As the bonilaſs paſſed by,
Will. hey ho bonilaſs,
Per. She rov'd at me with glancing eye,
Will. as clear as the cryſtal glaſs:
Per. All as the ſunny beam ſo bright,
Will. hey ho the ſun beam,
Per. Glanceth from *Phœbus* face forthright,
Will. ſo love into thy heart did ſtream:
Per. Or as the thunder cleaves the clouds,
Will. hey ho the thunder,
Per. Wherein the lightſome levin ſhrouds,
Will. ſo cleaves thy ſoul aſunder:
Per. Or as Dame *Cynthias* ſilver ray,
Will. hey ho the Moon light,
Per. Upon the glittering wave doth play:
Will. ſuch play is a pitious plight.
Per. The glance into my heart did glide,
Will. hey ho the glider,
Per. Therewith my ſoul was ſharply gride,
Will. ſuch wounds ſoon wexen wider.
Per. Haſting to raunch the arrow out,
Will. hey ho *Perigot*,
Per. I left the head in my heart root:
Will. it was a deſperate ſhot.
Per. There it ranketh aye more and more,
Will. hey ho the arrow,
Per. Ne can I find ſalve for my ſore:
Will. love is a careleſs ſorrow.
Per. And though my bale with death I bought,
Will. hey ho heavy cheer,
Per. Yet ſhould thilk Laſs not from my thought:
Will. ſo you may buy gold too deer.
Per. But whether in painful love I pine,
Will. hey ho pinching pain,
Per. Or thrive in wealth, ſhe ſhall be mine.
Will. but if thou can her obtain.
Per. And if for graceleſs grief I dye,
Will. hey ho graceleſs grief,
Per. Witneſs, ſhe ſlue me with her eye,
Will. let thy folly be the prief.
Per. And you that ſaw it, ſimple ſheep,
Will. hey ho the fair flock,
Per. For prief thereof, my death ſhall weep,
Will. and mode with many a mock.
Per. So learn'd I love on a holy eve,
Will. hey ho holy day,
Per. That ever ſince my heart did grieve,
Will. now endeth our roundelay.

Cuddy.

Siker, ſike a roundle never heard I none,
Little lacketh *Perigot* of the beſt,
And *Willy* is not greatly over-gone,
So weren his under-ſongs well addreſt.

Willy.

Heardgrome, I fear me, thou have a ſquint eye,
Areed uprightly, who has the victory?

Cuddy.

Faith of my ſoul, I deem each have gained.
For thy, let the Lamb be *Willy* his own:
And for *Perigot* ſo well hath him pained,
To him be the wroughten Mazer alone.

Perigot.

Perigon is well pleaſed with the doom:
Ne can *Willy* wit the witleſs heardgroom.

Willy.

Never dempt more right of beauty I ween,
The ſhepherd of *Ida*, that judg'd beauties Queen.

Cuddy.

Cuddy.

But tell me Shepherds, ſhould it not yſhend
Your roundels freſh, to hear a doleful verſe
Of *Roſalinde*, (who knowes not *Roſalinde?*)
That *Colin* made? ylke can I you rehearſe.

Perigot.

Now ſay it *Cuddy*, as thou art a lad:
With mery thing its good to meddle ſad.

Willy.

Faith of my ſoul, thou ſhalt ycrowned be
In *Colins* ſteed, if thou this ſong areed:
For never thing on earth ſo pleaſeth me,
As him to hear, or matter of his deed.

Cuddy.

Then liſten each unto my heavy lay,
And tune your pipes as ruthful as ye may.

YE waſtful woods bear witneſs of my woe,
Wherein my plaints did oftentimes reſound:
Ye careleſs birds are privy to my cryes,
Which in your ſongs were wont to make a part:
Thou pleaſant ſpring haſt luld me oft aſleep,
Whoſe ſtreams my trickling tears did oft augment.
Reſort of people doth my griefs augment,
The walled towns do work my greater woe:
The Forreſt wide is fitter to reſound
The hollow Eccho of my careful cryes,
I hate the houſe, ſince thence my love did part,
Whoſe wailful wants debars mine eyes of ſleep.
Let ſtreams of tears ſupply the place of ſleep:
Let all that ſweet is, void: and all that may augment
My dole, draw near. More meet to wail my woe,
Been the wild woods, my ſorrows to reſound,
Than bed, nor bowre, both which I fill with cryes,
When I them ſee ſo waſte, and find no part
Of pleaſure paſt. Here will I dwell apart
In gaſtful grove therefore, till my laſt ſleep
Do cloſe mine eyes: ſo ſhall I not augment
With ſight of ſuch as change my reſtleſs woe:
Help me ye baneful birds, whoſe ſhrieking ſound
Is ſign of dreery death, my deadly cryes
Moſt ruthfully to tune. And as my cryes
(Which of my woe cannot bewray leaſt part)
You hear all night, when nature craveth ſleep,
Increaſe, ſo let your yrkſome yelles augment.
Thus all the night in plaints, the day in woe,
I vowed have to waſte, till ſafe and ſound
She home return, whoſe voices ſilver ſound
To chearful ſongs can change my chearleſs cryes.
Hence, with the Nightingale will I take part,
That bleſſed bird, that ſpends her time of ſleep
In ſongs and plaintive pleas, the more t'augment
The memory of his miſdeed, that bred her woe.
And you that feel no woe, when as the ſound
Of theſe my nightly cryes ye hear apart,
Let break your ſounder ſleep, and pity augment.

Perigot.

O *Colin*, *Colin*, the Shepherds joy,
how I admire each turning of thy verſe:
And *Cuddy*, freſh *Cuddy*, the liefeſt boy,
how dolefully his dole thou didſt rehearſe.

Cuddy.

Then blow your pipes Shepherds, till you be at home:
The night higheth faſt, its time to be gone.

Perigot his Emblem.
Vincenti goloria victi.
Willies Emblem.
Vinto non vitto.
Cuddies Emblem.
Felice chi puo.

GLOSSE.

Beſtadde, diſpoſed, ordered. *Peregall*, equall. *Whilom*, once.
Raſt, bereft, deprived. *Miſwent*, gone aſtray. *Ill may*, according to *Virgil.*
Infelix ô ſemper ovis pecus.

A Mazer. So alſo do *Theocritus* and *Virgil* feign pledges of their ſtrife.

Enchaſed, engraven. Such pretty deſcriptions every where uſeth *Theocritus* to bring in his *Idyllia*. For which ſpecial cauſe indeed, he by that name tearmeth his Æglogues: for *Idyllion* in *Greek*, ſignifieth the ſhape or picture of any thing, whereof his book is full. And not as I have heard ſome fondly gueſs, that they be called, not *Idyllia*, but *Hædillia*, of the Goteheards in them.

Entrailed, wrought between. *Harveſt Queen*, The manner of Countrey folk in harveſt time. *Pouſſe*, Peaſe.

It fell upon. Perigot maketh all his ſong in praiſe of his Love, to whom *Willy* anſwereth every under verſe. By Perigot, who is meant, I cannot uprightly ſay: but if it be, who is ſuppoſed his Love, ſhe deſerveth no leſs praiſe than he giveth her.

Greet, weeping and complaint. *Chaplet*, a kind of Garland like a crown.
Levin, Lightning. *Cynthia*, was ſaid to be the Moon. *Gryde*, pearced.
But ef, not unleſs. *Squint eye*, partial judgment. *Each have*, ſo ſaith *Virgil*:
Et vitula tu dignus, & hic &c.

Doom, judgment. *Dempt*, for deemed, judged.
Wite the witeleſs, blame the blameleſs.
The Shepherd of Ida, was ſaid to be *Paris*.
Beauties Queen, Venus, to whom *Paris* adjudged the golden Apple, as the price of her beauty.

Emblem.

The meaning hereof is very ambiguous: for *Perigot* by his poeſie claiming the conqueſt, and *Willie* not yielding, *Cuddy* the Arbitrer of their cauſe, and Patron of his own, ſeemeth to challenge it, as his due: ſaying, that he is happy which can: ſo abruptly ending; but he meaneth either him, that can win the beſt, or moderate himſelf being beſt, and leave off with the beſt.

SEPTEMBER.

Ægloga Nona.

ARGUMENT.

HEREIN Diggon Davie *is deviſed to be a Shepherd, that in hope of more gain, drave his ſheep into a far Countrey. The abuſes whereof, and looſe living of Popiſh Prelates, by occaſion of* Hobbinols *demand, he diſcourſeth at large.*

HOBBINOL. DIGGON. DAVIE.

DIggon Davie, I bid her God day:
Or *Diggon* her is, or I miſſay.

Diggon.

Her was her, while it was day light,
But now her is a moſt wretched wight.
For day that was, is wightly paſt,
And now at laſt the dark night doth haſt.

Hobbinol.

Diggon, areed who has thee ſo dight?
Never I wiſt thee in ſo poor a plight.
Where is the fair flock, thou waſt wont to lead?
Or been they chaſtred? or at miſchief dead?

Diggon.

Ah for love of that, is to thee moſt leef,
Hobbinol, I pray thee gall not my old greef:
Sike queſtion rippeth up cauſe of new woe;
For one opened, mote unfold many mo.

Hobbinol.

Nay, but ſorrow cloſe ſhrowded in hart,
I know, to keep is a burdenous ſmart.
Each thing imparted, is more eath to bear:
When the rain is fallen, the clowds wex clear.
And now ſithence I ſaw thy head laſt,
Thrice three Moons been fully ſpent and paſt.
Since when thou haſt meaſured much ground,
And wandred weel about the World round,
So as thou can many things relate:
But tell me firſt of thy flocks eſtate.

Diggon.

My ſheep been waſted, (woe is me therefore)
The jolly Shepherd that was of yore,
Is now nor jolly, nor Shepherd more.
In forrein coaſts men ſaid, was plenty:
And ſo there is, but all of miſery.
I dempt there much to have eked my ſtore,
But ſuch ekeing hath made my hart ſore.
In tho Countries where I have been,
No being for thoſe, that truly mean:
But for ſuch as of guile maken gain,
No ſuch Countrey as there to remain.
They ſetten to ſale their ſhops of ſhame,
And maken a market of their good name.
The Shepherds there robben one another,
And layen baits to beguile her Brother.
Or they will buy his ſheep forth of the cote,
Or they will carven the Shepherds throte.
The Shepherds ſwain you cannot well ken,
But it be by his pride, from other men:
They looken big, as Bulls that been bate,
And bearen the crag ſo ſtiff and ſo ſtate,
As Cock on his dunghill, crowing crank.

Hobbinol.

Diggon, I am ſo ſtiff and ſo ſtank,
That unneth may I ſtand any more:
And now the Weſtern Wind bloweth ſore,
That is in his chief ſoveraigntee,
Beating the withered leaf from the tree.

Sit

Sit we down here under the hill:
Tho may we talk and tellen our fill,
And make a mock at the bluſtering blaſt:
Now ſay on *Diggon* what ever thou haſt.

Diggon.

Hobbin, ah *Hobbin*, I curſe the ſtound,
That ever I caſt to have lorn this ground.
Wele-away the while I was ſo fond,
To leave the good, that I had in hond,
In hope of better that was uncouth:
So loſt the Dog the fleſh in his mouth.
My ſeely ſheep (ah ſeely ſheep)
That hereby there I whilom us'd to keep,
All were they luſty, as thou diddeſt ſee,
Been all ſtarved with pine and penury:
Hardly my ſelf eſcaped thilk pain,
Driven for need to come home again.

Hobbinol.

Ah ſon, now by thy loſs art taught,
That ſeldom change the better brought.
Content who lives with tried ſtate,
Need fear no change of frowning fate:
But who will ſeek for unknown gain,
Oft lives by loſs, and leaves with pain.

Diggon.

I wote ne *Hobbin* how I was bewitcht,
With vain deſire, and hope to be enricht.
But ſiker ſo it is, as the bright ſtar
Seemeth a greater, when it is far;
I thought the ſoyl would have made me rich:
But now I wote it is nothing ſich.
For either the Shepherds been idle and ſtill,
And led of their ſheep, what way they will:
Or they been falſe, and full of covetiſe,
And caſten to compaſs many wrong Empriſe.
But more been fraught with fraud and ſpight,
Ne in good nor goodneſs taken delight:
But kindle coals of conteck and yre,
Wherewith they ſet all the world on fire:
Which when they thinken again to quench,
With holy water they doen hem all drench,
They ſay they con to heaven the high way:
But by my ſoul I dare underſay,
They never ſet foot in that ſame trode,
But balk the right way, and ſtrayen abroad.
They boaſt they han the Divel at commaund:
But ask them, therefore what they have paund.
Marry that great *Pan* bought with great borrow,
To quite it from the black bowre of ſorrow.
But they han ſold thilk ſame long agoe:
For they would draw with hem many moe.
But let hem gang alone a Gods name:
As they han brewed, ſo let them bear blame.

Hobbinol.

Diggon, I pray thee ſpeak not ſo dirk.
Such myſter ſaying me ſeemeth to mirk.

Diggon.

Then plainly to ſpeak of Shepherds moſt what:
Bad is the beſt (this Engliſh is flat)
Their ill haviour gars men miſſay,
Both of their doctrine, and their fay.
They ſay the world is much war than it woont,
All for her Shepherds is beaſtly and bloont.
Other ſain, but how truly I note,
All for they holden ſhame of their cote.
Some ſtick not to ſay (hote cole on her tongue)
That ſike miſchief graſeth hem emong,
All for they caſten too much of worlds care,
To deck her Dame, and enrich her heir:
For ſuch encheaſon, if you go nie,
Few Chimneys reeken you ſhall eſpie:
The fat Oxe that woont lig in the ſtall,
Is now faſt ſtalled in her crumenall.
Thus chatten the people in their ſteads,
Ylik as a Monſter of many heads.
But they that ſhooten neareſt the prick,
Sain, other the fat from their beards do lick.
For big Bulls of *Baſan* brace hem about,
That with their horns butten the more ſtout:
But the lean ſouls treaden under foot,
And to ſeek redreſs mought little boot:
For liker been they to pluck away more,
Than ought of the gotten good to reſtore.
For they been like foul wagmoires overgraſt,
That if any galage once ſticketh faſt,
The more to wind it out thou doſt ſwink,
Thou mought aye deeper and deeper ſink.
Yet better leave off with a little loſs,
Than by much wreſtling to leeſe the groſs.

Hobbinol.

Now *Diggon*, I ſee thou ſpeakeſt too plain:
Better it were, a little to fain,
And cleanly cover that cannot be cured.
Such ill, as is forced, mought needs be endured.
But of ſike Paſtors how done the flocks creep?

Diggon.

Sike as the Shepherds, ſike been her ſheep,
For they nill liſten to the Shepherds voice:
But if he call hem, at their good choice.
They wander at will, and ſtay at pleaſure,
And to their folds yead at their own leaſure.
But they had be better come at their call:
For many han unto miſchief fall,
And been of ravenous Wolves yrent,
All for they nould be buxome and bent.

Hobbinol.

Fie on thee *Diggon*, and all thy foul leaſing,
Well is known that ſince the *Saxon* King,
Never was Wolf ſeen, many nor ſome,
Nor in all *Kent*, nor in Chriſtendom:
But the fewer Wolves (the ſooth to ſain)
The more been the Foxes that here remain.

Diggon.

Yes, but they gang in more ſecret wiſe,
And with ſheeps clothing doen hem diſguiſe.
They talk not widely as they were woont,
For fear of raungers and the great hoont:
But privily prolling to and fro,
Enaunter they mought be inly know.

Hobbinol.

Or privy or pert if any bin,
We have great bandogs will tear their skin.

Diggon.

Indeed thy Ball is a bold big cur,
And could make a jolly hole in their fur.
But not good dogs hem needeth to chaſe,
But heedy Shepherds to diſcern their face:
For all their craft is in their countenance,
They been ſo grave, and full of maintenance.
But ſhall I tell thee what my ſelf know,
Chaunced to *Roffin* not long ygoe?

Hobbinol.

Say it out, *Diggon*, what ever it hight,
For not but well mought him betight.
He is ſo meek, wiſe, and merciable,
And with his word his work is convenable.
Colin Clout I ween be his ſelf boy,
(Ah for *Colin* he whylom my joy)
Shepherds ſich, God mought us many ſend,
That doen ſo carefully their flocks tend.

Diggon.

Thilk ſame Shepherd mought I well mark:
He has a dog to bite or to bark,
Never had Shepherd ſo keen a cur,
That waketh, and if but a leaf ſtur.
Whilom there wonned a wicked Wolf,
That with many a Lamb had gutted his gulf,
And ever at night wont to repair
Unto the flock, when the Welkin ſhone fair,
Yclad in clothing of ſeely ſheep,
When the good old man uſed to ſleep.
Tho at midnight he would bark and ball,
(For he had eft learned a curs call)
As if a Wolf were among the ſheep.
With that the Shepherd would break his ſleep,
And ſend out Lowder (for ſo his dog hote)
To raunge the fields with open throte.
Tho when as Lowder was far away,
This wolviſh ſheep would catchen his pray,
A Lamb, or a Kid, or a weanell waſt:
With that to the wood would he ſpeed him faſt.
Long time he uſed this ſlippery prank,
Ere *Roffy* could for his labour him thank.
At end, the Shepherd his practiſe ſpied,
(For *Roffy* is wiſe, and as *Argus* eyed)
And when at even he came to the flock,
Faſt in their folds he did them lock,
And took out the Woolf in his counterfeit cote,
And let out the ſheeps blood at his throte.

Hobbinol.

Marry *Diggon*, what ſhould him affray
To take his own where ever it lay?
For had his weaſand been a little widder,
He would have devoured both hidder and ſhidder.

Diggon.

Miſchief light on him, and Gods great curſe,
Too good for him had been a great deal wurſe:
For it was a perillous beaſt above all,
And eke had he cond the Shepherds call:
And oft in the night came to the ſheep cote,
And called Lowder, with a hollow throte,
As if the old mans ſelf had been.
The dog his maiſters voice did it ween,
Yet half in doubt he opened the door,
And ran out, as he was wont of yore.
No ſooner was out, but ſwifter than thought,
Faſt by the hide the Wolf Lowder caught:
And had not *Roffy* ren to the ſteven,
Lowder had been ſlain thilk ſame even.

Hobbinol.

God ſhield man, he ſhould ſo ill have thrive,
All for he did his devoir belive.
If ſike been Wolves, as thou haſt told,
How mought we, *Diggon*, hem behold.

Diggon.

How, but with heed and watchfulneſs,
Forſtallen hem of their wilineſs?
For thy with Shepherds fits not play,
Or ſleep, as ſome doen, all the long day:
But ever liggen in watch and ward,
From ſuddain force their flocks for to gard.

Hobbinol.

Ah *Diggon*, thilk ſame rule were too ſtraight,
All the cold ſeaſon to watch and wait.
We been of fleſh, men as other be,
Why ſhould we be bound to ſuch miſery?
What-ever thing lacketh changeable reſt,
Mought needs decay, when it is at beſt.

Diggon.

Ah, but *Hobbinol*, all this long tale
Nought eaſeth the care that doth me forhail,
What ſhall I do? what way ſhall I wend,
My pitious plight and loſs to amend?
Ah good *Hobbinol*, mought I thee pray,
Of aid or counſel in my decay.

Hobbinol.

Now by my ſoul, *Diggon*, I lament
The hapleſs miſchief that has thee hent:
Netheleſs thou ſeeſt my lowly ſail,
That froward fortune doth ever avil.
But were *Hobbinol*, as God mought pleaſe,
Diggon ſhould ſoon find favour and eaſe.
But if to my cottage thou wilt reſort,
So as I can, I will thee comfort:
There maiſt thou lig in a vetchy bed,
Till fairer Fortune ſhew forth his head.

Diggon.

Ah *Hobbinol*, God mought it thee requite,
Diggon on few ſuch friends did ever lite.

Diggons Emblem.

Inopem me copia fecit.

GLOSSE.

GLOSSE.

The Dialect and phraſe of ſpeech in this Dialogue, ſeemeth ſomewhat to differ from the common. The cauſe whereof is ſuppoſed to be, by occaſion of the party herein meant, who being very friend to the Author hereof, had been long in forrein Countries, and there ſeen many diſorders, which he here recounteth to *Hobbinol*.

Bid her, Bid good morrow. For to bid, is to pray, whereof cometh beads for prayers; and ſo they ſay, To bid his beads. ſ. to ſay his prayers.

Wightly, quickly, or ſuddainly. *Chaffred*, ſold. *Dead at miſchief*, an unuſual ſpeech, but much uſurped of *Lidgate*, and ſometime of *Chaucer*.

Leef, Dear. *Ethe*, eaſie. *Thrice three Moons*, nine Months *Meaſured*, for travailed.

Wae, woe, Northernly. *Eeked*, encreaſed. *Carven*, cut. *Kenne*, know. *Cragge*, neck.

State, ſtoutly. *Stank*, weary or faint.

And now, he applyeth it to the time of the year, which is in the end of harveſt, which they call the fall of the leaf: at which time the Weſtern wind beareth moſt ſway.

A mock, Imitating *Horace*, *Debes ludibrium ventis*.

Lorn, left. *Soote*, ſweet. *Uncouth*, unknown. *Heerby*, *there*, heere and there.

As the bright, tranſlated out of *Mantuan*. *Empriſe*, for enterpriſe. Per Syncopen.

Conteck, ſtrife. *Trode*, path.

Marrie that, that is, their ſouls, which by Popiſh Exorciſms and practiſes they damn to Hell.

Black, hell. *Gang*, goe. *Miſter*, maner. *Mirk*, obſcure. *Warre*, worſe.

Crumenall, purſe. *Brace*, compaſs. *Encheſon*, occaſion. *Overgraſt*, overgrown with graſs.

Galage, ſhooe. *The groſſe*, the whole.

Buxome and bent, meek and obedient

Saxon King. King *Edgar* that raigned here in *Britanny* in the year of our Lord. Which King cauſed all the Wolves, whereof then was ſtore in this Country, by a proper policy to be deſtroyed. So as never ſince that time, there have been Wolves here found, unleſs they were brought from other Countries. And therefore *Hobbinol* rebuketh him of untruth, for ſaying, that there be Wolves in *England*.

Nor in Chriſtendom. This ſaying ſeemeth to be ſtrange and unreaſonable: but indeed it was wont to be an old Proverb and common Phraſe. The original whereof was, for that the moſt part of *England* in the raign of King *Ethelbert* was Chriſtened, *Kent* only except, which remained long after in misbelief, and unchriſtened: So that *Kent* was counted no part of Chriſtendom.

Great hunt, Executing of laws and Juſtice.

Enaunter, leaſt that. *Inly*, inwardly: aforeſaid.

Privy or pert, openly ſaith *Chaucer*.

Roffy, the name of a Shepherd in Marot his Æglogue of *Robin* and the King. Whom he here commendeth for great care and wiſe governaunce of his flock.

Colin Clout. Now I think no man doubteth, but by *Colin* is meant the Authors ſelf, whoſe eſpecial good friend *Hobbinol* ſaith he is, or more rightly Maiſter *Gabriel Harvey*: of whoſe eſpecial commendation, as well in Poetry as Rhetorick and other choice learning, we have lately had a ſufficient tryal in divers his works, but ſpecially in his *Muſarum Lachrymæ*, and his late *Gratulationum Valdinenſium*: which book in the progreſs at *Audley* in *Eſſex*, he dedicated in writing to her Majeſty; afterward, preſenting the ſame in print to her Highneſs at the worſhipful Maiſter *Capels* in *Hertfordſhire*. Beſide other his ſundry moſt rare and very notable writings, partly under unknown titles, and partly under counterfeit names: as his Tyrannomaſtix, his Old Natalitia, his Rameidos, and eſpecially that part of Philomuſus, his divine Anticoſmopolita, and divers other of like importance. As alſo by the name of other Shepherds, he covereth the perſon of divers other his familiar friends and beſt acquaintance.

This tale of *Roffy*, ſeemeth to colour ſome particular action of his. But what, I certainly know not.

Wonned, haunted. *Welkin*, skye, aforeſaid.

A weaned waſte, a weaned youngling.

Hidder and ſhidder, he and ſhe, Male and Female. *Steven*, noiſe.

Belive, quickly. *What ever*, *Ovids* verſe tranſlated:

Quod caret alterna requie, durabile non eſt.

Forehail, draw or diſtreſs. *Vetchie*, of Peaſe ſtraw.

Emblem.

This is the saying of *Narciſſus* in *Ovid.* For when the fooliſh boy by beholding his face in the brook, fell in love with his own likeneſs: and not able to content himſelf with much looking thereon, he cryed out, that plenty made him poor, meaning that much gazing had bereft him of ſenſe. But *Diggon* uſeth it to other purpoſe; as who that by tryal of many ways, had found the worſt, and through great plenty was fallen into penury.
This Poeſie I know, to have been much uſed of the Author, and to ſuch like effect, as firſt *Narciſſus* ſpake it.

OCTOBER.

Ægloga decima.

ARGUMENT.

IN Cuddy is ſet out the perfect patern of a Poet, which finding no maintenance of his ſtate and ſtudies, complaineth of the contempt of Poetry, and the cauſes thereof: ſpecially having been in all ages, and even amongſt the moſt barbarous, always of ſingular account and honour, and being indeed ſo worthy and commendable an Art; or rather no Art, but a divine gift and heavenly inſtinct, not to be gotten by labour and learning, but adorned with both: and poured into the wit by a certain Enthouſiaſmos, *and celeſtial inſpiration, as the Author hereof elſewhere at large diſcourſeth in his book called the* Engliſh *Poet: which book being lately come to my hands, I mind alſo by Gods grace, upon further adviſement, to publiſh.*

PIERS.

CUddy, for ſhame hold up thy heavy head,
And let us caſt with what delight to chace,
And weary this longring *Phœbus* race.
Whilom thou wont the Shepherds lads to lead,
In rimes, in riddles, and in bidding baſe:
Now they in thee, and thou in ſleep art dead.

Cuddy.

Piers, I have piped earſt ſo long with pain,
That all mine Oaten reeds been rent and wore:
And my poor Muſe hath ſpent her ſpared ſtore,
Yet little good hath got, and much leſs gain.
Such pleaſance makes the Graſhopper ſo poor,
And lig ſo laid, when Winter doth her ſtrain.

The dapper ditties that I wont deviſe,
To feed youths fanſie, and the flocking fry,
Delighten much: what I thee bett for thy?
They han the pleaſure, I a ſlender priſe.
I beat the buſh, the birds to them do fly:
What good thereof to *Cuddy* can ariſe?

CUDDY.

Piers.

Cuddy, the praiſe is better, than the price,
The glory eke much greater than the gain:
O what an honour is it, to reſtrain
The luſt of lawleſs youth with good advice?
Or prick them forth with pleaſance of thy vain,
Whereto thou liſt their trained wills entice.

Soon as thou gins to ſet thy notes in frame,
O how the rural routs to thee do cleave!
Seemeth thou dooſt their ſoul of ſenſe bereave,
All as the Shepherd, that did fetch his dame
From *Plutoes* baleful Bowre withouten leave:
His muſicks might the helliſh hound did tame.

Cuddy.

So prayſen babes the Peacocks ſpotted train,
And wondren at bright *Argus* blazing eye:
But who rewards him ere the more for thy?
Or feeds him once the fuller by a grain?
Sike praiſe is ſmoke, that ſheddeth in the sky,
Sike words been wind, and waſten ſoon in vain.

Piers.

Piers.

Abandon then the baſe and viler clown,
Lift up thy ſelf out of the lowly duſt:
And ſing of bloody *Mars*, of wars, of guſts,
Turn thee to thoſe that weld the awful crown,
To doubted Knights, whoſe woundleſs armour ruſts,
And helmes unbruzed, wexen daily brown.

There may thy Muſe diſplay her fluttering wing,
And ſtretch her ſelf at large from Eaſt to Weſt:
Whither thou liſt in fair *Eliſa* reſt,
Or if thee pleaſe in bigger notes to ſing,
Advance the worthy whom ſhe loveth beſt,
That firſt the white Bear to the ſtake did bring.

And when the ſtubborn ſtroke of ſtronger ſtounds,
Has ſomewhat ſlackt the tenor of thy ſtring:
Of love and luſtihead tho maiſt thou ſing,
And carrol lowd, and lead the Millers round,
All were *Eliſa* one of thilk ſame ring,
So mought our *Cuddies* name to heaven ſound.

Cuddy.

Indeed the Romiſh *Tityrus*, I hear,
Through his *Mecoenas* left his Oaten reed,
Whereon he earſt had taught his flocks to feed,
And laboured lands to yield the timely ear,
And eft did ſing of wars and deadly dreed,
So as the heavens did quake his verſe to hear.

But ah! *Mecoenas* is yclad in clay,
And great *Auguſtus* long ygoe is dead:
And all the Worthies liggen wrapt in lead,
That matter made for Poets on to play.
For ever, who in derring do were dead,
The lofty verſe of hem was loved aye.

But after vertue gan for age to ſtoup,
And mighty manhood brought a bed of eaſe:
The vaunting Poets found nought worth a peaſe,
To put in preace among the learned troup:
Tho gan the ſtreams of flowing wits to ceaſe,
And ſunbright honour pend in ſhameful coup.

And if that any budds of Poeſie,
Yet of the old ſtock gan to ſhoot again:
Or it mens follies mote to force to fain,
And roll with reſt in rimes of ribaudry:
Or as it ſprung, it wither muſt again:
Tom Piper makes us better melodie.

Piers.

O peerleſs poeſie, where is then thy place?
If not in Princes Palace thou dooſt ſit
(And yet is Princes Palace the moſt fit)
Ne breſt of baſer birth doth thee imbrace;
Then make thee wings of thine aſpiring wit,
And, whence thou camſt, fly back to heaven apace.

Cuddy.

Ah *Percy*, it is all too weak and wan,
So high to ſore and make ſo large a flight:
Her pceced pineons been not ſo in plight,
For *Colin* fits ſuch famous flight to ſcan:
He, were he not with love ſo ill bedight,
Would mount as high, and ſing as ſoot as Swan.

Piers.

Ah ſon, for love does teach him climb ſo hie,
And lifts him up out of the loathſom mire:
Such immortal mirror, as he doth admire,
Would raiſe ones mind above the ſtarry ſky,
And cauſe a caitive courage to aſpire:
For lofty love doth loath a lowly eye.

Cuddy.

All otherwiſe the ſtate of Poet ſtands,
For lordly love is ſuch a Tyran fell:
That where he rules, all power he doth expell,
The vaunted verſe a vacant head demands,
Ne wont with crabbed care the Muſes dwell:
Unwiſely weaves, that takes two webs in hand.

Who ever caſts to compaſs weighty priſe,
And thinks to throw out thundring words of threat:
Let powre in laviſh cups and thrifty bits of meat.
For *Bacchus* fruit is friend to *Phoebus* wiſe:
And when with Wine the brain begins to ſweat,
The numbers flow as faſt as ſpring doth riſe.

Thou kenſt not *Percie* how the time ſhould rage.
O if my temples were diſtain'd with Wine,
And girt in Girlonds of wild Ivy twine,
How I could rear the Muſe on ſtately ſtage,
And teach her tread aloft in buskin fine,
With queint *Bellona* in her equipage.

But ah, my courage cools ere it be warm,
For they content us in this humble ſhade:
Where no ſuch troublous tides han us affaid,
Here we our ſlender pipes may ſafely charm.

Piers.

And when my Gates ſhall han their bellies laid,
Cuddy ſhall have a Kid to ſtore his farm.

Cuddies Emblem.

Agitante caleſcimus illo, &c.

GLOSSE.

This Æglogue is made in imitation of *Theocritus* his Sixteen Idyllion, wherein he reproved the Tyrant *Hiero* of *Syracuse* for his niggardiſe toward Poets, in whom is the power to make men immortal for their goods deeds, or ſhameful for their naughty life. And the like alſo is in *Mantuane*. The like hereof, as alſo that in *Theocritus*, is more lofty than the reſt, and applyed to the height of poetical wit.

Cuddy. I doubt whether by *Cuddy* be ſpecified the Authours ſelf, or ſome other. For in the eight Æglogue the ſame perſon was brought in, ſinging a Cantion of *Colins* making, as he ſaith. So that ſome doubt, that the perſons be different.

Whylome, ſometime. *Oaten reeds*, Avenæ.

Lag ſo laid, lye ſo faint and unluſty. *Dapper*, pretty.

Fry, is a bold Metaphore, forced from the ſpawning Fiſhes, for the multitude of young Fiſh be called the Fry.

To reſtrain. This place ſeemeth to conſpire with *Plato*, who in his firſt Book *de Legibus* ſaith, that the firſt invention of Poetry was of very vertuous intent. For at what time an infinite number of youth uſually came to their great ſolemn Feaſts called *Panegyrica*, which they uſed every five years to hold, ſome learned man being more able than the reſt, for ſpecial gifts of Wit and Muſick, would take upon him to ſing fine verſes to the people, in praiſe either of vertue, or of victory, or of immortality, or ſuch like. At whoſe wonderful gift all men being aſtonied, and as it were raviſhed with delight, thinking (as it was indeed) that he was inſpired from above, called him *Vatem*: which kind of men afterward, framing their verſes to lighter Muſick (as of Muſick there be many kinds, ſome ſadder, ſome lighter, ſome martial, ſome Heroical: and ſo diverſly eke affect the minds of men) found out lighter matter of Poeſie alſo, ſome playing with love, ſome ſcorning at mens faſhions, ſome powred out in pleaſure, and ſo were called Poets, or makers.

Senſebereave. What the ſecret working of Muſick is in the minds of men, as well appeareth hereby, that ſome of the ancient Philoſophers, and thoſe the moſt wiſe, as *Plato* and *Pythagoras*, held for opinion, that the Mind was made of a certain Harmony and Muſical numbers, for the great compaſſion, and likeneſs of affection in the one and the other, as alſo by that memorable Hiſtory of *Alexander*: to whom when as *Timotheus* the great Muſician played the *Phrygian* melody, it is ſaid that he was diſtraught with ſuch unwonted fury, that ſtraightway riſing from the Table in great rage, he cauſed himſelf to be armed, as ready to go to War (for that Muſick is very Warlike.) And immediatly, when as the Muſician changed his ſtroke into the Lydian and Ionique Harmony, he was ſo far from Warring, that he ſate as ſtill, as if he had been in matters of counſel. Such might is in Muſick. Wherefore *Plato* and *Ariſtotle*, forbid the *Arabian* melody from children and youth. For that being altogether on the fift and ſeventh tone, it is of great force to mollifie and quench the kindly courage, which uſeth to burn in our young breaſts. So that it is not incredible which the Poet here ſaith, that the Muſick can bereave the ſoul of ſenſe.

The Shepherd that, *Orpheus*: of whom it is ſaid, that by his excellent skill in Muſick and Poetry, he recovered his Wife *Eurydice* from Hell.

Argus eyes. Of *Argus* is before ſaid, that *Juno* to him committed her Husband *Jupiter* his *Paragon Io*, becauſe he had an hundred eyes: but afterward *Mercury* with his Muſick lulling *Argus* aſleep, ſlew him, and brought *Io* away; whoſe eyes it is ſaid that *Juno* for his eternal memory, placed in her bird the *Peacocks* tail, for thoſe coloured ſpots indeed reſemble eyes.

Woundleſs armour, unwounded in War, do ruſt through long peace.

Diſplay. A Poetical metaphor, whereof the meaning is, that if the Poet liſt ſhew his skill in matter of more Dignity, than is the homely Æglogue, good occaſion is him offered of higher vein and more Heroical argument, in the perſon of our moſt gracious Soveraign, whom (as before) he calleth *Eliſa*. Or if matter of Knighthood and Chivalry pleaſe him better, that there be many noble and valiant men, that are both worthy of his pains in their deſerved praiſes, and alſo favourers of his skill and faculty.

The worthy, he meaneth (as I gheſs) the moſt honourable and renowned the Earl of *Leiceſter*, whom by his cogniſance (although the ſame be alſo proper to other) rather than by his name, he bewrayeth, being not likely that the names of worthy Princes be known to Countrey Clowns.

Slack, that is, when thou chan geſt thy verſe to ſtately courſe, to matter of more pleaſance and delight.

The Millers, a kind of daunce. *Ring*, company of dauncers.

The Romiſh Tityrus, well knew noble *Virgil*, who by *Mecænas* means was brought into the favour of the Emperour *Auguſtus*, and by him moved to write in loftier kind, than he earſt had done.

Whereon: in theſe three verſes are the three ſeveral works of *Virgil* intended, for in teaching his flock to feed, is meant his Æglogue. In labouring of Lands, is his Georgiques. In ſinging of Wars and deadly dread, is his divine *Æneis* figured.

In derring do, in manhood and chivalry.

For

For ever. He ſheweth the cauſe why Poets were wont to be had in ſuch honour of Noble men, that is, that by them their worthineſs and valour ſhould through their famous Poeſies be commended to all poſterities. Wherefore it is ſaid, that *Achilles* had never been ſo famous, as he is, but for *Homers* immortal Verſes, which is the only advantage which he had of *Hector*. And alſo that *Alexander* the Great, coming to his Tomb in *Signes*, with natural tears bleſſed him, that ever it was his hap to be honoured with ſo excellent a Poets work, as ſo renowned and ennobled only by his mean. Which being declared in a moſt eloquent Oration of *Tullies*, is of *Petrarch* no leſs worthily ſet forth in a Sonnet.

Giunto Aleſſandro à la famoſa tomba,
Del fero Achillo, ſoſpirando diſſe
O fortunato che ſi chiaro tromba Trovaſti, &c.

And that ſuch account hath been alway made of Poets, as well ſheweth this, that the worthy *Scipio* in all his Wars againſt *Carthage* and *Numantia*, had evermore in his company, and that in moſt familiar ſort, the good old Poet *Ennius*: as alſo that *Alexander* deſtroying *Thebes*, when he was enformed, that the famous Lyrick Poet *Pindarus* was born in that City, not only commanded ſtraightly, that no man ſhould upon pain of death, do any violence to that houſe, or otherwiſe: but alſo ſpecially ſpared moſt, and ſome highly rewarded that were of his kin. So favoured he the only name of a Poet. Which praiſe otherwiſe was in the ſame man no leſs famous, than when he came to ranſacking of King *Darius* Coffers, whom he lately had overthrown, he found in a little Coffer of ſilver the two Books of *Homers* works, as laid up there for ſpecial Jewels and Riches: which he taking thence, put one of them daily in his boſom, and the other every night lay under his pillow. Such honour have Poets always found in the ſight of Princes and Noblemen, which this Authour here very well ſheweth, as elſewhere more notably.

But after: he ſheweth the cauſe of contempt of Poetry to be idleneſs and baſeneſs of mind.

Pent, ſhut up in ſloth, as in a coop or cage.

Tim Piper, an ironical Sarcaſmus, ſpoken in deriſion of theſe rude wits, which make more account of a ryming ribaud, than of skill grounded upon learning and judgment.

Ne beſt, the meaner ſort of men.

Her pieced pinions, unperfect skill: Spoken with humble modeſty.

As ſoot as Swan. The compariſon ſeemeth to be ſtrange: for the Swan hath ever wone ſmall commendation for her ſweet ſinging: but it is ſaid of the learned, that the Swan a little before her death, ſingeth moſt pleaſantly, as prophecying by a ſecret inſtinct her near deſtiny, as well ſaith the Poet elſewhere in one of his Sonnets:

The ſilver Swan doth ſing before her dying day,
As ſhe that feels the deep delight that is in death, *&c.*

Immortal mirrour, Beauty, which is an excellent object of poetical ſpirits, as appeareth by the worthy Petrarch, ſaying:

Fiorir faceua il mio debile ingegno.
Ala ſua ombra, & creſcer ne gli affanni.

A caitive courage, A baſe and abject mind.

For lofty love. I think this playing with the letter, be rather a fault than a figure, as well in our Engliſh Tongue, as it hath been always in the Latin, called *Cacozelon.*

A vacant, imitateth *Mantuans* ſaying, *Vacuum curis divina cerebrum Poſcit.*

Laviſh cups, Reſembleth the common verſe, *Fœcundi calices quem non fecere deſertum.*

O if my: he ſeemeth here to be raviſhed with a poetical fury. For (if one rightly mark) the numbers riſe ſo full, and the verſe groweth ſo bigg, that it ſeemeth he had forgot the meanneſs of a ſhepherds ſtate and ſtile.

Wild Ivy: for it is dedicate to *Bacchus*, and therefore it is ſaid, that the *Mænades* (that is, *Bacchus* frantick Prieſts) uſed in their ſacrifice to carry *Thyrſos*, which were pointed ſtaves or Javelins, wrapped about with Ivy.

In buskin. It was the manner of Poets and Players in Tragedies, to were buskins, as alſo in Comedies to uſe ſocks and light ſhoes. So that the buskin in Poetry, is uſed for tragical matter, as is ſaid in *Virgil*, *Sola Sophocleo tua carmina digna cothurno.* And the like in *Horace*, *Magnum loqui, nitique cothurno.*

Queint, ſtrange. *Bellona* the Goddeſs of Battel, that is *Pallas:* which may therefore well be called queint, for that (as *Lucian* ſaith) when *Jupiter* her father was in travail of her, he cauſed his ſon *Vulcan* with his Axe to hew his head. Out of which leaped out luſtily a valiant Damzel armed at all points: whom *Vulcan* ſeeing ſo fair and comely, lightly leaping to her, proferred her ſome curteſie, which the Lady diſdaining, ſhaked her ſpear at him, and threatned his ſaucineſs. Therefore ſuch ſtrangeneſs is well applied to her.

Equipage, order. *Tydes*, ſeaſons.

Charm, temper and order. For Charms were wont to be made by Verſes, as *Ovid* ſaith: *Aut ſi carminibus.*

Emblem.

Hereby is meant, as alſo in the whole courſe of this Æglogue, that Poetry is a Divine Inſtinct, and unnatural rage paſſing the reach of common reaſon. Whom *Piers* anſwereth *lipiphonematicos*, as admiring the excellency of the skill, whereof in *Cuddy* he had already a taſte.

NOVEMBER.

Ægloga Undecima.

ARGUMENT.

IN this Eleventh Æglogue he bewaileth the death of ſome Maid of great blood, whom he calleth Dido. *The perſonage is ſecret, and to me altogether unknown, albeit of himſelf I often required the ſame. This Æglogue is made in imitation of* Marot *his ſong, which he made upon the death of* Loyes *the* French *Queen. But far paſſing his reach, and in mine opinion, all other the Æglogues of this Book.*

THENOT.

Colin, my dear, when it ſhall pleaſe thee ſing,
As thou wert wont, ſongs of ſome jouiſance?
Thy Muſe too long ſlumbreth in ſorrowing,
Lulled aſleep through loves miſgovernance.
Now ſomewhat ſing, whoſe endleſs ſovenance,
Among the ſhepherds ſwains may aye remain:
Whether thee liſt thy loved Laſs advance,
Or honour *Pan* with hymns of higher vain.

Colin.

Thenot, now nis the time of merry-make,
Nor *Pan* to herie, nor with love to play:
Sike mirth in May is meeteſt for to make,
Or Sommer ſhade, under the cocked hay.
But now ſad Winter welked hath the day,
And *Phœbus* weary of his yearly task,
Yſtabliſht hath his ſteeds in lowly lay,
And taken up his Inn in Fiſhes hask,
Thilk ſullen ſeaſon ſadder plight doth ask,
And loatheth ſike delights, as thou dooſt praiſe:
The mournful Muſe in mirth now liſt ne mask,
As ſhe was wont in youngth and Sommer days.
But if thou algate luſt light virelays,
And looſer ſongs of love to underfond:
Who but thy ſelf deſerves like Poets praiſe?
Relieve thy Oaten pipes, that ſleepen long.

Thenot.

The Nightingale is ſoveraign of ſong,
Before him ſits the Titmouſe ſilent be:
And I, unfit to thruſt in skilful throng,
Should *Colin* make judge of my foolery?

COLIN.

Nay, better learn of hem that learned be,
And han been watred at the Muſes well:
The kindly deaw drops from the higher tree,
And wets the little plants that lowly dwell.
But if ſad winters wrath, and ſeaſon chill,
Accord not with thy Muſes meriment:
To ſadder times thou maiſt attune thy quill,
And ſing of ſorrow and deaths dreeriment.
For dead is *Dido*, dead alas and drent!
Dido the great ſhepherd his daughter ſheen:
The faireſt May ſhe was that ever went,
Her like ſhe has not left behind I ween.
And if thou wilt bewail my woful teen,
I ſhall thee give yond Coſſet for thy pain:
And if thy rymes as round and ruful been,
As thoſe that did thy *Roſalind* complain,
Much greater gifts for guerdon thou ſhalt gain,
Than Kid or Coſſet, which I thee benempt:
Then up I ſay, thou jolly ſhepherd ſwain.
Let not my ſmall demand be ſo contempt.

Colin.

Thenot, to that I choſe, thou doſt me tempt,
But ah! too well I wote my humble vain,
And how my rimes been rugged and unkempt:
Yet as I con, my cunning I will ſtrain.

UP then *Melpomene*, the mournful Muſe of nine,
Such cauſe of mourning never hadſt afore:
Up griſly ghoſts, and up my ruful rime,
Matter of mirth now ſhalt thou have no more:
For dead ſhe is, that mirth thee made of yore,

Dido

Dido my dear, alas is dead,
Dead, and lieth wrapt in lead:
O heavy herſe!
Let ſtreaming tears be poured out in ſtore:
O careful verſe.

Shepherds, that by your flocks on *Kentiſh*-downs abide,
Wail ye this woful waſte of Natures wark:
Wail we the night, whoſe preſence was our pride:
Wail we the wight, whoſe abſence is our cark.
The ſun of all the world is dim and dark:
The earth now wants her wonted light,
And all we dwell in deadly night:
O heavy herſe!
Break we our pipes, that ſhrild as loud as Lark,
O careful verſe.

Why do we longer live, (ah why live we ſo long)
Whoſe better days death hath ſhut up in woe?
The faireſt flowr our girlond all among,
Is faded quite, and into duſt ygo.
Sing now ye ſhepherds daughters, ſing no mo,
The ſongs that *Colin* made you in her praiſe,
But into weeping turn your wanton lays.
O heavy herſe:
Now is time to die. Nay, time was long ygo,
O careful verſe.

Whence is it, that the flowre of the field doth fade,
And lyeth buried long in Winters bale?
Yet ſoon as Spring his mantle doth diſplay,
It flowreth freſh, as it ſhould never fail.
But thing on earth that is of moſt avail,
As vertues branch and beauties bud,
Reliven not for any good.
O heavy herſe!
The branch once dead, the bud eke needs muſt quail,
O careful verſe.

She while ſhe was, (that was, a woful word to ſaid)
For beauties praiſe and pleaſance had no peer:
So well ſhe couth the ſhepherds entertain,
With cakes and cracknels, and ſuch country cheer.
Ne would ſhe ſcorn the ſimple ſhepherds ſwain:
For ſhe would call him often heam,
And give him Curds and clouted Cream.
O heavy herſe!
Als *Colin Clout* ſhe ſhould not once diſdain,
O careful verſe.

But now ſike happy cheer is turn'd to heavy chance,
Such pleaſance now diſplaſt by dolors dint:
All Muſick ſleeps, where death doth lead the dance,
And ſhepherds wonted ſolace is extinct.
The blew in black, the green in gray is tinct:
The gaudy girlonds deckt her grave,
The faded flowrs her Corſe embrave.
O heavy herſe!
Mourn now my Muſe, now mourn with tears beſprent,
O careful verſe.

O thou great ſhepherd *Lobbin*, how great is thy grief,
Where bin the noſegays that ſhe dight for thee?
The coloured chaplets wrought with a chief,
The knotted ruſh-rings, and gilt Roſemaree?
For ſhe deemed nothing too dear for thee.
Ah, they been all yclad in clay,
One bitter blaſt blew all away.
O heavy herſe!
Thereof nought remains but the memoree,
O careful verſe.

Ay me that dreery death ſhould ſtrike ſo mortal ſtroke,
That can undo Dame Natures kindly courſe:
The faded locks fall from the lofty Oke,
The flouds do gaſp, for dried is their ſource,
And flouds of tears flow in their ſtead perforce.
The mantled meadows mourn,
Their ſundry colours tourn.
O heavy herſe!
The heavens do melt in tears without remorſe,
O careful verſe.

The feeble flocks in field refuſe their former food,
And hang their heads, as they would learn to weep:
The beaſts in forreſt wail as they were wood,
Except the Wolves, that chaſe the wandring ſheep:
Now ſhe is gone that ſafely did hem keep.
The turtle on the bared branch,
Laments the wound, that death did lanch,
O heavy herſe!
And *Philomel* her ſong with tears doth ſteep,
O careful verſe.

The water Nymphs, that wont with her to ſing and dance,
And for her girlond Olive branches bear,
Now baleful boughs of Cypres done advance:
The Muſes that were wont green bays to wear,
Now bringen bitter Elder branches fere:
The fatal ſiſters eke repent,
Her vital threed ſo ſon was ſpent.
O heavy herſe!
Morn now my Muſe, now mourn with heavy chear,
O careful verſe.

O truſtleſs ſtate of earthly things, and ſlipper hope
Of mortal men, that ſwink and ſweat for nought,
And ſhooting wide, doth miſs the marked ſcope:
Now have I learn'd (a leſſon dearly bought)
That nis on earth aſſurance to be ſought:
For what might be in earthly mould,
That did her buried body hold?
O heavy herſe!
Yet ſaw I on the beere when it was brought,
O careful verſe.

But maugre death, and dreaded ſiſters deadly ſpight,
And gates of hell, and fiery furies force:
She had the bonds broke of eternal night,
Her ſoul unbodied of the burdenous corpſe.
Why then weeps *Lobbin* ſo without remorſe?

O *Lobb*, thy loſs no longer lament,
Dido nis dead, but into heaven hent:
O happy herſe!
Ceaſe now my Muſe, now ceaſe thy ſorrows ſourſe,
O joyful verſe.

Why wail we then? why weary we the gods with plaints,
As if ſome evil were to her betight?
She raigns a goddeſs now among the Saints,
That whilom was the ſaint of ſhepherds light:
And is enſtalled now in heavens hight.
I ſee the bleſſed ſoul, I ſee,
Walk in *Elyſian* fields ſo free.
O happy herſe!
Might I once come to thee (O that I might)
O joyful verſe.

Unwiſe and wretched men to weet whats good or ill,
We deem of Death as doom of ill deſert:
But knew we fools, what it us brings until
Dye would we daily, once it to expert.
No danger there the ſhepherd can aſtert:
Fair fields and pleaſant lays there been.
The fields aye freſh, the graſs aye green:
O happy herſe!
Ceaſe now my ſong, my woe now waſted is,
O joyful verſe.

Dido is gone afore (whoſe turn ſhall be the next?)
There lives ſhe with the bleſſed Gods in bliſs:
There drinks the *Nectar* with *Ambroſia* mixt,
And joys enjoys, that mortal men do miſs.
The honour now of higheſt God ſhe is,
That whilom was poor ſhepherds pride:
While here on earth ſhe did abide,
O happy herſe!
Ceaſe now my ſong, my woe now waſted is,
O joyful verſe.

Thenot.

Aye frank ſhepherd, how been thy verſes meint
With doleful pleaſance, ſo as I ne wot,
Whether rejoyce or weep for great conſtraint?
Thine be the Coſſet, well haſt thou it got.
Up *Colin* up, ynough thou mourned haſt:
Now 'gins to mizzle, hie we homeward faſt.

Colins Emblem.
La mort ny mord.

GLOSSE.

Jouyſaunce, mirth. *Sovenaunce*, remembrance. *Herie*, honour.

Welked, ſhortned or empaired. As the Moon being in the wane, is ſaid of *Lidgate* to welk.

In lowly lay, according to the ſeaſon of the month of *November*, when the Sun draweth low in the South, toward the Tropick or return.

In fiſhes hask, the Sun raigneth, that is, in the ſign *Piſces*, all *November*: a hask is a wicker bed, wherein they uſe to carry fiſh.

Virelays, a light kind of ſong.

Bewatred: for it is a ſaying of Poets, that they have drunk of the Muſes Well, *Caſtalias*, whereof was before ſufficiently ſaid.

Dreriment, drery and heavy cheer.

The great ſhepherd, is ſome man of high degree, and not as ſome vainly ſuppoſe God *Pan*. The perſon both of the ſhepherd and of *Dido* is unkown, and cloſely buried in the Authours conceit. But out of doubt I am, that it is not *Roſalind*, as ſome imagin: for he ſpeaketh ſoon after of her alſo.

Sheen, fair and ſhining. *May*, for maid. *Teen*, ſorrow.

Guerdon, reward. *Bynempt*, bequeathed.

Coſſet, a Lamb brought up without the dam. *Unkempt*, Incompti. Not combed, that is rude and unhandſome.

Melpomene. The ſad and wailful Muſe, uſed of Poets in Honour and Tragedies: as ſaith *Virgil*;

Melpomene tragico proclamat mœſta boatu.

Up grieſly ghoſts. The manner of the tragical Poets, to call for help of Furies and damned ghoſts: ſo is *Hecuba* of *Euripides*, and *Tantalus* brought in of *Seneca*. And the reſt of the reſt.

Herſe, is the ſolemn obſequy in funerals.

Waſte of, decay of ſo beautiful a piece. *Cark*, care.

Ah why, an elegant Epanorthoſis, as alſo ſoon after. Nay time was long ago.

Floret, a diminutive for a little flowre. This is a notable and ſententious compariſon, *A minore ad majus.*

Relive not, live not again. *i.* not in their earthly bodies: for in heaven they receive their due reward.

The branch. He meaneth *Dido*: who being as it were the main branch now withered; the buds, that is, beauty (as he ſaid afore) can no more nouriſh.

With cakes, fit for ſhepherds bankets.

Heam, for home, after the Nothern pronouncing.

Tinct, dyed or ſtained.

The gaudy. The meaning is, that the things which were the ornaments of her life, are made the honour of her funeral, as is uſed in burials.

Lobbin, the name of a ſhepherd, which ſeemeth to have been the lover and dear friend of *Dido*.

Ruſh-rings, agreeable for ſuch baſe gifts.

Faded locks, dried leaves. As if Nature her ſelf bewailed the death of the Maid.

Sourſe, Spring. *Mantled Meadows*, for the ſundry flowers are like a mantle or coverlet wrought with many colours.

Philomele, the Nightingale. Whom the Poets fain once to have been a Lady of great beauty, till being raviſhed by her ſiſters husband, ſhe deſired to be turned into a bird of her name: whoſe complaints be very well ſet forth of Mr. *George Gaſcoin* a witty Genttleman, and the very chief of our late rimers: who and if ſome parts of learning wanted not (albe it is well known he altogether wanted not Learning) no doubt would have attained to the excellency of thoſe famous Poets. For, gifts of wit, and natural promptneſs, appear in him abundantly.

Cypres, uſed of the old paynims in the furniſhing of their funeral pomp, and properly the ſign of all ſorrow and heavineſs.

The fatal ſiſters, *Clotho*, *Lacheſis*, and *Atropos*, daughters of *Herebus* and the Night, whom the Poets fain to ſpin the life of man, as it were a long thred, which they draw out in length, till his fatal hour and timely death be come; but if by other caſualty his days be abridged, then one of them, that is, *Atrapos*, is ſaid to have cut the thred in twain. Hereof commeth a common verſe:

Clotho colum bajulat, Lacheſis trahit, Atropos occat.

O truſtleſs. A gallant Exclamation moralized with great wiſdom, and paſſionate with great affection.

Beer, a frame, whereon they uſe to lay the dead corps.

Furies, of Poets are framed to be three, *Perſephone*, *Alecto*, and *Megera*, which are ſaid to be the Authors of all evil and miſchief.

Eternal night, is death, or darkneſs of hell.

Betight, happened.

I ſee, A lively Icon or preſentation, as if he ſaw her in heaven preſent.

Elyſian fields, be deviſed of Poets to be a place of pleaſure like Paradiſe, where the happy ſouls do reſt in peace and eternal happines.

Die would, the very expreſs ſaying of *Plato* in *Phædone*.

Aſtert, befal unwares.

Nectar and Ambroſia, be fained to be the drink and food of the Gods: *Ambroſia* they liken to Manna in Scripture, and *Nectar* to be white like Cream, whereof is a proper tale of *Hebe*, that ſpilt a cup of it, and ſtained the heavens, as yet appeareth. But I have already diſcourſed that at large in my Commentary upon the dreams of the ſame Authour.

Meynt, mingled.

Emblem.

Which is as much to ſay, as death biteth not. For although by courſe of nature we be born to die, and being ripened with age, as with timely harveſt, we muſt be gathered in time, or elſe of our ſelves we fall like rotted ripe fruit from the tree: yet death is not to be counted for evil, nor (as the Poet ſaid before) as doom of ill deſert. For though the treſpaſs of the firſt man brought death into the world, as the guerdon of ſin, yet being overcome by the death of one that died for all, it is now made (as *Chaucer* ſaith) the greeen pathway of life. So that it agreeth well with that was ſaid, that Death biteth not (that is) hurteth not at all.

DECEMBER.

DECEMBER.

Ægloga Duodecima.

ARGUMENT.

This Æglogue (even as the first began) is ended with a complaint of Colin *to God* Pan: *wherein, as weary of his former ways, he proportioneth his Life to the four Seasons of the year, comparing his Youth to the Spring time, when he was fresh and free from Loves folly. His Manhood to the Summer, which he saith, was consumed with great heat and excessive drouth, caused through a Comet or Blazing-star, by which he meaneth Love, which passion is commonly compared to such flames and immoderate heat. His ripest years he resembleth to an unseasonable Harvest, wherein the fruits fall ere they be ripe. His latter age to Winters chill and frosty season, now drawing near to his last end.*

THe gentle shepherd sate besides a spring,
All in the shadow of a bushy Breer,
That *Colin* hight, which well could pipe and sing,
For he of *Tityrus* his songs did lere.
There as he sate in secret shade alone,
Thus 'gan he make of Love his pitious mone.

O soveraign *Pan*, thou God of shepherds all,
Which of our tender Lambkins takest keep:
And when our flocks into mischance mought fall,
Doost save from mischief the unwary sheep.
Als of their Maisters hast no less regard
Than of the flocks, which thou dost watch and ward:

I thee beseech (so be thou deign to hear,
Rude ditties, tun'd to shepherds Oaten reed,
Or if I ever Sonnet sung so clear,
As it with pleasaunce mought thy fancy feed)
Hearken awhile from thy green Cabinet,
The lawrel song of careful *Colinet*.

Whilom in youth, when flowr'd my youthful spring,
Like Swallow swift, I wandred here and there:
For heat of heedless lust me so did sting,
That I oft doubted danger had no fear.
I went the wastful woods and forrest wide,
Withouten dread of Wolves to been espide.

I wont to range amid the mazy thicket,
And gather nuts to make me Christmas game:
And joyed oft to chase the trembling Pricket,
Or hunt the hartless Hare, till she were tame.
What recked I of wintry ages wast?
Tho deemed I my spring would ever last.

How often have I scal'd the craggy Oke,
All to dislodge the Raven of her nest?
How have I wearied with many a stroke,
The stately Walnut-tree, the while the rest
Under the tree fell all for nuts at strife?
For ylike to me, was liberty and life.

And for I was in thilk same looser yeers,
(Whether the Muse so wrought me from my birth:
Or I too much believ'd my shepherds peers)
Somedele ybent to song and musicks mirth.
A good old shepherd, *Wrenock* was his name,
Made me by art more cunning in the same.

From thence I durst in derring to compare
With shepherds swain, what-ever fed in field:
And that *Hobbinol* right judgment bare,
To *Pan* his own self pipe need not yield.
For if the flocking Nymphs did follow *Pan*,
The wiser Muses after *Colin* ran.

But ah such pride at length was ill repaid,
The shepherds God (perdy God was he none)
My hurtless pleasance did me ill upbraid,
My freedom lorn, my life he left to mone.
Love they him called, that gave me checkmate,
But better mought they have behote him Hate.

Tho 'gan my lovely spring bid me farewell,
And summer season sped him to display
(For love then in the Lyons house did dwell)
The raging fire that kindled at his ray.
A comet stir'd up that unkindly heat,
That raigned (as men said) in *Venus* seat.

Forth was I led, not as I wont afore,
When choice I had to chuse my wandring way:
But whither luck and loves unbridled lore
Would lead me forth on Fancies bit to play.
The bush my bed, the bramble was my bowr,
The woods can witness many a woful stour.

Where

Where I was wont to ſeek the hony Bee,
Working her formal rowms in Wexen frame:
The grieſly Todeſtool grown there mought I ſee,
And loathing Paddocks lording on the ſame.
  And where the chaunting birds lul'd me aſleep,
  The ghaſtly Owl her grievous Inn doth keep.

Then as the Spring gives places to elder time,
And bringeth forth the fruit of Summers pride:
All ſo my age, now paſſed youthly prime,
To things of riper ſeaſon ſelf applide:
  And learn'd of lighter timber, cotes to frame,
  Such as might ſave my ſheep and me fro ſhame.

To make fine cages for the Nightingale,
And baskets of bulruſhes was my wont:
Who to entrap the fiſh in winding ſale,
Was better ſeen, or hurtful beaſts to hunt?
  I learned als the ſigns of heaven to ken,
  How *Phœbus* fails, where *Venus* ſits, and when.

And tried time yet taught me greater things,
The ſuddain riſing of the raging ſeas:
The ſooth of birds by beating of their wings,
The powre of herbs, both which can hurt and eaſe:
  And which be wont t'enrage the reſtleſs ſheep,
  And which be wont to work eternal ſleep.

But ah unwiſe and witleſs *Colin Clout!*
That kydſt the hidden hinds of many a weed:
Yet kydſt not ene to cure thy ſore hart root,
Whoſe rankling wound as yet does rifely bleed.
  Why liv'ſt thou ſtill, and yet haſt thy deaths wound?
  Why dieſt thou ſtill, and yet alive art found?

Thus is my Summer worn away and waſted:
Thus is my harveſt haſtened all too rathe:
The ear that budded fair, is burnt and blaſted,
And all my hoped gain is turn'd to ſcathe.
  Of all the ſeed that in my youth was ſown,
  Was none but brakes and brambles to be mown.

My boughs and bloſſoms that crown'd were at firſt,
And promiſed of timely fruit ſuch ſtore:
Are left both bare and barren now at erſt,
The flattering fruit is fallen to ground before,
  And rotted, ere they were half mellow ripe:
  My harveſt waſte, my hope away did wipe.

The fragrant flowers that in my garden grew,
Been wither'd, as they had been gathered long:
Their roots been dried up for lack of dew,
Yet dewed with tears they han been ere among.
  Ah, who has wrought my *Roſalind* this ſpight,
  To ſpill her flowers that ſhould her girlond dight?

And I, that whilom wont to frame my pipe,
Unto the ſhifting of the ſhepherds foot:
Sike follies now have gathered, as too ripe,
And caſt hem out, as rotten and unſoot.
  The looſer Laſs I caſt to pleaſe no more,
  One if I pleaſe, enough is me therefore.

And thus of all my harveſt hope, I have
Nought reaped but a weedy crop of care:
Which, when I thought have threſht in ſwelling ſheave,
Cockle for corn, and chaff for barly bare.
  Soon as the chaff ſhould in the fan be fin'd,
  All was blown away of the wavering wind.

So now my year draws to my latter term,
My Spring is ſpent, my Summer burnt up quite:
My Harveſt haſtes to ſtir up Winter ſtern,
And bids him claim with rigorous rage his right.
  So now he ſtorms with many a ſturdy ſtour,
  So now his bluſtring blaſt each coaſt doth ſcour.

The careful cold hath nipt my rugged rind,
And in my face deep furrows eld hath plight:
My head beſprent with hoary froſt I find,
And by mine eye the crow his claw doth wright.
  Delight is laid abed, and pleaſure paſt,
  No ſun now ſhine, clouds han all over-caſt.

Now leave you ſhepherds boys your merry glee,
My Muſe is hoarſe and weary of this ſtound:
Here will I hang my pipe upon this tree,
Was never pipe of reed did better ſound.
  Winter is come, that blows the bitter blaſt,
  And after winter drery Death does haſt.

Gather ye together my little flock,
My little flock, that was to me moſt lief:
Let me, ah let me in your folds ye lock,
Ere the breme winter breed your greater grief.
  Winter is come, that blows the baleful breath,
  And after winter cometh timely death.

Adiew delights, that lulled me aſleep,
Adiew my dear, whoſe love I bought ſo dear:
Adiew my little lambs and loved ſheep,
Adiew ye woods, that oft my witneſs were:
  Adiew good *Hobbinol*, that was ſo true,
  Tell *Roſalind*, her *Colin* bids her adiew.

Colins Emblem.

GLOSSE.

GLOSSE.

Tityrus, *Chaucer*, as hath been oft ſaid.
Lamkins, young lambs.
Als of their, ſeemly to expreſs *Virgils* verſe;
Pan curat oves, oviumque magiſtros.
Deign, vouchſafe. *Cabinet*, *Colinet*, diminutives.
Mazie, for they be like to a maze, whence it is hard to get out again.
Peers, Fellows and Companions.
Muſick, that is, Poetry, as *Terence* ſaith; *Qui artem tractant muſicam*, ſpeaking of Poets.
Derring do, aforeſaid.
Lions houſe, he imagineth ſimply that *Cupid*, which is Love, had his abode in the hot ſign *Leo*, which is in midſt of Summer: a pretty allegory whereof the meaning is, that Love in him wrought an extraordinary heat of luſt.
His ray, which is Cupids beam of flames of love.
A Comet, a blazing ſtar, meant of Beauty, which was the cauſe of his hot love.
Venus, the goddeſs of beauty or pleaſure. Alſo a ſign in heaven, as is here taken. So he meaneth, that beauty, which hath alway aſpect to *Venus*, was the cauſe of his unquietneſs in love.
Where I was, a fine deſcription of the change of his life and liking, for all things now ſeemed to him to have altered their kindly courſe.
Lording, Spoken after the manner of Paddocks and Frogs ſitting, which is indeed lordly, not moving or looking once aſide, unleſs they be ſtirred.
Then as, The ſecond part, that is, his Manhood.
Cotes, Sheepcotes, for ſuch be exerciſes of ſhepherds.
Sale, or ſallow, a kind of wood like Willow, fit to wreath and bind in heaps to catch fiſh withal.
Phœbe failes, The Eclipſe of the Moon, which is always in *Cauda*, or *Capite Draconis*, ſigns in heaven.
Venus. i. Venus ſtar, otherwiſe called *Heſperus*, and *Veſper*, and *Lucifer*, both becauſe he ſeemeth to be one of the brighteſt ſtars, and alſo firſt riſeth, and ſetteth laſt. All which skill in ſtars, being convenient for ſhepherds to know, *Theocritus* and the reſt uſe.
Raging ſeas, The cauſe of the ſwelling and ebbing of the Sea cometh of the courſe of the Moon, ſometime increaſing, ſometime waning and decreaſing.
Sooth of birds. A kind of ſoothſaying uſed in the elder times, which they gathered by the flying of birds: Firſt (as is ſaid) invented by the *Thuſcans*, and from them derived to the *Romans*, who (as it is ſaid in *Livie*) were ſo ſuperſtitiouſly rooted in the ſame, that they agreed that every noble man ſhould put his ſon to the *Thuſcans*, by them to be brought up in that knowledge.
Of herbs. That wondrous things be wrought by herbs, well appeareth by the common working of them in our bodies, as alſo by the wonderful enchauntments and ſorceries that have been wrought by them: inſomuch that it is ſaid, that *Circe* a famous Sorcereſs, turned men into ſundry kinds of beaſts and monſters, and only by herbs: as the Poet ſaith; *Dea ſæva potentibus herbis, &c.*
Kidſt, knoweſt. *Ear*, of corn.
Scathe, loſs, hindrance.
Ever among, Ever and anon.
This is my, The third part, wherein is ſet forth his ripe years, as an untimely harveſt that bringeth little fruit.
The fragrant flowers, ſundry ſtudies and laudable parts of learning, wherein our Poet is ſeen: be they witneſs which are privy to his ſtudy.
So now my year. The laſt part, wherein is deſcribed his age, by compariſon of wintry ſtorms.
Careful cold, for care is ſaid to cool the blood. *Glee*, mirth.
Hoary froſt, A metaphor of hoary hairs, ſcattered like a gray froſt.
Breem, ſharp and bitter.
Adiew delights, is a concluſion of all. Where in ſix verſes he comprehendeth all that was touched in this Book. In the firſt verſe, his delights of youth generally. In the ſecond, the love of *Roſalind*. In the third, the keeping of ſheep, which is the argument of all the Æglogues. In the fourth, his complaints. And in the laſt two, his profeſſed friendſhip and good will to his good friend *Hobbinol*.

Emblem.

Emblem.

The meaning whereof is, that all things periſh and come to their laſt end, but works of learned wits and monuments abide for ever. And therefore *Horace* of his *Odes* (a work though full indeed of great wit and learning, yet of no ſo great weight and importance) boldly ſaith;

Exegi monimentum ære perennius,
Quod nec imber, nec aquilo vorax.

Therefore let not be envied, that this Poet in his Epilogue ſaith, he made a Calendar that ſhall endure as long as time, *&c.* following the Example of *Horace* and *Ovid* in the like;

Grande opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis,
Nec ferrum poterit, nec edax abolere vetuſtas, &c.

Lo, I have made a Calendar for every year,
That ſteel in ſtrength, and time in durance ſhall out-wear:
And if I marked well the Stars revolution,
It ſhall continue till the Worlds diſſolution.
To teach the ruder ſhepherd how to feed his Sheep,
And from the falſers fraud his folded flock to keep.
Go little Calendar, thou haſt a free paſport:
Go but a lowly gate amongſt the meaner ſort.
Dare not to match thy pipe with Tityrus *his ſtile,*
Nor with the Pilgrim that the Plough-man plaid awhile:
But follow them far off, and their high ſteps adore,
The better pleaſe, the worſe diſpleaſe: I ask no more.

Merce non mercede.

FINIS.

COLIN CLOUTS

Come home again.

By *EDMUND SPENSER.*

LONDON:

Printed by *Henry Hills* for *Jonathan Edwin*, at the Three Roſes in *Ludgate-ſtreet.* 1678.

To the Right Worthy and Noble Knight, Sir Walter Raleigh, *Captain of her Majeſties Guard, Lord Warden of the Staneries, and Lieutenant of the County of* Cornwall.

SIR, that you may ſee that I am not always idle as ye think, though not greatly well occupied, nor altogether undutiful, though not preciſely officious; I make you preſent of this ſimple Paſtoral, unworthy of your higher conceipt for the meanneſs of the ſtile, but agreeing with the truth in circumſtance and matter. The which I humbly beſeech you to accept in part of payment of the infinite Debt in which I acknowledge my ſelf bounden unto you (for your ſingular favours, and ſundry good turns ſhewed to me at my late being in *England*) and with your good countenance protect againſt the malice of evil mouths, which are alvvays vvide open to carp at and miſconſtrue my ſimple meaning. I pray continually for your happineſs.

From my houſe at Kilcolman,
the 27. *of* Decemb. 1591.

Yours ever humbly,

Ed. Sp.

COLIN

P

COLIN CLOUTS

come home again.

THe Shepherds boy (beſt knowen by that name)
That after *Tityrus* firſt ſung his lay,
Laies of ſweet love, without rebuke or blame,
Sate (as his cuſtom was) upon a day,
Charming his oaten pipe unto his peers,
The Shepherd ſwains that did about him play:
Who all the while with greedy liſtfull eares,
Did ſtand aſtoniſht at his curious skil,
Like hartleſs Dear, diſmaid with thunders ſound.
At laſt, when as he piped had his fill,
He reſted him: and ſitting then around,
One of thoſe groomes (a joly groome was hee,
As ever piped on an oaten reed,
And lov'd this Shepherd deareſt in degree,
Hight *Hobbinoll*) gan thus to him areed:
Colin, my life, my life, how great a loſs
Had all the Shepherds nation by thy lack?
And I, poor ſwain, of many, greateſt croſs:
That ſith thy Muſe firſt ſince thy turning back
Was heard to ſound as ſhe was wont on hie,
Haſt made us all ſo bleſſed and ſo blythe.
Whilſt thou waſt hence, all dead in dole did lie:
The woods were heard to wailfull many a ſythe,
And all their birds with ſilence to complain:
The fields with faded flowers did ſeem to mourn,
And all their flocks from feeding to refrain:
The running waters wept for thy return,
And all their fiſh with languor did lament:
But now both woods, and fields, and floods, revive,
Sith thou art come, their cauſe of meriment,
That us late dead, haſt made again alive:
But were it not too painfull to repeat
The paſſed fortunes which to thee befell
In thy late voyage, we thee would intreat,
Now at thy leiſure them to us to tell.
To whom the Shepherd gently anſwered thus,
Hobbin; thou tempteſt me to that I covet:
For of good paſſed, newly to diſcus,
By double uſurie doth twiſe renew it.
And ſince I ſaw that Angels bleſſed eye,
Her worlds bright ſun, her heavens faireſt light,
My mind full of my thoughts ſatietie,
Doth feed on ſweet contentment of that ſight:
Since that ſame day in nought I take delight,
Ne feeling have in any earthly pleſure,
But in remembrance of that glorious bright,
My lifes ſole bliſs, my hearts eternall treaſure.
Wake then my pipe, my ſleepie Muſe awake,
Till I have told her praiſes laſting long:
Hobbin deſires, thou maiſt it not forſake,
Hark then ye jolly Shepherds to my ſong.
With that, they all gan throng about him near,
With hungry eares to hear his harmony:
The whiles their flocks, devoid of dangers fear,
Did round about them feed at liberty.
One day (quoth he) I ſate (as was my trade)
Vnder the foot of *Mole*, that mountain hore,
Keeping my ſheep amongſt the cooly ſhade,
Of the green alders by the *Mullaes* ſhore:
There a ſtrange Shepherd chaunſt to find me out,
Whether allured with my pipes delight,
Whoſe pleaſing ſound yſhrilled far about,
Or thither led by chance, I know not right:
Whom when I asked from what place he came,
And how he hight: himſelf he did ycleep,
The Shepherd of the *Ocean* by name,
And ſaid he came far from the main-ſea deep.
He ſitting me beſide in that ſame ſhade,
Provoked me to play ſome pleaſant fit.
And when he heard the muſick which I made,
He found himſelf full greatly pleaſd at it:
Yet, æmuling my pipe, he took in hond
My pipe, before that æmuled of many.
And plaid thereon; (for well that skill he cond)
Himſelf as skilfull in that art as any.
He pip't, I ſung: and when he ſung, I piped,
By change of turns, each making other mery,
Neither envying other, nor envied,
So piped we, untill we both were werie.
There interrupting him, a bonny ſwain,
That *Cuddy* hight, him thus atween beſpake:
And ſhould it not thy ready courſe reſtrain,
I would requeſt thee *Colin*, for my ſake,
To tell what thou didſt ſing, when he did play.
For well I ween it worth recounting was,
Whether it were ſome hymn, or moral lay,
Or caroll made to praiſe thy loved Laſs.
Nor of my love, nor of my laſs, quoth he,
I then did ſing, as then occaſion fell:
For love had me forlorn, forlorn of me,
That made me in that deſart chooſe to dwell.
But of my river *Bregogs* love I ſong,
Which to the ſhiny *Mulla* he did bear,
And yet doth bear, and ever will ſo long
As water doth within his banks appear.
Of fellowſhip, ſaid then that bonny boy,
Record to us that lovely lay again:
The ſtay wherof, ſhall nought theſe eares annoy,
Who all that *Colin* makes, do covet fain.
Hear then, quoth he, the tenor of my tale,
In ſort as I it to that Shepherd told:
No leaſing new, nor Grandams fable ſtale,
But ancient truth, confirm'd with credence old.
Old father *Mole*, (*Mole* hight that mountain gray

That

That walls the northside of *Armulla* dale)
He had a daughter fresh as flower of May,
Which gave that name unto that pleasant vale;
Mulla the daughter of old *Mole*, so hight
The Nymph, which of that water course has charge,
That springing out of *Mole* doth run down right
To *Buttevant*, where spreading forth at large,
It giveth name unto that ancient Cittie,
Which *Kilnemullah* cleped is of old:
Whose cragged ruines breed great ruth and pittie,
To travelers, which it from far behold.
Full fain she lov'd, and was belov'd full fain.
Of her one brother river, *Bregog* hight,
So hight because of this deceitfull train,
Which he with *Mulla* wrought to win delight.
But her old sire, more carefull of her good,
And meaning her much better to preferre,
Did think to match her with the neighbour flood,
Which *Alla* hight, Broad-water called farre:
And wrought so well with his continuall pain,
That he that river for his daughter won:
The dowre agreed, the day assigned plain,
The place appointed where it should be don.
Nath'les the Nymph her former likeing held;
For love will not be drawn, but must be led,
And *Bregog* did so well her fancie weld,
That her good will he got, her first to wed.
But for her father sitting still on hie,
Did warily still watch which way she went,
And eke from far observ'd with jealous eye,
Which way his course the wanton *Bregog* bent,
Him to deceive for all his wacthfull ward.
The wily lover did devise this slight:
First into many parts his stream he shar'd,
That whilst the one was watch, the other might
Pass unespide to meet her by the way;
And then besides, those little streames so broken,
He under ground so closely did convay,
That of their passage doth apear no token,
Till they into the *Mullaes* water slide.
So, secretly did he his love enjoy:
Yet not so secret but it was descride,
And told her father by a Shepherds boy.
Who wondrous wroth for that so foule despight,
In great avenge did roll down from his hill
Huge mightie stones, the which encomber might
His passage, and his water-courses spill.
So of a river, which he was of old,
He none was made, but scattred all to nought,
And lost among those rocks into him rold,
Did lose his name: so dear his love he bought.
Which having said, him *Thestylis* bespake,
Now by my life this was a merry lay:
Worthy of *Colins* self, that did it make.
But read now eke of friendship I thee pray,
What dittie did that other Shepherd sing?
For I do covet most the same to hear,
As men use most to covet forrain thing.
That shall I eke, quoth he, to you declare.
His song was all a lamentable lay,
Of great unkindnes, and of usage hard,
Of *Cynthia* the Lady of the sea,
Which from her presence, fault les him debard:
And ever anon with singults rife,
He cried out, to make his undersong,
Ah my loves Queen, and Goddes of my life,
Who shall me pittie, when thou doost me wrong?
Then gan a gentle bonnylas to speak,
That *Martin* hight, Right well he sure did plain,
That could great *Cynthiaes* sore displeasure break,
And move to take him to her grace again.
But tell on further *Colin*, as befell
Twixt him and thee, what thee did hence disswade.
When thus our pipes we both had wearied well,
Quoth he, and each an end of singing made,
He gan to cast great liking to my lore,
And great disliking to my luckles lot,
That banisht had my self, like wight forelore,
Into that waste, where I was quite forgot,
The which to leave, thenceforth he counseld me,
Unmeet for man, in whom was ought regardfull,
And wend with him, his *Cynthia* to see:
Whose grace was great, and bountie most rewardfull.
Besides her peerles skill in making well,
And all the ornaments of wondrous wit,
Such as all womankind did far excell:
Such as the world admir'd, and praised it:
So what with hope of good, and hate of ill,
He me perswaded forth with him to fare:
Nought took I with me, but mine oaten quill,
Small needments else need Shepherds to prepare.
So to the sea we came; the sea; that is,
A world of waters heaped up on hie,
Rolling like mountains in wild wilderness,
Horrible, hideous, roaring with hoarse cry.
And is the sea, quoth *Corridon*, so fearfull?
Fearfull much more, quoth he, than hart can fear:
Thousand wild beasts, with deep mouths gaping direfull,
Therein still wait, poor passengers to tear.
Who life doth loath, and longs death to behold,
Before he die, already dead with fear,
And yet would live with heart half stony cold,
Let him to sea, and he shall see it there.
And yet as ghastly dreadfull as it seems,
Bold men presuming life for gain to sell,
Dare tempt that gulf, and in those wandring stremes
Seek waies unknown, waies leading down to hell.
For as we stood there waiting on the strond,
Behold, an huge great vessell to us came,
Dancing upon the waters back to lond,
As if it scornd the danger of the same;
Yet was it but a wooden frame and frail,
Glewed together with som subtile matter,
Yet had it arms and wings, and head and tail,
And life to move it self upon the water.
Strange thing, how bold and swift the monster was,
That neither car'd for wind, nor hail, nor rain,
Nor swelling waves, but thorough them did pas
So proudly, that she made them roar again.
The same aboord us gently did receave,
And without harm, us far away did bear,
So far, that land our mother us did leave,

And nought but ſea and heaven to us appear.
Then hartleſs quite and full of inward fear,
That Shepherd I beſought to me to tell,
Under what skie, or in what world we were,
In which I ſaw no living people dwell.
Who me recomforting all that he might,
Told me that that ſame was the Rigiment
Of a great Shepherdeſs, that *Cynthia* hight,
His liege, his Ladie, and his lifes Regent.
If then, quoth I, a Shepherdeſs ſhe be,
Where be the flocks and herds, which ſhe doth keep?
And where may I the hills and paſtures ſee,
On which ſhe uſeth for to feed her ſheep?
Theſe be the hills, quoth he, the ſurges hie,
On which fair *Cynthia* her herds doth feed:
Her herds be thouſand fiſhes with their frie,
Which in the boſom of the billows breed.
Of them the Shepherd which hath charge in chief,
Is *Triton*, blowing loud his wreathed horn:
At ſound whereof, they all for their relief
Wend to and fro at evening and at morn.
And *Proteus* eke with him does drive his heard
Of ſtinking ſeales and porcpiſces together,
With hoary head and dewie dropping beard,
Compelling them which way he liſt and whither.
And I among the reſt of many leaſt:
Have in the Ocean charge to me aſſigned:
Where I will live or die at her beheaſt,
And ſerve and honour her with faithfull mind.
Beſides an hundred Nymphs all heavenly born,
And of immortall race, do ſtill attend,
To waſh fair *Cynthiaes* ſheep, when they be ſhorn,
And fold them up, when they have made an end.
Thoſe be the Shepherds which my *Cynthia* ſerve,
At ſea, beſides a thouſand moe at land:
For land and ſea my *Cynthia* doth deſerve
To have in her commandement at hand.
Thereat I wonder much, till Wondring more
And more at length we land far off deſcride:
Which ſight much gladed me; for much afore
I feard, leaſt land we never ſhould have eyde:
Thereto our ſhip her courſe directly bent,
As if the way ſhe perfectly had known.
We *Lynday* paſs; by that ſame name is ment
An Iſland which the firſt to weſt was ſhown.
From thence another world of land we kend,
Floting amid the ſea in jeopardie,
And round about with mighty white rocks hend,
Againſt the ſeas encroching crueltie.
Thoſe ſame, the Shepherd told me, were the fields
In which dame *Cynthia* her land-heads fed,
Fair goodly fields, then which *Armulla* yields
None fairer, nor more fruitfull to be red.
The firſt to which we nigh approched, was
An high head-land, thruſt far into the ſea,
Like to an horn, whereof the name it has,
Yet ſeem'd to be a goodly pleaſant lea:
There did a loftie mount at firſt us greet,
Which did a ſtately heap of ſtone uprear,
That ſeemd amid the ſurges for to fleet,
Much greater then that frame, which us did bear:
There did our ſhip her fruitfull womb unlade,
And put us all aſhore on *Cynthias* land.
What land is that thou meanſt, then *Cyddy* ſaid,
And is there other, then wereon we ſtand?
Ah *Cuddy*, then quoth *Collin*, thou's a fon,
That haſt not ſeen leaſt part of Natures work:
Much more there is unkind, then thou dooſt kon,
And much more that does from mens knowledg lurke:
For that ſame land much larger is then this,
And other men and beaſts and birds doth feed:
There fruitfull corn, fair trees, freſh herbage is,
And all things elſe that living creatures need.
Beſides, moſt goodly rivers there appear,
No whit inferiour to thy *Funchins* praiſe,
Or unto *Allo*, or to *Mulla* clear:
Nought haſt thou fooliſh boy ſeen in thy days.
But if that land be there, quoth he, as here,
And is their heaven likwiſe there all one?
And if like heaven, be heavenly graces there,
Like as in this ſame world where we do won?
Both heaven and heavenly graces do much more,
Quoth he abound in that ſame land, then this.
For there all happy peace and plentious ſtore
Conſpire in one to make contented bliſs:
No wayling there nor wretchedneſs is heard,
No bloody iſſues, nor no leproſies,
No grieſly famine,, nor no raging ſweard,
No nightly bodrags, nor no hue and cries;
The Shepherds there abroad may ſafely lie,
On hills and downs, withouten dread or danger:
No ravenous wolves the good mans hope deſtroy,
Nor outlawes fell affray the foreſt ranger.
There learned Arts do flouriſh in great honour,
And Poets wits are had in peerleſs price:
Religion hath lay powre to reſt upon her,
Advancing vertue, and ſuppreſſing vice.
For end, all good, all grace there freely grows,
Had people grace it gratefully to uſe:
For God his gifts there plenteouſly beſtows,
But graceleſs men them greatly do abuſe:
But ſay on further, then ſaid *Corylas*,
The reſt of thine adventures, that betyded.
Forth on our voyage we by land did paſs,
Quoth he, as that ſame Shepherd ſtill us guided,
Untill that we to *Cynthias* preſence came:
Whoſe glory, greater then my ſimple thought,
I found much greater then the former fame;
Such greatneſs I cannot compare to ought:
But if I her like ought on earth might read,
I would her liken to a crown of Lilies,
Upon a virgin brides adorned head,
With Roſes dight, and Goolds and Daffadilies;
Or like the circlet of a Turtle true,
In which all colours of the Rainbow be,
Or like fair *Phœbes* garlond ſhining new,
In which all Pure perfection, one may ſee.
But vain it is to think by paragon
Of earthly things, to Judge of things divine:
Her power, her mercy, and her wiſdom, none
Can deem, but who the Godhead can define.
Why then do I baſe Shepherd bold and blind,

Preſume the things ſo ſacred to prophane?
More fit it is t'adore with humble mind,
The image of the heavens in ſhape humane.
With that, *Alexis* broke his tale aſunder,
Saying, by wondring at the *Cynthiæs* praiſe,
Colin, thy ſelf thou mak'ſt us more to wonder,
And her upraiſing, dooſt thy ſelf upraiſe.
But let us hear what grace ſhe ſhewed thee,
And how that Shepherd ſtrange thy cauſe advanced?
The Shepherd of the Ocean (quoth he)
Unto that Goddeſs grace me firſt enhanced:
And to mine oaten pipe enclin'd her ear,
That ſhe thenceforth therein gan take delight,
And it deſir'd at timely hours to hear,
All were my notes but rude and roughly dight.
For not by meaſure of her own great mind,
And wondrous worth ſhe mott my ſimple ſong,
But joyd that country Shepherd ought could find
Worth harkening to, emongſt that learned throng.
Why? ſaid *Alexis* then what needeth ſhe
That is ſo great a Shepherdeſs her ſelf
And hath ſo many Shepherds in her ſee,
To hear thee ſing, a ſimple ſilly Elf?
Or be the Shepherds which do ſerve her laſie?
That they liſt not their merry pipes apply,
Or be their pipes untunable and craſie,
That they cannot her honour worthily?
Ah nay, ſaid *Colin*, neither ſo nor ſo.
For better Shepherds be not under skie,
Nor better able, when they liſt to blow
Their pipes aloud, her name to glorifie.
There is good *Harpalus*, now woxen aged,
In faithfull ſervice of fair *Cynthia*,
And there is *Coridon*, but meanly waged,
Yet ableſt wit of moſt I know this day.
And there is ſad *Alcyon*, bent to mourn,
Though fit to frame an everlaſting dittie,
Whoſe gentle ſpright for *Daphnes* death doth tourn
Sweet layes of love, to endleſs plaints of pittie.
Ah penſive boy purſue that brave conceipt,
In thy ſweet Eglantine of *Meriſlure*,
Lift up thy notes unto their wonted hight,
That may thy muſe and mates to mirth allure.
There eke is *Palin*, worthy of great praiſe,
Albe he envie at my ruſtick quill:
And there is pleaſing *Alcon*, could he raiſe
His tunes from layes, to matter of more skill.
And there is old *Palemon*, free from ſpight,
Whoſe carefull pipe may make the hearer rew:
Yet he himſelf may rewed be more right,
That ſung ſo long untill quite hoarſe he grew.
And there is *Alabaſter* throughly taught
In all his skill, though knowen yet to few:
Yet were he known to *Cynthia* as he ought,
His Eliſeis would be read anew.
Who lives that can match that heroick ſong,
Which he hath of that mighty Princeſs made?
O dreaded Dread, do not thy ſelf that wrong,
To let thy fame lie ſo in hidden ſhade:
But call it forth, o call him forth to thee,
To end thy glory, which he hath begun:
That when he finiſht hath as it ſhould be,
No braver Poem can be under Sun.
Nor *Po* nor *Tyburs* ſwans, ſo much renowned,
Nor all the brood of Greece ſo highly praiſed,
Can match that muſe, when it with Bayes is crowned
And to the pitch of her perfection raiſed.
And there is a new Shepherd late up ſprong,
The which doth all afore him far ſurpaſs:
Appearing well in that well tuned ſong,
Which late he ſung unto a ſcornfull laſs.
Yet doth his trembling Muſe but lowly flie,
As daring not too raſhly mount on hight,
And doth her tender plumes as yet but trie,
In loves ſoft layes, and looſer thoughts delight.
Then rouze thy feathers quickly *Daniell*,
And to what courſe thou pleaſe thy ſelf advance,
But moſt, me ſeems, thy accent will excell,
In tragick plaints and paſſionate miſchance.
And there that Shepherd of the *Ocean* is,
That ſpends his wit in loves conſuming ſmart:
Full ſweetly tempred is that Muſe of his,
That can impierce a Princes mighty hart,
There alſo is (ah no, he is not now)
But ſince I ſaid he is, he quite is gone,
Amyntas quite is gon and lies full low,
Having his *Amarillis* left to mone.
Help, o ye Shepherds, help ye all in this,
Help *Amarillis* this her loſs to mourn:
Her loſs is yours, your loſs *Amyntas* is,
Amyntas, flower of Shepherds pride forlorn:
He, whilſt he lived, was the nobleſt ſwain,
That ever piped on an oaten quill:
Both did he other, which could pipe, maintain,
And eke could pipe himſelf with paſſing skill.
And there, though laſt not leaſt is *Aetion*,
A gentler Shepherd may no where be found:
Whoſe Muſe, full of high thoughts invention,
Doth like himſelf heroically ſound.
All theſe, and many others moe remain.
Now after *Aſtrofell* is dead and gone.
But while as *Aſtrofell* did live and raign,
Amongſt all theſe was none his Paragon:
All theſe do floriſh in their ſundry kind,
And do their *Cynthia* immortal make:
Yet found I liking in her royal mind,
Not for my skill, but for that Shepherds ſake.
Then ſpake a lovely laſs, hight *Lucida*:
Shepherd, enough of Shepherds thou haſt told,
Which favour thee, and honour *Cynthia*,
But of ſo many Nymphs which ſhe doth hold
In her retinew, thou haſt nothing ſaid,
That ſeems, with none of them thou favour foundeſt
Or art ingratefull to each gentle maid,
That none of all their due deſerts reſoundeſt.
Ah far be it, quoth *Colin Clout*, for me,
That I of gentle Maids ſhould ill deſerve:
For thar my ſelf I do profeſs to be
Vaſſall to one, whom all my days I ſerve.
The beam of beautie ſparkled from above,
The flowre of virtue and pure chaſtitie:
The bloſſom of ſweet joy and perfect love,

The pearl of peerleſs grace and modeſtie,
To her my thoughts I daily dedicate,
To her my hart I nightly martyrize:
To her my love I lowly do proſtrate,
To her my life I wholy ſacrifice,
My thought, my heart, my love, my life is ſhee:
And I hers ever onely, ever one:
One ever I, all vowed hers to bee,
One ever I, and others never none.
Then thus *Meliſſa* ſaid; Thrice happy Mayd,
Whom thou dooſt ſo enforce to deifie:
That woods, and hills, and valleys, thou haſt made
Her name to eccho unto heaven hie.
But ſay, who elſe vouchſafed thee of grace?
They all, quoth he, me graced goodly well,
That all I praiſe: but in the higheſt Place,
Urania, ſiſter unto *Aſtrofell*,
In whoſe brave mind, as in a golden coffer,
All heavenly gifts and riches locked are:
More rich than pearls of *Inde*, or gold of *Opher*,
And in her ſex more wonderfull and rare.
Ne leſs praiſe worthy I *Theana* read,
Whoſe goodly beams though they be over-dight
With mourning ſtooll of carefull widowhead
Yet through that darkſom vale do gliſter bright-
She is the well of bountie and brave mind,
Excelling moſt in glorie and great light:
She is the ornament of woman-kind,
And Courts chief garlond, with all vertues dight.
Therefore great *Cynthia* her in chiefeſt grace
Doth hold, and next unto her ſelf advance,
Well worthie ſhe of ſo honourable place:
For her great worth and noble governance.
Ne leſs praiſe worthie is her ſiſter dear,
Fair *Marian*, the Muſes onely dearling:
Whoſe beautie ſhineth as the morning clear,
With ſilver deaw upon the Roſes pearling.
Ne leſs praiſ-worthy is *Manſilia*,
Beſt known by bearing up great *Cynthias* train:
That ſame is She to whom *Daphnaida*
Upon her neeces death I did complain.
She is the pattern of true womanhead,
And onely mirrhor of feminitie:
Worthy next after *Cynthia* to tread,
As She is next her in nobilitie.
Ne leſs praiſ-worthy *Calathia* ſeems,
Than beſt of all that honourable crew,
Fair *Galathea* with bright ſhining beams,
Inflaming feebl eyes that her do view.
She there then waited upon *Cynthia*,
Yet there is not her won, but here with us
About the borders of our rich *Coſma*,
Now made of *Maa*, the Nymph delitious,
Ne leſs praiſworthy fair *Næra* is,
Næra, ours, not theirs, though there ſhe be,
For of the famous *Shure*, the Nymph ſhe is,
For high deſert, advaunſt to that degree.
She is the bloom of grace and curtiſie,
Adorned with all honourable parts:
She is the branch of true nobilitie,
Belov'd of high and low with faithfull harts.

Ne leſs praiſworthy *Stella* do I read,
Though nought my praiſes of her needed are,
Whom verſe of nobleſt Shepherd lately dead
Hath praiſd and raiſd above each other ſtare.
Ne leſs praiſ worthy are the ſiſters three,
The honour of the noble familie:
Of which I meaneſt boaſt my ſelf to be,
And moſt, that unto them I am ſo nie.
Phyllis, *Charillis*, and ſweet *Amarillis*,
Phyllis the fair is eldeſt of the three:
The next to her is bountifull *Charillis*.
But th'youngeſt is the higheſt in degree.
Phyllis, the flowr of rare perfection,
Fair ſpreading forth her leaves with freſh delight,
That with their beauties amorous reflection,
Bereave of ſenſe each raſh beholders ſight,
But ſweet *Charillis* is the Paragone
Of peerleſs price and ornament of praiſe,
Admyr'd of all, yet envied of none,
Through the myld temperance of her goodly raies,
Thrice happy do I hold thee noble ſwain,
The which art of ſo rich a ſpoil poſſeſt,
And it embracing dear without diſdain,
Haſt ſole poſſeſſion in ſo chaſte a breſt:
Of all the Shepherds daughters which there be,
(And yet there be the faireſt under skie,
Or that elſewhere I ever yet did ſee)
A fairer Nymph yet never ſaw mine eye:
She is the pride and primroſe of the reſt,
Made by the maker ſelf to be admired:
And like a goodly beacon high addreſt,
That is with ſparks of heavenly beautie fired.
But *Amarillis*, whether fortunate,
Or elſe unfortunate may I aread,
That freed is from *Cupids* yoke by fate,
Since which, he doth new bands adventure dread.
Shepherd what ever thou haſt heard to be
In this or that praiſd diverſly apart,
In her thou maiſt them all aſſembled ſee,
And ſeald up in the treaſure of her hart.
Ne thee leſs worthy gentle *Flavia*,
For thy chaſte life and vertue I eſteem:
Ne thee leſs worthy curteous *Candida*,
For thy true love and loyalite I deem.
Beſides yet many mo that *Cynthia* ſerve,
Right noble Nymphs, and high to be commended.
But if all ſhould praiſe as they deſerve,
This ſun would fail me ere I half had ended.
Therefore in cloſure of a thankfull mind,
I deem it beſt to hold eternally,
Their bountious deeds and noble favours ſhrynd,
Then by diſcourſe them to indignifie.
So having ſaid, *Aglaura* him beſpake:
Colin, well worthy were thoſe goodly favours
Beſtowd on thee, that ſo of them dooſt make,
And them requiteſt with thy thankful labours.
But of great *Cynthiaes* goodneſs and high grace
Finiſh the ſtorie which thou haſt begun.
More eath, quoth he, it is in ſuch a caſe,
How to begin, than know how to have done.
For every gift, and every goodly meed,

Which ſhe on me beſtowd, demands a day;
And every day, in which ſhe did a deed,
Demands a yeer, it duly to diſplay.
Her words were like a ſtream of hony fleeting,
The which doth ſoftly trickle from the hive,
Able to melt the hearers hart unweeting,
And eke to make the dead, again alive.
Her deeds were like great cluſters of ripe grapes,
Which load the bunches of the fruitfull Vine:
Offering to fall into each mouth that gapes,
And fill the ſame with ſtore of timely Wine.
Her looks were like beams of the morning Sun,
Forth-looking through the Window of the Eaſt:
When firſt the fleecie cattell have begun
Upon the perled graſs tomake their feaſt.
Her thoughts are like the fume of frankincence,
Which from a golden Cenſer forth doth riſe:
And throwing forth ſweet odours mounts fro thence
In rolling globes up to the vauted skie.
There ſhe beholds with high aſpiring thought,
The cradle of her own creation:
Emongſt the ſeats of Angels heavenly wrought,
Much like an Angell in all form and faſhion:
Colin, ſaid *Cuddy* then, thou haſt forgot
Thy ſelf, me ſeems, too much to mount ſo hie:
Such loftie flight, baſe Shepherd ſeemeth not,
From flocks and fields, to Angels and to skie.
True, anſwered he: but her great excellence,
Lifts me above the meaſure of my might:
That beeing fild with furious inſolence,
I feel my ſelf like one yrapt in ſpright.
For when I think of her, as oft I ought,
Then want I words to ſpeak it fitly forth:
And when I ſpeak of her what I have thought,
I cannot think according to her worth.
Yet will I think of her, yet will I ſpeak,
So long as life my limbs doth hold together,
And when as death theſe vitall bands ſhall break,
Her name recorded I will leave for ever.
Her name in every tree I will endoſs,
That as the trees do grow, her name may grow:
And in the ground each where will it engroſs,
And fill with ſtones, that all men may it know.
The ſpeaking woods, and murmuring waters fall,
Her name Ile teach in knowen terms to frame:
And eke my lambs when for their dams they call,
Ile teach to call for *Cynthia* by name.
And long while after I am dead and rotten,
Amongſt the Shepherds daughters dauncing round,
My layes made of her ſhall not be forgotten,
But ſing by them with flowrie gyrlonds crownd.
And ye, who ſo ye be, that ſhall ſurvive,
When as ye hear her memorie renewed,
Be witneſs of her bountie here alive,
Which ſhe to *Colin* her poor Shepherd ſhewed.
Much was the whole aſſembly of thoſe heards
Moov'd at his ſpeech, ſo feelingly he ſpake:
And ſtood awhile aſtoniſht at hiswords,
Till *Theſtylis* at laſt their ſilence brake,
Saying, Why *Colin*, ſince thou foundſt ſuch grace
With *Cynthia*, and all her noble crew,
Why didſt thou ever leave that happy place,
In which ſuch wealth might unto thee accrew?
And back returnedſt to this barren ſoil,
Where cold and care and penury do dwell,
Here to keep ſheep with hunger and with toil:
Moſt wretched he, that is and cannot tell.
Happy indeed, ſaid *Colin*, I him hold,
That may that bleſſed preſence ſtill enjoy,
Of fortune and of envy uncontrold,
Which ſtill are wont moſt happy ſtates t' annoy:
But I by that which little while I proved,
Some part of thoſe enormities did ſee,
The which in Court continually hooved,
And followd thoſe which happy ſeemd to bee.
Therefore I ſilly man, whoſe former days
Had in rude fields been altogether ſpent,
Durſt not adventure ſuch unknowen ways,
Nor truſt the guile of fortunes blandiſhment,
But rather choſe back to my ſheep to tourn,
Whoſe utmoſt hardneſs I before had tride,
Then having learnd repentance late, to mourn
Emongſt thoſe wretches which I there deſcride.
Shepherd, ſaid *Theſtylis*, it ſeems of ſpight
Thou ſpeakeſt thus gainſt their felicity,
Which thou envieſt, rather than of right
That ought in them blame-worthy thou dooſt ſpie.
Cauſe have I none, quoth he, of cancred will
To quit them ill, that me demeand ſo well:
But ſelf-regard of private good or ill,
Moves me of each, ſo as I found, to tell,
And eke to warn young ſhepherds wandring wit,
Which through report of that lifes painted bliſs,
Abandon quiet home, to ſeek for it,
And leave their lambs to loſs, miſled amiſs.
For ſooth to ſay, it is no ſort of life,
For ſhepherd fit to lead in that ſame place,
Where each one ſeeks with malice and with ſtrife,
To thruſt down other into foul diſgrace,
Himſelf to raiſe: and he doth ſooneſt riſe
That beſt can handle his deceitful wit,
In ſubtil ſhifts, and fineſt ſleights deviſe,
Either by ſlandering his well deemed name,
Through leaſings lewd, and fained forgery:
Or elſe by breeding him ſome blot of blame,
By creeping cloſe into his ſecrecy;
To which him needs, a guileful hollow heart,
Masked with fair diſſembling curteſie,
A filed tongue, furniſht with terms of art.
No art of ſchool, but Courtiers ſchoolery.
For arts of ſchool have there ſmall countenance,
Counted but toys to buſie idle brains:
And there profeſſors, find ſmall maintenance,
But to be inſtruments of others gains.
Ne is there place for any gentle wit,
Unleſs to pleaſe, it ſelf it can apply:
But ſhouldred is, or out of door quite ſhit,
As baſe, or blunt, unmeet for melody.
For each mans worth is meaſur'd by his weed,
As Harts by horns, or Aſſes by their ears:
Yet Aſſes been not all whoſe ears exceed,
Nor yet all Harts, that horns the higheſt bears.

For higheſt looks have not the higheſt mind,
Nor haughty words moſt full of higheſt thoughts:
But are like bladders blowen up with wind,
That being prickt do vaniſh into noughts.
Even ſuch is all their vaunted vanity,
Nought elſe but ſmoke, that fumeth ſoon away:
Such is their glory that in ſimple eye
Seem greateſt, when their garments are moſt gay.
So they themſelves for praiſe of fools do ſell,
And all their wealth for painting on a wall;
With price whereof, they buy a golden bell,
And purchaſe higheſt rooms in bower and hall:
Whiles ſingle Truth and ſimple Honeſty
Do wander up and down deſpis'd of all;
Their plain attire ſuch glorious gallantry
Diſdains ſo much, that none them in doth call.
Ah *Colin*, then ſaid *Hobbinol*, the blame
Which thou imputeſt, is too generall,
As if not any gentle wit of name,
Nor honeſt mind might there be found at all.
For well I wot, ſith I my ſelf was there,
To wait on *Lobbin* (*Lobbin* well thou kneweſt)
Full many worthy ones then waiting were,
As ever elſe in Princes Court thou vieweſt.
Of which, among you many yet remain,
Whoſe names I cannot readily now gheſs:
Thoſe that poor Suters papers do retain,
And thoſe that skill of medicine profeſs.
And thoſe that do to *Cynthia* expound
The ledden of ſtrange languages in charge:
For *Cynthia* doth in Sciences abound,
And gives to their profeſſors ſtipends large.
Therefore unjuſtly thou dooſt wite them all,
For that which thou miſlikedſt in a few.
Blame is, quoth he, more blameleſs generall,
Than that which private errors doth purſew:
For well I wote, that there amongſt them be
Full many perſons of right worthy parts,
Both for report of ſpotleſs honeſty,
And for profeſſion of all learned arts,
Whoſe praiſe hereby no whit impaired is,
Though blame do light on thoſe that faulty be;
For all the reſt do moſt-what fare amis,
And yet their own misfaring will not ſee:
For either they be puffed up with pride,
Or fraught with envie, that their galls do ſwell,
Or they their days to idleneſs divide,
Or drowned lie in pleaſures waſteful well,
In which like Moldwarps nouſling ſtill they lurk,
Unmindful of chief parts of manlineſs,
And do themſelves for want of other work,
Vain votaries of laiſie love profeſs,
Whoſe ſervice high ſo baſely they enſew,
That *Cupid* ſelf of them aſhamed is:
And muſtring all his men in *Venus* view,
Denies them quite for ſervitors of his.
And is love then, ſaid *Corylas*, once known
In Court, and his ſweet lore profeſſed there?
I weened ſure he was our God alone:
And only woond in fields and foreſts here.
Not ſo, quoth he, love moſt aboundeth there.
For all the walls and windows there are writ,
All full of love, and love, and love, my dear,
And all their talk and ſtudy is of it.
Ne any there doth brave or valiant ſeem,
Unleſs that ſome gay Miſtreſs badge he bears:
Ne any one himſelf doth ought eſteem,
Unleſs he ſwim in love up to the ears.
But they of Love and of his ſacred lere,
(As it ſhould be) all otherwiſe deviſe,
Than we poor Shepherds are accuſtom'd here,
And him do ſue and ſerve all otherwiſe.
For with lewd ſpeeches and licentious deeds,
His mighty myſteries they do prophane,
And uſe his idle name to other needs,
But as a complement for courting vain.
So him they do not ſerve as they profeſs,
But make him ſerve to them for ſordid uſes.
Ah my dread Lord, that doſt liege harts poſſeſs,
Avenge thy ſelf on them for their abuſes.
But we poor Shepherds, whether rightly ſo,
Or through our rudeneſs into errour led,
Do make religion how we raſhly go,
To ſerve that God, that is ſo greatly dred:
For him the greateſt of the Gods we deem,
Born without Syre or couples, of one kind:
For *Venus* ſelf doth ſolely couples ſeem,
Both male and female, through commixture joyn'd.
So, pure and ſpotleſs *Cupid* forth ſhe brought,
And in the gardens of *Adonis* nurſt:
Where growing, he his own perfection wrought,
And ſhortly was of all the Gods the firſt.
Then got he bow and ſhafts of gold and lead,
In which ſo fell and puiſſant he grew,
That *Jove* himſelf his powre began to dread,
And taking up to heaven, him godded new.
From thence he ſhoots his arrows every where
Into the world, at random as he will,
On us frail men, his wretched vaſſals here,
Like as himſelf us pleaſeth ſave or ſpill.
So we him worſhip, ſo we him adore,
With humble harts to heaven up-lifted hie,
That to true loves he may us evermore
Prefer, and of their grace us dignifie:
Ne is their Shepherd, ne yet Shepherds ſwain,
What-ever feeds in foreſt or in field,
That dare with evil deed or leaſing vain,
Blaſpheme his power, or terms unworthy yield.
Shepherd it ſeems that ſome celeſtial rage
Of love, quoth *Cuddy*, is breath'd into thy breſt,
That powreth forth theſe oracles ſo ſage,
Of that high powre, wherewith thou art poſſeſt.
But never wiſt I till this preſent day,
Albe of love I always humbly deemed,
That he was ſuch an one, as thou dooſt ſay,
And ſo religiouſly to be eſteemed.
Well may it ſeem by this thy deep inſight,
That of that God the Prieſt thou ſhouldeſt be:
So well thou wot'ſt the myſtery of his might,
As if his godhead thou didſt preſent ſee.
Of loves perfection perfectly to ſpeak,
Or of his nature rightly to define,

Indeed

Indeed, ſaid *Colin*, paſſeth reaſons reach,
And needs his Prieſt t' expreſs his power divine.
For long before the world he was y'bore,
And bred above, in *Venus* boſom dear:
For by his powre the world was made of yore,
And all that therein wondrous doth appear.
For how ſhould elſe things ſo far from attone,
And ſo great enemies as of them be,
Be ever drawn together into one,
And taught in ſuch accordance to agree?
Through him the cold began to covet heat;
And water fire; the light to mount on hie,
And th' heavy down to peize; the hungry t' eat,
And voidneſs to ſeek full ſatiety.
So being former foes, they wexed friends,
And gan by little learn to love each other:
So being knit, they brought forth other kinds
Out of the fruitful womb of their great mother.
Then firſt gan heaven out of darkneſs dread
For to appear, and brought forth cheerful day:
Next gan the earth to ſhew her naked head,
Out of deep waters which her drown'd alway.
And ſhortly after, every living wight
Crept forth like worms out of their ſlimy nature,
Soon as on them the Suns life giving light,
Had powred kindly heat and formal feature.
Thenceforth they gan each one his like to love,
And like himſelf deſire for to beget,
The lyon choſe his mate, the Turtle Dove
Her dear, the Dolphin his own Dolphinet:
But man that had the ſpark of reaſons might,
More than the reſt to rule his paſſion,
Choſe for his love the faireſt in his ſight,
Like as himſelf was faireſt by creation.
For beauty is the bait which with delight
Doth man allure, for to enlarge his kind,
Beauty the burning lamp of heavens light,
Darting her beams into each feeble mind:
Againſt whoſe power, nor God nor man can find
Defence, ne ward the danger of the wound,
But being hurt, ſeek to be medicind
Of her that firſt did ſtir that mortal ſtownd.
Then do they cry and call to love apace,
With prayers loud importuning the ſky,
Whence he them hears, and when he liſt ſhew grace,
Does grant them grace that otherwiſe would dye.
So love is Lord of all the world by right,
And rules the creatures by his powerful ſaw:
All being made the vaſſals of his might,
Through ſecret ſenſe which thereto doth them draw.
Thus ought all lovers of their Lord to deem:
And with chaſte heart to honour him alway:
But whoſo elſe doth otherwiſe eſteem,
Are out-laws, and his lore do diſobay.
For their deſire is baſe, and doth not merit
The name of love, but of diſloyal luſt:
Ne mongſt true lovers they ſhall place inherit,
But as Exuls out of his court be thruſt.
So having ſaid, *Meliſſa* ſpake at will,
Colin, thou now full deeply haſt divin'd
Of love and beauty, and with wondrous skill,
Haſt *Cupid* ſelf depainted in his kind.
To thee are all true lovers greatly bound,
That dooſt their cauſe ſo mightily defend:
But moſt, all women are thy debtors found,
That dooſt their bounty ſtill ſo much commend.
That ill, ſaid *Hobbinol*, they him requite:
For having loved ever one moſt dear,
He is repaid with ſcorn and foul deſpite,
That yrks each gentle heart which it doth hear.
Indeed, ſaid *Lucid*, I have often heard
Fair *Roſalinde* of divers fowly blamed:
For being to that ſwain too cruel hard,
That her bright glory elſe hath much defamed.
But who can tell what cauſe had that fair Maid
To uſe him ſo that loved her ſo well:
Or who with blame can juſtly her upbraid,
For loving not? for who can love compell?
And ſooth to ſay, it is fool hardy thing,
Raſhly to wyten creatures ſo divine,
For demigods they be, and firſt did ſpring
From heaven, though graft in frailneſs feminine.
And well I wote, that oft I heard it ſpoken,
How one that faireſt *Helene* did revile:
Through judgement of the Gods to been ywroken,
Loſt both his eyes, and ſo remain'd long while,
Till he recanted had his wicked rimes,
And made amends to her with treble praiſe:
Beware therefore, ye grooms, I read betimes,
How raſhly blame of *Roſalinde* ye raiſe.
Ah Shepherds, then ſaid *Colin*, ye ne weet
How great a guilt upon your heads ye draw:
To make ſo bold a doom with words unmeet,
Of thing celeſtial, which ye never ſaw.
For ſhe is not like as the other crew
Of Shepherds daughters which emongſt you be,
But of divine regard and heavenly hew,
Excelling all that ever ye did ſee.
Not then to her, that ſcorned thing ſo baſe,
But to my ſelf the blame, that lookt ſo hie:
So high her thoughts as ſhe her ſelf have place,
And loath each lowly thing with lofty eye.
Yet ſo much grace let her vouchſafe to grant
To ſimple ſwain, ſith her I may not love:
Yet that I may her honour paravant,
And praiſe her worth, though far my wit above.
Such grace ſhall be ſome guerdon for the grief,
And long affliction which I have endured.
Such grace ſometimes ſhall give me ſome relief,
And eaſe of pain which cannot be recured.
And ye my fellow Shepherds, which do ſee
And hear the languours of my too long dying,
Unto the world for ever witneſs be,
That hers I dye, nought to the world denying,
This ſimple trophee of her great conqueſt.
So, having ended, he from ground did riſe,
And after him uproſe eke all the reſt:
All loth to part, but that the glooming skyes,
Warn'd them to draw their bleating flocks to reſt.

FINIS.

ASTRO-

ASTROPHEL.

A Paſtoral

ELEGY

Upon the Death of the moſt Noble and Valorous Knight,

Sir Philip Sidney.

Dedicated to the moſt Beautiful and Vertuous Lady, the Counteſs of *ESSEX.*

ASTROPHEL.

SHepherds that wont on Pipes of oaten reed,
Oft times to plain your loves concealed ſmart:
And with your pitious layes have learn'd to breed
Compaſſion in a Country-laſſes hart;
Harken ye gentle Shepherds to my ſong,
And place my doleful plaint, your plaints emong.

To you alone I ſing this mournful verſe,
The mournfulſt verſe that ever man heard tell:
To you whoſe ſoftned hearts it may empierſe,
With dolours dart, for death of *Aſtrophel.*
To you I ſing, and to none other wight:
For well I wot my rimes been rudely dight.

Yet as they been, if any nycer wit
Shall hap to hear, or covet them to read:
Think he, that ſuch are for ſuch ones moſt fit,
Made not to pleaſe the living, but the dead.
And if in him found pity ever place,
Let him be moov'd to pity ſuch a caſe.

A Gentle Shepherd born in *Arcady*,
Of gentleſt race that ever Shepherd bore:
About the graſſie banks of *Hæmony*,
Did keep his ſheep, his little ſtock and ſtore.
Full carefully he kept them day and night,
In faireſt fields, and *Aſtrophel* he hight.

Young *Aſtrophel*, the pride of Shepherds praiſe,
Young *Aſtrophel*, the ruſtick Laſſes love:
Far paſſing all the Paſtors of his days,
In all that ſeemly Shepherds might behove.
In one thing only failing of the beſt,
That he was not ſo happy as the reſt.

For from the time that firſt the Nymph his Mother
Him forth did bring, and taught her lambs to feed,
A ſlender ſwain, excelling far each other,
In comely ſhape, like her that did him breed,
He grew up faſt in goodneſs and in grace,
And doubly fair wox both in mind and face.

Which daily more and more he did augment,
With gentle uſage, and demeanure mild:
That all mens harts with ſecret raviſhment
He ſtole away, and weetingly beguild.
Ne ſpight it ſelf, that all good things doth ſpill,
Found ought in him, that ſhe could ſay was ill.

His ſports were fair, his joyance innocent,
Sweet without ſowre, and honny without gall:
And he himſelf ſeem'd made for meriment,
Merily masking both in bowre and hall.
There was no pleaſure nor delightful play,
When *Aſtrophel* ſo-ever was away.

For he could pipe and daunce, and carol ſweet,
Emongſt the Shepherds in their ſhearing feaſt:
As Sommers lark, that with her ſong doth greet
The dauning day, forth coming from the Eaſt.
And layes of love he alſo could compoſe.
Thrice happy ſhe, whom he to praiſe did choſe.

Full many Maydens often did him woo,
Them to vouchſafe emongſt his rimes to name,
Or make for them as he was wont to doo,
For her that did his hart with love inflame.
For which they promiſed to dight, for him,
Gay chapelets of flowers and girlonds trim,

And many a Nymph, both of the wood and brook,
Soon as his oaten pipe began to ſhrill:
Both cryſtal wells and ſhady groves forſook,
To hear the charms of his enchanting skill.
And brought him preſents, flowers if it were prime,
Or mellow fruit, if it were harveſt time.

But he, for none of them did care a whit,
Yet wood-Gods for them often ſighed ſore:
Ne for their gifts, unworthy of his wit,
Yet not unworthy of the Countries ſtore.
For one alone he car'd, for one he ſigh't,
His lifes deſire, and his dear loves delight.

Stella the fair, the faireſt ſtar in sky,
As fair as *Venus*, or the faireſt fair:
(A fairer ſtar ſaw never living eye)
Shot her ſharp pointed beams through pureſt air.
Her he did love, her he alone did honor,
His thoughts, his rimes, his ſongs were all upon her.

To her he vow'd the ſervice of his days,
On her he ſpent the riches of his wit:
For her he made hymns of immortal praiſe,
Of only her he ſung, he thought, he writ.
Her, and but her, of love he worthy deemed,
For all the reſt but little he eſteemed.

Ne her with idle words alone he wowed,
And verſes vain, (yet verſes are not vain)
But with brave deeds to her ſole ſervice vowed,
And bold atchievements her did entertain.
For both in deeds and words he nourtred was,
Both wiſe and hardy (too hardy alas)

In wreſtling, nimble; and in running, ſwift;
In ſhooting, ſteddy; and in ſwimming, ſtrong:
Well made to ſtrike, to throw, to leap, to lift,
And all the ſports that Shepherds are emong.
In every one, he vanquiſht every one,
He vanquiſht all, and vanquiſht was of none.

Beſides, in hunting, ſuch felicity,
Or rather, infelicity he found:
That every field, and foreſt far away,
He ſought, where ſalvage beaſts do moſt abound.
No beaſt ſo ſalvage but he could it kill,
No chace ſo hard, but he therein had skill.

Such skill matcht with ſuch courage as he had,
Did prick him forth with proud deſire of praiſe:
To ſeek abroad, of danger nought ydrad,
His Miſtreſs name, and his own fame to raiſe.
What needeth peril to be ſought abroad,
Sith round about us, it doth make aboad?

It fortuned, as he that perilous game
In forrain ſoil purſued far away:
Into a foreſt wide and waſte he came,
Where ſtore he heard to be of ſalvage pray.
So wide a foreſt, and ſo waſte as this,
Nor famous *Ardeyn*, nor foul *Arlo* is.

There his wel-woven toyls and ſubtil trains
He laid, the brutiſh nation to enwrap:
So well he wrought with practiſe and with pains,
That he of them great troups did ſoon entrap.
Full happy man (miſweening much) was he,
So rich a ſpoyl within his power to ſee.

Eftſoons all heedleſs of his deareſt hale,
Full greedily into the heard he thruſt,
To ſlaughter them, and work their final bale,
Leaſt that his toyl ſhould of their troups be burſt.
Wide wounds emongſt them many one he made,
Now with his ſharp bore-ſpear, now with his blade.

His

His care was all, how he them all might kill,
That none might ſcape (ſo partial unto none)
Ill mind, ſo much to mind anothers ill,
As to become un mindful of his own.
  But pardon that unto the cruel skyes,
  That from himſelf to them withdrew his eyes.

So as he rag'd emongſt that beaſtly rout,
A cruel beaſt of moſt accurſed brood:
Upon him turn'd (deſpair makes cowards ſtout)
And with fell tooth, accuſtomed to blood,
  Launched his thigh with ſo miſchievous might,
  That it both bone and muſcles rived quight.

So deadly was the dint, and deep the wound,
And ſo huge ſtreams of blood there-out did flow,
That he endured not the direful ſtound,
But on the cold dear earth himſelf did throw:
  The whiles the captive heard his nets did rend,
  And having none to let, to wood did wend.

Ah! where were ye this while his Shepherd pears,
To whom alive was nought ſo dear as he:
And ye fair Maids, the matches of his years,
Which in his grace did boaſt you moſt to be?
  Ah! where were ye, when he of you had need,
  To ſtop his wound that wondrouſly did bleed;

Ah wretched boy! the ſhape of dreryhead,
And ſad enſample of mans ſudden end:
Full little faileth but thou ſhalt be dead,
Unpitied, unplain'd, of foe or friend.
  Whilſt none is nigh, thine eye-lids up to cloſe,
  And kiſs thy lips like faded leaves of roſe.

A ſort of Shepherds ſewing of the chace,
As they the Foreſt ranged on a day:
By fate or fortune came unto the place,
Whereas the luckleſs boy yet bleeding lay:
  Yet bleeding lay, and yet would ſtill have bled,
  Had not good hap thoſe Shepherds thither led.

They ſtopt his wound (too late to ſtop it was)
And in their arms then ſoftly did him rear:
Tho (as he wild) unto his loved Laſs,
His deareſt love him dolefully did bear.
  The dolefulſt bear that ever man did ſee,
  Was *Aſtrophel*, but deareſt unto me.

She when ſhe ſaw her love in ſuch a plight,
With crudled blood and filthy gore deformed:
That wont to be with flowers and girlonds dight,
And her dear favours dearly well adorned,
  Her face, the faireſt face that eye mote ſee,
  She likewiſe did deform, like him to be.

Her yellow locks, that ſhone ſo bright and long,
As ſunny beams in faireſt ſummers day:
She fiercely tore, and with outrageous wrong
From her red cheeks the roſes rent away.
  And her fair breſt, the treaſury of joy,
  She ſpoyld thereof, and filled with annoy.

His palled face, impictured with death,
She bathed oft with tears, and dried oft:
And with ſweet kiſſes ſuckt the waſting breath,
Out of his lips, like Lillies, pale and ſoft.
  And oft ſhe cald to him, who anſwerd nought,
  But only by his looks did tell his thought.

The reſt of her impatient regret,
And pitious mone the which ſhe for him made,
No tongue can tell, nor any forth can ſet,
But he whoſe hart like ſorrow did invade.
  At laſt, when pain his vital powres had ſpent,
  His waſted life her weary lodge forwent.

Which when ſhe ſaw, ſhe ſtaied not awhit,
But after him did make untimely haſte:
Forth-with her ghoſt out of her corps did flit,
And followed her make, like Turtle chaſte:
  To prove that death their harts cannot divide,
  Which living were in love ſo firmly tide.

The Gods which all things ſee, this ſame beheld,
And pitying this pair of lovers trew,
Transformed them there lying on the field,
Into one flowre, that is both red and blew.
  It firſt grows red, and then to blew doth fade,
  Like *Aſtrophel*, which thereinto was made.

And in the midſt thereof a ſtar appears,
As fairly form'd as any ſtar in skyes:
Reſembling *Stella* in her freſheſt years,
Forth darting beams of beauty from her eyes,
  And all the day it ſtandeth full of deow,
  Which is the tears, that from her eyes did flow.

That herb of ſome, Starlight is call'd by name,
Of others, *Penthia*, though not ſo well:
But thou, where ever thou dooſt find the ſame,
From this day forth do call it *Aſtrophel*.
  And whenſoever thou it up dooſt take,
  Do pluck it ſoftly for that Shepherds ſake.

Hereof when tydings far abroad did paſs,
The Shepherds all which loved him full dear
(And ſure full dear of all he loved was)
Did thither flock, to ſee what they did hear.
  And when that pitious ſpectacle they vewed,
  The ſame with bitter tears they all bedewed.

And every one did make exceeding mone,
With inward anguiſh, and great grief oppreſt:
And every one did weep, and wail, and mone,
And means devis'd to ſhew his ſorrow beſt.
  That from that howre ſince firſt on graſſie green
  Shepherds kept ſheep, was not like mourning ſeen.

But firſt, his Sifter, that *Clorinda* hight,
That gentleſt Shepherdeſs that lives this day:
And moſt reſembling both in ſhape and ſpright
Her Brother dear, began this doleful lay.
  Which, leaſt I mar the ſweetneſs of the verſe,
  In ſort as ſhe it ſung, I will rehearſe.

AY me! to whom ſhall I my caſe complain,
That may compaſſion my impatient grief?
Or where ſhall I unfold my inward pain,
That my enriven heart may find relief?
Shall I unto the heavenly powres it ſhow?
Or unto earthly men, that dwell below?

To heavens? ah! they alas the Authors were,
And workers of my unremedied wo:
For they foreſee what to us happens here,
And they foreſaw, yet ſuffred this be ſo.
From them comes good, from them comes alſo ill,
That which they made, who can them warn to ſpill.

To men? ah! they alas like wretched be,
And ſubject to the heavens ordinance:
Bound to abide whatever they decree.
Their beſt redreſs, is their beſt ſufferance.
How then can they, like wretched, comfort me,
The which no leſs need comforted to be?

Then to my ſelf will I my ſorrow mourn,
Sith none alive like ſorrowful remains:
And to my ſelf my plaints ſhall back retourn,
To pay their uſury with double pains.
The woods, the hills, the rivers ſhall reſound
The mournful accent of my ſorrows ground.

Woods, hills and rivers, now are deſolate,
Sith he is gone the which them all did grace:
And all the fields do wail their Widow ſtate,
Sith death their faireſt flowre did late deface.
The faireſt flowre in field that ever grew,
Was *Aſtrophel*; that was, we all may rew.

What cruel hand of curſed foe unknown,
Hath cropt the ſtalk which bore ſo fair a flowre?
Untimely cropt, before it well were grown,
And clean defaced in untimely bowre.
Great loſs to all that ever him did ſee,
Great loſs to all, but greateſt loſs to me.

Break now your girlonds, O ye Shepherds laſſes,
Sith the fair flowre, which them adornd, is gon:
The flowre, which them adornd, is gone to aſhes,
Never again let Laſs put girlond on.
In ſtead of girlond, wear ſad Cypres now,
And bitter Elder, broken from the bow.

Ne ever ſing the love-layes which he made:
Who ever made ſuch layes of love as he?
Ne ever read the riddles, which he ſaid
Unto your ſelves, to make you mery glee.
Your mery glee is now laid all abed,
Your mery maker now alaſs is dead.

Death the devourer of all worlds delight,
Hath robbed you, and reft fro me my joy:
Both you and me, and all the world he quight
Hath robd of joyance, and left ſad annoy.
Joy of the world, and Shepherds pride was he,
Shepherds hope, never like again to ſee.

Oh Death that haſt us of ſuch riches reft,
Tell us at leaſt, what haſt thou with it done?
What is become of him whoſe flowre here left
Is but the ſhadow of his likeneſs gone.
Scarſe like the ſhadow of that which he was,
Nought like, but that he like a ſhade did pas.

But that immortal ſpirit, which was deckt
With all the dowries of celeſtial grace:
By ſoverain choice from th' heavenly quires ſelect,
And lineally deriv'd from Angels race,
O what is now of it become, aread.
Aye me! can ſo divine a thing be dead?

Ah no: it is not dead, ne can it dye,
But lives for aye, in bliſful Paradiſe:
Where like a new-born babe it ſoft doth lie,
In bed of Lillies, wrapt in tender wiſe,
And compaſt all about with Roſes ſweet,
And dainty Violets from head to feet.

There thouſand birds all of celeſtial brood,
To him do ſweetly caroll day and night:
And with ſtrange notes, of him well underſtood,
Lull him aſleep in Angel-like delight;
Whilſt in ſweet dream to him preſented be
Immortal beauties, which no eye may ſee.

But he them ſees, and takes exceeding pleaſure
Of their divine aſpects, appearing plain,
And kindling love in him above all meaſure,
Sweet love, ſtill joyous, never feeling pain.
For what ſo goodly form he there doth ſee,
He may enjoy from jealous rancor free.

There liveth he in everlaſting blis,
Sweet ſpirit, never fearing more to dye:
Ne dreading harm from any foes of his,
Ne fearing ſavage beaſts more cruelty.
Whilſt we here wretches wail his private lack,
And with vain vows do often call him back.

But live thou there ſtill happy, happy ſpirit,
And give us leave thee here thus to lament:
Not thee that dooſt thy heavens joy inherit,
But our own ſelves, that here in dole are drent.
Thus do we weep and wail, and wear our eyes,
Mourning in others, our own miſeries.

Which when he ended had, another ſwain,
Of gentle wit, and dainty ſweet device:
Whom *Aſtrophel* full dear did entertain,
Whilſt here he liv'd, and held in paſſing price;
Hight *Theſtylis*, began his mournful tourn,
And made the Muſes in his ſong to mourn.

And after him full many other moe,
And every one in order lov'd him beſt,
Gan dight themſelves t' expreſs their inward woe,
With doleful layes unto the time addreſt.
The which I here in order will rehearſe,
As fitteſt flowres to deck his mournful hearſe.

The

THE

Mourning Muſe

OF

THESTYLIS.

COme forth ye Nymphs, come forth,
forſake your watry bowres,
Forſake your moſſy caves,
and help me to lament:
Help me to tune my doleful notes
to gurgling ſound
Of *Liſſies* tumbling ſtreams:
Come let ſalt tears of ours,
Mix with his waters freth.
O come, let one conſent
Joyn us to mourn with wailful plaints
the deadly wound
Which fatal clap hath made;
decreed by higher powres.
The drery day in which
They have from us yrent
The nobleſt plant that might
From Eaſt to Weſt be found.
Mourn, mourn, great *Philip*'s fall,
mourn we his woful end,
Whom ſpightful death hath pluckt
Untimely from the tree,
Whiles yet his years in flowre
did promiſe worthy fruit.
Ah dreadful *Mars!*
why didſt thou not thy Knight defend?
What wrathful mood,
what fault of ours hath moved thee
Of ſuch a ſhining light
To leave us deſtitute?
Thou with benigne aſpect
Sometime didſt us behold,
Thou haſt in *Britons* valour
tane delight of old,
And with thy preſence oft
vouchſaft to attribute
Fame and renown to us
for glorious martial deeds.
But now their ireful beams
have chill'd our hearts with cold,
Thou haſt eſtrang'd thy ſelf,
and deigneſt not our land:
Far off to others now,
thy favour honour breeds,
And high diſdain doth cauſe
thee ſhun our Clime (I fear)
For hadſt thou not been wroth,
or that time near at hand,
Thou wouldſt have heard the cry
that woful *England* made,
Eke *Zelands* pitious plaints,
and *Hollands* toren hair
Would haply have appeas'd
thy divine angry mind:
Thou ſhouldſt have ſeen the trees
refuſe to yield their ſhade,
And wailing to let fall
the honour of their head,
And birds in mournful tunes
lamenting in their kind:
Up from his tomb
the mighty *Corineus* roſe,
Who curſing oft the Fates
that his miſhap had bred,
His hoary locks he tare,
calling the heavens unkind.
The *Thames* was heard to roar,
the *Reyne* and eke the *Moſe*,
The *Schald*, the *Danow* ſelf
this great miſchance did rue,
With torment and with grief;
their fountains pure and clear
Were troubled, and with ſwelling floods
declar'd their woes.
The Muſes comfortleſs,
the Nymphs with paled hue,
The *Sylvan* Gods likewiſe
came running far and near,
And all with tears bedeaw'd.
and eyes caſt up on hie,
O help, O help ye Gods,
they ghaſtly gan to cry.
O change the cruel fate
Of this ſo rare a wight,
And grant that Natures courſe
may meaſure out his age.
The beaſts their food forſook,
and trembling fearfully,
Each ſought his cave or den,
this cry did them ſo fright.
Out from amid the waves,
by ſtorm then ſtir'd to rage,
This cry did cauſe to riſe
th' old Father *Ocean* hoar,
Who grave with eld,
and full of Majeſty in ſight,
Spake in this wiſe;
Refrain, quoth he, your tears and plaints,
Ceaſe theſe your idle words,
make vain requeſts no more.

No humble ſpeech nor mone,
may move the fixed ſtint
Of deſtinie or death:
Such is his will that paints
The earth with colours freſh:
the darkeſt skyes with ſtore
Of ſtarry lights: And though
your tears a hart of flint
Might tender make,
yet nought herein they will prevail.
Whiles thus he ſaid,
the noble Knight, who gan to feel
His vital force to faint,
and death with cruel dint
Of direful dart
his mortal body to aſſail,
With eyes lift up to heav'n,
and courage frank as ſteel,
With chearful face,
where valour lively was expreſt,
But humble mind, he ſaid;
O Lord, if ought this frail
And earthly carkaſs have
thy ſervice ſought t'advance,
If my deſire have been
ſtill to relieve th' oppreſt:
If Juſtice to maintain
that valour I have ſpent
Which thou me gav'ſt;
or if henceforth I might advance
Thy name, thy truth,
then ſpare me (Lord) if thou think beſt
Forbear theſe unripe years.
But if thy will be bent,
If that prefixed time
be come which thou haſt ſet,
Through pure and fervent faith,
I hope now to be plaſt
In th' everlaſting bliſs,
which with thy precious blood
Thou purchaſe didſt for us.
With that a ſigh he fet,
And ſtraight a clowdy miſt
his ſenſes over-caſt,
His lips waxt pale and wan,
like damask roſes bud
Caſt from the ſtalk,
or like in field to purple flowre,
Which languiſheth being ſhred
by culter as it paſt.
A trembling chilly cold
ran through their veins, which were
With eyes brim-ful of tears
to ſee his fatal howre,
Whoſe bluſtring ſighs
at firſt their ſorrow did declare,
Next, murmuring enſude;
at laſt they not forbear
Plain out-cryes, all againſt
the heav'ns, that enviouſly
Depriv'd us of a ſpright
ſo perfect and ſo rare.
The Sun his lightſom beams
did ſhrowd, and hide his face
For grief, whereby the earth
feard night eternally:
The mountains each where ſhook,
the rivers turnd their ſtreams,
And th' ayr gan winter-like
to rage and fret apace:
And grilly ghoſts by night were ſeen,
and fiery gleams,
Amid the clouds
with claps of thunder, that did ſeem
To rent the skyes,
and made both man and beaſt afeard:
The birds of ill preſage
this luckleſs chance fore-told,
By dernful noiſe, and dogs
with howling made men deem
Some miſchief was at hand:
for ſuch they do eſteem
As tokens of miſhap,
and ſo have done of old.
Ah that thou hadſt but heard
his lovely *Stella* plain
Her grievous loſs,
or ſeen her heavy mourning cheer,
While ſhe with woe oppreſt,
her ſorrows did unfold.
Her hair hung looſe neglect,
about her ſhoulders twain,
And from thoſe two bright ſtars,
to him ſometime ſo deer,
Her hart ſent drops of pearl,
which fell in foyſon down
Twixt Lilly and the Roſe.
She wrong her hands with pain,
And pitiouſly gan ſay,
my true and faithful pheer,
Alas, and woe is me,
why ſhould my fortune frown
On me thus frowardly
to rob me of my joy?
What cruel envious hand
hath taken thee away,
And with thee my content,
my comfort and my ſtay?
Thou only waſt the eaſe
of trouble and annoy:
When they did me aſſail,
in thee my hopes did reſt.
Alas, what now is left but grief,
that night and day
Afflicts this woful life,
and with continual rage
Torments ten thouſand ways
my miſerable breſt?
O greedy envious heav'n,
what needeth thee to have

Enricht with ſuch a Jewell
this unhappy age,
To take it back again ſo ſoon?
Alas, when ſhall
Mine eyes ſee ought that may
content them, ſince thy grave
My only treaſure hides
the joys of my poor hart?
As here with thee on earth I liv'd,
even ſo equall
Me thinks it were with thee
in heav'n I did abide:
And as our troubles all
we here on earth did part,
So reaſon would that there
of thy moſt happy ſtate
I had my ſhare.
Alas, if thou my truſty guide
Were wont to be,
how canſt thou leave me thus alone
In darkneſs and aſtray;
weak, weary, deſolate,
Plung'd in a world of woe,
refuſing for to take
Me with thee, to the place of reſt
where thou art gone.
This ſaid, ſhe held her peace,
for ſorrow tide her tongue;
And inſteed of more words,
ſeemd that her eyes a lake
Of tears had been, they flow'd
ſo plentiouſly therefro:
And with her ſobs and ſighs,
th' ayr round about her roong.
If *Venus* when ſhe waild
her dear *Adonis* ſlain,
Ought mov'd in thy fierce hart
compaſſion of her woe,
His noble Sifters plaints,
her ſighs and tears emong,
Would ſure have made thee mild,
and inly rue her pain:
Aurora half ſo fair,
her ſelf did never ſhow,
When from old *Tithons* bed,
ſhe weeping did ariſe.
The blinded archer-boy,
like Lark in ſhowre of rain
Sate bathing of his wings,
and glad the time did ſpend
Under thoſe cryſtal drops,
which fell from her fair eyes,
And at their brighteſt beams
him proynd in lovely wiſe.
Yet ſory for her grief,
which he could not amend,
The gentle boy gan wipe her eyes,
and clear thoſe lights,
Thoſe lights through which,
his glory and his conqueſts ſhine.

The Graces tuckt her hair,
which hung like threds of gold,
Along her Ivory breſt
the treaſure of delights.
All things with her to weep,
it ſeemed, did encline,
The trees, the hills, the dales,
the caves, the ſtones ſo cold.
The ayr did help them mourn,
with dark clouds, rain and miſt;
Forbearing many a day
to clear it ſelf again,
Which made them eftſoons fear
the days of *Pirrha* ſhould,
Of creatures ſpoyl the earth,
their fatal threds untwiſt.
For *Phoebus* gladſom raies
were wiſhed for in vain,
And with her quivering light
Latonas Daughter fair,
And *Charles wain* eke refus'd
to be the Shipmans guide.
On *Neptune* war was made,
by *Æolus* and his train,
Who letting looſe the winds,
toſt and tormented th' air,
So that on ev'ry coaſt
men ſhipwrack did abide,
Or elſe were ſwallowed up
in open Sea with waves,
And ſuch as came to ſhoar,
were beaten with deſpair.
The Medways ſilver ſtreams,
that wont ſo ſtill to ſlide,
Were troubled now and wroth:
whoſe hidden hollow caves
Along his banks with fog
then ſhrowded from mans eye,
Aye *Philip* did reſound,
aye *Philip* they did cry.
His Nymphs were ſeen no more
(though cuſtom ſtill it craves)
With hair ſpred to the wind
themſelves to bath or ſport,
Or with the hook or net,
bare footed wantonly
The pleaſant dainty fiſh
to entangle or deceive.
The Shepherds left
their wonted places of reſort,
Their bagpipes now were ſtill;
their loving merry layes
Were quite forgot; and now
their flocks, men might perceive
To wander and to ſtray,
all careleſly neglect.
And in the ſtead of mirth,
and pleaſure, nights and days,
Nought els was to be heard,
but woes, complaints and mone.

But

But thou (O bleſſed ſoul)
dooſt haply not reſpect,
Theſe tears we ſhead,
though full of loving pure aſpect,
Having affixt thine eyes
On that moſt glorious throne,
Where full of Majeſty
the high Creator raigns,
In whoſe bright ſhining face
thy joyes are all complete,
Whoſe love kindles thy ſpright;
where happy always one,
Thou liv'ſt in bliſs
that earthly paſſion never ſtains;
Where from the pureſt ſpring
the ſacred Necta ſweet
Is thy continual drink:
where thou dooſt gather now
Of well employed life,
th' ineſtimable gains.
Where *Venus* on thee ſmiles,
Apollo gives thee place,
And *Mars* in reverent wiſe
doth to thy vertue bow,
And decks his fiery ſphere,
to do thee honour moſt.
In higheſt part whereof,
thy valour for to grace,
A chair of Gold he ſets to thee,
and there doth tell
Thy noble acts arew,
whereby even they that boaſt
Themſelves of ancient fame,
as *Pyrrhus*, *Hannibal*,
Scipio and *Cæſar*,
with the reſt that did excell
In martial proweſs,
high thy glory to admire.
All hail therefore.
O worthy *Phillip* immortall,
The flowre of *Sydneys* race,
the honour of thy name,
Whoſe worthy praiſe to ſing,
my Muſes not aſpire;
But ſorrowful and ſad
theſe tears to thee let fall,
Yet wiſh their verſes might
ſo far and wide thy fame
Extend, that envies rage,
nor time might end the ſame.

A PASTORAL ÆGLOGUE

Upon the Death of

Sir Philip Sidney, Kt. &c.

LYCON. COLIN.

Colin, well fits thy ſad chear this ſad ſtownd,
This woful ſtownd, wherein all things complain
This great miſhap, this grievous loſs of owres.
Hear'ſt thou the *Orown*? how with hollow ſownd
He ſlides away, and murmuring doth plain,
And ſeems to ſay unto the fading flowres,
Along his banks, unto the bared trees;
Philliſides is dead. Up jolly ſwain,
Thou that with skill canſt tune a doleful lay,
Help him to mourn. My hart with grief doth freeſe,
Hoarſe is my voice with crying, elſe a part
Sure would I bear, though rude: But as I may,
With ſobs and ſighs I ſecond will thy ſong,
And ſo expreſs the ſorrows of my hart.

Colin. Ah *Lycon*, *Lycon*, what need skill to teach
A grieved mind pour forth his plaints? how long
Hath the poor Turtle gone to ſchool (ween'ſt thou)
To learn to mourn her loſt Make? No, no, each
Creature by nature can tell how to wail.
Seeſt not theſe flocks, how ſad they wander now?
Seemeth their leaders bell their bleating tunes
In doleful ſound. Like him, not one doth fail
With hanging head to ſhew a heavy chear.
What bird, I pray thee, haſt thou ſeen, that prunes
Himſelf of late? did any chearful note
Come to thine ears, or gladſome ſight appear
Unto thine eyes, ſince that ſame fatal howre?
Hath not the ayr put on his mourning coat,
And teſtified his grief with flowing tears?
Sith then, it ſeemeth each thing to his powre
Doth us invite to make a ſad conſort;
Come let us joyn our mournful ſong with theirs.
Grief will indite, and ſorrow will enforce
Thy voice, and eccho will our words report.

Lyc. Though my rude rimes, ill with thy verſes frame,
That others far excell; yet will I force
My ſelf to anſwer thee the beſt I can,
And honour my baſe words with his high name.
But if my plaints annoy thee where thou ſit
In ſecret ſhade or cave; vouchſafe, O *Pan*,
To pardon me, and hear this hard conſtraint
With patience while I ſing, and pity it.
And eke ye rural Muſes, that do dwell
In theſe wild woods; If ever pitious plaint
We did endite, or taught a woful mind
With words of pure affect, his grief to tell,
Inſtruct me now. Now *Colin* then go on,
And I will follow thee, though far behind.

Col. Philliſides is dead. O harmful death,
O deadly harm. Unhappy *Albion*,
When ſhalt thou ſee emong thy Shepherds all,
Any ſo ſage, ſo perfect? Whom uneath
Envy could touch for vertuous life and skill;
Curteous, valiant, and liberal.
Behold the ſacred *Pales*, where with hair
Untruſt ſhe ſits, in ſhade of yonder hill.
And her fair face bent ſadly down, doth ſend
A floud of tears to bath the earth; and there
Doth call the heavens deſpightful, envious,
Cruel his fate, that made ſo ſhort an end
Of that ſame life, well worthy to have been
Prolong'd with many years, happy and famous.
The Nymphs and *Oreades* her round about
Do ſit lamenting on the graſſie green;
And with ſhrill cryes, beating their whiteſt breaſts,
Accuſe the direful dart that death ſent out
To give the fatal ſtroke. The ſtars they blame,
That deaf or careleſs ſeem at their requeſt.
The pleaſant ſhade of ſtately groves they ſhun;
They leave their cryſtal ſprings, where they wont frame
Sweet bowres of Myrtle twigs and Laurel fair,
To ſport themſelves free from the ſcorching Sun.
And now the hollow caves where horror dark
Doth dwell, whence baniſht is the gladſome ayr
They ſeek; and there in mourning ſpend their time
With wailful tunes, whiles Wolves do howl and bark,
And ſeem to bear a burden to their plaint.

Lyc. Philliſides is dead. O doleful rime,
Why ſhould my tongue expreſs thee? who is left
Now to uphold thy hopes, when they do faint,
Lycon unfortunate? What ſpightful fate,
What luckleſs deſtiny hath thee bereft
Of thy chief comfort; of thy only ſtay?
Where is become thy wonted happy ſtate,
(Alas) wherein through many a hill and dale,
Through pleaſant woods, and many an unknown way,

along

Along the banks of many ſilver ſtreams,
Thou with him yodeſt; and with him didſt ſcale
The craggy rocks of th' *Alpes* and *Appenine?*
Still with the Muſes ſporting, while thoſe beams
Of vertue kindled in his noble breſt,
Which after did ſo glorioufly forth ſhine?
But (woe is me) they now yquenched are
All ſuddainly, and death hath them oppreſt.
Loe Father *Neptune*, with ſad countenance,
How he ſits mourning on the ſtrond now bare,
Yonder, where th' Ocean with his rolling waves
The white feet waſheth (wailing this miſchance)
Of *Dover*-cliffs. His ſacred skirt about
The Sea-gods all are ſet; from their moiſt caves
All for his comfort gather'd there they be.
The *Thamis* rich, the *Humber* rough and ſtout,
The fruitful *Severn*, with the reſt are come
To help their Lord to mourn, and eke to ſee
The doleful ſight, and ſad pomp funerall
Of the dead corps paſſing through his Kingdom.
And all their heads with Cypres gyrlonds crown'd
With woful ſhrikes ſalute him great and ſmall.
Eke wailful Eccho, forgetting her dear
Narciſſus, their late accents doth reſound.
Col. Phillifides is dead. O luckleſs age;
O Widow world, O brooks and fountains clear;
O hills, O dales, O woods that oft have rong
With his ſweet caroling, which could aſſwage
The fierceſt wrath of Tygre or of Bear.
Ye Sylvans, Fawns, and Satyres, that emong
Theſe thickets oft have daunſt after his pipe,
Ye Nymphs and Nayades with golden hair,
That oft have left your pureſt cryſtal ſprings
To harken to his layes, that coulden wipe
Away all grief and ſorrow from your harts.
Alas! who now is left that like him ſings?
When ſhall you hear again like harmony?
So ſweet a ſound, who to you now imparts?
Loe, where engraved by his hand yet lives
The name of *Stella*, in yonder Bay tree.
Happy name, happy tree, fair may you grow,
And ſpred your ſacred branch, which honour gives,
To famous Emperors, and Poets Crown.
Unhappy flock that wander ſcattred now,
What marvel if through grief ye woxen lean,
Forſake your food, and hang your heads adown?
For ſuch a Shepherd never ſhall you guide,
Whoſe parting hath of weal bereft you clean.
Lyc. Phillifides is dead. O happy ſprite,
That now in heav'n with bleſſed ſouls dooſt bide:
Look down awhile from whence thou firſt above,
And ſee how buſie Shepherds be t'endite
Sad ſongs of grief, their ſorrows to declare,
And grateful memory of their kind love.
Behold my ſelf with *Colin*, gentle ſwain
(Whoſe learned Muſe thou cheriſht moſt whylear)
Where we thy names recording, ſeek to eaſe
The inward torment and tormenting pain,
That thy departure to us both hath bred;
Ne can each others ſorrow yet appeaſe.
Behold the fountains now left deſolate,
And withred graſs with Cypres boughs beſpred,
Behold theſe flowres which on thy grave we ſtrew;
Which faded, ſhew the givers faded ſtate,
Though eke they ſhew their fervent zeal and pure
Whoſe only comfort on thy welfare grew.
Whoſe prayers importune ſhall the heav'ns for aye,
That to thy aſhes, reſt they may aſſure:
That learneдſt Shepherds honour may thy name
With yearly praiſes, and the Nymphs alway
Thy tomb may deck with freſh and ſweeteſt flowres;
And that for ever may endure thy fame.
Col. The Sun (lo) haſtned hath his face to ſteep
In Weſtern waves: and th' ayr with ſtormy ſhowres
Warns us to drive homewards our ſilly ſheep,
Lycon, let's riſe, and take of them good keep.

Virtute ſumma: Cætera Fortuna.
L. B.

An

AN

ELEGIE;

OR,

FRIENDS PASSION

For His

ASTROPHEL.

Written upon the Death of the Right Honourable Sir Philip Sidney *Knight, Lord Governour of* Flushing.

AS then, no wind at all there blew,
No swelling cloud accloid the air,
The sky, like grass of watchet hew,
Reflected *Phoebus* golden hair,
The garnisht tree, to pendant stird,
No voice was heard of any bird.

There might you see the burly Bear,
The Lyon King, the Elephant,
The maiden Unicorn was there,
So was *Acteons* horned plant,
And what of wild or tame are found,
Were coucht in order on the ground.

Alcides speckled Poplar tree,
The Palm that Monarchs do obtain,
With love-juyce staind the Mulbery,
The fruit that dews the Poets brain,
And *Phillis* Philbert there away,
Compar'd with Myrtle and the Bay.

The tree that coffins doth adorn,
With stately height threatning the sky,
And for the bed of Love forlorn,
The black and doleful Ebonie,
All in a circle compast were,
Like to an Ampitheater.

Upon the branches of those trees,
The airie-winged people sat,
Distinguished in old degrees,
One sort is this, another that,
Here *Philomel*, that knowes full well,
What force and wit in Love doth dwell.

The sky-bred Eagle, royal bird,
Percht there upon an Oak above,
The Turtle by him never stird,
Example of immortal love.
The Swan, that sings about to dye,
Leaving *Meander*, stood thereby.

And that which was of wonder most,
The Phœnix left sweet Arabie:
And on a Ceder in this coast,
Built up her tomb of spicerie,
As I conjecture by the same,
Prepar'd to take her dying flame.

In midst and center of this plot,
I saw one groveling on the grass:
A man, or stone, I knew not that.
No stone: of man the figure was,
And yet I could not count him one,
More than the Image made of stone.

At length, I might perceive him rear
His body on his elbow end:
Earthly and pale with gastly chear,
Upon his knees he upward tend,
Seeming like one in uncouth stound,
To be ascending out the ground.

A grievous sigh forthwith he throws,
As might have torn the vital strings,
Then down his cheeks the tears so flows,
As doth the stream of many springs.
So thunder rends the cloud in twain,
And makes a passage for the rain.

In continent, with trembling sound,
He wofully gan to complain,
Such were the accents as might wound,
And tear a Diamond rock in twain.
After his throbs did some-what stay,
Thus heavily he gan to say.

O Sun, ſaid he, ſeeing the Sun,
On wretched me why doſt thou ſhine?
My Stars is faln, my comfort done,
Out is the Apple of mine eine,
  Shine upon thoſe poſſeſs delight,
  And let me live in endleſs night.

O grief that lieſt upon my ſoul,
As heavy as a mount of lead,
The remnant of my life controll,
Conſort me quickly with the dead,
  Half of this hart, this ſprite and will,
  Di'de in the breſt of *Aſtrophil.*

And you compaſſionate of my wo,
Gentle birds, beaſts, and ſhadie trees,
I am aſſur'd ye long to kno,
What be the ſorrows me agreev's,
  Liſten ye then to that inſu'th,
  And hear a tale of tears and ruth.

You knew, who knew not *Aſtrophil,*
(That I ſhould live to ſay I knew,
And have not in poſſeſſion ſtill)
Things known permit me to renew:
  Of him, you know his merit ſuch,
  I cannot ſay, you hear too much.

Within theſe woods of *Arcadie,*
He chief delight and pleaſure took,
And on the mountain *Parthenie,*
Upon the cryſtal liquid brook,
  The Muſes met him ev'ry day,
  That taught him ſing, to write, and ſay,

When he deſcended down the mount,
His perſonage ſeem'd moſt divine,
A thouſand graces one might count,
Upon his love chearful eine.
  To hear him ſpeak and ſweetly ſmile,
  You were in Paradiſe the while.

A ſweet attractive kind of grace,
A full aſſurance given by looks,
Continual comfort in a face,
The lineaments of Goſpel books,
  I trow that count'nance cannot lie,
  Whoſe thoughts are legible in the eye.

Was never eye, did ſee that face,
Was never ear, did hear that tong,
Was never mind, did mind his grace,
That ever thought the travel long:
  But eyes, and ears, and ev'ry thought,
  Were with his ſweet perfections caught.

O God, that ſuch a worthy man,
In whom ſo rare deſerts did raign,
Deſired thus, muſt leave us than,
And we to wiſh for him in vain,
  O could the ſtars that bred that wit,
  In force no longer fixed ſit?

Then being fild with learned dew,
The Muſes willed him to love,
That inſtrument can aptly ſhew,
How finely our conceits will move.
  As *Bacchus* opes diſſembled harts,
  So love ſets out our better parts.

Stella, a Nymph within this wood,
Moſt rare and rich of heav'nly blis,
The higheſt in his fancie ſtood.
And ſhe could well demerite this,
  This likely they acquainted ſoon,
  He was a Sun, and ſhe a Moon.

Our *Aſtrophil* did *Stella* love,
O *Stella* vaunt of *Aſtrophil,*
Albeit thy graces gods may move,
Where wilt thou find and *Aſtrophil,*
  The roſe and lillie have their prime,
  And ſo hath beauty but a time.

Although thy beautie do exceed,
In common ſight of ev'ry eye,
Yet in his Poeſies when we reed,
It is apparant more thereby,
  He that hath love and judgment to,
  Sees more than any others do.

Then *Aſtrophil* hath honor'd thee,
For when thy body is extinct,
Thy graces ſhall eternal be,
And live by vertue of his ink,
  For by his verſes he doth give,
  To ſhort liv'd beautie, aye to live.

Above all others, this is he,
Which erſt approved in his Song,
That love and honour might agree,
And that pure love will do do wrong.
  Sweet Saints, it is no ſin nor blame,
  To love a man of vertuous name.

Did never love ſo ſweetly breath
In any mortal breſt before,
Did never Muſe inſpire beneath,
A Poets brain with finer ſtore:
  He wrote of love with high conceit,
  And beautie rear'd above her height.

Then *Pallas* afterward attir'd,
Our *Aſtrophil* with her device,
Whom in his armor heaven admir'd,
As of the nation of the ſkyes,
  He ſparkled in his arms afars,
  As he were dight with fiery ſtars.

The blaze whereof when *Mars* beheld,
(An envious eye doth ſee afar)
Such Majeſty, quoth he, is ſeld,
Such Majeſty my mart may mar,
  Perhaps this may a ſuter be,
  To ſet *Mars* by his deity.

In

In this ſurmize he made with ſpeed
An Iron cane, wherein he put
The thunder that in clouds doth breed.
The flame and bolt together ſhut,
With privie force burſt out again,
And ſo our *Aſtrophel* was ſlain.

This word (was ſlain) ſtraightway did move,
And natures inward life-ſtrings twitch,
The ſky immediatly above,
Was dim'd with hideous clouds of pitch,
The wraſtling winds from out the ground,
Fil'd all the air with ratling ſound.

The bending trees expreſt a grone,
And ſigh'd the ſorrow of his fall,
The Foreſt beaſts made ruthful mone,
The birds did tune their mourning call,
And *Philomel* for *Aſtrophel*,
Unto her notes annext a phill.

The Turtle Dove with tunes of ruth,
Shew'd feeling paſſion of his death,
Me thought ſhe ſaid, I tell the truth,
Was never he that drew in breath,
Unto his love more truſty found,
Than he for whom our griefs abound.

The Swan that was in preſence here,
Began his funeral dirg to ſing,
Good things, quoth he, may ſcarce appear,
But paſs away with ſpeedy wing.
This mortal life, as death is tride,
And death gives life, and ſo he di'd.

The general ſorrow that was made
Among the creatures of each kind,
Fired the Phœnix where ſhe laid,
Her aſhes flying with the wind,
So as I might with reaſon ſee,
That ſuch a Phœnix near ſhould be.

Haply the Cinders driven about,
May breed an oftſpring near that kind,
But hardly a peer to that I doubt.
It cannot ſink into my mind,
That under-branches ere can be
Of worth and value as the tree.

The Eagle markt with pearcing ſight,
The mournful habite of the place,
And parted thence with mounting flight,
To ſignifie to *Jove* the caſe,
What ſorrow Nature doth ſuſtain,
For *Aſtrophel*, by envy ſlain.

And while I follow'd, with mine eye,
The flight the Eagle upward took,
All things did vaniſh by and by,
And diſappeared from my look,
The trees, beaſts, birds, and grove was gone,
So was the friend that made this mone.

This ſpectacle had firmly wrought,
A deep compaſſion in my ſpright,
My molting hart iſſu'd, me thought,
In ſtreams forth at mine eyes aright,
And here my pen is forſt to ſhrink,
My tears diſcolour ſo mine ink.

An Epitaph upon the Right Honourable Sir Philip Sidney *Knight, Lord Governour of* Fluſhing.

TO praiſe thy life, or wail thy worthy death,
And want thy wit, thy wit, high, pure, divine,
Is far beyond the powre of mortal line,
Nor any one hath worth that draweth breath.

Yet rich in zeal, though poor in learnings lore,
And friendly care obſcur'd in ſecret breſt,
And love that envie in thy life ſuppreſt,
Thy dear life done, and death, hat doubled more.

And I, that in thy time and living ſtate,
Did only praiſe thy vertues in my thought,
As one that ſild the riſing Sun hath ſought,
With words and tears now wail thy timeleſs fate.

Drawn was thy race, aright from princely line,
Nor leſs than ſuch (by gifts that Nature gave,
The common Mother that all creatures have,)
Doth vertue ſhew, and princely linage ſhine.

A King gave thee thy name, a kingly mind,
That God thee gave, who found it now too dear
For this baſe world, and hath reſum'd it near,
To ſit in skyes, and ſort with powers divine.

Kent thy birth days, and *Oxford* held thy youth,
The heavens made haſte, and ſtaid nor years, nor time,
The fruits of age grew ripe in thy firſt prime,
Thy will, thy words; thy words the ſeals of truth.

Great gifts and wiſdome rare imploy'd thee thence,
To treat from Kings, with thoſe more great than Kings,
Such hope men had to lay the higheſt things,
On thy wiſe youth, to be tranſported hence.

Whence, to ſharp wars ſweet honour did thee call,
Thy Countries love, religion, and thy friends:
Of worthy men, the marks, the lives and ends,
And her defence, for whom we labour all.

There didſt thou vanquiſh ſhame and tedious age,
Grief, ſorrow, ſickneſs, and baſe fortunes might:
Thy riſing day, ſaw never woful night,
But paſt with praiſe, from off this worldly ſtage.

Back to the Camp, by thee that day was brought,
First thine own death, and after thy long fame;
Tears to the Souldiers, the proud *Castilians* shame;
Vertue expreſt, and honour truly taught.

What hath he loſt, that ſuch great grace hath woon,
Young years, for endleſs years, and hope unſure
Of fortunes gifts, for wealth that ſtill ſhall dure,
Oh happy race with ſo great praiſes run.

England doth hold thy lims that bred the fame,
Flaunders thy valure, where it laſt was tried,
The Camp thy ſorrow, where thy body died,
Thy friends, thy want; the world, thy vertues fame.

Nations thy wit, our minds lay up thy love,
Letters thy learning, thy loſs, years long to come,
In worthy harts ſorrow hath made thy tomb,
Thy ſoul and ſpright enrich the heavens above.

Thy liberal hart imbalm'd in grateful tears,
Young ſighs, ſweet ſighs, ſage ſighs bewail thy fall,
Envie her ſting, and ſpight hath left her gall,
Malice her ſelf, a mourning garment wears.

That day their *Hannibal* died, our *Scipio* fell,
Scipio, *Cicero*, and *Petrarch* of our time,
Whoſe vertues wounded by my worthleſs rime,
Let Angels ſpeak, and heaven thy praiſes tell.

An other of the ſame.

Sllence augmenteth grief,
writing increaſeth rage,
Stal'd are my thoughts, which lov'd,
and loſt, the wonder of our age:
Yet quickned now with fire,
though dead with froſt ere now,
Enrag'd I write, I know not what:
dead, quick, I know not how.

Hard-harted minds relent,
and rigors tears abound,
And envie ſtrangely rues his end,
in whom no fault ſhe found,
Knowledge her light hath loſt,
valor hath ſlain her Knight,
Sidney is dead, dead is my friend,
dead is the worlds delight.

Place penſive wails his fall,
whoſe preſence was her pride,
Time crieth out, my ebb is come:
his life was my ſpring tide,
Fame mourns in that ſhe loſt
the ground of her reports,
Each living wight laments his lack,
and all in ſundry ſorts.

He was (wo worth that word)
to each well thinking mind,
A ſpotleſs friend, a matchleſs man,
whoſe vertue ever ſhin'd,
Declaring in his thoughts,
his life, and that he writ,
Higheſt conceits, longeſt foreſights,
and deepeſt works of wit.

He only like himſelf,
was ſecond unto none,
Whoſe death (though life) we rue, and wrong,
and all in vain do mone,
Their loſs, not him wail they,
that fill the world with cries,
Death ſlew not him, but he made death
his ladder to the skies.

Now ſink of ſorrow I,
who live, the more the wrong,
Who wiſhing death, whom death denies,
whoſe thred is all too long,
Who tied to wretched life,
who looks for no relief,
Muſt ſpend my ever dying days,
in never ending grief.

Harts eaſe and only I,
like parallels run on,
Whoſe equal length, keep equal bredth,
and never meet in one,
Yet for not wronging him,
my thoughts, my ſorrows cell,
Shall not run out, though leak they will,
for liking him ſo well.

Farewell to you my hopes,
my wonted waking dreams,
Farewell ſometimes enjoyed joy,
eclipſed are thy beams,
Farewell falſe-pleaſing thoughts,
which quietneſs brings forth,
And farewell friendſhips ſacred league,
uniting minds of worth.

And farewell merry hart,
the gift of guiltleſs minds,
And all ſports, which for lives reſtore,
varietie aſſigns,
Let all that ſweet is void;
in me no mirth may dwell,
Phillip, the cauſe of all this woe,
my lifes content, farewell.

Now rime, the Son of rage,
which art no kin to skill,
And endleſs grief, which deads my life,
yet knows not how to kill,
Go ſeek that hapleſs tomb,
which if ye hap to find,
Salute the Stones, that keep the lims,
that held ſo good a mind.

FINIS.

PRO-

PROTHALAMION;

OR, A

SPOUSAL VERSE

MADE

By *EDMOND SPENCER.*

In honour of the double marriage of the tvvo Honourable and Vertuous Ladies, the Lady *Elizabeth*, and the Lady *Catherine Somerſet*; Daughters to the Right Honourable the Earl of *Worceſter:* and eſpouſed to the tvvo vvorthy Gentlemen Mr. *Henry Gilford*, and Mr. *William Peter*, Eſquires.

LONDON,

Printed by *Henry Hills* for *Jonathan Edwin*, at the Three Roſes in *Ludgate-ſtreet*. 1678.

PROTHALAMION.

CAlm was the day, and through the trembling air,
Sweet-breathing *Zephyrus* did ſoftly play
A gentle ſpirit, that lightly did delay
Hot *Titans* beams, which then did glyſter fair:
When I, whom ſullen care,
Throngh diſcontent of my long fruitleſs ſtay
In Princes Court, and expectation vain
Of idle hopes, which ſtill do fly away,
Like empty ſhaddows, did afflict my brain,
Walk forth to eaſe my pain
Along the ſhoar of ſilver ſtreaming *Thames*,
Whoſe rutty Bank, the which his River hems,
Was painted all with variable flowers,
And all the meads adorn'd with dainty gems,
Fit to deck maidens bowres,
And crown their Paramours,
Againſt the Bridale day, which is not long:
Sweet *Thames* run ſoftly, till I end my Song.

There in a Meadow, by the Rivers ſide,
A flock of Nymphs I chanced to eſpy,
All lovely Daughters of the Flood thereby,
With goodly greeniſh locks, all looſe untide,
As each had been a Bride,
And each one had a little wicker basket,
Made of fine twigs, entrailed curiouſly,
In which they gather'd flowers to fill their flasket:
And with fine fingers, cropt full feateouſly
The tender ſtalks on hie.
Of every ſort, which in that Meadow grew,
They gathered ſome; the Violet pallid blew,
The little Dazie, that at evening cloſes,
The virgin Lillie, and the Primroſe trew,
With ſtore of vermeil Roſes,
To deck their Bridegrooms poſies,
Againſt the Bridale day, which was not long:
Sweet *Thames* run ſoftly, till I end my Song.

With that, I ſaw two Swans of goodly hew,
Come ſoftly ſwimming down along the Lee;
Two fairer Birds I yet did never ſee:
The ſnow which doth the top of *Pindus* ſtrew,
Did never whiter ſhew,
Nor *Jove* himſelf when he a Swan would be,
For love of *Leda*, whiter did appear:
For love of *Leda* was (they ſay) as white as he,
Yet not ſo white as theſe, nor nothing near;
So purely white they were,
That even the gentle ſtream, the which them bare,
Seem'd foul to them, and bad his billows ſpare
To wet their ſilken feathers, leaſt they might
Soyl their fair plumes, with water not ſo fair,
And mar their beauties bright,
That ſhone as heavens light,
Againſt their Bridale day, which was not long:
Sweet *Thames* run ſoftly, till I end my Song.

Eftſoons the Nymphs, which now had flowers their fill,
Ran all in haſte, to ſee that ſilver brood,
As they came floting on the cryſtal Flood.
Whom when they ſaw, they ſtood amazed ſtill,
Their wondring eyes to fill,
Them ſeem'd they never ſaw a ſight ſo fair,
Of Fowls ſo lovely, that they ſure did deem
Them heavenly born, or to be that ſame pair
Which through the sky draw *Venus* ſilver Teem,
For ſure they did not ſeem
To be begot of any earthly ſeed,
But rather Angels, or of Angels breed:
Yet were they bred of *Summers-heat*, they ſay,
In ſweeteſt Seaſon, when each Flower and weed
The earth did freſh aray,
So freſh they ſeem'd as day,
Even as their Bridale day, which was not long:
Sweet *Thames* run ſoftly, till I end my Song.

Then forth they all out of their baskets drew,
Great ſtore of Flowers, the honour of the field,
That to the ſenſe did fragrant odours yield,
All which, upon thoſe goodly Birds they threw,
And all the Waves did ſtrew,
That like old *Peneus* Waters they did ſeem,
When down along by pleaſant *Tempes* ſhore
Scattred with flowers, through *Theſſaly* they ſtreem,
That they appear through Lillies plentious ſtore,
Like a Brides Chamber flore:
Two of thoſe Nymphs, mean-while two garlands bound,
Of freſheſt Flowres, which in that Mead they found,
The which preſenting all in trim Array,
Their ſnowie Foreheads therewith all they crown'd,
Whil'ſt one did ſing this Lay,
Prepar'd againſt that Day,
Againſt that Bridale day, which was not long:
Sweet *Thames* run ſoftly, till I end my Song.

Ye gentle Birds, the worlds fair ornament,
And heavens glory, whom this happy hower
Doth lead unto your lovers bliſsful bower,
Joy may you have, and gentle hearts content
Of your loves couplement:
And let fair *Venus*, that is Queen of love,
With her hart-quelling Son upon you ſmile,
Whoſe ſmile they ſay, hath vertue to remove
All loves diſlike, and friendſhips faulty guile
For ever to aſſoil.
Let endleſs Peace your ſtedfaſt hearts accord,
And bleſſed Plenty wait upon your bord,
And let your bed with pleaſures chaſt abound,

That

That fruitful iſſue may to you afford,
Which may your foes confound,
And make your joyes redound,
Upon your Bridale day, which is not long:
Sweet *Thames* run ſoftly, till I end my Song.

So ended ſhe; and all the reſt around
To her redoubled that her underſong,
Which ſaid, their Bridale day ſhould not be long.
And gentle Eccho from the neighbour ground,
Their accents did reſound.
So forth thoſe joyous Birds did paſs along,
Adown the Lee, that to them murmurd low,
As he would ſpeak, but that he lackt a tong,
Yet did by ſigns his glad affection ſhow,
Making his ſtream run ſlow.
And all the foul which in his flood did dwell
Gan flock about theſe twain, that did excell
The reſt ſo far, as *Cynthia* doth ſhend
The leſſer Stars. So they enranged well,
Did on thoſe two attend,
And their beſt ſervice lend,
Againſt their wedding day, which was not long:
Sweet *Thames* run ſoftly, till I end my Song.

At length, they all to merry *London* came,
To merry *London*, my moſt kindly Nurſe,
That to me gave this Lifes firſt native ſourſe:
Though from another place I take my name,
An houſe of ancient fame.

There when they came, whereas thoſe bricky towres,
The which on *Thames* brode aged back doth ride,
Where now the ſtudious Lawyers have their bowers,
There whylom wont the Templer Knights to bide,
Till they decayd through pride:
Next whereunto there ſtands a ſtately place,
Where oft I gained gifts and goodly grace
Of that great Lord, which therein wont to dwell,
Whoſe want too well now feels my friendleſs caſe:
But ah! here fits not well
Old woes, but joyes to tell
Againſt the Bridale day, which is not long:
Sweet *Thames* run ſoftly, till I end my Song.

Yet therein now doth lodge a noble Peer,
Great *Englands* glory, and the Worlds wide wonder,
Whoſe dreadful name, late through all *Spain* did thunder,
And *Hercules* two pillars ſtanding near,
Did make to quake and fear:
Fair branch of Honour, flower of Chevalry,
That filleſt *England* with thy triumphs fame,
Joy have thou of thy noble victory,
And endleſs happineſs of thine own name
That promiſeth the ſame:
That through thy proweſs and victorious arms,
Thy Countrey may be freed from forrain harms:
And great *Eliſaes* glorious name may ring
Through all the world, fill'd with thy wide Alarms,
Which ſome brave Muſe may ſing
To ages following,
Upon the Bridale day, which is not long:
Sweet *Thames* run ſoftly, till I end my Song.

From thoſe high Towers, this noble Lord iſſuing,
Like radiant *Heſper*, when his golden hair
In th' Ocean billows he hath bathed fair,
Deſcended to the Rivers open viewing,
With a great train enſuing.
Above the reſt were goodly to be ſeen
Two gentle Knights of lovely face and feature
Beſeeming well the bowre of any Queen,
With gifts of wit, and ornaments of nature,
Fit for ſo goodly ſtature:
That like the Twins of *Jove* they ſeem'd in ſight,
Which deck the Bauldrick of the Heavens bright.
They two forth paſſing to the Rivers ſide,
Receiv'd thoſe two fair Brides, their Loves delight,
Which at th' appointed tide,
Each one did make his Bride,
Againſt their Bridal day, which is not long:
Sweet *Thames* run ſoftly, till I end my Song.

FINIS.

AMO-

AMORETTI

AND

EPITHALAMION.

Written by

EDMUND SPENSER.

LONDON:

Printed by *Henry Hills* for *Jonathan Edwin*, at the Three Roſes in *Ludgate-ſtreet*. 1678.

AMORETTI.

G.W. *Senior*, to the Author.

DArk is the day, when Phœbus *face is ſhrouded,*
And weaker ſights may wander ſoon aſtray:
But when they ſee his glorious rays unclouded,
With ſteddy ſteps they keep the perfect way:
So while this Muſe in forrain Land doth ſtay,
Invention weeps, and Pens are caſt aſide,
The time like night, depriv'd of chearful day,
And few do write, but (ah) too ſoon may ſlide.
Then, hie the home, that art our perfect guide,
And with thy wit illuſtrate England's *fame,*
Daunting thereby our neighbours ancient pride,
That do for Poeſie, challenge chiefeſt name:
So we that live, and ages that ſucceed,
With great applauſe thy learned works ſhall read.

AH Colin, *whether on the lowly plain,*
Piping to ſhepherds thy ſweet roundelays:
Or whether ſinging in ſome lofty vain,
Heroick deeds, of paſt, or preſent days:
Or whether in thy lovely Miſtreſs praiſe,
Thou liſt to exerciſe thy learned quill,
Thy Muſe hath got ſuch grace and power to pleaſe,
With rare invention, beautified by skill:
As who therein can ever joy their fill!
O therefore let that happy Muſe proceed
To clime the height of vertues ſacred hill,
Where endleſs honour ſhall be made thy meed.
Becauſe no malice of ſucceeding days,
Can raſe thoſe records of thy laſting praiſe.

G.W. J.

SONNET I.

HAppy ye leaves, when as thoſe lilly hands,
which hold my life in their dead-doing might,
ſhall handle you, and hold in loves ſoft bands,
like captives trembling at the victors ſight.
And happy lines, on which with ſtarry light,
thoſe lamping eyes will deign ſometimes to look
and read the ſorrows of my dying ſpright,
written with tears in hearts cloſe bleeding book
And happy rimes bath'd in the ſacred brook,
of *Helicon* whence ſhe derived is,
when ye behold that Angels bleſſed look,
my ſouls long lacked food, my heavens blis.
Leaves, lines, and rimes, ſeek her to pleaſe alone,
Whom if ye pleaſe, I care for other none.

SONNET II.

UNquiet thought, whom at the firſt I bred,
of th'inward bale of my love pined hart:
and ſithence have with ſighs and ſorrows fed,
till greater than my womb thou woxen art:
Break forth at length out of the inner part,
in which thou lurkeſt like to vihers brood:
and ſeek ſome ſuccour both to eaſe my ſmart,
and alſo to ſuſtain thy ſelf with food.
But if in preſence of that faireſt proud
thou chance to come, fall lowly at her feet:
and with meek humbleſs and afflicted mood,
pardon for thee, and grace for me intreat.
Which if ſhe grant, then live, and my love cheriſh:
If not, die ſoon, and I with thee will periſh.

SONNET III.

THe ſoveraign beauty which I do admire,
witneſs the world how worthy to be prais'd:
the light whereof hath kindled heavenly fire,
in my frail ſpirit, by her from baſeneſs rais'd;
That being now with her huge brightneſs daz'd,
baſe thing I can no more endure to view:
but looking ſtill on her, I ſtand amaz'd,
at wondrous ſight of ſo celeſtial hew.
So when my tongue would ſpeak her praiſes dew,
it ſtopped is with thoughts aſtoniſhment:
and when my pen would write her titles true,
it raviſht is with fancies wonderment:
Yet in my heart I then both ſpeak and write
The wonder that my wit cannot endite.

SONNET IV.

NEw year forth looking out of *Janus* gate,
doth ſeem to promiſe hope of new delight:

and bidding th'old Adieu, his paſſed date
bids all old thoughts to die in dumpiſh ſpright.
And calling forth out of ſad Winters night,
freſh love, that long hath ſlept in cheerleſs bower:
wils him awake, and ſoon about him dight
his wanton wings and darts of deadly power.
For luſty Spring now in his timely howre,
is ready to come forth, him to receive:
and warns the Earth, with divers colour'd flowre
to deck her ſelf, and her fair mantle weave.
Then you fair flowre, in whom freſh youth doth rain,
Prepare your ſelf, new love to entertain.

SONNET V.

RUdely thou wrongeſt my dear hearts deſire,
in finding fault with her too portly pride:
the thing which I do moſt in her admire,
is of the world unworthy moſt envide,
For in thoſe lofty looks is cloſe implide,
ſcorn of baſe things, and diſdeign of foul diſhonor:
threatning raſh eyes which gaze on her ſo wide,
that looſely they ne dare to look upon her.
Such pride is praiſe, ſuch portlineſs is honor,
that boldneſs innocence bears in her eyes:
and her fair countenance like a goodly banner,
ſpreads in defiance of all enemies.
Was never in this world ought worthy tride,
Without ſome ſpark of ſuch ſelf-pleaſing pride.

SONNET VI.

BE nought diſmaid that her unmoved mind
doth ſtill perſiſt in her rebellious pride:
ſuch love not like to luſts of baſer kind,
the harder wone, the firmer will abide.
The dureful Oak, whoſe ſap is not yet dride,
is long ere it conceive the kindling fire:
but when it once doth burn, it doth divide
great heat, and makes his flames to heaven aſpire.
So hard it is to kindle new deſire,
in gentle breſt that ſhall endure for ever:
deep is the wound, that dints the parts entire
with chaſte affects, that nought but death can ſever.
Then think not long in taking little pain,
To knit the knot, that ever ſhall remain.

SONNET VII.

FAir eyes, the mirrour of my mazed hart,
what wondrous vertue is contain'd in you,
the which both life and death forth from you dart
into the object of your mighty view?
For when ye mildly look with lovely hew,
taen is my ſoul with life and love inſpir'd:
but when ye lowre, or look on me askew,
then do I die, as one with lightning fir'd.
But ſince that life is more than death deſir'd,
look ever lovely, as becomes you beſt,
that your bright beams of my weak eyes admir'd,
may kindly living fire within my breſt.
Such life ſhould be the honour of your light,
Such death the ſad enſample of your might.

SONNET VIII.

MOre than moſt fair, full of the living fire,
kindled above unto the maker near:
no eyes but joys, in which all powers conſpire,
that to the world nought elſe be counted dear.
Through your bright beams doth not the blinded gueſt
ſhoot out his darts to baſe affections wound:
but Angels come to lead frail minds to reſt
in chaſte deſires, on heavenly beauty bound.
You frame my thoughts, and faſhion me within,
you ſtop my tongue, and teach my heart to ſpeak,
you calm the ſtorm that paſſion did begin,
ſtrong through your cauſe, but by your vertue weak.
Dark is the world, where your light ſhined never;
Well is he born, that may behold you ever.

SONNET IX.

LOng-while I ſought to what I might compare
thoſe powreful eyes, which lighten my dark ſpright:
yet find I nought on earth, to which I dare
reſemble th'image of the goodly light.
Not to the Sun: for they do ſhine by night;
nor to the Moon: for they are changed never;
nor to the Stars: for they have purer ſight;
nor to the Fire: for they conſume not ever;
Nor to the lightning: for they ſtill perſever;
nor to the Diamond: for they are more tender;
nor unto Cryſtal: for nought may them ſever;
nor unto Glaſs: ſuch baſeneſs mought offend her.
Then to the Maker ſelf they likeſt be,
Whoſe light doth lighten all that here we ſee.

SONNET X.

UNrighteous Lord of love, what law is this,
that me thou makeſt thus tormented be?
the whiles ſhe lordeth in licentious bliſs
of her free-will, ſcorning both thee and me.
See how the Tyranneſs doth joy to ſee
the huge maſſacres which her eyes do make:
and humbled harts brings captive unto thee,
that thou of them maiſt mighty vengeance take.
But her proud heart do thou a little ſhake
and that high look, with which ſhe doth control
all this worlds pride bow to a baſer make,
and all her faults in thy black book enrol:
That I may laugh at her in equal ſort,
As ſhe doth laugh at me, and makes my pain her ſport.

SONNET XI.

DAily when I do ſeek and ſue for peace,
and hoſtages do offer for my truth:
ſhe cruel warriour doth her ſelf addreſs
to battel, and the weary war renew'th.
Ne will be mov'd with reaſon or with ruth,
to grant ſmall reſpit to my reſtleſs toil:
but gredily her fell intent purſu'th,
of my poor life to make unpitied ſpoil.
Yet my poor life, all ſorrows to aſſoil,
I would her yield, her wrath to pacifie:
but then ſhe ſeeks with torment and turmoil,
to force me live, and will not let me die.

All

All pain hath end, and every war hath peace,
But mine, no price nor prayer may ſurceaſe.

SONNET XII.

ONe day I ſought with her hart-thrilling eyes
to make a truce, and terms to entertain:
all fearleſs then of ſo falſe enemies,
which ſought me to entrap in treaſons train.
So, as I then diſarmed did remain,
a wicked ambuſh which lay hidden long,
in the cloſe covert of her guilful eyen,
thence breaking forth, did thick about me throng.
Too feeble I t'abide the brunt ſo ſtrong,
was forſt to yield my ſelf into their hands:
who me captiving ſtraight with rigorous wrong,
have ever ſince kept me in cruel bands.
So Lady, now to you I do complain,
Againſt your eyes, that juſtice I may gain.

SONNET XIII.

IN that proud port, which her goodly graceth,
whiles her fair face ſhe rears up to the ſky:
and to the ground her eye-lids low embraceth,
moſt goodly temperature ye may deſcry,
Mild humbleneſs, mixt with awful majeſty.
for looking on the earth whence ſhe was born,
her mind remembreth her mortality,
what ſo is faireſt ſhall to earth return.
But that ſome lofty countenance ſeems to ſcorn
baſe thing, and think how ſhe to heaven may clime:
treading down earth as lothſome and forlorn,
that hinders heavenly thoughts with droſſie ſlime.
Yet lowly ſtill vouchſafe to look on me,
Such lowlineſs ſhall make you lofty be.

SONNET XIV.

REturn again my forces late diſmaid,
unto the ſiege by you abandon'd quite.
great ſhame it is to leave, like one afraid,
ſo fair a piece, for one repulſe ſo light.
'Gainſt ſuch ſtrong caſtles needeth greater might
than thoſe ſmall forces, ye were wont belay;
ſuch haughty minds enur'd to hardy fight,
diſdain to yield unto the firſt aſſay.
Bring therefore all the forces that ye may,
and lay inceſſant battery to her hart,
plaints, prayers, vows, ruth, ſorrow, and diſmay,
thoſe engins can the proudeſt love convert:
And if thoſe fail, fall down and die before her,
So dying live, and living do adore her.

SONNET XV.

YE tradeful Merchants, that with weary toil,
do ſeek moſt precious things to make your gain:
and both the *India's* of their treaſure ſpoil,
what needeth you to ſeek ſo far in vain?
For loe, my love doth in her ſelf contain
all this worlds riches that may far be found;
if Saphyrs, loe, her eyes be Saphyrs plain,
if Rubies, loe, her lips be Rubies ſound:
If Pearls, her teeth be Pearls, both pure and round:
if Ivory, her forhead Ivory ween;
if Gold, her locks are fineſt Gold on ground;
if Silver, her fair hands are Silver ſheen:
But that which faireſt is, but few behold,
Her mind adorn'd with vertues manifold.

SONNET XVI.

ONe day as I unwarily did gaze
on thoſe fair eyes my loves immortal light:
the whiles my ſtoniſht heart ſtood in a maze,
through ſweet illuſion of her looks delight;
I mote perceive how in her glancing ſight,
legions of loves with little wings did flie:
darting their deadly arrows fiery bright,
at every raſh beholder paſſing by.
One of thoſe archers cloſely I did ſpy,
aiming his arrow at my very hart:
when ſuddenly with twinkle of her eye,
the Damzel broke his miſintended dart.
Had ſhe not ſo done, ſure I had been ſlain,
Yet as it was, I hardly ſcap't with pain.

SONNET XVII.

THe glorious pourtract of that Angels face,
made to amaze weak mens confuſed skill:
and this worlds worthleſs glory to embrace,
what pen, what penſil can expreſs her fill?
For though he colours could deviſe at well,
and eke his learned hand at pleaſure guide,
leaſt trembling, it his workmanſhip ſhould ſpill,
yet many wondrous things there are beſide.
The ſweet eye-glances, that like arrows glide,
the charming ſmiles, that rob ſenſe from the hart:
the lovely pleaſance, and the lofty pride,
cannot expreſſed be by any art.
A greater craftſmans man thereto doth need,
That can expreſs the life of things indeed.

SONNET XVIII.

THe rolling wheel that runneth often round,
the hardeſt ſteel in tract of time doth tear:
and drizling drops that often do redound,
the firmeſt flint doth in continuance wear:
Yet cannot I, with many a drooping tear,
and long intreaty, ſoften her hard hart:
that ſhe will once vouchſafe my plaint to hear,
or look with pity on my painful ſmart.
But when I plead, ſhe bids me play my part,
and when I weep, ſhe ſays, Tears are but water:
and when I ſigh, ſhe ſays, I know the art,
and when I wail, ſhe turns her ſelf to laughter.
So do I weep and wail, and plead in vain,
Whiles ſhe as ſteell and flint doth ſtill remain,

SONNET XIX.

THe merry Cuckow, meſſenger of Spring,
bis trumpet ſhrill hath thrice already ſounded:
that warns all Lovers wait upon their king,
who now is coming forth with girland crowned.

With

With noise whereof the quire of Birds resounded
their anthems sweet devized of loves praise,
that all the woods their Ecchoes back rebounded,
as if they knew the meaning of their lays.
But 'mongst them all, which did Loves honour raise,
no word was heard of her that most it ought,
but she his precept proudly disobeys,
and doth his idle message set at nought.
Therefore, O love, unless she turn to thee
Ere Cuckow end, let her a rebel be.

SONNET XX.

IN vain I seek and sue to her for grace,
and do mine humble heart before her pour:
the whiles her foot she in my deck doth place,
and tread my life down in the lowly flour.
And yet the Lyon that is Lord of power,
and raigneth over every beast in field,
in his most pride disdaigneth to devour
the silly Lamb that to his might doth yield.
But she, more cruel and more salvage wild,
than either Lyon, or the Lyoness:
shames not to be with guiltless blood defil'd,
but taketh glory in her cruelness.
Fairer than fairest, let none ever say,
That ye were blooded in a yielded pray.

SONNET XXI.

WAs it the work of Nature or of Art,
which tempred so the feature of her face,
that pride and meekness mixt by equal part,
do both appear t'adorn her beauties grace?
For with mild pleasance, which doth pride displace,
she to her love doth lookers eys allure:
and with stern count'nance back again doth chace
their looser looks that stir up lusts impure,
With such strange trains her eys she doth inure,
that with one look she doth my life dismay:
and with another doth it straight recure,
her smile me draws, her frown me drives away.
Thus doth she train and teach me with her looks,
Such art of eys, I never read in books.

SONNET XXII.

THis holy season, fit to fast and pray,
men to devotion ought to be inclind:
therefore, I likewise on so holy day,
for my sweet Saint some service fit will find.
Her temple fair is built within my mind,
in which her glorious image placed is,
on which my thoughts do day and night attend,
like sacred Priests that never think amiss:
There I to her, as th'author of my bliss,
will build an altar to appease her ire,
and on the same my heart will sacrifice,
burning in flames of pure and chaste desire:
The which vouchsafe, O Goddess, to accept,
Amongst thy dearest relicks to be kept.

SONNET XXIII.

PEnelope for her *Ulisses* sake,
deviz'd a Web her woers to deceive:
in which the work that she all day did make,
the same at night she did again unreave:
Such subtil craft my Damzel doth conceive,
th'importunate suite of my desire to shun:
for all that I in many days do weave,
in one short hour I find by her undun.
So when I think to end that I begun,
I must begin and never bring to end:
Forth with one look, she spils that long I spun,
and with one word my whole years work doth rend.
Such labour like the Spiders web I find,
Whose fruitless work is broken with least wind.

SONNET XXIV.

WHen I behold that beauties wonderment,
and rare perfection of each goodly part:
of natures skill the only complement,
I honour and admire the makers art.
But when I feel the bitter baleful smart,
which her fair eyes unwares do work in me:
that death out of their shiny beams do dart,
I think that I a new *Pandora* see;
Whom all the Gods in counted did agree,
into this sinful world from heaven to send:
that she to wicked men a scourge should be,
for all their faults with which they did offend.
But since ye are my scourge, I will intreat,
That for my faults ye will me gently beat.

SONNET XXV.

HOw long shall this like dying life endure,
and know no end of her own misery?
but waste and wear away in terms unsure,
'twixt fear and hope depending doubtfully.
Yet better were attonce to let me die,
and shew the last ensample of your pride:
then to torment me thus with cruelty,
to prove your powre, which I too well have tride.
But yet in your hardned brest ye hide
a close intent at last to shew me grace:
then all the woes and wrecks which I abide,
as means of bliss I gladly will embrace;
And wish that more and greater they might be,
That greater meed at last may turn to me.

SONNET XXVI.

SWeet is the Rose, but grows upon a brere;
Sweet is the Juniper, but sharp is his bough;
sweet is the Eglantine, but pricketh nere;
sweet is the Firbloom, but his branches rough:
Sweet is the Cypress, but his rind is rough,
sweet is the Nut, but bitter is his pill;
sweet is the Broom-flowre, but yet sowre enough;
and sweet is Moly, but his root is ill.
So every sweet with sour is tempred still,
that maketh it be coveted the more:
for easie things that may be got at will,
most sorts of men do set but little store.
Why then should I account of little pain,
That endless pleasure shall unto me gain.

SON-

SONNET XXVII.

FAir proud, now tell me, why ſhould fair be proud,
ſith all worlds glory is but droſs unclean?
and in the ſhade of death it ſelf ſhall ſhroud,
how-ever now thereof ye little ween.
That goodly Idol now ſo gay beſeen,
ſhall doff her fleſhes borrow'd fair attire:
and be forgot as it had never been,
that many now much worſhip and admire.
Ne any then ſhall after it inquire,
ne any mention ſhall thereof remain,
but what this verſe, that never ſhall expire,
ſhall to you purchaſe with her thankleſs pain.
Fair, be no longer proud of that ſhall periſh,
But that which ſhall you make immortal, cheriſh.

SONNET XXVIII.

THe Laurel leaf, which you this day do wear,
gives me great hope of your relenting mind:
for ſince it is the badge which I do bear,
ye bearing it, do ſeem to me inclin'd:
The powre thereof, which oft in me I find,
let it likewiſe your gentle breſt inſpire
with ſweet infuſion, and put you in mind
of that proud maid, whom now thoſe leaves attire.
Proud *Daphne*, ſcorning *Phœbus* lovely fire,
on the *Theſſalian* ſhore from him did flie:
for which the gods in their revengeful ire
did her transform into a Laurel tree.
Then fly no more fair Love from *Phœbus* chace,
But in your breſt his leaf and love embrace.

SONNET XXIX.

SEe how the ſtubborn damzel doth deprave
my ſimple meaning with diſdainful ſcorn:
and by the bay which I unto her gave,
accounts my ſelf her captive quite forlorn.
The bay, quoth ſhe, is of the Victor born,
yielded them by the vanquiſht as their meeds,
and they therewith do Poets heads adorn,
to ſing the glory of their famous deeds.
But ſith ſhe will the conqueſt challenge needs,
let her accept me as her faithful thrall,
that her great triumph which my skill exceeds,
I may in trump of fame blaze over all.
Then would I deck her head with glorious bays,
And fill the world with her victorious praiſe.

SONNET XXX.

MY Love is like to Iſe, and I to fire;
how comes it then that this her cold ſo great
is not diſſolv'd through my ſo hot deſire,
but harder grows the more I her intreat?
Or how comes it that my exceeding heat
is not delaid by her heart frozen cold:
but that I burn much more in boiling ſweat,
and feel my flames augmented manifold?
What more miraculous thing may be told,
that fire which all thing melts, ſhould harden Iſe:
and Iſe which is congeal'd with ſenſeleſs cold,
ſhould kindle fire by wonderful deviſe?
Such is the powre of love in gentle mind,
That it can alter all the courſe of kind.

SONNET XXXI.

AH, why hath Nature to ſo hard a hart
given ſo goodly gifts of beauties grace?
whoſe pride depraves each other better part,
and all thoſe pretious ornaments deface.
Sith to all other beaſts of bloody race,
a dreadful countenance ſhe given hath:
that with their terrour all the reſt may chace,
and warn to ſhun the danger of their wrath.
But my proud one doth work the greater ſcath,
through ſweet allurement of her lovely hew:
that ſhe the better may in bloody bath
of ſuch poor thrall, her cruels hands embrew.
But did ſhe know how ill theſe two accord,
Such cruelty ſhe would have ſoon abhor'd.

SONNET XXXII.

THe painful Smith, with force of fervent heat,
the hardeſt Iron ſoon doth mollifie,
that with his heavy ſledge he can it beat,
and faſhion to what he it liſt apply.
Yet cannot all theſe flames in which I fry,
her heart more hard than Iron ſoft awhit:
ne all the plaints and prayers with which I
do beat on th'anvile of her ſtubborn wit:
But ſtill the more ſhe fervent ſees my fit,
the more ſhe friezeth in her wilful pride:
and harder grows the harder ſhe is ſmit,
with all the plaints which to her be applide.
What then remains but I to aſhes burn,
And ſhe to ſtones at length all frozen turn?

SONNET XXXIII.

GReat wrong I do, I can it not deny,
to that moſt ſacred Empreſs my dear dread,
not finiſhing her Queen of Fairy,
that mote enlarge her living praiſes dead:
But *Lodwick*, this of grace to me aread;
do ye not think th'accompliſhment of it,
ſufficient work for one mans ſimple head,
all were it as the reſt, but rudely writ.
How then ſhould I without another wit,
think ever to endure ſo tedious toil?
ſith that this one is toſt with troublous fit,
of a proud Love, that doth my ſpirit ſpoil.
Ceaſe then, till ſhe vouchſafe to grant me reſt,
Or lend you me another living breſt.

SONNET XXXIII.

LIke as a ſhip, that through the Ocean wide,
by conduct of ſome ſtar doth make her way,
when as a ſtorm hath dim'd her truſty guide,
out of her courſe doth wander far aſtray!
So I, whoſe ſtar, that wont with her bright ray,
me to direct, with clouds is over-caſt,
do wander now in darkneſs and diſmay,
through hidden perils round about me plaſt;

Yet

Yet hope I well, that when this ſtorm is paſt,
my *Helice*, the loadſtar of my life
will ſhine again, and look on me at laſt,
with lovely light to clear my cloudy grief.
Till then I wander careful, comfortleſs,
In ſecret ſorrow, and ſad penſiveneſs.

SONNET XXXV.

MY hungry eyes through greedy covetice,
ſtill to behold the object of their pain,
with no contentment can themſelves ſuffice:
but having pine, and having not complain.
For lacking it, they cannot life ſuſtain,
and having it, they gaze on it the more:
in their amazement like *Narciſſus* vain,
whoſe eyes him ſtarv'd: ſo plenty makes me pore.
Yet are mine eyes ſo filled with the ſtore
of that fair ſight, that nothing elſe they brook,
but loath the things which they did like before,
and can no more endure on them to look.
All this worlds glory ſeemeth vain to me,
And all their ſhows but ſhadows, ſaving ſhe.

SONNET XXXVI.

TEll me, when ſhall theſe weary woes have end,
or ſhall their ruthleſs torment never ceaſe:
but all my days in pining languor ſpend,
without hope of aſſwagement or releaſe.
Is there no means for me to purchaſe peace,
or make agreement with her thrilling eyes:
but that their cruelty doth ſtill increaſe,
and daily more augment my miſeries.
But when ye have ſhew'd all extremities,
then think how little glory ye have gain'd,
by ſlaying him, whoſe life though ye deſpiſe,
mote have your life in honor long maintain'd.
But by his death, which ſome perhaps will mone,
Ye ſhall condemned be of many a one.

SONNET XXXVII.

WHat guile is this, that thoſe her golen treſſes
ſhe doth attire under a net of gold:
and with ſly skill ſo cunningly them dreſſes,
that which is gold or hair, may ſcarce be told?
Is it that mens frail eyes, which gaze too bold,
ſhe may entangle in that golden ſnare:
and being caught, may craftily enfold
their weaker hearts, which are not well aware?
Take heed therefore, mine eyes, how ye do ſtare
henceforth too raſhly on that guileful net,
in which, if ever ye entrapped are,
out of her bands ye by no means ſhall get.
Fondneſs it were for any being free,
To covet fetters, though they golden be.

SONNET XXXVIII.

A *Rion*, when through tempeſts cruel wrack,
he forth was thrown into the greedy ſeas:
through the ſweet muſick which his harp did make,
allur'd a Dolphin him from death to eaſe.
But my rude muſick, which was wont pleaſe
ſome dainty ears, cannot with any skill,
the dreadful tempeſt of her wrath appeaſe,
nor move the Dolphin from her ſtubborn will,
But in her pride ſhe doth perſevere ſtill,
all careleſs how my life for her decays:
yet with one word ſhe can it ſave or ſpill.
to ſpill were pity, but to ſave were praiſe.
Chuſe rather to be prais'd for doing good,
Than to be blam'd for ſpilling guiltleſs blood.

SONNET XXXIX.

SWeet ſmile, the daughter of the Queen of Love,
expreſſing all thy mothers powreful art,
with which ſhe wonts to temper angry *Jove*,
when all the gods he threats with thundring dart.
Sweet is thy vertue, as thy ſelf ſweet art.
for when on me thou ſhinedſt late in ſadneſs,
a melting pleaſance ran through every part,
and me revived with heart-robbing gladneſs.
Whilſt rapt with joy reſembling heavenly madneſs,
my ſoul was raviſht quite as in a trance:
and feeling thence no more her ſorrows ſadneſs,
fed on the fulneſs of that chearful glance.
More ſweet than Nectar or Ambroſial meat,
Seem'd every bit which thenceforth I did eat.

SONNET XL.

MArk when ſhe ſmiles with amiable chear,
and tell me whereto can ye liken it:
when on each eye-lid ſweetly do appear
an hundred Graces as in ſhade to ſit.
Likeſt it ſeemeth in my ſimple wit,
unto the fair ſunſhine in ſummers day:
that when a dreadful ſtorm away is flit,
through the broad world doth ſpread his goodly ray:
At ſight whereof, each bird that ſits on ſpray,
and every beaſt that to his den was fled,
comes forth afreſh out of their late diſmay,
and to the light lift up their drooping hed.
So my ſtorm-beaten heart likewiſe is chear'd,
With that ſun-ſhine when cloudy looks are clear'd.

SONNET XLI.

IS it her nature, or is it her will,
to be ſo cruel to an humbled foe?
if nature, then ſhe may it mend with skill:
if will, then ſhe at will may will forgoe.
But if her nature aud her will be ſo,
that ſhe will plague the man that loves her moſt:
and take delight t'encreaſe a wretches woe,
then all her natures goodly gifts are loſt.
And that ſame glorious beauties idle boaſt,
is but a bait ſuch wretches to beguile,
as being long in her loves tempeſt toſt,
ſhe means at laſt to make her pitious ſpoil.
O faireſt fair, let never it be nam'd,
That ſo fair beauty was ſo fouly ſham'd.

SONNET XLII.

THe love which me ſo cruelly tormenteth,
ſo pleaſing is in my extreameſt pain,

that

that all the more my ſorrow it augmenteth,
the more I love and do embrace my bane.
Ne do I wiſh (for wiſhing were but vain)
to be acquit fro my continual ſmart:
but joy, her thrall for ever to remain,
and yield for pledge my poor captived hart;
The which that it from her may never ſtart,
let her, if pleaſe her, bind with Adamant chain:
and from all wandring loves which mote pervart,
in ſafe aſſurance ſtrongly it reſtrain.
Only let her abſtain from cruelty,
And do me not before my time to dy.

SONNET XLIII.

SHall I then ſilent be, or ſhall I ſpeak?
and if I ſpeak, her wrath renew I ſhall:
and if I ſilent be, my heart will break,
or choaked be with overflowing gall.
What tyranny is this, both my heart to thrall,
and eke my tongue with proud reſtraint to tie;
that neither I may ſpeak nor think at all,
but like a ſtupid ſtock in ſilence die?
Yet I my heart with ſilence ſecretly
will teach to ſpeak, and my juſt cauſe to plead:
and eke mine eyes with meek humility,
love-learned letters to her eyes to read:
Which her deep wit, that true hearts thought can ſpell,
Will ſoon conceive, and learn to conſtrue well.

SONNET XLIV.

WHen thoſe renowned noble Peers of *Greece*,
through ſtubborn pride among themſelves did jar,
forgetful of the famous golden fleece,
then *Orpheus* with his harp their ſtrife did bar.
But this continual, cruel, civil war,
the which my ſelf againſt my ſelf do make:
whilſt my weak powres of paſſions warreid are,
no skill can ſtint, nor reaſon can aſlake.
But when in hand my tuneleſs harp I take,
then do I more augment my foes deſpight:
and grief renew, and paſſions do awake
to battail, freſh againſt my ſelf to fight.
'Mongſt whom the more I ſeek to ſettle peace,
The more I find their malice to increace.

SONNET XLV.

LEave Lady in your glaſs of cryſtal clean,
your goodly ſelf for evermore to view:
and in my ſelf, my inward ſelf I mean,
moſt lively like behold your ſemblant true.
Within my heart, though hardly it can ſhew
thing ſo divine to view of earthly eye:
the fair Idea of your celeſtial hew,
and every part remains immortally:
And were it not that through your cruelty,
with ſorrow dimmed and deform'd it were,
the goodly image of your viſnomy,
clearer than cryſtal would therein appear.
But if your ſelf in me ye plain will ſee,
Remove the cauſe by which your fair beams darkned be.

SONNET XLVI.

WHen my abodes prefixed time is ſpent,
my cruel fair ſtraight bids me wend away:
but then from heaven moſt hideous ſtorms are ſent,
as willing me againſt her will to ſtay.
Whom then ſhall I, or heaven or her obey?
the heavens know beſt what is the beſt for me:
but as ſhe will, whoſe will my life doth ſway,
my lower heaven, ſo it perforce muſt be.
But ye high heavens, that all this ſorrow ſee,
ſith all your tempeſts cannot hold me back,
aſſwage your ſtorms, or elſe both you and ſhe,
will both together me too ſorely wrack.
Enough it is for one man to ſuſtain
The ſtorms, which ſhe alone on me doth rain.

SONNET XLVII.

TRuſt not the treaſon of thoſe ſmiling looks,
until ye have their guileful trains well tride:
for they are like but unto golden hooks,
that from the fooliſh fiſh their baits do hide:
So ſhe with flattring ſmiles weak hearts doth guide
unto her love, and tempt to their decay;
whom being caught, ſhe kills with cruel pride,
and feeds at pleaſure on the wretched pray:
Yet even whilſt her bloody hands them ſlay,
her eyes look lovely, and upon them ſmile:
that they take pleaſure in their cruel play,
and dying, do themſelves of pain beguile.
O mighty charm which makes men love their bane,
And think they die with pleaſure, live with pain.

SONNET XLVIII.

INnocent paper, whom too cruel hand
did make the matter to avenge her ire:
and ere ſhe could thy cauſe well underſtand,
did ſacrifize unto the greedy fire.
Well worthy thou to have found better hire,
than ſo bad end for hereticks ordain'd:
yet hereſie nor treaſon didſt conſpire,
but plead thy Maſters cauſe, unjuſtly pain'd.
Whom ſhe, all careleſs of his grief, conſtrain'd
to utter forth the anguiſh of his hart:
and would not hear, when he to her complain'd
the pitious paſſion of his dying ſmart.
Yet live for ever, though againſt her will,
And ſpeak her good, though ſhe requite it ill.

SONNET XLIX.

FAir cruel, why are ye ſo fierce and cruel?
Is it becauſe your eyes have power to kill?
then know that mercy is the Mighties jewel,
and greater glory think to ſave, than ſpill.
But if it be your pleaſure and proud will,
to ſhew the powre of your imperious eyes:
then not on him that never thought you ill,
but bend your force againſt your enemies.
Let them feel the utmoſt of your cruelties,
and kill with looks, as Cockatrices do:
but him that at your footſtool humbled lies,
with merciful regard, give mercy to.

Such mercy ſhall you make admir'd to be,
So ſhall you live, by giving life to me.

SONNET L.

LOng languiſhing in double malady,
of my hearts wound, and of my bodies grief,
there came to me a Leach, that would apply
fit medcines for my bodies beſt relief.
Vain man, quoth I, that haſt but little prief,
in deep diſcovery of the minds diſeaſe:
is not the heart of all the body chief?
and rules the members as it ſelf doth pleaſe?
Then with ſome cordials ſeek for to appeaſe
the inward languor of my wounded hart,
and then my body ſhall have ſhortly eaſe:
but ſuch ſweet cordials paſs Phyſicians art.
Then my lifes Leach, do you your skill reveal,
And with one ſalve, both heart and body heal.

SONNET LI.

DO I not ſee the faireſt Images,
of hardeſt Marble are of purpoſe made?
for that they ſhould endure through many ages,
ne let their famous moniments to fade.
Why then do I untrain'd in Lovers trade,
her hardneſs blame, which I ſhould more commend?
ſith never ought was excellent affaid,
which was not hard t'atchive and bring to end.
Ne ought ſo hard, but he that would attend,
mote ſoften it and to his will allure:
ſo do I hope her ſtubborn heart to bend,
and that it then more ſtedfaſt will endure.
Only my pains will be the more to get her,
But having her, my joy will be the greater.

SONNET LII.

SO oft as homeward I from her depart,
I go like one that having loſt the field,
is priſoner led away with heavy hart,
deſpoild of warlike arms and knowen ſhield.
So do I now my ſelf a priſoner yield,
to ſorrow and to ſolitary pain:
from preſence of my deareſt dear exild,
long-while alone in languour to remain.
There let no thought of joy, or pleaſure vain,
dare to approach, that may my ſolace breed:
but ſudden dumps, and drery ſad diſdain
of all worlds gladneſs more my torment feed.
So I her abſence will my penance make,
That of her preſence I my meed may take.

SONNET LIII.

THe Panther knowing that his ſpotted hide,
doth pleaſe all beaſts, but that his looks them fray:
within a buſh his dreadful head doth hide,
to let them gaze, whilſt he on them may pray.
Right ſo my cruel fair with me doth play.
for with the goodly ſemblance of her hew,
ſhe doth allure me to mine own decay,
and then no mercy will unto me ſhew.
Great ſhame it is, thing ſo divine in view,
made for to be the worlds moſt ornament:
to make the bait her gazers to embrew,
good ſhames to be to ill an inſtrument.
But mercy doth with beauty beſt agree,
As in their maker ye them beſt may ſee.

SONNET LIV.

OF this worlds Theater in which we ſtay,
my Love, like the Spectator, idly ſits,
beholding me that all the pageants play,
diſguiſing diverſly my troubled wits.
Sometimes I joy when glad occaſion fits,
and mask in mirth like to a Comedy:
ſoon after, when my joy to ſorrow flits,
I wail, and make my woes a Tragedy.
Yet ſhe beholding me with conſtant eye,
delights not in my mirth, nor rues my ſmart:
but when I laugh, ſhe mocks, and when I cry,
ſhe laughs, and hardens evermore her hart.
What then can move her? if nor mirth nor mone,
She is no woman, but a ſenſeleſs ſtone.

SONNET LV.

SO oft as I her beauty do behold,
and there-with do her cruelty compare,
I marvail of what ſubſtance was the mould,
the which her made attonce ſo cruel fair.
Not earth; for her high thoughts more heav'nly are.
not water; for her love doth burn like fire:
not air; for ſhe is not ſo light or rare.
not fire; for ſhe doth frieze with faint deſire.
Then needs another Element inquire
whereof ſhe mote be made; that is, the ſky.
for, to the heaven her haughty looks aſpire:
and eke her love is pure immortal hy.
Then ſith to heaven ye likened are the beſt,
Be like in mercy as in all the reſt.

SONNET LVI.

FAir ye be ſure, but cruel and unkind,
as is a Tygre, that with greedineſs
hunts after blood, when he by chance doth find
a feeble beaſt, doth felly him oppreſs.
Fair be ye ſure, but proud and pitileſs,
as is a ſtorm, that all things doth proſtrate:
finding a tree alone all comfortleſs,
beats on it ſtrongly, it to ruinate.
Fair be ye ſure, but hard and obſtinate,
as is a rock amidſt the raging floods:
'gainſt which, a ſhip of ſuccour deſolate,
doth ſuffer wreck both of her ſelf and goods.
That ſhip, that tree, and that ſame beaſt am I,
Whom ye do wreck, do ruin, and deſtroy.

SONNET LVII.

SWeet warriour, when ſhall I have peace with you?
high time it is this war now ended were:
which I no longer can endure to ſue,
ne your inceſſant battry more to bear:

So

So weak my powres, ſo ſore my wounds appear,
that wonder is how I ſhould live a jot,
ſeeing my heart through-launced every where
with thouſand arrows, which your eyes have ſhot:
Yet ſhoot ye ſharply ſtill, and ſpare me not,
but glory think to make theſe cruel ſtoures.
ye cruel one, what glory can be got,
in ſlaying him that would live gladly yours?
Make peace therefore, and grant me timely grace,
That all my wounds will heal in little ſpace.

SONNET LVIII.

By her that is moſt aſſured to her ſelf.

WEak is th'aſſurance that weak fleſh repoſeth
in her own powre, and ſcorneth others aid:
that ſooneſt falls, when as ſhe moſt ſuppoſeth
her ſelf aſſur'd, and is of nought affraid.
All fleſh is frail, and all her ſtrength unſtaid,
like a vain bubble blowen up with air:
devouring time and changeful chance have praid,
her glorious pride that none may it repair.
Ne none ſo rich or wiſe, ſo ſtrong or fair,
but faileth, truſting on his own aſſurance:
and he that ſtandeth on the higheſt ſtair
falls loweſt: for on earth nought hath endurance.
Why then do ye proud fair miſdeem ſo farr,
That to your ſelf ye moſt aſſured arr.

SONNET LIX.

THrice happy ſhe, that is ſo well aſſur'd
unto her ſelf, and ſetled ſo in hart:
that neither will for better be allur'd,
ne feard with worſe to any chance to ſtart,
But like a ſteddy ſhip, doth ſtrongly part
the raging waves, and keeps her courſe aright:
ne ought for tempeſt doth from it depart,
ne ought for fairer weathers falſe delight.
Such ſelf aſſurance need not fear the ſpight
of grudging foes, ne favour ſeek of friends:
but in the ſtay of her own ſtedfaſt might,
neither to one her ſelf nor other bends.
Moſt happy ſhe that moſt aſſur'd doth reſt,
But he moſt happy who ſuch one loves beſt.

SONNET LX.

THey that in courſe of heavenly ſphears are skild,
to every planet point his ſundry year:
in which her circles voyage is fulfild,
as *Mars* in threeſcore years doth run his ſphear:
So ſince the winged God his planet clear,
began in me to move, one year is ſpent:
the which doth longer unto me appear,
than all thoſe forty which my life out-went.
Then by that count, which lovers books invent,
the ſphear of *Cupid* forty years contains:
which I have waſted in long languiſhment,
that ſeem'd the longer for my greater pains.
But let my Loves fair planet ſhort her ways,
This year enſuing, or elſe ſhort my days.

SONNET LXI.

THe glorious image of the Makers beauty,
my ſoveraign ſaint, the Idol of my thought,
dare not henceforth above the bounds of duty,
t'accuſe of pride, or raſhly blame for ought.
For, being as ſhe is, divinely wrought,
and of the brood of Angels heav'nly born:
and with the crew of bleſſed Saints upbrought,
each of which did her with their gifts adorn;
The bud of joy, the bloſſom of the morn,
the beam of light, whom mortal eyes admire:
what reaſon is it then but ſhe ſhould ſcorn
baſe things, that to her love too bold aſpire?
Such heav'nly forms ought rather worſhipt be,
Than dare be lov'd by men of mean degree.

SONNET LXII.

THe weary year his race now having run,
the new begins his compaſt courſe anew:
with ſhew of morning mild he hath begun,
betokening peace and plenty to enſew.
So lets us, which this change of weather view,
change eke our minds, and former lives amend,
the old years ſins forepaſt let us eſchew,
and fly the faults with which we did offend.
Then ſhall the new years joy forth freſhly tend,
into the glooming world his gladſom ray:
and all theſe ſtorms which now his beauty blend,
ſhall turn to calms, and timely clear away.
So, likewiſe Love, chear you your heavy ſpright,
And change old years annoy, to new delight.

SONNET LXIII.

AFter long ſtorms and tempeſts ſad aſſay,
which hardly I endured heretofore,
in dread of death, and dangerous diſmay,
with which my ſilly bark was toſſed ſore:
I do at length deſcry the happy ſhore,
in which I hope ere long for to arrive:
fair ſoil it ſeems from far, and fraught with ſtore
of all that dear and dainty is alive.
Moſt happy he, that can at laſt atchive,
the joyous ſafety of ſo ſweet a reſt;
whoſe leaſt delight ſufficeth to deprive
remembrance of all pains which him oppreſt.
All pains are nothing in reſpect of this,
All ſorrows ſhort that gain eternal blis.

SONNET LXIV.

COming to kiſs her lips (ſuch grace I found)
me ſeem'd I ſmelt a garden of ſweet flowres:
that dainty odours from them threw around,
for damzels fit to deck their lovers bowres.
Her lips did ſmell like unto Gilliflowers,
her ruddy cheeks, like unto Roſes red:
her ſnowy brows like budded Bellamoures,
her lovely eyes, like Pinks but newly ſpred,
Her goodly boſom, like a Strawberry bed,
her neck, like to a bunch of Cullambines:
her breſt like Lillies, ere their leaves be ſhed,
her nipples like young bloſſom'd Jeſſemines:

Such fragrant flowres do give most odorous smell,
But her sweet odour did them all excell.

SONNET LXV.

THe doubt which ye misdeem, fair love is vain,
that fondly fear to lose your liberty,
when losing one, two liberties ye gain,
and make him bound that bondage earst did fly.
Sweet be the bands, the which true love doth ty,
without constraint, or dread of any ill:
the gentle bird feels no captivity
within her cage, but sings, and feeds her fill.
There pride dare not approach, nor discord spill
the league 'twixt them, that loyal love hath bound:
but simple truth and mutual good will,
seeks with sweet peace to salve each others wound:
There faith doth fearless dwell in brasen towre,
And spotless pleasure builds her sacred bowre.

SONNET LXVI.

TO all those happy blessings which ye have,
with plentious hand by heaven upon you thrown,
this one disparagement they to you gave,
that ye your love lent to so mean a one.
Ye whose high words surpassing paragon,
could not on earth have found one fit for mate,
ne but in heaven matchable to none,
why did ye stoop unto so lowly state?
But ye thereby much greater glory gate,
then had ye sorted with a Princes peer:
for, now your light doth more it self dilate,
and in my darkness, greater doth appear.
Yet since your light hath once enlumin'd me,
With my reflex, yours shall encreased be.

SONNET LXVII.

LIke as a huntsman after weary chace,
seeing the game from him escape away,
sits down to rest him in some shady place,
with panting hounds beguiled of their pray:
So after long pursute and vain assay,
when I all weary had the chace forsook,
the gentle Deer return'd the self-same way,
thinking to quench her thirst at the next brook:
There she beholding me with milder look,
sought not to fly, but fearless still did bide:
till I in hand her yet half trembling took,
and with her own good will, her firmly tide.
Strange thing me seem'd to see a beast so wild,
So goodly wone, with her own will beguild.

SONNET LXVIII.

MOst glorious Lord of life, that on this day,
didst make thy triumph over death and sin:
and having harrow'd hell, didst bring away
captivity thence captive, us to win:
This joyous day, dear Lord, with joy begin,
and grant that we for whom thou diddest dy,
being with thy dear blood clean washt from sin,
may live for ever in felicity:
And that they love we weighing worthily,
may likewise love thee for the same again:
and for thy sake, that all like dear didst buy,
with love may one another entertain.
So let us love, dear Love, like as we ought,
Love is the lesson which the Lord us taught.

SONNET LXIX.

THe famous warriours of the antick world,
us'd trophees to erect in stately wise:
in which they would the records have enrold,
of their great deeds and valarous emprise.
What trophee then shall I most fit devise,
in which I may record the memory
of my loves conquest, peerless beauties prise,
adorn'd with honour, love, and chastity.
Even this verse, vowed to eternity,
shall be thereof immortal moniment:
and tells her praise to all posterity,
that may admire such worlds rare wonderment;
The happy purchase of my glorious spoil,
Gotten at last with labour and long toil.

SONNET LXX.

FResh Spring, the herald of loves mighty king,
in whose coat-armour richly are displaid
all sorts of flowres the which on earth do spring,
in goodly colours, gloriously arraid.
Go to my love, where she is careless laid,
yet in her winters bowre not well awake:
tell her the joyous time will not be staid,
unless she do him by the forelock take.
Bid her therefore her self soon ready make,
to wait on love amongst his lovely crew:
where every one that misseth then her make,
shall be by him amearst with penance dew.
Make hast therefore sweet love, whilst it is prime,
For none can call again the passed time.

SONNET LXXI.

I Joy to see how in your drawen work,
your self unto the Bee ye do compare;
and me unto the Spider, that doth lurk
in close wait, to catch her unaware:
Right to your self were caught so cunning snare
of a dear so, and thralled to his love:
in whose straight bands ye now captived are
so firmly, that ye never may remove.
But as your work is woven all about,
with Woodbind flowers and fragrant Eglantine:
so sweet your prison you in time shall prove,
with many dear delights bedecked fine.
And all thenceforth eternal peace shall see,
Between the Spider and the gentle Bee.

SONNET LXXII.

OFt when my spirit doth spred her bolder wings,
in mind to mount up to the purest sky:
it down is weigh'd with thought of earthly things,
and clog'd with burden of mortality,

Where

Where, when that ſoveraign beauty it doth ſpy,
reſembling heavens glory in her light:
drawn with ſweet pleaſures bait, it back doth fly,
and unto heavens forgets her former flight.
There my frail fancy fed with full delight,
doth bathe in bliſs, and mantleth moſt at eaſe:
ne thinks of other heaven, but how it might
her hearts deſire with moſt contentment pleaſe.
Heart need not wiſh none other happineſs,
But here on earth to have ſuch heavens bliſs.

SONNET LXXIII.

BEing my ſelf captived here in care,
my heart, whom none with ſervile bands can ty:
but the fair treſſes of your golden hair,
breaking his priſon, forth to you doth fly.
Like as a bird, that in ones hand doth ſpy
deſired food, to it doth make his flight:
even ſo my heart, that wont on your fair eye
to feed his fill, flies back unto your ſight.
Do you him take, and in your boſom bright,
gently encage, that he may be your thrall:
perhaps he there may learn with rare delight,
to ſing your name and praiſes over all.
That it hereafter may you not repent,
Him lodging in your boſom to have lent.

SONNET LXXIV.

MOſt happy letters fram'd by skilful trade,
with which that happy name was firſt deſind,
the which three times thrice happy hath me made,
with gifts of body, fortune, and of mind.
The firſt, my being to me gave by kind,
from mothers womb deriv'd by due deſcent,
the ſecond is my ſoveraign Queen moſt kind,
that honour and large riches to me lent.
The third, my love, my lives laſt ornament,
by whom my ſpirit out of duſt was rais'd:
to ſpeak her praiſe and glory excellent,
of all alive moſt worthy to be prais'd.
Ye three *Elizabeths* for ever live,
That three ſuch graces did unto me give.

SONNET LXXV.

ONe day I wrote her name upon the ſtrand,
but came the waves and waſhed it away:
again, I wrote it with a ſecond hand
but came the tide, and made my pains his pray.
Vain man, ſaid ſhe, that dooſt in vain aſſay,
a mortal thing ſo to immortalize,
for I my ſelf ſhall like to this decay,
and eke my name be wiped out likewiſe.
Not ſo, quoth I, let baſer things deviſe
to die in duſt, but you ſhall live by fame:
my verſe your vertues rare ſhall eternize,
and in the heavens write your glorious name.
Where, when as death ſhall all the world ſubdew,
Our love ſhall live, and later life renew.

SONNET LXXVI.

FAir boſom fraught with vertues riches treaſure,
the neſt of love, the lodging of delight,
the bowre of bliſs, the paradice of pleaſure,
the ſacred harbour of that heavenly ſpright;
How was I raviſht with your lovely ſight,
and my frail thoughts too raſhly led aſtray?
whiles diving deep through amorous inſight,
on the ſweet ſpoil of beauty they did pray.
And 'twixt her paps, like early fruit in May,
whoſe harveſt ſeem'd to haſten now apace:
they looſely did their wanton wings diſplay,
and there to reſt themſelves did boldly place.
Sweet thoughts, I envy your ſo happy reſt,
Which oft I wiſht, yet never was ſo bleſt.

SONNET LXXVII.

WAs it a dream, or did I ſee it plain,
a goodly table of pure Ivory:
all ſpred with juncats, fit to entertain
the greateſt Prince with pompous royalty.
'Mongſt which, there in a ſilver diſh did ly
two golden apples of unvalew'd price:
far paſſing thoſe which *Hercules* came by,
or thoſe which *Atalanta* did entice.
Exceeding ſweet, yet void of ſinful vice,
that many ſought, yet none could ever taſte,
ſweet fruit of pleaſure, brought from Paradice:
by Love himſelf, and in his garden plaſte.
Her breſt that table was ſo richly ſpred,
My thoughts the gueſts, which could thereon have fed.

SONNET LXXVIII.

LAcking my love, I go from place to place,
like a young Fawn, that late hath loſt the Hind:
and ſeek each where, where laſt I ſaw her face,
whoſe image yet I carry freſh in mind.
I ſeek the fields with her late footing ſynd,
I ſeek her bowre with her late preſence deckt,
yet nor in field nor bowre I can her find:
yet field and bowre are full of her aſpect;
But when mine eyes I therunto direct,
they idly back return to me again.
and when I hope to ſee their true object,
I find my ſelf but fed with fancies vain.
Ceaſe then mine eyes, to ſeek her ſelf to ſee,
And let my thoughts behold her ſelf in me.

SONNET LXXIX.

MEn call you fair, and you do credit it,
for that your ſelf ye daily ſuch do ſee:
but the true fair, that is the gentle wit,
and vertuous mind, is much more prais'd of me:
For all the reſt, how ever fair it be,
ſhall turn to naught and loſe that glorious hew:
but only that is permanent and free
from frail corruption, that doth fleſh enſew.
That is true beauty: that doth argue you
to be divine, and born of heavenly ſeed:
deriv'd from that fair Spirit, from whom all true
and perfect beauty did at firſt proceed:
He only fair, and what he fair hath made,
All other fair like flowres untimely fade.

SON-

SONNET LXXX.

After ſo long a race as I have run
through Fairy land, which thoſe ſix books compile,
give leave to reſt me being half foredun,
and gather to my ſelf new breath awhile.
Then as a ſteed refreſhed after toil,
out of my priſon I will break anew:
and ſtoutly will that ſecond work aſſoil,
with ſtrong endeavour and attention due.
Till then give leave to me, in pleaſant mew
to ſport my Muſe, and ſing my loves ſweet praiſe:
the contemplation of whoſe heavenly hew,
my ſpirit to an higher pitch will raiſe.
But let her praiſes yet be low and mean,
Fit for the handmaid of the Fairy Queen.

SONNET LXXXI.

Fair is my Love, when her fair golden hairs,
with the looſe wind ye waving chance to mark:
fair when the roſe in her red cheek appears,
or in her eyes the fire of love doth ſpark.
Fair when her breſt like a rich laden bark,
with precious merchandize ſhe forth doth lay:
fair when that cloud of pride, which oft doth dark
her goodly light, with ſmiles ſhe drives away.
But faireſt ſhe, when ſo ſhe doth diſplay,
the gate with pearls and rubies richly dight:
through which her words ſo wiſe do make their way
to bear the meſſage of her gentle ſpright:
The reſt be works of Natures wonderment,
But this the work of hearts aſtoniſhment.

SONNET LXXXII.

Joy of my life, full oft for loving you
I bleſs my lot, that was ſo lucky plac'd:
but then the more your own miſhap I rew,
that are ſo much by ſo mean love embas'd.
For had the equal heavens ſo much you grac'd
in this as in the reſt, ye mote invent
ſome heavenly wit, whoſe verſe could have enchac'd
your glorious name in golden moniment.
But ſince ye deign'd ſo goodly to relent
to me your thrall, in whom is little worth,
that little that I am, ſhall all be ſpent,
in ſetting your immortal praiſes forth:
Whoſe lofty argument uplifting me,
Shall lift you up unto an high degree.

SONNET LXXXIII.

My hungry eyes, through greedy covetize,
ſtill to behold the object of their pain:
with no contentment can themſelves ſuffize,
but having pine, and having not complain.
For lacking it, they cannot life ſuſtain:
and ſeeing it, they gaze on it the more:
in their amazement like *Narciſſus* vain,
whoſe eyes him ſtarv'd: ſo plenty makes me pore.
Yet are mine eyes ſo filled with the ſtore
of that fair ſight, that nothing elſe they brook:
but loath the things which they did like before,
and can no more endure on them to look.
All this worlds glory ſeemeth vain to me,
And all their ſhews but ſhadows, ſaving ſhe.

SONNET LXXXIV.

Let not one ſpark of filthy luſtful fire
break out, that may her ſacred peace moleſt:
ne one light glance of ſenſual deſire,
attempt to work her gentle minds unreſt.
But pure affections bred in ſpotleſs breſt,
and modeſt thoughts breath'd from well tempred ſpirits,
go viſit her, in her chaſte bowre of reſt,
accompani'd with Angel-like delights.
There fill your ſelf with thoſe moſt joyous ſights,
the which my ſelf could never yet attain:
but ſpeak no word to her of theſe ſad plights,
which her too conſtant ſtiffneſs doth conſtrain.
Only behold her rare perfection,
And bleſs your fortunes fair election.

SONNET LXXXV.

The world that cannot deem of worthy things,
when I do praiſe her, ſay I do but flatter:
ſo doth the Cuckow, when the Mavis ſings,
begin his witleſs note apace to clatter.
But they that skill not of ſo heavenly matter,
all that they know not, envy or admire,
rather than envy let them wonder at her,
but not to deem of her deſert aſpire.
Deep in the cloſet of my parts entire,
her worth is written with a golden quill:
that me with heavenly fury doth inſpire,
and my glad mouth with her ſweet praiſes fill.
Which when as Fame in her ſhrill trump ſhall thunder,
Let the world chuſe to envy or to wonder.

SONNET LXXXVI.

Venemous tongue, tipt with vile Adders ſting,
of that ſelf kind with which the Furies fell
their ſnaky heads do comb, from which a ſpring
of poiſoned words, and ſpightful ſpeeches well;
Let all the plagues and horrid pains of hell,
upon thee fall for thine accurſed hire:
that with falſe forged lies, which thou didſt tell,
in my true love did ſtir up coals of ire,
The ſparks whereof let kindle thine own fire,
and catching hold on thine own wicked hed
conſume thee quite, that didſt with guile conſpire
in my ſweet peace ſuch breaches to have bred.
Shame be thy meed, and miſchief thy reward,
Due to thy ſelf, that it for me prepard.

SONNET LXXXVII.

Since I did leave the preſence of my love,
many long weary days I have out-worn:
and many nights, that ſlowly ſeem'd to move
their ſad protract from evening until morn.
For, when as day the heaven doth adorn,
I wiſh that night the noyous day would end:
and when as night hath us of light forlorn,
I wiſh that day would ſhortly reaſcend.

Thus I the time with expectation ſpend,
and fain my grief with changes to beguile,
that further ſeems his term ſtill to extend,
and maketh every minute ſeem a mile.
So ſorrow ſtill doth ſeem too long to laſt,
But joyous hours do fly away too faſt.

SONNET LXXXVIII.

SInce I have lackt the comfort of that light
the which was wont to lead my thoughts aſtray,
I wander as in darkneſs of the night,
affraid of every dangers leaſt diſmay.
Ne ought I ſee, though in the cleareſt day,
when others gaze upon their ſhadows vain:
but th'only image of that heavenly ray,
whereof ſome glance doth in mine eye remain.
Of which beholding the Idæa plain,
through contemplation of my pureſt part,
with light thereof I do my ſelf ſuſtain,
and thereon feed my love-affamiſht hart.
But with ſuch brightneſs whilſt I fill my mind,
I ſtarve my body, and mine eyes do blind.

SONNET LXXXIX.

LIke as the Culver on the bared bough,
ſits mourning for the abſence of her mate:
and in her ſongs ſends many a wiſhful vow,
for his return that ſeems to linger late;
So I alone, now left diſconſolate,
mourn to my ſelf the abſence of my love:
and wandring here and there all deſolate,
ſeek with my plaints to match that mournful Dove:
Ne joy of ought that under heaven doth hove,
can comfort me, but her own joyous ſight:
whoſe ſweet aſpect both God and man can move,
in her unſpotted pleaſaunce to delight.
Dark is my day, whiles her fair light I miſs,
And dead my life that wants ſuch lively bliſs.

IN youth, before I wexed old,
The blinded boy, *Venus* baby,
For want of cunning made me bold,
In bitter hive to grope for honny:
But when he ſaw me ſtung and cry,
He took his wings and away did fly.

AS *Diane* hunted on a day,
She chanſt to come where *Cupid* lay,
his quiver by his head:
One of his ſhafts ſhe ſtole away,
And one of hers did cloſe convay,
into the others ſtead:
With that Love wounded my Loves hart,
But *Diane* beaſts with *Cupids* dart.

ISaw, in ſecret to my Dame
How little *Cupid* humbly came:
and ſaid to her, All hail my mother.
But when he ſaw me laugh, for ſhame
His face with baſhful blood did flame,
not knowing *Venus* from the other.
Then, never bluſh, *Cupid*, quoth I,
For many have err'd in this beauty.

UPon a day, as Love lay ſweetly ſlumbring
all in his mothers lap:
A gentle Bee with his loud trumpet murm'ring,
about him flew by hap.
Whereof when he was wakened with the noiſe,
and ſaw the beaſt ſo ſmall:
Whats this (quoth he) that gives ſo weak a voice,
that wakens men withall?
In angry wiſe he flies about,
And threatens all with courage ſtout.

TO whom his mother cloſely ſmiling ſaid,
'twixt earneſt and 'twixt game:
See thou thy ſelf likewiſe art little made,
if thou regard the ſame.
And yet thou ſuffreſt neither gods in sky,
nor men in earth to reſt:
But when thou art diſpoſed cruelly,
their ſleep thou dooſt moleſt.
Then either change thy cruelty,
Or give like leave unto the fly.

NAtheleſs, the cruel boy not ſo content,
would needs the fly purſue:
And in his hand with heedleſs hardiment,
him caught for to ſubdue.
But when on it he haſty hand did lay,
the Bee him ſtung therefore:
Now out alas, he cride, and wele-away,
I wounded am full ſore:
The fly that I ſo much did ſcorn,
Hath hurt me with his little horn.

UNto his mother ſtraight he weeping came,
and of his grief complain'd:
Who could not chuſe but laugh at his fond game
though ſad to ſee him pain'd.
Think now (quoth ſhe) my ſon, how great the ſmart
of thoſe whom thou dooſt wound:
Full many thou haſt pricked to the hart,
that pity never found:
Therefore henceforth ſome pity take,
When thou dooſt ſpoil of Lovers make.

SHe took him ſtraight full pitiouſly lamenting,
and wrapt him in her ſmock:
She wrapt him ſoftly, all the while repenting,
that he the fly did mock.
She dreſt his wound, and it embalmed well,
with ſalve of ſoveraign might:
And then ſhe bath'd him in a dainty well,
the well of dear delight.
Who would not oft be ſtung as this,
To be ſo bath'd in *Venus* blis?

THe wanton boy was ſhortly well recur'd
of that his malady:
But he, ſoon after, freſh again enur'd
his former cruelty.
And ſince that time he wounded hath my ſelf
with his ſharp dart of Love:
And now forgets the cruel careleſs elf,
his mothers heaſt to prove.
So now I languiſh, till he pleaſe
My pining anguiſh to appeaſe.

FINIS.

EPITHALA-

EPITHALAMION.

By *EDMOND SPENCER.*

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EPITHALAMION.

YE learned Sifters, which have oftentimes
Been to the aiding, others to adorn,
Whom ye thought worthy of your graceful rimes,
That even the greateſt did not greatly ſcorn
To hear their names ſung in your ſimple layes,
But joyed in their praiſe;
And when ye liſt your own miſhap to mourn,
Which death, or love, or fortunes wreck did raiſe,
Your ſtring could ſoon to ſadder tenor turn,
And teach the woods and waters to lament
Your doleful dreriment:
Now lay thoſe ſorrowful complaints aſide,
And having all your heads with girlands crown'd,
Help me mine own loves praiſes to reſound,
Ne let the ſame of any be envide:
So *Orpheus* did for his own bride:
So I unto my ſelf alone will ſing;
The woods ſhall to me anſwer, and my eccho ring

EArly before the worlds light giving lamp
His golden beam upon the hills doth ſpred,
Having diſperſt the nights unchearful damp,
Do ye awake, and with freſh luſtiehead,
Go to the bowre of my beloved love,
My trueſt Turtle-dove,
Bid her awake; for *Hymen* is awake,
And long ſince ready forth his mask to move,
With his bright Tead that flames with many a flake,
And many a bachelor to wait on him,
In their freſh garments trim.
Bid her awake therefore, and ſoon her dight,
For loe the wiſhed day is come at laſt,
That ſhall for all the pains and ſorrows paſt,
Pay to her uſury of long delight:
And whilſt ſhe doth her dight,
Do ye to her of joy and ſolace ſing,
That all the woods may anſwer, and your eccho ring.

BRing with you all the Nymphs that you can hear
Both of the Rivers and the Foreſts green:
And of the Sea that neighbours to her near,
All with gay girlands goodly well be ſeen.
And let them alſo with them bring in hand
Another gay girland,
For my fair Love, of Lillies and of Roſes,
Bound true-love wiſe, with a blew ſilk riband.
And let them make great ſtore of bridale poſes,
And let them eke bring ſtore of other flowers
To deck the bridale bowers.
And let the ground whereas her foot ſhall tread,
For fear the ſtones her tender foot ſhould wrong,
Be ſtrewd with fragrant flowers all along,
And diapred like the diſcoloured mead.
Which done, do at her chamber dore await,
For ſhe will waken ſtrait,
The whiles do ye this Song unto her ſing,
The woods ſhall to you anſwer, and your eccho ring.

YE Nymphs of *Mulla*, which with careful heed
The ſilver ſcaly trouts do tend full well,
And greedy pikes which uſe therein to feed,
(Thoſe trouts and pikes all others do excell
And ye likewiſe which keep the ruſhie lake,
Where none do fiſhes take,
Bind up the locks the which hang ſcattr'd light,
And in his waters which your mirror make,
Behold your faces as the cryſtal bright,
That when you come whereas my Love doth lie,
No blemiſh ſhe may ſpie.
And eke ye lightfoot maids which keep the door,
That on the hoary mountain uſe to towre,
And the wild Wolves which ſeek them to devour,
With your ſteel darts do chace from coming near,
Be alſo preſent here,
To help to deck her, and to help to ſing,
That all the woods may anſwer, and your eccho ring.

WAke now my Love, awake; for it is time,
The roſie Morn long ſince left *Tithons* bed,
All ready to her ſilver coach to clime,
And *Phoebus* gins to ſhew his glorious head.
Hark how the chearful birds do chaunt their laies,
And carrol of loves praiſe.
The merry Lark her mattins ſings aloft,
The Thruſh replies, the Mavis deſcant plays,
The Ouzel ſhrils, the Ruddock warbles ſoft,
So goodly all agree with ſweet conſent,
To this days meriment.
Ah my dear Love, why do ye ſleep thus long,
When meeter were that ye ſhould now awake,
T'await the coming of your joyous make,
And hearken to the birds love-learned ſong,
The deawie leaves among:
For they of joy and pleaſance to you ſing,
That all the woods them anſwer, and their eccho ring.

MY Love is now awake out of her dream,
And her fair eyes like ſtars that dimmed were
With darkſome cloud, now ſhew their goodly beams
More bright than *Heſperus* his head doth rere.
Come now ye Damſels, Daughters of delight,
Help quickly her to dight,
But firſt come ye fair houres which were begot
In *Joves* ſweet paradiſe, of Day and Night,
Which do the ſeaſons of the year allot,
And all that ever in this world is fair,
Do make and ſtill repair.
And ye three handmaids of the *Cyprian* Queen,
The which do ſtill adorn her beauties pride,
Help to adorn my beautifulleſt bride:
And as ye her array, ſtill throw between
Some graces to be ſeen:
And as ye uſe to *Venus*, to her ſing,
The whiles the woods ſhall anſwer, and your eccho ring.

NOw is my Love all ready forth to come,
Let all the virgins therefore well await,
And ye freſh boys that tend upon her groom,
Prepare your ſelves, for he is coming ſtrait.
Set all your things in ſeemly good aray,
Fit for ſo joyful day:
The joyfulſt day that ever Sun did ſee.
Fair Sun, ſhew forth thy favourable ray,
And let thy life-ful heat not fervent be,
For fear of burning her ſunſhiny face,
Her beautie to diſgrace.
O faireſt *Phœbus*, Father of the Muſe,
If ever I did honour thee aright,
Or ſing the thing that mote thy mind delight,
Do not thy ſervants ſimple boon refuſe,
But let this day, let this one day be mine,
Let all the reſt be thine.
Then I thy ſoverain praiſes loud will ſing,
That all the woods ſhall anſwer, and their eccho ring.

HArk how the Minſtrils gin to ſhrill aloud
Their merry Muſick that reſounds from far,
The pipe, the taber, and the trembling Croud,
That well agree withouten breach or jar.
But moſt of all, the Damzels do delite,
When they their Timbrels ſmite,
And thereunto do daunce and carrol ſweet,
That all the ſenſes they do raviſh quite,
The whiles the boyes run up and down the ſtreet,
Crying aloud with ſtrong confuſed noice,
As if it were one voyce,
Hymen, io *Hymen*, *Hymen* they do ſhout,
That even to the heavens their ſhouting ſhrill
Doth reach, and all the firmament doth fill;
To which the people ſtanding all about,
As in approvance do thereto applaud,
And loud advance her laud,
And evermore they *Hymen Hymen* ſing,
That all the woods them anſwer, and their eccho ring.

LOe where ſhe comes along with portly pace,
Like *Phœbe*, from her chamber of the Eaſt,
Ariſing forth to run her mighty race,
Clad all in white, that ſeems a Virgin beſt.
So well it her beſeems, that ye would ween
Some Angel ſhe had been.
Her long looſe yellow locks like golden wire,
Sprinkled with pearl, and perling flowres atween,
Do like a golden mantle her attire:
And being crowned with a girland green,
Seem like ſome maiden Queen.
Her modeſt eyes abaſhed to behold
So many gazers, as on her do ſtare,
Upon the lowly ground affixed are;
Ne dare lift up her countenance too bold,
But bluſh to hear her praiſes ſung ſo loud,
So far from being proud.
Nathleſs do ye ſtill loud her praiſes ſing,
That all the woods may anſwer, and your eccho ring.

TEll me ye Merchants Daughters, did ye ſee
So fair a creature in your Town before?
So ſweet, ſo lovely, and ſo mild as ſhe,
Adorn'd with beauties grace and vertues ſtore:
Her goodly eyes like Saphyres ſhining bright,
Her forehead Ivory white,
Her cheeks like apples which the Sun hath rudded,
Her lips like cherries charming men to bite,
Her breſt like to a bowl of cream uncrudded,
Her paps like lillies budded,
Her ſnowie neck like to a marble towre,
And all her body like a Palace fair,
Aſcending up with many a ſtately ſtair,
To honours ſeat, and chaſtities ſweet bowre.
Why ſtand ye ſtill ye Virgins in amaze,
Upon her ſo to gaze,
Whiles ye forget your former lay to ſing,
To which the Woods did anſwer, and your eccho ring.

BUt if ye ſaw that which no eyes can ſee,
The inward beauty of her lively ſpright,
Garniſht with heavenly gifts of high degree,
Much more then would ye wonder at that ſight,
And ſtand aſtoniſht like to thoſe which red
Meduſaes a mazeful head.
There dwells ſweet love and conſtant chaſtitie,
Unſpotted faith, and comely womanhood,
Regard of honour, and mild modeſtie,
There vertue raigns as Queen in royal throne,
And giveth laws alone,
The which the baſe affections do obey,
And yield their ſervices unto her will,
Ne thought of things uncomely ever may
Thereto approach to tempt her mind to ill.
Had ye once ſeen theſe her celeſtial treaſures,
And unrevealed pleaſures,
Then would ye wonder, and her prayſes ſing,
That all the woods ſhould anſwer, and your eccho ring.

OPen the temple gates unto my Love,
Open them wide that ſhe may enter in,
And all the poſts adorn as doth behove,
And all the pillors deck with girlands trim,
For to receive this Saint with honour dew,
That cometh in to you.
With trembling ſteps and humble reverence,
She cometh in, before th' Almighties view:
Of her ye Virgins learn obedience.
When ſo ye come into thoſe holy places,
To humble your proud faces;
Bring her up to th' high altar, that ſhe may
The ſacred ceremonies there pertake,
The which do endleſs matrimony make,
And let the roring Organs loudly play,
The prayſes of the Lord in lively notes,
The whiles with hollow throats
The Choriſters the joyous Anthem ſing,
That all the woods may anſwer, and their eccho ring.

BEhold, whiles ſhe before the altar ſtands,
Hearing the holy Prieſt that to her ſpeaks,
And bleſſed her with his two happy hands,
How the red roſes flush up in her cheeks,
And the pure ſnow, with goodly vermil ſtain,

Like

Like crimſin dyde in grain:
That even the Angels, which continually
About the ſacred Altar do remain,
Forget their ſervice and about her fly,
Oft peeping in her face, that ſeems more fair,
The more they on it ſtare.
But her ſad eyes ſtill faſt'ned on the ground,
Are governed with goodly modeſty,
That ſuffers not one look to glaunce awry,
Which may let in a little thought unſound.
Why bluſh ye Love to give to me your hand,
The pledge of all our band.
Sing ye ſweet Angels, Alleluya ſing,
That all the woods may anſwer, and your eccho ring.

NOw all is done; bring home the Bride again,
Bring home the triumph of our victory,
Bring home with you the glory of her gain,
With joyance bring her and with jollity.
Never had man more joyful day than this,
Whom heaven would heap with bliſs.
Make feaſt therefore now all this live long day,
This day for ever to me holy is,
Pour out the wine without reſtraint or ſtay,
Pour not by cups, but by the belly full,
Pour out to all that wull,
And ſprinkle all the poſts and walls with wine,
That they may ſweat, and drunken be withall.
Crown ye god *Bacchus* with a coronall,
And *Hymen* alſo crown with wreaths of Vine,
And let the Graces daunce unto the reſt,
For they can do it beſt:
The whiles the Maidens do their carrol ſing,
To which the woods ſhall anſwer, and their eccho ring.

RIng ye the bells, ye young men of the town,
And leave your wonted labors for this day:
This day is holy; do you write it down,
That ye for ever it remember may.
This day the Sun is in his chiefeſt hight,
With *Barnaby* the bright,
From whence declining daily by degrees,
He ſomewhat loſeth of his heat and light,
When once the Crab behind his back he ſees.
But for this time it ill ordained was,
To chuſe the longeſt day in all the year,
And ſhorteſt night, when longeſt fitter wear:
Yet never day ſo long, but late would paſs.
Ring ye the bells, to make it wear away,
And bonefires make all day,
And daunce about them, and about them ſing:
That all the woods may anſwer, and your eccho ring.

AH! when will this long weary day have end,
And lend me leave to come unto my love?
How ſlowly do the houres their numbers ſpend?
How ſlowly doth ſad *Time* his feathers move?
Haſt thee, O faireſt Planet to thy home,
Within the Weſtern fome:
The tyred ſteeds long ſince have need of reſt.
Long though it be, at laſt I ſee it gloom,
And the bright Evening ſtar with golden creſt
Appear out of the Eaſt.
Fair child of beauy, glorious lamp of Love,
That all the hoſt of heaven in ranks dooſt lead,
And guideſt Lovers through the nights ſad dread,
How chearfully thou lookeſt from above,
And ſeem'ſt to laugh atween thy twinkling light,
As joying in the ſight
Of theſe glad many, which for joy do ſing,
That all the woods them anſwer, and their eccho ring.

NOw ceaſe ye Damzels your delights fore-paſt,
Enough it is that all the day was yours:
Now day is done, and night is nighing faſt,
Now bring the Bride into the Bridal bowres.
Now night is come, now ſoon her diſaray,
And in her bed her lay;
Lay her in Lillies and in Violets,
And ſilken curtains over her diſplay,
And odour'd ſheets, and Arras coverlets.
Behold how goodly my fair Love does lye,
In proud humility;
Like unto *Maia*, when as *Jove* her took,
In Tempe, lying on the flowrie graſs,
Twixt ſleep and wake, after ſhe weary was,
With bathing in the *Acidalian* brook.
Now it is night, ye Damſels may be gone,
And leave my Love alone,
And leave likewiſe your former lay to ſing:
The woods no more ſhall anſwer, nor your eccho ring.

NOw welcome night, thou night ſo long expected,
That long days labour doth at laſt defray,
And all my cares, which cruel Love collected,
Haſt ſum'd in one, and cancelled for aye:
Spread thy broad wing over my Love and me,
That no man may us ſee,
And in thy ſable mantle us enwrap,
From fear of peril and foul horror free.
Let no falſe treaſon ſeek us to entrap,
Nor any drad diſquiet once annoy
The ſafety of our joy:
But let the night be calm and quietſome,
Without tempeſtuous ſtorms or ſad afray:
Like as when *Jove* with fair *Alcmena* lay,
When he begot the great Tirynthian groom:
Or like as when he with thy ſelf did lie,
And begot Majeſty.
And let the Maids and young men ceaſe to ſing:
Ne let the woods them anſwer, nor their eccho ring.

LEt no lamenting cryes, nor doleful tears,
Be heard all night within, nor yet without:
Ne let falſe whiſpers, breeding hidden fears,
Break gentle ſleep with miſconceived doubt.
Let no deluding dreams, nor dreadful ſights,
Make ſudden ſad affrights;
Ne let houſe-fires, nor lightnings, helpleſs harms,
Ne let the Ponk, nor other evil ſprights,
Ne let miſchievous Witches with their charms,
Ne let Hob-goblins, names whoſe ſenſe we ſee not,

Fray

Fray us with things that be not,
Let not the ſhriech-Owl, nor the Stork be heard,
Nor the night Raven that ſtill deadly yels,
Nor damned Ghoſts cal'd up with mighty ſpels,
Nor grieſly vultures make us once affear'd:
Ne let th' unpleaſant Quire of Frogs ſtill croking
Make us to wiſh their choking.
Let none of theſe their drery accents ſing,
Ne let the woods them anſwer, nor their eccho ring.

But let ſtill ſilence true night watches keep,
That ſacred peace may in aſſurance rain,
And timely ſleep, when it is time to ſleep,
May pour his limbs forth on your pleaſant plain,
The whiles an hundred little winged loves,
Like divers fethered Doves,
Shall flie and flutter round about your bed,
And in the ſecret dark, that none reproves,
Their pretty ſtealths ſhall work, and ſnares ſhall ſpread
To filch away ſweet ſnatches of delight,
Conceal'd through covert night.
Ye Sons of *Venus*, play your ſports at will:
For greedy pleaſure, careleſs of your toyes,
Thinks more upon her Paradiſe of joyes,
Than what ye do, albe it good or ill.
All night therefore attend your merry play,
For it will ſoon be day:
Now none doth hinder you, that ſay or ſing,
Ne will the woods now anſwer, nor your eccho ring.

Who is the ſame, which at my window peeps?
Or whoſe is that fair face which ſhines ſo bright?
Is it not *Cynthia*, ſhe that never ſleeps,
But walks about high heaven all the night?
O faireſt goddeſs, do thou not envy
My Love with me to ſpy:
For thou likewiſe didſt love, though now unthought,
And for a fleece of Wooll, which privily,
The *Latmian* Shepherd once unto thee brought,
His pleaſures with thee wrought.
Therefore to us be favourable now;
And ſith of Womens labours thou haſt charge,
And generation goodly dooſt enlarge,
Encline thy will t' effect our wiſhful vow,
And the chaſte womb inform with timely ſeed,
That may our comfort breed:
Till which we ceaſe our hopeful hap to ſing,
Ne let the woods us anſwer, nor our eccho ring.

And thou great *Juno*, which with awful might
The Laws of Wedlock ſtill dooſt patronize,
And the religion of the faith firſt plight
With ſacred rites haſt taught to ſolemnize:
And eke for comfort often called art
Of Women in their ſmart,
Eternally bind thou this lovely band,
And all thy bleſſings unto us impart.
And thou glad Genius, in whoſe gentle hand,
The bridale bowre and genial bed remain,
Without blemiſh or ſtain,
And the ſweet pleaſures of their loves delight
With ſecret aid dooſt ſuccour and ſupply,
Till they bring forth the fruitful progeny,
Send us the timely fruit of this ſame night.
And thou fair *Hebe*, and thou *Hymen* free,
Grant that it may ſo be.
Till which we ceaſe your further praiſe to ſing,
Ne any woods ſhall anſwer, nor your eccho ring.

And ye high heavens, the temple of the gods,
In which a thouſand Torches flaming bright
Do burn, that to us wretched earthly clods,
In dreadful darkneſs lend deſired light;
And all ye powers which in the ſame remain,
More than we men can fain,
Pour out your bleſſing on us plentiouſly,
And happy influence upon us rain,
That we may raiſe a large poſterity,
Which from the earth, which they may long poſſeſs,
With laſting happineſs,
Up to your haughty Palaces may mount,
And for the guerdon of their glorious merit,
May heavenly tabernacles there inherit,
Of bleſſed Saints for to increaſe the count.
So let us reſt, ſweet Love, in hope of this,
And ceaſe till then our timely joyes to ſing,
The woods no more us anſwer, nor our eccho ring.

Song made in lieu of many ornaments,
With which my love ſhould duly have been deck,
Which cutting off through haſty accidents,
Ye would not ſtay your due time to expect,
But promiſt both to recompence,
Be unto her a goodly ornament,
And for ſhort time an endleſs moniment.

FINIS.

FOUR

FOUR
HYMNS,

Made by

EDMUND SPENSER.

LONDON:

Printed by *Henry Hills* for *Jonathan Edwin*, at the Three Roſes in *Ludgate-ſtreet*. 1678.

To the Right Honourable and moſt Virtuous Ladies, the Lady Margaret, *Counteſs of* Cumberland, *and the Lady* Mary, *Counteſs of* Warvvick.

HAving in the greener times of my Youth, compoſed theſe former two Hymns in the praiſe of Love and Beauty, and finding that the ſame too much pleaſed thoſe of like Age and Diſpoſition, which being too vehemently carried with that kind of affection, do rather ſuck out poiſon to their ſtrong paſſion, than honey to their honeſt delight; I was moved by the one of you two moſt excellent Ladies, to call in the ſame. But being unable ſo to do, by reaſon that many Copies thereof were formerly ſcattered abroad, I reſolved at leaſt to amend, and by way of retractation to reform them, making (inſtead of thoſe two Hymns of earthly or natural Love and Beauty) two others, of heavenly and celeſtial. The which I do dedicate joyntly unto you two honourable ſiſters, as to the moſt excellent and rare ornaments of all true Love and Beauty, both in the one and the other kind: humbly beſeeching you to vouchſafe the Patronage of them, and to accept this my humble ſervice, in lieu of the great graces and honourable favours which ye daily ſhew unto me, until ſuch time as I may by better means, yield you ſome more notable teſtimony of my thankful mind and dutiful happineſs. And even ſo I pray for your happineſs.

Greenwich, this firſt of *September*. 1596.

Your Honours moſt bounden ever

in all Humble Service,

Edm. Spenſer.

AN HYMN
In Honour of LOVE.

LOve, that long ſince haſt to thy mighty powre
Perforce ſubdude my poor captived hart,
And raging now therein with reſtleſs ſtowre,
Doſt tyrannize in every weaker part;
Fain would I ſeek to eaſe my bitter ſmart,
By any ſervice I might do to thee,
Or ought that elſe might to thee pleaſing be.

And now t'aſſwage the force of this new flame,
And make thee more propitious in my need,
I mean to ſing the praiſes of thy name,
And thy victorious conqueſts to areed;
By which thou madeſt many hearts to bleed
Of mighty Victors, with wide wounds embrew'd,
And by thy cruel darts to thee ſubdew'd.

Only I fear my wits enfeebled late,
Through the ſharp ſorrows which thou haſt me bred,
Should faint, and words ſhould fail me to relate
The wondrous triumphs of thy great god-head.
But if thou wouldſt vouchſafe to over-ſpread
Me with the ſhadow of thy gentle wing,
I ſhould enabled be thy acts to ſing.

Come then, O come, thou mighty God of love,
Out of thy ſilver bowres and ſecret bliſs,
Where thou doſt ſit in *Venus* lap above,
Bathing thy wings in her Ambroſial kiſs,
That ſweeter far than any Nectar is;
Come ſoftly, and my feeble breaſt inſpire
With gentle fury, kindled of thy fire.

And ye ſweet Muſes, which have often prov'd
The piercing points of his avengeful darts;
And ye fair Nimphs, which oftentimes have lov'd
The cruel worker of your kindly ſmarts,
Prepare your ſelves, and open wide your hearts,
For to receive the triumph of your glory,
That made you merry oft, when ye were ſory.

And ye fair bloſſoms of youths wanton breed,
Which in the conqueſts of your beauty boſt,
Wherewith your lovers feeble eyes you feed,
But ſtarve their hearts, that needeth nurture moſt,
Prepare your ſelves, to march amongſt his hoſt,
And all the way his ſacred Hymn do ſing,
Made in the honour of your Soveraign King.

Great god of might, that reigneth in the mind,
And all the body to thy heſt doſt frame,
Victor of gods, ſubduer of mankind,
That doſt the Lions and fell Tygers tame,
Making their cruel rage thy ſcornful game,
And in their roring taking great delight;
Who can expreſs the glory of thy might?

Or who alive can perfectly declare
The wondrous cradle of thine infancy?
When thy great mother *Venus* firſt thee bare,
Begot of Plenty and of Penury,
Though elder than thine own nativity;
And yet a child, renewing ſtill thy years:
And yet the eldeſt of the heavenly Pears.

For ere this worlds ſtill moving mighty maſs,
Out of great Chaos ugly priſon crept,
In which his goodly face long hidden was
From heavens view, and in deep darkneſs kept;
Love, that had now long time ſecurely ſlept
In *Venus* lap, unarmed then and naked,
'Gan rear his head, by *Clotho* being waked.

And taking to him wings of his own heat,
Kindled at firſt from heavens life-giving fire,
He 'gan to move out of his idle ſeat,
Weakly at firſt, but after with deſire
Lifted aloft, he 'gan to mount up higher,
And like freſh Eagle, made his hardy flight
Through all that great wide waſte, yet wanting light.

Yet wanting light to guide his wandring way,
His own fair mother, for all creatures ſake,
Did lend him light from her own goodly ray:
Then through the world his way he 'gan to take,
The world that was not, till he did it make;
Whoſe ſundry parts he from themſelves did ſever,
The which before had lyen confuſed ever.

The earth, the air, the water, and the fire,
Then 'gan to range themſelves in huge array,
And with contrary forces to conſpire
Each againſt other, by all means they may,
Threatning their own confuſion and decay:
Air hated earth, and water hated fire,
Till *Love* relented their rebellious ire.

He then them took, and tempering goodly well,
Their contrary diſlikes with loved means,
Did place them all in order, and compel
To keep themſelves within their ſundry rains,
Together linkt with Adamantine chains;
Yet ſo, as that in every living wight
They mix themſelves, and ſhew their kindly might.

So ever ſince they firmly have remain'd,
And duly well obſerved his beheaſt;
Through which, now all theſe things that are contain'd
Within this goodly cope, both moſt and leaſt
Their being have, and daily are increaſt,
Through ſecret ſparks of his infuſed fire,
Which in the barren cold he doth inſpire.

Thereby they all do live, and moved are
To multiply the likeneſs of their kind,
Whilſt they ſeek only, without further care,
To quench the flame which they in burning find:
But Man, that breaths a more immortal mind,
Not for luſts ſake, but for eternity,
Seeks to enlarge his laſting progeny.

For having yet in his deducted ſpright,
Some ſparks remaining of that heavenly fire,
He is enlumind with that goodly light,
Unto like goodly ſemblant to aſpire:
Therefore in choice of love, he doth deſire
That ſeems on earth moſt heavenly, to embrace,
That ſame is beauty, born of heavenly race.

For ſure of all, that in this mortal frame
Contained is, nought more divine doth ſeem,
Or that reſembleth more th'immortal flame
Of heavenly light, than *Beauties* glorious beam.
What wonder then, if with ſuch rage extream,
Frail men, whoſe eyes ſeek heavenly things to ſee,
At ſight thereof ſo much enraviſht be?

Which well perceiving, that imperious boy,
Doth therewith tip his ſharp empoiſned darts;
Which glancing through the eyes with count'nance coy,
Reſt not, till they have pierſt the trembling harts,
And kindled flame in all their inner parts,
Which ſucks the blood, and drinketh up the life
Of careful wretches with conſuming grief.

Thenceforth they plain, and make full pitious mone
Unto the author of their baleful bane;
The days they waſte, the nights they grieve and grone,
Their lives they loath, and heavens light diſdain:
No light but that, whoſe lamp doth yet remain
Freſh burning in the image of their eye,
They deign to ſee, and ſeeing it, ſtill dye.

The whilſt, thou tyrant *Love* doſt laugh and ſcorn
At their complaints, making their pain thy play:
Whilſt they lie languiſhing like thrals forlorn,
The whiles thou doſt triumph in their decay,
And otherwhiles, their dying to delay,
Thou doſt emmarble the proud heart of her,
Whoſe love before their life they do prefer.

So haſt thou often done (ay me the more)
To me thy vaſſal, whoſe yet bleeding hart,
With thouſand wounds thou mangled haſt ſo ſore,
That whole remains ſcarce any little part:
Yet to augment the anguiſh of my ſmart,
Thou haſt enfrozen'd her diſdainful breſt,
That no one drop of pity there doth reſt.

Why then do I this honour unto thee,
Thus to ennoble thy victorious name,
Sith thou doſt ſhew no favour unto me,
Ne once move ruth in that rebellious Dame,
Somewhat to ſlake the rigour of my flame?
Certes, ſmall glory doſt thou win hereby,
To let her live thus free, and me to die.

But if thou be indeed, as men thee call,
The worlds great Parent, the moſt kind preſerver
Of living wights, the ſoveraign Lord of all,
How falls it then, that with thy furious fervour,
Thou doſt afflict as well the not deſerver,
As him that doth thy lovely heaſts deſpiſe,
And on thy ſubjects moſt doſt tyrannize?

Yet herein eke thy glory ſeemeth more,
By ſo hard handling thoſe which beſt thee ſerve,
That ere thou doſt them unto grace reſtore,
Thou maiſt well try if thou wilt ever ſwerve,
And maiſt them make it better to deſerve:
And having got it, may it more eſteem.
For things hard gotten, men more dearly deem.

So hard thoſe heavenly beauties be enfir'd,
As things divine, leaſt paſſions do impreſs,
The more of ſtedfaſt minds to be admir'd,
The more they ſtayed be on ſtedfaſtneſs:
But baſeborn minds ſuch lamps regard the leſs,
Which at firſt blowing take not haſty fire,
Such fancies feel no love, but looſe deſire.

For love is Lord of truth and loyalty,
Lifting himſelf out of the lowly duſt,
On golden plumes up to the pureſt sky,
Above the reach of loathly ſinful luſt,
Whoſe baſe effect through cowardly diſtruſt
Of his weak wings, dare not to heaven flie,
But like a moldwarp in the earth doth lie.

His dunghil thoughts, which do themſelves enure
To dirty droſs, no higher dare aſpire,
Ne can his feeble earthly eyes endure
The flaming light of that celeſtial fire,
Which kindleth love in generous deſire,
And makes him mount above the native might
Of heavy earth, up to the heavens hight.

Such is the powre of that ſweet paſſion,
That it all ſordid baſeneſs doth expel,
And the refined mind doth newly faſhion
Unto a fairer form, which now doth dwell
In his high thought, that would it ſelf excel;
Which he beholding ſtill with conſtant ſight,
Admires the mirrour of ſo heavenly light.

Whoſe image printing in his deepeſt wit,
He thereon feeds his hungry fantaſie,
Still full, yet never ſatisfide with it,
Like *Tantale*, that in ſtore doth ſtarved lie:
So doth he pine in moſt ſatiety;
For nought may quench his infinite deſire,
Once kindled through that firſt conceived fire.

Thereon his mind affixed wholy is,
Ne thinks on ought, but how it to attain;

His care, his joy, his hope is all on this,
That ſeems in it all bliſſes to contain,
In ſight whereof, all other bleſs ſeems vain.
  Thrice happy man, migh he the ſame poſſeſs,
He fains himſelf, and doth his fortune bleſs.

And though he do not win his wiſh to end,
Yet thus far happy he himſelf doth ween,
That heavens ſuch happy grace did to him lend,
As thing on earth ſo heavenly, to have ſeen,
His hearts enſhrined Saint, his heavens queen,
  Fairer than faireſt, in his faining eye,
  Whoſe ſole aſpect he counts felicity.

Then forth he caſts in his unquiet thought,
What he may do, her favour to obtain;
What brave exploit, what peril hardly wrought,
What puiſſant conqueſt, what adventrous pain
May pleaſe her beſt, and grace unto him gain:
  He dreads no danger, nor misfortune fears,
  His faith, his fortune, in his breaſt he bears.

Thou art his god, thou art his mighty guide,
Thou being blind, letſt him not ſee his fears,
But carrieſt him to that which he hath eyd,
Through ſeas, through flames, through thouſand ſwords (and ſpears:
  Ne ought ſo ſtrong that may his force withſtand,
  With which thou armeſt his reſiſtleſs hand.

Witneſs *Leander*, in the Euxine waves,
And ſtout *Æneas* in the Trojan fire,
Achilles preſſing through the Phrygian glaves,
And *Orpheus*, daring to provoke the ire
Of damned fiends, to get his love retire:
  For both through heaven and hell thou makeſt way,
  To win them worſhip which to thee obay.

And if by all theſe perils and theſe pains,
He may but purchaſe liking in her eye,
What heavens of joy, then to himſelf he fains,
Eftſoons he wipes quite out of memory
What ever ill before he did aby:
  Had it been death, yet would he die again,
  To live thus happy as her grace to gain.

Yet when he hath found favour to his will,
He nathemore can ſo contented reſt,
But forceth further on, and ſtriveth ſtill
T'approach more near, till in her inmoſt breſt,
He may emboſom'd be, and loved beſt;
  And yet not beſt, but to be lov'd alone:
  For love cannot endure a Paragone.

The fear whereof, O how doth it torment
His troubled mind with more than helliſh pain!
And to his faining fanſie repreſent
Sights never ſeen, and thouſand ſhadows vain,
To break his ſleep, and waſt his idle brain:
  Thou that haſt never lov'd canſt not believe
  Leaſt part of th'evils which poor Lovers grieve.

The gnawing envy, the heart-fretting fear,
The vain ſurmiſes, the diſtruſtful ſhows,
The falſe reports that flying tales do bear,
The doubts, the dangers, the delays, the woes,
The fained friends, the unaſſured foes,
  With thouſands more than any tongue can tell,
  Do make a Lovers life a wretches hell.

Yet is there one more curſed than they all,
That canker-worm, that monſter Jealouſie,
Which eats the heart, and feeds upon the gall,
Turning all loves delight to miſery,
Through fear of loſing his felicity.
  Ah Gods, that ever ye that monſter plac'd
  In genle love, that all his joys defac'd.

By theſe, O *Love*, thou doſt thy entrance make,
Unto thy heaven, and doſt the more endear
Thy pleaſures unto thoſe which them partake,
As after ſtorms when clouds begin to clear,
The ſun more bright and glorious doth appear:
  So thou thy folk, through pains of Purgatory,
  Doſt bear unto thy bliſs, and heavens glory.

There thou them placeſt in a Paradiſe
Of all delight, and joyous happy reſt,
Where they do feed on Nectar heavenly wiſe,
With *Hercules* and *Hebe*, and the reſt
Of *Venus* dearlings, through her bounty bleſt,
  And lie like gods in Ivory beds araid,
  With Roſe and Lillies over them diſplaid.

There, with thy daughter *Pleaſure* they do play
Their hurtleſs ſports, without rebuke or blame,
And in her ſnowy boſom boldly lay
Their quiet heads, devoid of guilty ſhame,
After full joyance of their gentle game;
  Then her they crown their goddeſs and their Queen,
  And deck with flowres thy altars well beſeen.

Ay me, dear Lord, that ever I might hope.
For all the pains and woes that I endure,
To come at length unto the wiſhed ſcope
Of my deſire; or might my ſelf aſſure,
That happy port for ever to recure.
  Then would I think theſe pains no pains at all,
  And all my woes to be but penance ſmall.

Then would I ſing of thine immortal praiſe,
An heavenly Hymn, ſuch as the Angels ſing,
And thy triumphant name then would I raiſe
'Bove all the gods, thee only honouring.
My guide, my God, my victor, and my King;
  Till then, drad Lord, vouchſafe to take of me
  This ſimple ſong, thus fram'd in praiſe of thee.

FINIS.

AN

HYMN

In Honour of BEAUTY.

AH! whither, *Love*, wilt thou now carry me?
What wontleſs fury doſt thou now inſpire
Into my feeble breaſt, too full of thee?
Whilſt ſeeking to aſlake thy raging fire,
Thou in me kindleſt much more great deſire,
And up aloft above my ſtrength doſt raiſe
The wondrous matter of my fire to praiſe.

That as I earſt, in praiſe of thine own name,
So, now in honour of thy Mother dear,
An honourable Hymn I eke ſhould frame;
And with the brightneſs of her beauty clear,
The raviſht hearts of gazeful men might rear,
To admiration of that heavenly light,
From whence proceeds ſuch ſoul enchanting might.

Thereto do thou great Goddeſs, queen of *Beauty*,
Mother of *Love*, and of all worlds delight,
Without whoſe ſoveraign grace and kindly duty,
Nothing on earth ſeems fair to fleſhly ſight,
Do thou vouchſafe with thy love-kindling light,
T'illuminate my dim and dulled eyn,
And beautifie this ſacred Hymn of thine.

That both to thee, to whom I mean it moſt,
And eke to her, whoſe fair immortal beam
Hath darted fire into my feeble ghoſt,
That now it waſted is with woes extream,
It may ſo pleaſe, that ſhe at length will ſtream
Some deaw of grace into my withered hart,
After long ſorrow and conſuming ſmart.

What time this worlds great workmaiſter did caſt
To make all things, ſuch as we now behold,
It ſeems that he before his eyes had plac't
A goodly Pattern, to whoſe perfect mould
He faſhion'd them as comely as he could;
That now ſo fair and ſeemly they appear,
As nought may be amended any where.

That wondrous Pattern whereſoere it be,
Whether in earth laid up in ſecret ſtore,
Or elſe in heaven, that no man may it ſee
With ſinful eyes, for fear it to deflore,
Is perfect *Beauty*, which all men adore:
Whoſe face and feature doth ſo much excel
All mortal ſenſe, that none the ſame may tell.

Thereof, as every earthly thing partakes
Or more or leſs by influence divine,
So it more fair accordingly it makes,
And the groſs matter of this earthly mine
Which cloſeth it, thereafter doth refine,
Doing away the droſs which dims the light
Of that fair beam, which therein is empight.

For through infuſion of celeſtial powre,
The duller earth it quickneth with delight,
And life-full ſpirits privily doth poure
Through all the parts, that to the lookers ſight
They ſeem to pleaſe. That is, thy ſoveraign might
O Cyprian Queen, which flowing from the beam
Of thy bright ſtar, thou into them doſt ſtream.

That is the thing which giveth pleaſant grace
To all things fair, that kindleth lively fire,
Light of thy lamp, which ſhining in the face,
Thence to the ſoul darts amorous deſire,
And robs the hearts of thoſe which it admire,
Therewith thou pointeſt thy ſons pois'ned arrow,
That wounds the life, and waſtes the inmoſt marrow.

How vainly then do idle wits invent,
That beauty is nought elſe, but mixture made
Of colours fair, and goodly temp'rament
Of pure complexions, that ſhall quickly fade
And paſs away, like to a Summers ſhade,
Or that it is but comely compoſition,
Of parts well meaſur'd, with meet diſpoſition.

Hath white and red in it ſuch wondrous powre,
That it can pierce through th'eyes unto the hart,
And therein ſtir ſuch rage and reſtleſs ſtowre,
As nought but death can ſtint his dolours ſmart?
Or can proportion of the outward part,
Move ſuch affection in the inward mind,
That it can rob both ſenſe and reaſon blind?

Why do not then the bloſſoms of the field,
Which are araid with much more orient hew,
And to the ſenſe moſt dainty odours yield,
Work like impreſſion in the lookers view?
Or why do not fair pictures like powre ſhew,
In which oft-times we Nature ſee of Art
Excel'd, in perfect limming every part.

But ah! believe me, there is more than ſo,
That works ſuch wonders in the mind of men.
I that have often prov'd, too well it know;
And who ſo liſt the like aſſays to ken,
Shall find my trial, and confeſs it then,
That *Beauty* is not, as fond men miſdeem,
An outward ſhew of things, that only ſeem.

For

For that ſame goodly hew of white and red,
With which the cheeks are ſprinkled, ſhall decay.
And thoſe ſweet roſie leaves ſo fairly ſpred
Upon the lips, ſhall fade and fall away
To that they were, even to corrupted clay.
That golden wire, thoſe ſparkling ſtars ſo bright,
Shall turn to duſt, and loſe their goodly light.

But that fair lamp, from whoſe celeſtial ray
That light proceeds, which kindleth Lovers fire,
Shall never be extinguiſht nor decay,
But when the vital ſpirits do expire,
Unto her native planet ſhall retire:
For it is heavenly born and cannot die,
Being a parcel of the pureſt sky.

For when the ſoul, the which derived was
At firſt, out of that great immortal Spright,
By whom all live to love, whilom did pas
Down from the top of pureſt heavens hight,
To be embodied here, it then took light
And lively ſpirits from that faireſt ſtar,
Which lights the world forth from his fiery car.

Which powre retaining ſtill or more or leſs,
When ſhe in fleſhly ſeed is eft enrac'd,
Through every part ſhe doth the ſame impreſs,
According as the heavens have her grac'd,
And frames her houſe, in which ſhe will be plac'd,
Fit for her ſelf, adorning it with ſpoil
Of the heavenly riches, which ſhe robb'd erewhile.

Thereof it comes, that theſe fair ſouls, which have
The moſt reſemblance of that heavenly light,
Frame to themſelves moſt beautiful and brave
Their fleſhly bowre, moſt fit for their delight,
And the groſs matter by a ſoverain might
Tempers ſo trim, that it may well be ſeen,
A palace fit for ſuch a virgin Queen.

So every ſpirit, as it is moſt pure,
And hath in it the more of heavenly light,
So it the fairer body doth procure
To habit in, and it more fairly dight
With chearful grace and amiable ſight.
For of the ſoul the body form doth take:
For ſoul is form, and doth the body make.

Therefore where-ever that thou doſt behold
A comely corpſe, with beauty fair endew'd,
Know this for certain, that the ſame doth hold
A beautious ſoul, with fair conditions thew'd,
Fit to receive the ſeed of vertue ſtrew'd.
For all that fair is, is by nature good;
That is a ſign to know the gentle blood.

Yet oft it falls, that many a gentle mind
Dwells in deformed tabernacle dround,
Either by chance, againſt the courſe of kind,
Or through unaptneſs in the ſubſtance found,
Which it aſſumed of ſome ſtubborn ground,
That will not yield unto her forms direction,
But is perform'd with ſome foul imperfection.

And oft it falls, (ay me the more to rew)
That goodly beauty, albe heavenly born,
Is foul abus'd, and that celeſtial hew
Which doth the world with her delight adorn,
Made but the bait of ſin, and ſinners ſcorn;
Whilſt every one doth ſeek and ſue to have it,
But every one doth ſeek, but to deprave it.

Yet nathemore is that fair beauties blame,
But theirs that do abuſe it unto ill:
Nothing ſo good, but that through guilty ſham
May be corrupt, and wreſted unto will.
Natheleſs, the ſoul is fair and beautious ſtill,
How ever fleſhes fault is filthy make:
For things immortal no corruption take.

But ye fair Dames, the worlds dear ornaments,
And lively images of heavenly light,
Let not your beams with ſuch diſparagements
Be dim'd, and your bright glory darkned quight:
But mindful ſtill of your firſt countries ſight,
Do ſtill preſerve your firſt informed grace,
Whoſe ſhadow yet ſhines in your beautious face.

Loath that foul blot, that helliſh firebrand,
Diſloyal luſt, fair *Beauties* fouleſt blame,
That baſe affections, which your ears would bland,
Commend to you by loves abuſed name;
But is indeed the bond-ſlave of defame,
Which will the garland of your glory marr,
And quench the ſight of your bright ſhining ſtarr.

But gentle *Love*, that loyal is and trew,
Will more illumine your reſplendid ray,
And add more brightneſs to your goodly hew,
From light of his pure fire, which by like way
Kindled of yours, your likeneſs doth diſplay,
Like as two mirrours by oppos'd reflexion,
Do both expreſs the faces firſt impreſſion.

Therefore to make your beauty more appear,
It you behoves to love, and forth to lay
That heavenly riches, which in you ye bear,
That men the more admire their fountain may.
For elſe what booteth that celeſtial ray,
If it in darkneſs be enſhrined ever,
That it of loving eyes be viewed never?

But in your choice of Loves, this well adviſe,
That likeſt to your ſelves ye them ſelect,
The which your forms firſt ſource may ſympathiſe.
And with like beauties parts be inly deckt:
For if you looſely love, without reſpect,
It is not love, but a diſcordant war,
Whoſe unlike parts amongſt themſelves do jar.

For love is a celeſtial harmony,
Of likely hearts compos'd of ſtars concent,
Which joyn together in ſweet ſympathy,
To work each others joy and true content,
Which they have harbour'd ſince their firſt deſcent
Out of their heavenly bowres, where they did ſee
And know each other here belov'd to be.

Then wrong it were that any other twain
Should in loves gentle band combined be,
But thoſe whom heaven did at firſt ordain,
And made out of one mould the more t'agree:
For all that like the beauty which they ſee,
Straight do not love: for love is not ſo light,
As ſtraight to burn at firſt beholders ſight.

But they which love indeed, look otherwiſe,
With pure regard and ſpotleſs true intent,
Drawing out of the object of their eyes,
A more refined form, which they preſent
Unto their mind, void of all blemiſhment;
Which it reducing to her firſt perfection,
Beholdeth free from fleſhes frail infection.

And then conforming it unto the light,
Which in it ſelf it hath remaining ſtill
Of that firſt Sun, yet ſparkling in his ſight,
Thereof he faſhions in his higher skill,
An heavenly beauty to his fancies will,
And it embracing in his mind entire,
The mirrour of his own thought doth admire.

Which ſeeing now ſo inly fair to be,
As outward it appeareth to the eye,
And with his ſpirits proportion to agree,
He thereon fixeth all his fantaſie,
And fully ſetteth his felicity,
Counting it fairer than it is indeed,
And yet indeed her fairneſs doth exceed.

For lovers eyes more ſharply ſighted be
Than other mens, and in dear loves delight,
See more than any other eyes can ſee,
Through mutual receipt of the beams bright,
Which carry privy meſſage to the ſpright,
And to their eyes that inmoſt fair diſplay,
As plain as light diſcovers dawning day.

Therein they ſee through amorous eye-glaunces,
Armies of loves ſtill flying to and fro,
Which dart at them their little fiery launces:
Whom having wounded, back again they go,
Carrying compaſſion to their lovely foe;
Who ſeeing her fair eyes ſo ſharp effect,
Cures all their ſorrows with one ſweet aſpect.

In which, how many wonders do they reed
To their conceit, that others never ſee,
Now of her ſmiles, with which their ſouls they feed,
Like Gods with Nectar in their bankets free,
Now of her looks, which like to Cordials be;
But when her words embaſſade forth ſhe ſends,
Lord, how ſweet muſick that unto them lends!

Sometimes upon her forehead they behold
A thouſand Graces masking in delight,
Sometimes within her eye-lids they unfold
Ten thouſand ſweet belgards, which to their ſight
Do ſeem like twinkling ſtars in froſty night:
But on her lips, like roſie buds in May,
So many millions of chaſte pleaſures play.

All thoſe, O *Cytherea*, and thouſands more
Thy handmaids be, which do on the attend,
To deck thy beauty with their dainties ſtore,
That may it more to mortal eyes commend,
And make it more admir'd of foe and friend;
That in mens hearts thou maiſt thy throne inſtall,
And ſpread thy lovely kingdom over all.

Then *Io tryumph*, O great beauties Queen,
Advance the banner of thy conqueſt hie,
That all this world, the which thy vaſſals been,
May draw to thee, and with due fealty,
Adore the powre of thy great Majeſty,
Singing this Hymn in honour of thy name,
Compil'd by me, which thy poor liegeman am.

In lieu whereof, grant, O great Soveraign,
That ſhe whoſe conquering beauty doth captive
My trembling heart in her eternal chain,
One drop of grace at length will to me give,
That I her bounden thrall by her may live:
And this ſame life, which firſt from me ſhe reaved,
May owe to her, of whom I it received.

And you fair *Venus* dearling, my dear dread,
Freſh flowre of grace, great Goddeſs of my life,
When your fair eyes theſe fearful lines ſhall read,
Deign to let fall one drop of due relief,
That may recure my hearts long pining grief,
And ſhew what wondrous powre your beauty hath,
That can reſtore a damned wight from death.

AN

HYMN

Of Heavenly Love.

LOve, lift me up upon thy golden wings,
From this baſe world unto thy heavens hight,
Where I may ſee thoſe admirable things,
Which there thou workeſt by thy ſoveraign might,
Far above feeble reach of earthly ſight,
That I thereof an heavenly Hymn may ſing
Unto the god of *Love*, high heavens King.

Many lewd layes (ah woe is me the more)
In praiſe of that mad fit, which fools call Love,
I have in th'heat of youth made heretofore,
That in light wits did looſe affection move.
But all thoſe follies now I do reprove,
And turned have the tenor of my ſtring,
The heavenly praiſes of true Love to ſing.

And ye that wont with greedy vain deſire,
To read my fault, and wondring at my flame,
To warm your ſelves at my wide ſparkling fire,
Sith now that heat is quenched, quench my blame,
And in her aſhes ſhrowd my dying ſhame:
For who my paſſed follies now purſews,
Begins his own, and my old fault renews.

BEfore this worlds great frame, in which all things
Are now contain'd, found any beeing place,
Ere flitting Time could wag his eyas wings
About that mighty bound, which doth embrace
The rolling Sphere, and parts their howres by ſpace,
That high Eternal powre, which now doth move
In all theſe things, mov'd in it ſelf by love.

It lov'd it ſelf, becauſe it ſelf was fair;
(For fair is lov'd;) and of it ſelf begot
Like to it ſelf his eldeſt Son and heir,
Eterenal, pure, and void of ſinful blot,
The firſtling of his joy, in whom no jot
Of loves diſlike, or pride was to be found,
Whom he therefore with equal honor crown'd.

With him he raign'd, before all time preſcribed,
In endleſs glory and immortal might,
Together with that third from them derived,
Moſt wiſe, moſt holy, moſt almighty ſpright,
Whoſe Kingdoms throne, no thoughts of earthly wight
Can comprehend, much leſs my trembling verſe,
With equal words can hope it to reherſe.

Yet O moſt bleſſed Spirit, pure lamp of light,
Eternal ſpring of grace and wiſedom true,
Vouchſafe to ſhed into my barren ſpright,
Some little drop of thy celeſtial dew,
That may my rimes with ſweet infuſe embrew,
And give me words equal unto my thought,
To tell the marveils by the mercy wrought.

Yet being pregnant ſtill with powreful grace,
And full of fruitful *Love*, that loves to get
Things like himſelf, and to enlarge his race,
His ſecond brood, though not of powre ſo great,
Yet full of beautie, next he did beget
An infinite increaſe of Angels bright,
All gliſtring glorious in their Makers light.

To them the heavens illimitable hight
(Not this round heaven, which we from hence behold,
Adorn'd with thouſand lamps of burning light,
And with ten thouſand gems of ſhining gold)
He gave, as their inheritance to hold,
That they might ſerve him in eternal bliſs,
And be partakers of thoſe joys of his.

There they in their trinal triplicities
About him wait, and on his will depend,
Either with nimble wings to cut the skies,
When he them on his meſſages doth ſend,
Or on his own drad preſence to attend,
Where they behold the glory of his light,
And caroll Hymns of love both day and night.

Both day and night is unto them all one,
For he his beams doth unto them extend,
That darkneſs there appeareth never none,
Ne hath their day, ne hath their bliſs an end,
But there their termleſs time in pleaſure ſpend,
Ne ever ſhould their happineſs decay,
Had not they dar'd their Lord to diſobay.

But Pride, impatient of long reſting peace,
Did puff them up with greedy bold ambition,
That they gan caſt their ſtate how to increaſe
Above the fortune of their firſt condition,
And ſit in Gods own ſeat without commiſſion:
The brighteſt Angel, even the child of light,
Drew millions more againſt their God to fight.

Th' Almighty, ſeeing their ſo bold aſſay,
Kindled the flame of his conſuming ire,
And with his only breath them blew away
From heavens hight, to which they did aſpire,
To deepeſt hell, and lake of damned fire;
Where they in darkneſs and drad horror dwell,
Hating the happy light from which they fell.

So that next off-ſpring of the Makers love,
Next to himſelf in glorious degree,
Degenering to hate, fell from above
Through pride; (for pride and love may ill agree)
And now of ſin to all enſample be:
How then can ſinful fleſh it ſelf aſſure,
Sith pureſt Angels fell to be impure?

But that eternal fount of love and grace,
Still flowing forth his goodneſs unto all,
Now ſeeing left a waſte and empty place
In his wide Palace, through thoſe Angels fall,
Caſt to ſupply the ſame, and to enſtall
A new unknowen Colonie therein, (gin.
Whoſe root from earths baſe ground-work ſhould be-

Therefore of clay, baſe, vile, and next to nought,
Yet form'd by wondrous skill, and by his might:
According to an heavenly pattern wrought,
Which he had faſhiond in his wiſe foreſight,
He man did make, and breath'd a living ſpright
Into his face, moſt beautiful and fair,
Endew'd with wiſdom riches, heavenly rare.

Such he him made, that he reſemble might
Himſelf, as mortal thing immortal could;
Him to be Lord of every living wight,
He made by love out of his own like mould,
In whom he might his mighty ſelf behold.
For love doth love the thing belov'd to ſee,
That like it ſelf in lovely ſhape may be.

But Man, forgetful of his Makers grace,
No leſs than Angels, whom he did enſew,
Fell from the hope of promiſt heavenly place,
Into the mouth of death, to ſinners dew,
And all his off-ſpring into thraldom threw:
Where they for ever ſhould in bonds remain,
Of never dead, yet ever dying pain.

Till that great Lord of Love, which him at firſt
Made of meer love, and after liked well,
Seeing him lie like creature long accurſt,
In that deep horror of deſpeired hell,
Him wretch in dool would let no longer dwell,
But caſt out of that bondage to redeem,
And pay the price, all were his debt extreem.

Out of the boſom of eternal bliſs,
In which he raigned with his glorious ſire,
He down deſcended, like a moſt demiſs
And abject thrall, in fleſhes frail attire,
That he for him might pay ſins deadly hire,
And him reſtore unto that happy ſtate,
In which he ſtood before his hapleſs fate.

In fleſh at firſt the guilt committed was,
Therefore in fleſh it muſt be ſatisfide:
Nor ſpirit, nor Angel, though they man ſurpaſs,
Could make amends to God for mans miſguide,
But only man himſelf, who ſelf did ſlide.
So taking fleſh of ſacred Virgins womb,
For mans dear ſake, he did a man become.

And that moſt bleſſed body, which was born
Without all blemiſh or reproachful blame,
He freely gave to be both rent and torn
Of cruel hands, who with deſpightful ſhame
Reviling him, that them moſt vile became,
At length him nayled on a gallow tree,
And ſlew the juſt, by moſt unjuſt decree.

O huge and moſt unſpeakable impreſſion
Of loves deep wound, that pierſt the pitious hart
Of that dear Lord with ſo entire affection,
And ſharply launcing every inner part,
Dolours of death into his ſoul did dart;
Dooing him dye, that never it deſerved,
To free his foes, that from his heaſt had ſwerved.

What hart can feel leaſt touch of ſo ſore launch,
Or thought can think the depth of ſo dear wound?
Whoſe bleeding ſource their ſtreams yet never ſtaunch,
But ſtill do flow, and freſhly ſtill redound,
To heal the ſores of ſinful ſouls unſound,
And cleanſe the guilt of that infected crime,
Which was enrooted in all fleſhly ſlime.

O bleſſed well of love! O flowre of grace!
O glorious Morning ſtar! O lamp of light!
Moſt lively Image of thy Fathers face,
Eternal King of glory, Lord of might,
Meek Lamb of God before all worlds behight,
How can we thee requite for all this good?
Or what can prize that thy moſt precious blood?

Yet nought thou ask'ſt in lieu of all this love,
But love of us, for guerdon of thy pain.
Aye me! what can us leſs than that behove?
Had he required life for us again,
Had it been wrong to ask his own with gain?
He gave us life, he it reſtored loſt;
Then life were leaſt, that us ſo little coſt.

But he our life hath left unto us free,
Free that was thrall, and bleſſed that was band;
Ne ought demands, but that we loving be,
As he himſelf hath lov'd us afore-hand,
And bound thereto with an eternal band,
Him firſt to love, that was ſo dearly bought,
And next, our brethren to his Image wrought.

Him

Him firſt to love, great right and reaſon is,
Who firſt to us our life and being gave;
And after, when we fared had amiſs,
Us wretches from the ſecond death did ſave:
And laſt, the food of life, which now we have,
Even he himſelf in his dear ſacrament,
To feed our hungry ſouls unto us lent.

Then next, to love our brethren, that were made
Of that ſelf mould and that ſelf Makers hand,
That we; and to the ſame again ſhall fade,
Where they ſhall have like heritage of land,
How-ever here on higher ſteps we ſtand;
Which alſo were with ſelf-ſame price redeemed
That we, how-ever of us light eſteemed.

And were they not, yet ſith that loving Lord
Commanded us to love them for his ſake,
Even for his ſake, and for his ſacred word,
Which in his laſt bequeſt he to us ſpake,
We ſhould them love, and with their needs partake;
Knowing, that whatſoere to them we give,
We give to him, by whom we all do live.

Such mercy he by his moſt holy reed
Unto us taught, and to approve it trew,
Enſampled it by his moſt righteous deed,
Shewing us mercy (miſerable crew)
That we the like ſhould to the wretches ſhew,
And love our brethren; thereby to approve,
How much himſelf that loved us, we love.

Then rouze thy ſelf, O earth, out of thy ſoyl,
In which thou wallow'ſt like to filthy ſwine,
And dooſt thy mind in durty pleaſures moyl,
Unmindful of that deareſt Lord of thine;
Lift up to him thy heavy clouded eyn,
That thou his ſoveraign bounty maiſt behold,
And read through love his mercies manifold.

Begin from firſt, where he encradled was
In ſimple cratch, wrapt in a wad of hay,
Between the toylful Oxe and humble Aſs,
And in what rags, and in how baſe aray,
The glory of our heavenly riches lay,
When him the ſilly Shepherds came to ſee,
Whom greateſt Princes ſought on loweſt knee.

From thence read on the ſtory of his life,
His humble carriage, his unfaulty ways,
His cancred foes, his fights, his toyl, his ſtrife,
His pains, his poverty, his ſharp aſſaies,
Through which he paſt his miſerable days,
Offending none, and doing good to all,
Yet being malic'd both of great and ſmall.

And look at laſt, how of moſt wretched wights
He taken was, betray'd, and falſe accuſed,
How with moſt ſcornful taunts, and fell deſpights
He was revil'd, diſgrac'd, and foul abuſed,
How ſcourg'd, how crown'd, how buffeted, how bruſed;
And laſtly, how twixt robbers crucifide, (ſide.
With bitter wounds, throgh hands, throgh feet, throgh

Then let thy flinty hart that feels no pain,
Empierced be with pitiful remorſe,
And let thy bowels bleed in every vain,
At ſight of his moſt ſacred heavenly corſe,
So torn and mangled with malicious force:
And let thy ſoul, whoſe ſins his ſorrows wrought,
Melt into tears, and grone in grieved thought.

With ſenſe whereof, whilſt ſo thy ſoftned ſpirit
Is inly toucht, and humbled with meek zeal,
Through meditation of his endleſs merit,
Lift up thy mind to th' author of thy weal,
And to his ſoveraign mercy do appeal;
Learn him to love, that loved thee ſo dear,
And in thy breaſt his bleſſed Image bear.

With all thy hart, with all thy ſoul and mind,
Thou muſt him love, and his beheaſts embrace:
All other loves, with which the world doth blind
Weak fancies, and ſtir up affections baſe,
Thou muſt renounce, and utterly diſplace,
And give thy ſelf unto him full and free,
That full and freely gave himſelf for thee.

Then ſhalt thou feel thy ſpirit ſo poſſeſt,
And raviſht with devouring great deſire
Of his dear ſelf, that ſhall thy feeble breſt
Inflame with love, and ſet thee all on fire
With burning zeal, through every part entire,
That in no earthly thing thou ſhalt delight,
But in his ſweet and amiable ſight.

Thenceforth, all worlds deſire will in thee dye,
And all earths glory, on which men do gaze,
Seem durt and droſs in thy pure ſighted eye.
Compar'd to that celeſtial beauties blaze,
Whoſe glorious beams all fleſhly ſenſe doth daze
With admiration of their paſſing light,
Blinding the eyes, and lumining the ſpright.

Then ſhall thy raviſht ſoul inſpired be
With heavenly thoughts, far above humane skill,
And thy bright radiant eyes ſhall plainly ſee
Th' Idee of his pure glory, preſent ſtill
Before thy face, that all thy ſpirits ſhall fill
With ſweet enragement of celeſtial love,
Kindled through ſight of thoſe fair things above.

FINIS.

AN

HYMN

Of Heavenly Beauty.

RApt with the rage of mine own raviſht thought,
Through contemplation of thoſe goodly ſights,
And glorious Images in heaven wrought,
Whoſe wondrous beauty breathing ſweet delights,
Do kindle love in high conceited ſprights:
I fain to tell the things that I behold,
But feel my wits to fail, and tongue to fold.

Vouchſafe then, O thou moſt Almighty Spright,
From whom all gifts of wit and knowledge flow,
To ſhed into my breaſt ſome ſparkling light
Of thine eternal Truth; that I may ſhow
Some little beams to mortal eyes below,
Of that Immortal Beauty, there with thee,
Which in my weak diſtraughted mind I ſee.

That with the glory of ſo goodly ſight,
The harts of men, which fondly here admire
Fair-ſeeming ſhews, and feed on vain delight,
Tranſported with celeſtial deſire
Of thoſe fair forms, may lift themſelves up higher,
And learn to love with zealous humble dewty,
Th' eternal fountain of that heavenly beauty.

Beginning then below, with th' eaſie view
Of this baſe world, ſubject to fleſhly eye,
From thence to mount aloft by order dew,
To contemplation of th' immortal skye.
Of the ſoar Faulcon ſo I learn to flye,
That flags awhile her fluttering wings beneath,
Till ſhe her ſelf for ſtronger flight can breath.

Then look who liſt, thy gazeful eyes to feed
With ſight of that is fair, look on the frame
Of this wide *Univerſe*, and therein reed
The endleſs kinds of creatures, which by name
Thou canſt not count, much leſs their natures aim:
All which are made with wondrous wiſe reſpect,
And all with admirable beauty deckt.

Firſt th' earth, on Adamantine pillers founded,
Amid the Sea, engirt with braſen bands;
Then th' Air ſtill flitting, but yet firmly bounded
On every ſide, with piles of flaming brands,
Never conſum'd, nor quencht with mortal hands;
And laſt, that mighty ſhining cryſtal wall,
Wherewith he hath encompaſſed this All.

By view whereof, it plainly may appear,
That ſtill as every thing doth upward tend,
And further is from earth, ſo ſtill more clear
And fair it grows, till to his perfect end
Of pureſt beauty, it at laſt aſcend:
Ayr more than water, fire much more than ayr,
And heaven than fire appears more pure and fair.

Look thou no further, but affix thine eye,
On that bright ſhiny round ſtill moving Maſs,
The houſe of bleſſed Gods, which men call *Skye*,
All ſow'd with gliſtring ſtars more thick than graſs,
Whereof each other doth in brightneſs paſs;
But thoſe two moſt, which ruling night and day,
As King and Queen, the heavens Empire ſway.

And tell me then, what haſt thou ever ſeen,
That to their beauty may compared be,
Or can the ſight that is moſt ſharp and keen,
Endure their Captains flaming head to ſee?
How much leſs thoſe, much higher in degree,
And ſo much fairer, and much more than theſe,
As theſe are fairer than the Land and Seas?

For, far above theſe heavens which here we ſee,
Be others, far exceeding theſe in light,
Not bounded, not corrupt, as theſe ſame be,
But infinite in largeneſs and in hight,
Unmoving, uncorrupt, and ſpotleſs bright,
That need no Sun t' illuminate their ſpheres,
But their own native light, far paſſing theirs.

And as theſe heavens ſtill by degrees ariſe,
Until they come to their firſt Movers bound,
That in his mighty compaſs doth compriſe,
And carry all the reſt with him around;
So thoſe likewiſe do by degrees redound,
And riſe more fair, till they at laſt arrive
To the moſt fair, whereto they all do ſtrive.

Fair is the heaven, where happy ſouls have place,
In full enjoyment of felicity,
Whence they do ſtill behold the glorious face
Of the divine eternal Majeſty:
More fair is that, where thoſe *Idees* on hie
Enranged be, which *Plato* ſo admired,
And pure *Intelligences* from God inſpired.

Yet fairer is that heaven, in which do raign
The ſoveraign *Powers* and mighty *Potentates*,
Which in their high protections do contain
All mortal Princes, and imperial States;
And fairer yet, whereas the royal Seats
And heavenly *Dominations* are ſet,
From whom all earthly governance is fet.

Yet far more fair be thoſe bright *Cherubins*,
Which all with golden wings are over-dight,
And thoſe eternal burning *Seraphins*,
Which from their faces dart out fiery light;
Yet fairer than they both, and much more bright
Be th' Angels and Archangels, which attend
On Gods own perſon, without reſt or end.

Theſe thus in fair each other far excelling,
As to the higheſt they approach more near,
Yet is that higheſt far beyond all telling,
Fairer than all the reſt which there appear,
Though all their beauties joyn'd together were:
How then can mortal tongue hope to expreſs
The Image of ſuch endleſs perfectneſs?

Ceaſe then my tongue, and lend unto my mind
Leave to bethink how great that beauty is,
Whoſe utmoſt parts ſo beautiful I find:
How much more thoſe eſſential parts of his,
His truth, his love, his wiſdom, and his bliſs,
His grace, his doom, his mercy and his might,
By which he lends us of himſelf a ſight.

Thoſe unto all he daily doth diſplay,
And ſhew himſelf in th' Image of his grace,
As in a looking glaſs, through which he may
Be ſeen, of all his creatures vile and baſe,
That are unable elſe to ſee his face,
His glorious face which gliſtereth elſe ſo bright,
That th' Angels ſelves cannot endure his ſight.

But we frail wights, whoſe ſight cannot ſuſtain
The Sun-bright beams, when he on us doth ſhine,
But that their points rebutted back again
Are dul'd, how can we ſee with feeble eyn,
The glory of that Majeſty divine;
In ſight of whom both Sun and Moon are dark,
Compared to his leaſt reſplendent ſpark?

The means therefore which unto us is lent
Him to behold, is on his works to look,
Which he hath made in beauty excellent,
And in the ſame, as in a braſen book,
To read enregiſtred in every nook
His goodneſs, which his beauty doth declare.
For all that's good, is beautiful and fair.

Thence gathering plumes of perfect ſpeculation,
To imp the wings of thy high flying mind,
Mount up aloft through heavenly contemplation,
From this dark world, whoſe damps the ſoul do blind,
And like the native brood of Eagles kind,
On that bright Sun of glory fix thine eyes,
Clear'd from groſs miſts of frail infirmities.

Humbled with fear and awful reverence,
Before the footſtool of his Majeſty,
Throw thy ſelf down with trembling innocence,
Ne dare look up with corruptible eye,
On the drad face of that great *Deitie*,
For fear, leaſt if he chance to look on thee,
Thou turn to nought, and quite confounded be.

But lowly fall before his Mercy ſeat,
Cloſe covered with the Lambs integrity,
From the juſt wrath of his avengeful threat,
That ſits upon the righteous throne on hie:
His throne is built upon Eternity,
More firm and durable than ſteel or braſs,
Or the hard Diamond, which them both doth paſs.

His ſceptre is the rod of Righteouſneſs,
With which he bruſeth all his foes to duſt,
And the great Dragon ſtrongly doth repreſs,
Under the rigour of his judgment juſt:
His ſeat is Truth, to which the faithful truſt;
From whence proceed her beams ſo pure and bright,
That all about him ſheddeth glorious light.

Light far exceeding that bright blazing ſpark,
Which darted is from *Titans* flaming head,
That with his beams enlumineth the dark
The dark damp air, whereby all things are red:
Whoſe nature yet ſo much is marvelled
Of mortal wits, that it doth much amaze
The greateſt Wiſards, which thereon do gaze.

But that immortal light which there doth ſhine,
Is many thouſand times more bright, more clear,
More excellent, more glorious, more divine,
Through which to God all mortal actions here,
And even the thoughts of men, do plain appear:
For from th' eternal Truth it doth proceed,
Through heavenly vertue, which her beams do breed.

With the great glory of that wondrous light,
His throne is all encompaſſed around,
And hid in his own brightneſs from the ſight
Of all that look thereon with eyes unſound:
And underneath his feet are to be found
Thunder, and lightning, and tempeſtuous fire,
The inſtrument of his avenging ire.

There in his boſome *Sapience* doth ſit,
The ſoveraign dearling of the *Deity*,
Clad like a Queen in royal robes, moſt fit
For ſo great powre and peerleſs Majeſty;
And all with gems and jewels gorgeouſly
Adorn'd, that brighter than the ſtars appear,
And make her native brightneſs ſeem more clear.

And on her head a crown of pureſt gold
Is ſet, in ſign of higheſt ſoveraign,
And in her hand a ſcepter ſhe doth hold,
With which ſhe rules the houſe of God on hie,
And menageth the ever-moving ſky,
And in the ſame theſe lower creatures all,
Subjected to her powre imperiall.

Both heaven and earth obey unto her will,
And all the creatures which they both contain:
For of her fulneſs which the world doth fill,
They all partake, and do in ſtate remain,
As their great Maker did at firſt ordain,
Through obſervation of her high beheaſt,
By which they firſt were made, and ſtill increaſt.

The

The fairneſs of her face no tongue can tell,
For ſhe, the Daughters of all Womens race,
And Angels eke, in beauty doth excell,
Sparkled on her from Gods own glorious face,
And more increaſt by her own goodly grace,
That it doth far exceed all humane thought,
Ne can on earth compared be to ought.

Ne could that Painter (had he lived yet)
Which pictur'd *Venus* with ſo curious quill,
That all Poſterity admired it,
Have purtray'd this, for all his maiſtring skill;
Ne ſhe her ſelf, had ſhe remained ſtill,
And were as fair as fabling wits do fain,
Could once come near this beauty ſoveraign.

But had thoſe wits, the wonders of their days,
Or that ſweet *Teian* Poet, which did ſpend
His plentious vein in ſetting forth her praiſe,
Seen but a glimſe of this, which I pretend,
How wondrouſly would he her face commend,
Above that Idole of his fayning thought,
That all the world ſhould with his rimes be fraught?

How then dare I, the novice of his Art,
Preſume to picture ſo divine a wight,
Or hope t' expreſs her leaſt perfections part,
Whoſe beauty fills the heavens with her light,
And darks the earth with ſhadow of her ſight?
Ah gentle Muſe, thou art too weak and faint,
The pourtract of ſo heavenly hew to paint.

Let Angels, which her goodly face behold,
And ſee at will, her ſoveraign praiſes ſing,
And thoſe moſt ſacred myſteries unfold,
Of that fair love of mighty heavens King.
Enough is me t' admire ſo heavenly thing:
And being thus with her huge love poſſeſt,
In th' only wonder of her ſelf to reſt.

But whoſo may, thrice happy man him hold,
Of all on earth, whom God ſo much doth grace,
And lets his own Beloved to behold:
For in the view of her celeſtial face,
All joy, all bliſs, all happineſs have place,
Ne ought on earth can want unto the wight,
Who of her ſelf can win the wiſhful ſight.

For ſhe, out of her ſecret Treaſury,
Plenty of riches forth on him will pour,
Even heavenly riches, which there hidden lye
Within the cloſet of her chaſteſt bowre,
Th' eternal portion of her precious dowre,
Which mighty God hath given to her free,
And to all theſe which thereof worthy be.

None thereof worthy be, but thoſe whom ſhe
Vouchſafeth to her preſence to receive,
And letteth them her lovely face to ſee,
Whereof ſuch wondrous pleaſures they conceive,
And ſweet contentment, that it doth bereave
Their ſoul of ſenſe, through infinite delight,
And them tranſport from fleſh into the ſpright.

In which they ſee ſuch admirable things,
As carries them into an extaſie,
And hear ſuch heavenly notes, and carolings
Of Gods high praiſe, that fills the braſen sky,
And feel ſuch joy and pleaſure inwardly,
That maketh them all worldly cares forget,
And only think on that before them ſet.

Ne from thenceforth doth any fleſhly ſenſe,
Or idle thought of earthly things remain:
But all that earſt ſeem'd ſweet, ſeems now offence,
And all that pleaſed earſt, now ſeems a pain.
Their joy, their comfort, their deſire, their gain,
Is fixed all on that which now they ſee,
All other ſights but fained ſhadows be.

And that fair lamp, which uſeth to enflame
The harts of men with ſelf-conſuming fire,
Thenceforth ſeems foul, and full of ſinful blame;
And all that pomp to which proud minds aſpire
By name of honour, and ſo much deſire,
Seems to them baſeneſs, and all riches droſs,
And all mirth ſadneſs, and all lucre loſs.

So full their eyes are of that glorious ſight,
And ſenſes fraught with ſuch ſatietie,
That in nought elſe on earth they can delight,
But in th' aſpect of that felicitie,
Which they have written in their inward eye;
On which they feed, and in their faſt'ned mind,
All happy joy and full contentment find.

Ah then my hungry ſoul, which long haſt fed
On idle fancies of my fooliſh thought,
And with falſe beauties flattering bait miſled,
Haſt after vain deceitful ſhadows ſought,
Which all are fled, and now have left thee nought,
But late repentance through thy follies prief;
Ah! ceaſe to gaze on matter of thy grief.

And look at laſt up to that ſoveraign light,
From whoſe pure beams all perfect beauty ſprings,
That kindleth love in every godly ſpright,
Ev'n the true love of God, which loathing brings
Of this vile world, and theſe gay-ſeeming things;
With whoſe ſweet pleaſures being ſo poſſeſt,
Thy ſtraying thoughts henceforth for ever reſt.

FINIS.

DAPH-

DAPHNAIDA:

AN

ELEGY

Upon the Death of the Noble and Vertuous

Douglas Howard,

Daughter and Heir of *Henry* Lord *Howard*, Viſcount *Byndon*, and Wife of *Arthur Gorges* Eſquire.

Dedicated to the Right Honourable the Lady HELENA *Marqueſs of* Northampton.

By *EDMOND SPENSER.*

LONDON,

Printed by *Henry Hills* for *Jonathan Edwin*, at the Three Roſes in *Ludgate-ſtreet*. 1678.

To the Right Honourable, and Vertuous Lady HELENA, *Marqueſs of* Northampton.

I Have the rather preſumed humbly to offer unto Your Honour the Dedication of this little Poem, for that the Noble and Vertuous Gentlewoman of whom it is written, was by match near allied, and in affection greatly Devoted unto Your Ladiſhip. The occaſion why I wrote the ſame, was as well the great good Fame which I heard of her Deceaſed, as the particular good will which I bear unto her Husband Maſter *Arthur Gorges*, a lover of Learning and Vertue: whoſe Houſe, as Your Ladiſhip by Mariage hath Honoured, ſo do I find the name of them by many notable Records, to be of great Antiquity in this Realm; and ſuch as have ever born themſelves with Honourable Reputation to the World, and unſpotted Loyaltie to their Prince and Country: beſides, ſo lineally are they deſcended from the *Howards*, as that the Lady *Anne Howard*, eldeſt Daughter to *John* Duke of *Norfolke*, was Wife to Sir *Edmund*, Mother to Sir *Edward*, and Grand-mother to Sir *William* and Sir *Thomas Gorges* Knights. And therefore I do aſſure my ſelf that no due Honour done to the *White Lyon*, but will be moſt grateful to Your Ladiſhip, whoſe Husband and Children do ſo nearly participate with the blood of that Noble Family. So in all Duty I recommend this Pamphlet, and the good acceptance thereof, to Your Honourable Favour and Protection.

London this firſt of
January, 1591.

Your Honours humbly ever,

Ed. Spenſer.

DAPHNAIDA:

WHat-ever man he be, whoſe heavy mind
With grief of mournful great miſhap oppreſt,
Fit matter for his cares increaſe would find,
Let read the ruful plaint herein expreſt,
Of one (I ween) the wofulſt man alive;
Even ſad *Alcyon*, whoſe empierced breſt,
Sharp ſorrow did in thouſand pieces rive.

But whoſo elſe in pleaſure findeth ſenſe,
Or in this wretched life doth take delight,
Let him be baniſht far away from hence:
Ne let the ſacred Siſters here be hight,
Though they of ſorrow heavily can ſing;
For even their heavy ſong would breed delight:
But here no tunes, ſave ſobs and grones ſhall ring.

In ſtead of them, and their ſweet harmony,
Let thoſe three fatal Siſters, whoſe ſad hands
Do weave the direful threds of deſtiny,
And in their wrath break off the vital bands,
Approach hereto: and let the dreadful Queen
Of darkneſs deep come from the *Stygian* ſtrands,
And griſly Ghoſts to hear this doleful teen.

In gloomy evening, when the weary Sun,
After his days long labour drew to reſt,
And ſweaty ſteeds now having over-run
The compaſt skie, gan water in the Weſt,
I walkt abroad to breath the freſhing air
In open fields, whoſe flowring pride oppreſt
With early froſts, had loſt their beauty fair.

There came unto my mind a troublous thought,
Which daily doth my weaker wit poſſeſs,
Ne lets it reſt, until it forth have brought
Her long born Infant, fruit of heavineſs,
Which ſhe conceived hath through meditation
Of this worlds vainneſs, and lifes wretchedneſs,
That yet my ſoul it deeply doth empaſſion.

So as I muſed on the miſery
In which men live, and I of many moſt,
Moſt miſerable man: I did eſpie
Where towards me a ſory wight did coſt,
Clad all in black, that mourning did bewray,
And *Jacobs* ſtaff in hand devoutly croſt,
Like to ſome Pilgrim, come from far away.

His careleſs locks, uncombed and unſhorn,
Hung long adown, and beard all over-grown,
That well he ſeem'd to be ſome wight forlorn;
Down to the earth his heavy eyes were thrown,
As loathing light: and ever as he went,
He ſighed oft, and inly deep did grone,
As if his hart in pieces would have rent.

Approaching nigh, his face I viewed nere,
And by the ſemblant of his countenance,
Me ſeem'd I had his perſon ſeen elſewhere,
Moſt like *Alcyon* ſeeming at a glaunce;
Alcyon he, the jolly Shepherd ſwain,
That wont full merrily to pipe and daunce,
And fill with pleaſance every wood and plain.

Yet half in doubt, becauſe of his diſguiſe,
I ſoftly ſaid, *Alcyon*? There-withall
He lookt aſide as in diſdainful wiſe,
Yet ſtayed not: till I again did call.
Then turning back, he ſaid with hollow ſound,
Who is it, that doth name me, woful thrall,
The wretcheſt man that treads this day on ground?

One, whom like wofulneſs impreſſed deep,
Hath made fit mate thy wretched caſe to hear,
And given like cauſe with thee to wail and weep:
Grief finds ſome eaſe by him that like does bear.
Then ſtay *Alcyon*, gentle Shepherd ſtay
(Quoth I) till thou have to my truſty ear
Committed, what thee doth ſo ill apay.

Ceaſe fooliſh man (ſaid he, half wrothfully)
To ſeek to hear that which cannot be told:
For the huge anguiſh, which doth multiply
My dying pains, no tongue can well unfold:
Ne do I care, that any ſhould bemone
My hard miſhap or any weep that would,
But ſeek alone to weep, and dye alone.

Then be it ſo, quoth I, that thou art bent
To die alone, unpitied, unplained,
Yet ere thou die, it were convenient
To tell the cauſe, which thee thereto conſtrained:
Leaſt that the world thee dead, accuſe of guilt,
And ſay, when thou of none ſhalt be maintained,
That thou for ſecret crime thy blood haſt ſpilt.

Who life does loath, and longs to be unbound
From the ſtrong ſhackles of frail fleſh, quoth he,
Nought cares at all, what they that live on ground
Deem the occaſion of his death to be:
Rather deſires to be forgotten quight,
Then queſtion made of his calamity.
For harts deep ſorrow hates both life and light.

Yet ſith ſo much thou ſeem'ſt to rue my grief,
And car'ſt for one that for himſelf cares nought,
(Sign of thy love, though nought for my relief:
For my relief exceedeth living thought)
I will to thee this heavy caſe relate.
Then harken well till it to end be brought,
For never didſt thou hear more hapleſs fate.

Whilome I us'd (as thou right well dooſt know)
My little flock on Weſtern-downs to keep,
Nor far from whence *Sabrinaes* ſtream doth flow,
And flowrie banks with ſilver liquor ſteep:
Nought card I then for worldly change or chaunce;
For all my joy was on my gentle ſheep,
And to my pipe to caroll and to daunce.

It there befell, as I the fields did range
Fearleſs and free, a fair young Lioneſs,
White as the native Roſe before the change,
Which *Venus* blood did in her leaves impreſs,
I ſpied playing on the graſſie plain
Her youthful ſports and kindly wantonneſs,
That did all other Beaſts in beauty ſtain.

Much was I moved at ſo goodly ſight,
Whoſe like before, mine eye had ſeldom ſeen,
And gan to caſt, how I her compaſs might,
And bring to hand, that yet had never been:
So well I wrought with mildneſs and with pain,
That I her caught diſporting on the green,
And brought away faſt bound with ſilver chain.

And afterwards, I handled her ſo fair,
That though by kind ſhe ſtout and ſalvage were,
For being born an ancient Lions heir,
And of the race, that all wild beaſts do fear;
Yet I her fram'd and wan ſo to my bent,
That ſhe became ſo meek and mild of chear,
As the leaſt Lamb in all my flock that went.

For ſhe in Field, where-ever I did wend,
Would wend with me, and wait by me all day:
And all the night that I in watch did ſpend,
If cauſe requir'd, or elſe in ſleep, if nay,
She would all night by me or watch or ſleep;
And evermore when I did ſleep or play,
She of my flock would take full wary keep.

Safe then and ſafeſt were my ſilly ſheep,
Ne fear'd the Wolf, ne fear'd the wildeſt beaſt:
All were I drown'd in careleſs quiet deep:
My lovely Lioneſs without beheaſt
So careful was for them, and for my good,
That when I waked, neither moſt nor leaſt
I found miſcarried or in plain or wood.

Oft did the Shepherds, which my hap did hear,
And oft their Laſſes, which my luck envide,
Daily reſort to me from far and near,
To ſee my Lioneſs, whoſe praiſes wide
Were ſpred abroad; and when her worthineſs
Much greater than the rude report they tride,
They her did praiſe, and my good fortune bleſs.

Long thus I joyed in my happineſs,
And well did hope my joy would have no end:
But oh! fond man, that in worlds fickleneſs
Repoſedſt hope, or weenedſt her thy friend,
That glories moſt in mortal miſeries,
And daily doth her changeful counſels bend
To make new matter, fit for Tragedies.

For whilſt I was thus without dread or doubt,
A cruel *Satyre* with his murdrous dart,
Greedy of miſchief, ranging all about,
Gave her the fatal wound of deadly ſmart:
And reft from me my ſweet companion,
And reft from me my love, my life, my hart:
My Lioneſs (ah woe is me) is gone!

Out of the world thus was ſhe reft away,
Out of the world, unworthy ſuch a ſpoyl;
And born to heaven, for heaven a fitter prey:
Much fitter than the Lyon, which with toyl
Alcides ſlew, and fixt in firmament:
Her now I ſeek throughout this earthly ſoyl,
And ſeeking miſs, and miſſing do lament.

Therewith he gan afreſh to wail and weep,
That I for pity of his heavy plight,
Could not abſtain mine eyes with tears to ſteep:
But when I ſaw the anguiſh of his ſpright
Some deal alay'd, I him beſpake again;
Certes *Alcyon*, painful is thy plight,
That it in me breeds almoſt equal pain.

Yet doth not my dull wit well underſtand
That riddle of thy loved Lioneſs;
For rare it ſeems in reaſon to be skand,
That man, who doth the whole worlds rule poſſeſs,
Should to a beaſt his noble hart embaſe,
And be the vaſſal of his vaſſaleſs:
Therefore more plain aread this doubtful caſe.

Then ſighing ſore, *Daphne* thou knew'ſt, quoth he,
She now is dead; ne more endur'd to ſay:
But fell to ground for great extremity,
That I beholding it, with deep diſmay
Was much appal'd, and lightly him uprearing,
Revoked life, that would have fled away,
All were my ſelf through grief in deadly drearing.

Then gan I him to comfort all my beſt,
And with mild counſail ſtrove to mitigate
The ſtormy paſſion of his troubled breſt;
But he thereby was more empaſſionate:
As ſtubborn ſteed, that is with curb reſtrained,
Becomes more fierce and fervent in his gate,
And breaking forth at laſt, thus dearnly plained;

1. What man henceforth that breatheth vital air,
Will honour heaven, or heavenly powers adore?
Which ſo unjuſtly do their judgments ſhare
Mongſt earthly wights, as to afflict ſo ſore
The innocent, as thoſe which do tranſgreſs,
And do not ſpare the beſt or faireſt, more
Than worſt or fowleſt, but do both oppreſs.

If

If this be right, why did they then create
The world ſo fair, ſith fairneſs is neglected?
Or why be they themſelves immaculate,
If pureſt things be not by them reſpected?
She fair, ſhe pure, moſt fair, moſt pure ſhe was,
Yet was by them as thing impure rejected:
Yet ſhe in pureneſs, heaven it ſelf did paſs.

In pureneſs and in all celeſtial grace,
That men admire in goodly Womankind,
She did excell, and ſeem'd of Angels race,
Living on earth like Angel new divind,
Adorn'd with wiſdom and with chaſtity,
And all the dowries of a noble mind,
Which did her beauty much more beautifie.

No age hath bred (ſince fair *Aſtrea* left
The ſinful world) more vertue in a wight:
And when ſhe parted hence, with her ſhe reft
Great hope; and rob'd her race of bounty quight:
Well may the Shepherd Laſſes now lament,
For double loſs by her hath on them light;
To loſe both her and bounties ornament.

Ne let *Eliſa*, royal Shepherdeſs,
The praiſes of my parted love envy,
For ſhe hath praiſes in all plentiouſneſs,
Pour'd upon her, like ſhowers of *Caſtaly*
By her own Shepherd, *Colin* her Shepherd,
That her with heavenly hymns doth deifie,
Of ruſtick Muſe full hardly to be betterd.

She is the Roſe, the glory of the day,
And mine the Primroſe in the lowly ſhade,
Mine, ah! not mine; amiſs I mine did ſay:
Not mine, but his, which mine awhile her made:
Mine to be his, with him to live for aye:
O that ſo fair a flowre ſo ſoon ſhould fade,
And through untimely tempeſt fall away.

She fell away in her firſt ages ſpring,
Whilſt yet her leaf was green, and freſh her rind,
And whilſt her branch fair bloſſoms forth did bring,
She fell away againſt all courſe of kind:
For age to dye is right, but youth is wrong;
She fell away like fruit blown down with wind:
Weep Shepherd, weep, to make my underſong.

2. What hart ſo ſtony hard, but that would weep,
And pour forth fountains of inceſſant tears?
What *Timon*, but would let compaſſion creep
Into his breaſt, and pierce his froſen ears?
In ſtead of tears, whoſe brackiſh bitter well
I waſted have, my hart blood dropping wears,
To think to ground how that fair bloſſom fell.

Yet fell ſhe not, as one enforc'd to dye,
Ne dyed with dread and grudging diſcontent,
But as one toyl'd with travel, down doth lye,
So lay ſhe down, as if to ſleep ſhe went,
And clos'd her eyes with careleſs quietneſs;
The whiles ſoft death away her ſpirit hent,
And ſoul aſſoyl'd from ſinful fleſhlineſs.

Yet ere that life her lodging did forſake,
She all reſolv'd, and ready to remove,
Calling to me (ay me!) this wiſe beſpake;
Alcyon, ah! my firſt and lateſt love,
Ah! why does my *Alcyon* weep and mourn,
And grieve my ghoſt, that ill mote him behove,
As if to me had chaunſt ſome evil tourn?

I, ſith the meſſenger is come for me,
That ſummons ſouls unto the bridale feaſt
Of his great Lord, muſt needs depart from thee,
And ſtraight obey his ſoveraign beheaſt:
Why ſhould *Alcyon* then ſo ſore lament,
That I from miſery ſhould be releaſt,
And freed from wretched long impriſonment?

Our days are full of dolour and diſeaſe,
Our life afflicted with inceſſant pain,
That nought on earth may leſſen or appeaſe.
Why then ſhould I deſire here to remain?
Or why ſhould he that loves me, ſorry be
For my deliverance, or at all complain
My good to hear, and toward joys to ſee?

I go, and long deſired have to go,
I go with gladneſs to my wiſhed reſt,
Whereas no worlds ſad care, nor waſting woe
May come, their happy quiet to moleſt,
But Saints and Angels in celeſtial thrones
Eternally him praiſe, that hath them bleſt;
There ſhall I be amongſt thoſe bleſſed ones.

Yet ere I go, a pledge I leave with thee
Of the late love, the which betwixt us paſt,
My young *Ambroſia*, in lieu of me
Love her: ſo ſhall our love for ever laſt.
Thus dear adieu, whom I expect ere long.
So having ſaid, away ſhe ſoftly paſt:
Weep Shepherd, weep, to make mine underſong.

3. So oft as I record thoſe piercing words,
Which yet are deep engraven in my breſt,
And thoſe laſt deadly accents, which like ſwords
Did wound my hart, and rend my bleeding cheſt,
With thoſe ſweet ſugred ſpeeches do compare,
The which my ſoul firſt conquer'd and poſſeſt,
The firſt beginners of my endleſs care;

And when thoſe pallid cheeks and aſhie hew,
In which ſad death his portraiture had writ,
And when thoſe hollow eyes and deadly view,
On which the cloud of ghaſtly night did ſit,
I match with that ſweet ſmile and chearful brow,
Which all the world ſubdued unto it;
How happy was I then, and wretched now?

How happy was I, when I ſaw her lead
The Shepherds Daughters dauncing in a round?
How trimly would ſhe trace and ſoftly tread
The tender graſs with roſie garland crownd?
And when ſhe liſt advaunce her heavenly voice,
Both Nymphs and Muſes nigh ſhe made aſtownd,
And flocks and Shepherds cauſed to rejoyce.

But now ye Shepherd Laſſes, who ſhall lead
Your wandring troups, or ſing your virelayes?
Or who ſhall dight your bowres, ſith ſhe is dead
That was the Lady of your holy days?
Let now your bliſs be turned into bale,
And into plaints convert your joyous plays,
And with the ſame fill every hill and dale.

Let Bagpipe never more be heard to ſhrill,
That may allure the ſenſes to delight;
Ne ever Shepherd ſound his Oaten quill
Unto the many, that provoke them might
To idle pleaſance: but let ghaſtlineſs
And dreary horror dim the chearful light,
To make the Image of true heavineſs.

Let birds be ſilent on the naked ſpray,
And ſhady woods reſound with dreadful yells:
Let ſtreaming floods their haſty courſes ſtay,
And parching drouth dry up the cryſtal wells;
Let th' earth be barren and bring forth no flowres,
And th' air be fill'd with noiſe of doleful knells,
And wandring ſpirits walk untimely howres.

And nature, nurſe of every living thing,
Let reſt her ſelf from her long wearineſs,
And ceaſe henceforth things kindly forth to bring,
But hideous monſters full of uglineſs:
For ſhe it is, that hath me done this wrong,
No Nurſe, but Stepdame, cruel, mercileſs,
Weep Shepherd weep to make my underſong.

4. My little flock, whom earſt I lov'd ſo well,
And wont to feed with fineſt graſs that grew,
Feed ye henceforth on bitter *Aſtrophel*,
And ſtinking Smallage, and unſavery Rew;
And when your maws are with thoſe weeds corrupted,
Be ye the pray of Wolves: ne will I rew,
That with your carkaſſes wild beaſts be glutted.

Ne worſe to you my ſilly ſheep I pray,
Ne ſorer vengeance wiſh on you to fall
Than to my ſelf, for whoſe confus'd decay
To careleſs heavens I do daily call:
But heavens refuſe to hear a wretches cry,
And cruel death doth ſcorn to come at call,
Or grant his boon that moſt deſires to dye.

The good and righteous he away doth take,
To plague th' unrighteous which alive remain:
But the ungodly ones he doth forſake,
By living long to multiply their pain:
Elſe ſurely death ſhould be no puniſhment,
As the great Judge at firſt did it ordain,
But rather riddance from long languiſhment.

Therefore my *Daphne* they have tane away;
For worthy of a better place was ſhe:
But me unworthy willed here to ſtay,
That with her lack I might tormented be.
Sith then they ſo have ordred, I will pay
Penance to her, according their decree,
And to her ghoſt do ſervice day by day.

For I will walk this wandring pilgrimage,
Throughout the world from one to other end,
And in affliction waſte my bitter age.
My bread ſhall be the anguiſh of my mind,
My drink the tears which fro mine eyes do rain,
My bed the ground that hardeſt I may find:
So will I wilfully increaſe my pain.

And ſhe my Love that was, my Saint that is,
When ſhe beholds from her celeſtial throne
(In which ſhe joyeth in eternal bliſs)
My bitter penance, will my caſe bemone,
And pity me that living thus do die:
For heavenly ſpirits have compaſſion
On mortal men, and rue their miſery.

So when I have with ſorrow ſatisfide
Th' importune fates, which vengeance on me ſeek,
And th' heavens with long languor pacifide,
She for pure pity of my ſufferance meek,
Will ſend for me; for which I daily long,
And will tell then my painful penance eke:
Weep Shepherd, weep, to make my underſong.

5. Henceforth I hate whatever Nature made,
And in her workmanſhip no pleaſure find:
For they be all but vain, and quickly fade.
So ſoon as on them blows the Northern wind,
They tarry not, but flit and fall away,
Leaving behind them nought but grief of mind,
And mocking ſuch as think they long will ſtay.

I hate the heaven, becauſe it doth with-hold
Me from my Love, and eke my Love from me;
I hate the earth, becauſe it is the mould
Of fleſhly ſlime, and frail mortality;
I hate the fire, becauſe to nought it flyes,
I hate the Air, becauſe ſighs of it be,
I hate the Sea, becauſe it tears ſupplyes.

I hate the day, becauſe it lendeth light
To ſee all things, and not my Love to ſee;
I hate the darkneſs, and the dreary night,
Becauſe they breed in me balefulneſs in me:
I hate all times, becauſe all times do fly
So faſt away, and may not ſtayed be,
But as a ſpeedy poſt that paſſeth by.

I hate to ſpeak, my voice is ſpent with crying:
I hate to hear, lowd plaints have dul'd mine ears:
I hate to taſte, for food with-holds my dying:
I hate to ſee, mine eyes are dim'd with tears:
I hate to ſmell, no ſweet on earth is left:
I hate to feel, my fleſh is numb'd with fears:
So all my ſenſes from me are bereft.

I hate all men, and ſhun all Womankind;
The one, becauſe as I they wretched are:
The other, for becauſe I do not find
My Love with them, that wont to be their Star:
And life I hate, becauſe it will not laſt,
And death I hate, becauſe it life doth mar,
And all I hate, that is to come or paſt.

So

So all the world, and all in it I hate,
Becauſe it changeth ever to and fro,
And never ſtandeth in one certain ſtate,
But ſtill unſtedfaſt, round about doth go,
Like a Mill wheel, in midſt of miſery,
Driven with ſtreams of wretchedneſs and woe,
That dying lives, and living ſtill does dye.

So do I live, ſo do I daily dye,
And pine away in ſelf-conſuming pain:
Sith ſhe that did my vital powres ſupply,
And feeble ſpirits in their force maintain
Is fetcht fro me, why ſeek I to prolong
My weary days in dolour and diſdain?
Weep Shepherd, weep, to make my underſong.

6. Why do I longer live in lifes deſpight,
And do not dye then in deſpight of death?
Why do I longer ſee this loathſom light,
And do in darkneſs not abridge my breath,
Sith all my ſorrow ſhould have end thereby,
And cares find quiet; is it ſo uneath
To leave this life, or dolorous to dye?

To live I find it deadly dolorous;
For life draws care, and care continual woe:
Therefore to dye muſt needs be joyeous,
And wiſhful thing this ſad life to forgoe.
But I muſt ſtay; I may it not amend,
My *Daphne* hence departing bad me ſo,
She bad me ſtay, till ſhe for me did ſend.

Yet whilſt I in this wretched vale do ſtay,
My weary feet ſhall ever wandring be,
That ſtill I may be ready on my way,
When as her meſſenger doth come for me:
Ne will I reſt my feet for feebleneſs,
Ne will I reſt my lims for frailty,
Ne will I reſt mine eyes for heavineſs.

But as the Mother of the Gods, that ſought
For fair *Eurydice* her Daughter deer
Throughout the world, with woful heavy thought;
So will I travel whilſt I tarry here,
Ne will I lodge, ne will I ever lin,
Ne when as drouping *Titan* draweth neer,
To looſe his teem, will I take up my Inn.

Ne ſleep (the harbenger of weary wights)
Shall ever lodge upon mine eye-lids more;
Ne ſhall with reſt refreſh my fainting ſprights,
Nor failing force to former ſtrength reſtore:
But I will wake and ſorrow all the night
With *Philumene*, my fortune to deplore,
With *Philumene*, the partner of my plight.

And ever as I ſee the Star to fall,
And under ground to goe, to give them light
Which dwell in darkneſs, I to mind will call,
How my fair Star (that ſhin'd on me ſo bright)
Fell ſuddainly, and faded under-ground;
Since whoſe departure, day is turn'd to night,
And night without a *Venus* ſtar is found.

But ſoon as day doth ſhew his dewie face,
And calls forth men unto their toylſom trade,
I will withdraw me to ſome darkſom place,
Or ſome deer cave, or ſolitary ſhade;
There will I ſigh, and ſorrow all day long,
And the huge burden of my cares unlade:
Weep Shepherd, weep, to make my underſong.

7. Henceforth mine eyes ſhall never more behold
Fair things on earth, ne feed on falſe delight
Of ought that framed is of mortal mould,
Sith that my faireſt flower is faded quight:
For all I ſee is vain and tranſitory,
Ne will be held in any ſtedfaſt plight,
But in a moment loſe their grace and glory.

And ye fond men, on Fortunes wheel that ride,
Or in ought under heaven repoſe aſſurance,
Be it riches, beauty, or honours pride:
Be ſure that they ſhall have no long endurance,
But ere ye be aware will flit away;
For nought of them is yours, but th' only uſance
Of a ſmall time, which none aſcertain may.

And ye true Lovers, whom deſaſtrous chaunce
Hath far exiled from your Ladies grace,
To mourn in ſorrow and ſad ſufferance,
When ye do hear me in that deſert place,
Lamenting loud my *Daphnes* Elegy,
Help me to wail my miſerable caſe,
And when life parts, vouchſafe to cloſe mine eye.

And ye more happy Lovers, which enjoy
The preſence of your deareſt loves delight,
When ye do hear my ſorrowful annoy,
Yet pity me in your empaſſion'd ſpright,
And think that ſuch miſhap, as chaunſt to me,
May happen unto the moſt happieſt wight;
For all mens ſtates alike unſtedfaſt be.

And ye my fellow Shepherds, which do feed
Your careleſs flocks on hills and open plains,
With better fortune, than did me ſucceed;
Remember yet my undeſerved pains:
And when ye hear that I am dead or ſlain,
Lament my lot, and tell your fellow ſwains;
That ſad *Alcyon* dide in lifes diſdain.

And ye fair Damſels, Shepherds dear delights,
That with your loves do their rude harts poſſeſs,
When as my hearſe ſhall happen to your ſights,
Vouchſafe to deck the ſame with Cypareſs;
And ever ſprinkle brackiſh tears among,
In pity of my undeſerv'd diſtreſs,
The which I wretch endured have thus long.

And ye poor Pilgrims, that with reſtleſs toyl
Weary your ſelves in wandring deſert ways,
Till that you come, where ye your vows aſſoyl,
When paſſing by, ye read theſe woful lays,
On my grave written, rue my *Daphnes* wrong,
And mourn for me that languiſh out my days:
Ceaſe Shepherd, ceaſe, and end thy underſong.

Thus

THus when he ended had his heavy plaint,
The heavieſt plant that ever I heard ſound,
His cheeks wext pale, and ſprights began to faint,
As if again he would have fallen to ground;
Which when I ſaw, I (ſtepping to him light)
Amooved him out of his ſtony ſwound,
And gan him to recomfort as I might.

But he no way recomforted would be,
Nor ſuffer ſolace to approach him nie,
But caſting up a ſdeignful eye at me,
That in his traunce I would not let him lye,
Did rend his hair, and beat his blubbred face,
As one diſpoſed wilfully to dye,
That I ſore griev'd to ſee his wretched caſe.

Tho when the pang was ſomewhat over-paſt,
And the outrageous paſſion nigh appeaſed,
I him deſir'd, ſith day was over-caſt,
And dark night faſt approached, to be pleaſed
To turn aſide unto my Cabinet,
And ſtay with me, till he were better eaſed
Of that ſtrong ſtownd, which him ſo ſore beſet.

But by no means I could him win thereto,
Ne longer him intreat with me to ſtay;
But without taking leave he forth did go
With ſtaggring pace and diſmal looks diſmay,
As if that death he in the face had ſeen,
Or helliſh hags had met upon the way:
But what of him became, I cannot ween.

COM-

FINIS.

COMPLAINTS

Containing ſundry ſmall

POEMS

OF THE

Worlds Vanity.

Whereof the next Page following maketh mention.

By *EDMOND SPENSER.*

LONDON,

Printed by *Henry Hills* for *Jonathan Edwin*, at the Three Roſes in *Ludgate-ſtreet.* 1678.

A note of the ſundry Poems contained in this Volume.

1 *The Ruines of Time.*
2 *The Tears of the Muſes.*
3 *Virgils Gnat.*
4 *The Ruines of* Rome: *by* Bellay.
5 *Muiopotmos, or the tale of the Butterfly.*
6 *Viſions of the Worlds vanity.*
7 *Bellayes Viſions.*
8 *Petrarches Viſions.*

The

The Ruines of Time: Dedicated to the Right Noble and Beautiful Lady Mary, *Counteſs of* Pembrook.

MOST Honourable and Bountiful Lady, there be long ſithens deep ſowed in my breaſt, the ſeeds of moſt entire love and humble affection unto that moſt brave Knight Your noble Brother Deceaſed; which taking Root, began in his life time ſomewhat to bud forth: and to ſhew themſelves to him, as then in the weakneſs of their firſt ſpring; And would in their riper ſtrength (had it pleaſed high God till then to draw out his days) ſpired forth fruit of more perfection. But ſith God hath diſdeigned the World of that moſt noble Spirit, which was the hope of all learned Men, and the Patron of my young Muſes; together with him both their hope of any further fruit was cut off, and alſo the tender delight of thoſe their firſt bloſſoms nipped and quite dead. Yet ſithens my late coming into *England*, ſome friends of mine (which might much prevail with me, and indeed command me) knowing with how ſtraight bands of Duty I was tyed to him, and alſo bound unto that Noble Houſe, (of which the chief hope than reſted in him) have ſought to revive them by upbraiding me, for that I have not ſhewed any thankful remembrance towards him or any of them; but ſuffer their names to ſleep in ſilence and forgetfulneſs. Whom chiefly to ſatisfie, or elſe to avoid that foul blot of unthankfulneſs, I have conceived this ſmall Poem, intituled by a general name of *The Worlds Ruines:* yet ſpecially intended to the renowning of that noble Race, from which both You and he ſprong, and to the eternizing of ſome of the chief of them late deceaſed. The which I Dedicate unto Your Ladiſhip as whom it moſt ſpecially concerneth: and to whom I acknowledge my ſelf bounden, by many ſingular favours and great Graces. I pray for Your Honourable Happineſs: and ſo humbly kiſs Your hands,

Your Ladiſhips ever

humbly at Command,

Edmund Spenſer.

THE PRINTER

To the gentle READER.

SInce my late ſetting forth of the Fairy Queen, *I find that it hath found a favourable paſſage amongſt You; I have ſithence endeavoured by all good means (for the better encreaſe and accompliſhment of Your delights,) to get into my hands ſuch ſmall Poems of the ſame Authors, as I heard were diſperſt abroad in ſundry hands, and not eaſie to be come by, by himſelf; ſome of them having been diverſly imbeziled and purloyned from him, ſince his departure over Sea. Of the which I have by good means gathered together theſe few parcels preſent, which I have cauſed to be imprinted altogether, for that they all ſeem to contain like matter of Argument in them: being all complaints and meditations of the Worlds Vanity, very grave and profitable. To which effect I underſtand that he beſides wrote ſundry others, namely,* Eccleſiaſtes, *and* Canticum canticorum *tranſlated,* A Senights Slumber, The Hell of Lovers, His Purgatory, *being all Dedicated to Ladies; ſo as it may ſeem, he meant them all to one Volume. Beſides, ſome other Pamphlets looſly ſcattered abroad: as,* The dying Pellican, The Houres of the Lord, The Sacrifice of a Sinner, The ſeven Pſalms, &c. *Which when I can either by himſelf, or otherwiſe attain to, I mean likewiſe for your favour ſake to ſet forth. In the mean time, praying You gently to accept of theſe, and graciouſly to entertain the new Poet; I take leave.*

THE

THE RUINES OF TIME.

IT chaunced me one day beſide the ſhore
Of ſilver ſtreaming *Thameſis* to be,
Nigh where the goodly *Verlame* ſtood of yore,
Of which there now remains no memory,
Nor any little moniment to ſee,
By which the travailer, that fares that way,
This once was ſhe, may warned be to ſay.

There, on the other ſide, I did behold
A Woman ſitting ſorrowfully wailing,
Rending her yellow locks, like wiry gold,
About her ſhoulders careleſly down trailing,
And ſtreams of tears from her fair eyes forth railing.
In her right hand a broken rod ſhe held,
Which towards heaven ſhe ſeem'd on high to weld.

Whether ſhe were one of that River Nymphs,
Which did the loſs of ſome deer love lament,
I doubt; or one of thoſe three fatal Imps,
Which draw the days of men forth in extent:
Or th' ancient *Genius* of that City brent:
But ſeeing her ſo pitiouſly perplexed,
I (to her calling) askt what her ſo vexed.

Ah! what delight (quoth ſhe) in earthly thing,
Or comfort can I wretched creature have?
Whoſe happineſs the heavens envying,
From higheſt ſtair to loweſt ſtep me drave,
And have in mine own bowels made my grave.
That of all Nations now I am forlorn,
The worlds ſad ſpectacle, and Fortunes ſcorn.

Much was I mooved at her pitious plaint,
And felt my hart nigh riven in my breſt
With tender ruth to ſee her ſore conſtraint,
That ſhedding tears awhile, I ſtill did reſt,
And after, did her name of her requeſt.
Name have I none (quoth ſhe) nor any being,
Bereft of both by Fates unjuſt decreeing.

I was that City, which the garland wore
Of *Britains* pride, delivered unto me
By *Romane* Victors, which it wone of yore;
Though nought at all but ruines now I be,
And lie in mine own aſhes, as ye ſee:
Verlame I was; what boots it that I was,
Sith now I am but weeds and waſtful gras?

O vain worlds glory, and unſtedfaſt ſtate
Of all that lives on face of ſinful earth!
Which from their firſt until their utmoſt date,
Taſte no one hour of happineſs or merth,
But like as at the ingate of their berth,
They crying creep out of their Mothers Womb;
So wailing, back go to their woful tomb.

Why then doth fleſh, a bubble-glas of breath,
Hunt after honour and advauncement vain,
And rear a Trophee for devouring death,
With ſo great labour and long laſting pain,
As if his days for ever ſhould remain?
Sith all that in this world is great or gay,
Doth as a vapour vaniſh, and decay.

Look back, who liſt, unto the former ages,
And call to count, what is of them become:
Where be thoſe learned wits and antique Sages,
Which of all wiſdom knew the perfect ſomme:

Where

Where thoſe great Warriors, which did overcome
The world with conqueſt of their might and main,
And made one mear of th' earth and of their raign?

What now is of th' *Aſſyrian* Lyoneſs,
Of whom no footing now on earth appears?
What of the *Perſian* Bears outrageouſneſs,
Whoſe momory is quite worn out with years:
Who of the *Grecian* Libbard now ought hears,
That over-ran the Eaſt with greedy powre,
And left his whelps their Kingdoms to devoure?

And where is that ſame great ſeven-headed beaſt,
That made all Nations vaſſals of her pride,
To fall brfore her feet at her beheaſt,
And in the neck of all the world did ride?
Where doth ſhe all that wondrous wealth now hide?
With her own weight down preſſed now ſhe lies,
And by her heaps her hugeneſs teſtifies.

O *Rome*, thy ruine I lament and rue,
And in thy fall, my fatal overthrow,
That whilom was, whilſt heavens with equal view
Deign'd to behold me, and their gifts beſtow,
The picture of thy pride in pompous ſhew:
And of the whole world as thou waſt the Empreſs,
So I oft this ſmall Northern world was Princeſs.

To tell the beauty of my buildings fair,
Adorn'd with pureſt gold, and precious ſtone;
To tell my riches, and endowments rare,
That by my foes are now all ſpent and gone:
To tell my forces, matchable to none,
Were but loſt labour, that few would believe,
And with rehearſing, would me more agrieve.

High towers, fair temples, goodly theaters,
Strong walls, rich porches, princely palaces,
Large ſtreets, brave houſes, ſacred ſepulchers,
Sure gates, ſweet gardens, ſtately galleries,
Wrought with fair pillors, and fine imageries,
All thoſe (O pity) now are turn'd to duſt,
And over-grown with black oblivions ruſt.

Thereto for warlike power, and peoples ſtore,
In *Britannie* was none to match with me,
That many often did abie full ſore:
Ne *Troynovant*, though elder Siſter ſhe,
With my great forces may compared be;
That ſtout *Pendragon* to his peril felt,
Who in a ſiege ſeven years about me dwelt.

But long ere this, *Bunduca*, Britonneſs
Her mighty hoaſt againſt my bulwarks brought,
Bunduca, that victorious conquereſs,
That lifting up her brave heroick thought
Bove Womens weakneſs, with the *Romans* fought,
Fought, and in field againſt them thrice prevailed:
Yet was ſhe foyl'd, when as ſhe me aſſailed.

And though at laſt, by force I conquer'd were
Of hardy *Saxons*, and became their thrall;
Yet was I with much bloodſhed bought full deer,
And priz'd with ſlaughter of their Generall:
The moniment of whoſe ſad funeral,
For wonder of the world, long in me laſted,
But now to nought through ſpoyl of time is waſted.

Waſted it is, as if it never were,
And all the reſt that me ſo honour'd made,
And of the world admired ev'ry where,
Is turn'd to ſmoak, that doth to nothing fade;
And of that btightneſs now appears no ſhade,
But griſly ſhades, ſuch as do haunt in hell,
With fearful fiends, that in deep darkneſs dwell.

Where my high ſteeples whilome vs'd to ſtand,
On which the Lordly Faulcon wont to towre,
There now is but an heap of lime and ſand,
For the Shrich-owl to build her baleful bowre:
And where the Nightingale wont forth to pour
Her reſtleſs plaints, to comfort wakeful Lovers,
There now haunt yelling Mews and whining Plovers.

And where the cryſtal *Thamis* wont to ſlide
In ſilver channel, down along the Lee,
About whoſe flowrie banks on either ſide,
A thouſand Nymphs, with mirthful jollitee
Were wont to play, from all annoyance free;
There now no rivers courſe is to be ſeen,
But mooriſh fens, and marſhes ever green.

Seems, that the gentle River for great grief
Of my miſhap, which oft I to him plained;
Or for to ſhun the horrible miſchief,
With which he ſaw my cruel foes me pained,
And his pure ſtreams with guiltleſs blood oft ſtained,
From my unhappy neighbourhood far fled,
And his ſweet waters away with him led.

There alſo where the winged ſhips were ſeen
In liquid waves to cut their fomie way,
And thouſand Fiſhers numbred to have been,
In that wide Lake looking for plentious pray
Of fiſh, which they with baits us'd to betray,
Is now no Lake, nor any Fiſhers ſtore,
Nor ever ſhip ſhall ſail there any more.

They are all gone, and all with them is gone,
Ne ought to me remains, but to lament
My long decay, which no man elſe doth mone,
And mourn my fall with doleful dreriment.
Yet is it comfort in great languiſhment,
To be bemoned with compaſſion kind,
And mitigates the anguiſh of the mind.

But me no man bewaileth, but in game,
Ne ſheddeth tears from lamentable eye:
Nor any lives that mentioneth my name
To be remembred of poſterity,
Save one, that maugre Fortunes injury,
And times decay, and envies cruel tort,
Hath writ my record in true-ſeeming ſort.

Camden

Cambden, the nourice of antiquity,
And lantern unto late ſucceeding age,
To ſee the light of ſimple verity,
Buried in ruines, through the great outrage
Of her own people, led with warlike rage:
Cambden though time all moniments obſcure,
Yet thy juſt labours ever ſhall endure.

But why (unhappy wight!) do I thus cry,
And grieve that my remembrance quite is raced
Out of the knowledge of poſterity,
And all my antique moniments defaced?
Sith I do daily ſee things higheſt placed,
So ſoon as Fates their vital thred have ſhorn,
Forgotten quite, as they were never born.

It is not long, ſince theſe two eyes beheld
A mighty Prince, of moſt renowned race,
Whom *England* high in count of honour held,
And greateſt ones did ſue to gain his grace;
Of greateſt ones he greateſt in his place,
Sate in the boſome of his Soveraign,
And *Right and loyal* did his word maintain.

I ſaw him dye, I ſaw him dye, as one
Of the mean people, and brought forth on bear,
I ſaw him dye, and no man left to mone
His doleful fate, that late him loved dear:
Scarce any left to cloſe his eye-lids near;
Scarce any left upon his lips to lay
The ſacred ſod, or *Requiem* to ſay.

O truſtleſs ſtate of miſerable men,
That build your blis an hope of earthly thing,
And vainly think your ſelves half happy then,
When painted faces with ſmooth flattering
Do fawn on you, and your wide praiſes ſing,
And when the courting masker louteth low,
Him true in hart and truſty to you trow.

All is but fained, and with Oaker dide,
That every ſhower will waſh and wipe away,
All things do change that under heaven abide,
And after death all friendſhip doth decay.
Therefore, what-ever man bearſt worldly ſway,
Living, on God, and on thy ſelf rely;
For, when thou dyeſt, all ſhall with thee dye.

He now is dead, and all is with him dead,
Save what in heavens ſtorehouſe he uplaid:
His hope is fail'd, and come to paſs his dread,
And evil men (now dead) his deeds upbraid:
Spight bites the dead, that living, never baid.
He now is gone, the whiles the Fox is crept
Into the hole, the which the Badger ſwept.

He now is dead, and all his glory gone,
And all his greatneſs vapoured to nought,
That as a glaſs upon the water ſhone,
Which vaniſht quite, ſo ſoon as it was ſought:
His name is worn already out of thought,
Ne any Poet ſeeks him to revive;
Yet many Poets honour'd him alive.

Ne doth his *Colin*, careleſs *Colin Clout*,
Care now his idle bagpipe up to raiſe,
Ne tell his ſorrow to the liſtning rout
Of Shepherd grooms, which wont his ſongs to praiſe:
Praiſe whoſo liſt, yet I will him diſpraiſe,
Until he quite him of this guilty blame:
Wake Shepherds boy, at length awake for ſhame.

And whoſo elſe did goodneſs by him gain,
And whoſo elſe his bountious mind did try,
Whether he Shepherd be, or Shepherds ſwain,
(For many did, which do it now deny)
Awake, and to his Song a part apply:
And I, the whilſt you mourn for his deceaſe,
Will with my mourning plaints your plaint increaſe.

He dide, and after him his Brother dide,
His Brother Prince, his Brother noble Peer,
That whilſt he lived, was of none envide,
And dead is now, as living, counted derr,
Dear unto all that true affection bear:
But unto thee moſt dear, O deareſt Dame,
His noble Spouſe, and Paragon of Fame.

He whilſt he lived, happy was through thee,
And being dead, is happy now much more;
Living, that linked chaunſt with thee to be,
And dead, becauſe him dead thou dooſt adore
As living, and thy loſt dear Love deplore.
So whilſt that thou, fair flower of chaſtity,
Dooſt live, by thee thy Lord ſhall never dye.

Thy Lord ſhall never dye, the whiles this verſe
Shall live, and ſurely it ſhall live for ever:
For ever it ſhall live, and ſhall rehearſe
His worthy praiſe, and vertues dying never,
Though death his ſoul do from his body ſever.
And thou thy ſelf, herein ſhalt alſo live;
Such grace the heavens do to my verſes give.

Ne ſhall his Siſter, ne thy Father dye,
Thy Father, that good Earl of rare renown,
And noble Patron of weak poverty,
Whoſe great good deeds in Country and in Town,
Have purchaſt him in heaven a happy Crown:
Where he now liveth in eternal blis,
And left his Son t' enſue thoſe ſteps of his.

He noble bud, his Grandfires lively heir,
Under the ſhadow of thy countenance
Now gins to ſhoot up faſt, and flouriſh fair
In learned Arts, and goodly governance,
That him to higheſt honour ſhall advance.
Brave Imp of *Bedford*, grow apace in bounty,
And count of wiſdom more than of thy County.

Ne may I let thy Husbands Siſter dye,
That goodly Lady, ſith ſhe eke did ſpring

Our

Out of this ſtock, and famous Family,
Whoſe praiſes I to futer age do ſing,
And forth out of her happy womb did bring
The ſacred brood of learning and all honour;
In whom the heavens pour'd all their gifts upon her.

Moſt gentle ſpirit breathed from above,
Out of the boſom of the makers bliſ,
In whom all bounty and all vertuous love
Appeared in their native propertis,
And did enrich that noble breaſt of his,
With treaſure paſſing all this worlds worth,
Worthy of heaven it ſelf, which brought it forth.

His bleſſed ſpirit, full of power divine,
And influence of all celeſtial grace,
Loathing this ſinful earth and earthly ſlime,
Fled back too ſoon unto his native place;
Too ſoon for all that did his love embrace,
Too ſoon for all this wretched world, whom he
Rob'd of all right and true nobility.

Yet ere his happy ſoul to heaven went
Out of this fleſhly gaol, he did deviſe
Unto his heavenly Maker to preſent
His body, as a ſpotleſs ſacrifice;
And choſe, that guilty hands of enemies
Should pour forth th' offring of his guiltleſs blood:
So life exchanging for his Countries good.

O noble ſpirit, live there ever bleſſed,
The worlds late wonder, and the heavens new joy,
Live ever there, and leave me here diſtreſſed
With mortal cares, and cumbrous worlds anoy.
But where thou dooſt that happineſs enjoy,
Bid me, O bid me quickly come to thee,
That happy there I may thee always ſee.

Yet whilſt the Fates affoord me vital breath,
I will it ſpend in ſpeaking of thy praiſe,
And ſing to thee, until that timely death
By heavens doom do end my earthly days:
Thereto do thou my humble ſpirit raiſe,
And into me that ſacred breath inſpire,
Which thou there breatheſt, perfect and entire.

Then will I ſing: but who can better ſing,
Then thine own Siſter, peerleſs Lady bright,
Which to thee ſings with deep harts ſorrowing,
Sorrowing tempered with dear delight,
That her to hear, I feel my feeble ſpright
Robbed of ſenſe, and raviſhed with joy,
(O ſad joy!) made of mourning and anoy.

Yet will I ſing: but who can better ſing,
Than thou thy ſelf, thine one ſelfs valiance,
That whilſt thou livedſt, mad'ſt the Foreſts ring,
And fields reſown'd, and flocks to leap and dance,
And Shepherds leave their lambs unto miſchance,
To run thy ſhrill *Arcadian* Pipe to hear:
O happy were thoſe days, thrice happy were.

But now more happy thou, and wretched we,
Which want the wonted ſweetneſs of thy voice,
Whiles thou now in *Elyſian* fields ſo free,
With *Orpheus*, with *Linus*, and the choice
Of all that ever did in rimes rejoyce,
Converſeſt, and dooſt hear their heavenly lays,
And they hear thine, and thine do better praiſe.

So there thou liveſt, ſinging evermore,
And here thou liveſt, being ever ſong
Of us, which living, loved thee afore,
And now thee worſhip, mongſt that bleſſed throng
Of heavenly Poets, and Heroes ſtrong.
So thou both here and there immortal art,
And every where through excellent deſart.

But ſuch as neither of themſelves can ſing,
Nor yet are ſung of others for reward,
Die in obſcure oblivion, as the thing
Which never was; ne ever with regard,
Their names ſhall of the later age be heard,
But ſhall in ruſty darkneſs ever lie,
Unleſs they mention'd be with infamy.

What booteth it to have been rich alive?
What to be great? what to be gracious?
When after death no token doth ſurvive,
Of former being in this mortal hous,
But ſleeps in duſt dead and inglorious,
Like beaſt, whoſe breath but in his noſtrils is,
And hath no hope of happineſs or bliſ.

How many great ones may remembred be,
Which in their days moſt famouſly did floriſh:
Of whom no word we hear, nor ſign now ſee,
But as things wipt out with a ſpunge do periſh,
Becauſe they living, cared not to cheriſh
No gentle wits, through pride or covetize,
Which might their names for ever memorize.

Provide therefore (ye Princes) whilſt ye live,
That of the Muſes ye may friended be;
Which unto men eternity do give:
For they be Daughters of Dame Memory,
And *Jove*, the Father of eternity,
And do thoſe men in golden thrones repoſe,
Whoſe merits they to glorifie do choſe.

The ſeven-fold yron gates of griſly Hell,
And horrid houſe of ſad *Proſerpina*,
They able are with power of mighty ſpell
To break, and thence the ſouls to bring away
Out of drad darkneſs, to eternal day,
And them immortal make, which elſe would die
In foul forgetfulneſs, and nameleſs lie.

So whilom raiſed they the puiſſant brood
Of golden-girt *Alcmena*, for great merit,
Out of the duſt, to which the *Oetaean* wood
Had him conſum'd, and ſpent his vital ſpirit,
To higheſt heaven, where now he doth inherit

Al

All happineſs in *Hebes* ſilver bowr,
Choſen to be her deareſt Paramour.

So rais'd they eke fair *Leda*'s warlike twins,
And interchanged life unto them lent,
That when th'one dies, th'other then begins
To ſhew in heaven his brightneſs orient;
And they, for pity of the ſad wayment,
Which *Orpheus* for *Euredice* did make,
Her back again to life ſent for his ſake.

So happy are they, and ſo fortunate,
Whom the *Pierian* ſacred Siſters love,
That freed from bands of impacable fate,
And powre of death, they live for ay above,
Where mortal wreaks their bliſs may not remove:
But with the Gods, for former vertues meed,
On Nectar and Ambroſia do feed.

For deeds do die, how ever nobly dun,
And thoughts of men do in themſelves decay,
But wiſe words taught in numbers for to run,
Recorded by the Muſes, live for ay;
Ne may with ſtorming ſhowers be waſht away,
Ne bitter breathing winds with harmful blaſt,
Nor age, nor envy ſhall them ever waſt.

In vain do earthly Princes then, in vain
Seek with Pyramides, to heaven aſpir'd;
Or huge Coloſſes, built with coſtly pain;
Or braſen Pillours, never to be fir'd,
Or Shrines, made of the metal moſt deſir'd;
To make their memories for ever live:
For how can mortal immortality give.

Such one *Mauſolus* made, the worlds great wonder,
But now no remnant doth thereof remain:
Such one *Marcellus*, but was torn with thunder:
Such one *Liſippus*, but is worn with rain:
Such one King *Edmond*, but was rent for gain.
All ſuch vain monuments of earthly maſs,
Devour'd of Time, in time to nought do paſs.

But Fame with golden wings aloft doth fly,
Above the reach of ruinous decay,
And with brave plumes doth beat the azure sky,
Admir'd of baſe-born men from far away:
Then whoſo will with vertuous deeds aſſay
To mount to heaven, on *Pegaſus* muſt ride,
And with ſweet Poets verſe be glorifide.

For not to have been dipt in *Lethe* lake,
Could ſave the ſon of *Thetis* from to die;
But that blind Bard did him immortal make,
With verſes, dipt in dew of *Caſtalie*:
Which made the Eaſtern Conquerour to crie,
O fortunate young-man, whoſe vertue found
So brave a Tromp, thy noble acts to ſound.

Therefore in this, half happy I do read
Good *Melibæ*, that hath a Poet got,
To ſing his living praiſes being dead,
Deſerving never here to be forgot,
In ſpight of envy, that his deeds would ſpot:
Since whoſe deceaſe, learning lies unregarded,
And men of Arms do wander unrewarded.

Theſe two be thoſe two great calamities,
That long ago did grieve the noble ſpright
Of *Salomon*, with great indignities;
Who whilom was alive the wiſeſt wight.
But now his wiſdom is diſproved quight:
For, ſuch as now have moſt the world at will,
Scorn th'one and th'other in their deeper skill.

O grief of griefs! O gall of all good harts!
To ſee that vertue ſhould deſpiſed be
Of ſuch as firſt were rais'd for vertuous parts,
And now broad ſpreading, like an aged tree,
Let none ſhoot up that nigh them planted be:
O! let not thoſe, of whom the Muſe is ſcorn'd,
Alive nor dead, be of the Muſe adorn'd.

O vile worlds truſt, that with ſuch vain illuſion,
Hath ſo wiſe men bewitcht, and overkeſt,
That they ſee not the way of their confuſion,
O vainneſs to be added to the reſt,
That doth my ſoul with inward grief infeſt:
Let them behold the pitious fall of me,
And in my caſe their own enſample ſee.

And whoſo elſe that ſits in higheſt ſeat
Of this worlds glory, worſhipped of all,
Ne feareth change of time, nor fortunes threat,
Let him behold the horror of my fall,
And his own end unto remembrance call;
That of like ruin he may warned be,
And in himſelf be mov'd to pity me.

Thus having ended all her pitious plaint,
With doleful ſhrieks ſhe vaniſhed away,
That I through inward ſorrow wexen faint,
And all aſtoniſhed with deep diſmay,
For her departure, had no word to ſay:
But ſate long time in ſenſeleſs ſad affright,
Looking ſtill, if I might of her have ſight.

Which when I miſſed, having looked long,
My thought returned grieved, home again,
Renuing her complaint with paſſion ſtrong,
For ruth of that ſame womans pitious pain;
Whoſe words recording in my troubled brain,
I felt ſuch anguiſh wound my feeble hart,
That frozen horror ran through every part.

So inly grieving in my groaning breſt,
And deeply muzing at her doubtful ſpeach,
Whoſe meaning, much I laboured forth to wreſt,
Being above my ſlender reaſons reach:
At length, by demonſtration me to teach,
Before mine eyes ſtrange ſights preſented were,
Like tragick Pageants ſeeming to appear.

1.

I Saw an Image, all of maſſie gold,
Placed on high upon an Altar fair,
That all, which did the ſame from far behold,
Might worſhip it, and fall on loweſt ſtair.
Not that great Idol might with this compare,
To which th' *Aſſyrian* Tyrant would have made
The holy brethren falſly to have praid.

But th' Altar, on the which this Image ſtaid,
Was (O great pity) built of brittle clay,
That ſhortly the foundation decaid,
With ſhowrs of heaven and tempeſts worn away:
Then down it fell, and low in aſhes lay,
Scorned of every one, which by it went;
That I it ſeeing, dearly did lament.

2.

NExt unto this, a ſtately Towre appear'd,
Built all of richeſt ſtone that might be found,
And nigh unto the Heavens in height uprear'd,
But placed on a plot of ſandy ground.
Not that great Towre, which is ſo much renound
For tongues confuſion in Holy writ,
King *Ninus* work, might be compar'd to it.

But O vain labours of terreſtrial wit,
That builds ſo ſtrongly on ſo frail a ſoil,
As with each ſtorm does fall away, and flit,
And gives the fruit of all your travails toil,
To be the prey of time, and Fortunes ſpoil!
I ſaw this Towre fall ſuddenly to duſt,
That nigh with grief thereof my heart was bruſt.

3.

THen did I ſee a pleaſant Paradiſe,
Full of ſweet flowres and daintieſt delights,
Such as on earth man could not more deviſe,
With pleaſures choice to feed his chearful ſprights.
Not that, which *Merlin* by his Magick ſlights
Made for the gentle Squire, to entertain
His fair *Belphœbe*, could this garden ſtain.

But O ſhort pleaſure, bought with laſting pain,
Why will hereafter any fleſh delight
In earthly bliſs, and joy in pleaſures vain,
Sith that I ſaw this garden waſted quight,
That where it was, ſcarce ſeemed any ſight?
That I, which once that beauty did behold,
Could not from tears my melting eyes with-hold.

4.

SOon after this, a Giant came in place,
Of wondrous powre, and of exceeding ſtature,
That none durſt view the horror of his face,
Yet was he mild of ſpeech, and meek of nature.
Not he, which in deſpight of his Creatour,
With railing terms beſide the Jewiſh hoaſt,
Might with this mighty one in hugeneſs boaſt.

For from the one he could to th'other coaſt,
Stretch his ſtrong thighs, and th'Ocean overſtride,
And reach his hand into his enemies hoaſt.
But ſee the end of pomp and fleſhly pride;
One of his feet unwares from him did ſlide,
That down he fell into the deep Abyſs,
Where dround with him is all his earthly bliſs.

5.

THen did I ſee a Bridge, made all of gold,
Over the Sea, from one to th'other ſide,
Withouten prop or pillour it t'uphold,
But like the coloured Rainbow arched wide.
Not that great Arch, which *Trajan* edifide,
To be a wonder to all age enſuing,
Was matchable to this in equal viewing.

But (ah!) what boots it to ſee earthly thing
In glory, or in greatneſs to excell,
Sith time doth greateſt things to ruin bring?
This goodly Bridge, one foot not faſtned well,
'Gan fail, and all the reſt down ſhortly fell,
Ne of ſo brave a building ought remain'd,
That grief thereof my ſpirit greatly pain'd.

6.

I Saw two Bears, as white as any milk,
Lying together in a mighty cave,
Of mild aſpect, and hair as ſoft as ſilk,
That ſalvage nature ſeemed not to have,
Nor after greedy ſpoil of blood to crave:
Two fairer beaſts might not elſe-where be found,
Although the compaſt world were ſought around.

But what can long abide above this ground
In ſtate of bliſs, or ſtedfaſt happineſs?
The Cave, in which theſe Bears lay ſleeping ſound,
Was but of earth, and with her weightineſs
Upon them fell, and did unwares oppreſs,
That for great ſorrow of their ſudden fate,
Henceforth all worlds felicity I hate.

¶ Much was I troubled in my heavy ſpright,
At ſight of theſe ſad ſpectacles forepaſt,
That all my ſenſes were bereaved quight,
And I in mind remained ſore agaſt,
Diſtraught 'twixt fear and pity; when at laſt
I heard a voice, which loudly to me call'd,
That with the ſuddain ſhrill I was appall'd.

Behold (ſaid it) and by enſample ſee,
That all is vanity and grief of mind,
Ne other comfort in this world can be,
But hope of heaven, and heart to God inclind;
For all the reſt muſt needs be left behind.
With that it bade me, to the other ſide
To caſt mine eye, where other ſights I ſpide.

1.

UPon that famous Rivers further ſhore,
There ſtood a ſnowy Swan of heavenly hew,

And

And gentle kind, as ever Fowl afore;
A fairer one in all the goodly crew
Of white *Strimonian* brood might no man view:
There he moſt ſweetly ſung the prophecy
Of his own death in doleful Elegy.

At laſt, when all his mourning melody
He ended had, that both the ſhores reſounded,
Feeling the fit that him forewarn'd to dy,
With lofty flight about the earth he bounded,
And out of ſight to higheſt heaven mounted:
Where now he is become an heavenly ſign;
There now the joy is his, here ſorrow mine.

2.

WHilſt thus I looked, loe, adown the Lee
I ſaw an harp ſtrung all with ſilver twine,
And made of Gold and coſtly Ivory,
Swimming, that whilom ſeemed to have been
The Harp, on which *Dan Orpheus* was ſeen
Wild beaſts and forreſts after him to lead,
But was th'Harp of *Philiſides* now dead.

At length, out of the River it was reard,
And borne about the clouds to be divin'd,
Whilſt all the way moſt heavenly noiſe was heard
Of the ſtrings, ſtirred with the warbling wind,
That wrought both joy and ſorrow in my mind:
So now in heaven a ſign it doth appear,
The Harp well known beſide the Northern Bear.

3.

SOn after this, I ſaw on th'other ſide,
A curious Coffer made of *Heben* wood,
That in it did moſt precious treaſure hide,
Exceeding all this baſer worlds good:
Yet through the overflowing of the flood
It almoſt drowned was, and done to nought,
That ſight thereof much griev'd my penſive thought.

At length, when moſt in peril it was brought,
Two Angels down deſcending with ſwift flight,
Out of the ſwelling ſtream it lightly caught,
And 'twixt their bleſſed arms it carried quight
Above the reach of any living ſight:
So now it is transform'd into that ſtar,
In which all heavenly treaſures locked are.

4.

LOoking aſide, I ſaw a ſtately Bed,
Adorned all with coſtly cloth of gold,
That might for any Princes couch be red,
And deckt with dainty flowres, as if it ſhould
Be for ſome Bride, her joyous night to hold:
Therein a goodly Virgin ſleeping lay;
A fairer wight ſaw never Summers day.

I heard a voice that called far away,
And her awaking, bad her quickly dight,
For loe, her Bridegroom was in ready ray
To come to her, and ſeek her loves delight:
With that ſhe ſtarted up with cheerful ſight,
When ſuddenly both bed and all was gone,
And I in langour left there all alone.

5.

STill as I gazed, I beheld where ſtood
A Knight all arm'd, upon a winged ſteed,
The ſame that bred was of *Meduſæs* blood,
On which *Dan Perſeus* born of heavenly ſeed,
The fair *Andromeda* from peril freed:
Full mortally this Knight ywounded was,
That ſtreams of blood forth flowed on the gras.

Yet was he deckt (ſmall joy to him alas)
With many garlands for his victories,
And with rich ſpoils, which late he did purchas
Through brave atchievements from his enemies.
Fainting at laſt through long infirmities,
He ſmote his ſteed, that ſtraight to heaven bore,
And left me here his loſs for to deplore.

6.

LAſtly, I ſaw an Ark of pureſt gold
Upon a brazen pillour ſtanding hie,
Which th'aſhes ſeem'd of great Prince to hold,
Enclos'd therein for endleſs memorie
Of him, whom all the world did glorifie:
Seemed the heavens with th'earth did diſagree,
Whether ſhould of thoſe aſhes keeper be.

At laſt, me ſeem'd, wing-footed *Mercury*,
From heaven deſcending to appeaſe their ſtrife,
The Ark did bear with him above the ſky,
And to thoſe aſhes gave a ſecond life,
To live in heaven, where happineſs is rife:
At which, the earth did grieve exceedingly,
And I for dole was almoſt like to die.

L: Envoy.

IMmortal ſpirit of *Philiſides*,
Which now art made the heavens ornament,
That whilom waſt the worlds chief'ſt riches;
Give leave to him that lov'd thee, to lament
His loſs by lack of thee, to heaven hent,
And with laſt duties of this broken verſe,
Broken with ſighs, to deck thy ſable Herſe.

And ye fair Lady, th'honour of your days,
And glory of the world, your high thoughts ſcorn:
Vouchſafe this moniment of his laſt praiſe,
With ſome few ſilver-dropping tears t'adorn:
And as ye be of heavenly off-ſpring born,
So unto heaven let your high mind aſpire,
And loath this droſs of ſinful worlds deſire.

FINIS.

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THE TEARS OF THE MUSES.

Written by

EDMUND SPENSER.

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To the Right Honourable, the Lady STRANGE.

MOſt brave and Noble Lady, the things that make ye ſo much honoured of the World as ye be, are ſuch, as (without my ſimple lines teſtimony) are throughly known to all men; namely, your excellent Beauty, your vertuous Behaviour, and your Noble Match with that moſt honourable Lord, the very Pattern of right Nobility: But the cauſes for which ye have deſerved of me to be honoured (if honour it be at all) are, both your particular bounties, and alſo ſome private bands of affinity, which it hath pleaſed your Ladiſhip to acknowledge. Of which when as I found my ſelf in no part worthy, I deviſed this laſt ſlender means, both to intimate my humble affection to your Ladiſhip, and alſo to make the ſame univerſally known to the World; that, by honouring you, they might know me, and by knowing me, they might honour you. Vouchſafe noble Lady to accept this ſimple remembrance, though not worthy of your ſelf, yet ſuch, as perhaps by good acceptance thereof, ye may hereafter cull out a more meet and memorable evidence of your own excellent deſerts. So, recommending the ſame to your Ladiſhips good liking, I humbly take leave.

Your Ladiſhips humbly ever,

Edmond Spenſer.

THE TEARS OF THE MUSES.

RHerſe to me, ye ſacred Siſters nine,
The golden brood of great *Apollo*'s wit,
Thoſe pitious plaints and ſorrowful ſad tine,
Which late you poured forth as ye did ſit
Beſide the ſilver Springs of *Helicone*,
Making your muſick of heart-breaking mone.

For ſince the time that *Phœbus* fooliſh ſon
Ythundered through *Jove*'s avengeful wrath,
For traverſing the charret of the Sun
Beyond the compaſs of his pointed path,
Of you his mournful Siſters was lamented,
Such mournful tunes were never ſince invented.

Nor ſince that fair *Calliope* did loſe
Her loved Twins, the dearlings of her joy,
Her *Palici*, whom her unkindly foes
The fatal Siſters, did for ſpight deſtroy,
Whom all the Muſes did bewail long ſpace;
Was ever heard ſuch wailing in this place.

For all their groves, which with the heavenly noiſes
Of their ſweet inſtruments were wont to ſound,
And th'hollow hills, from which their ſilver voices
Were wont redoubled Ecchoes to rebound,
Did now rebound with nought but ruful cries,
And yelling ſhrieks thrown up into the skies.

The trembling ſtreams which wont in chanels clear
To rumble gently down with murmur ſoft,
And were by them right tuneful taught to bear
A Baſes part amongſt their conſorts oft;
Now forſt to overflow with brackiſh tears,
With troublous noiſe did dull their dainty ears.

The joyous Nymphs, and lightfoot Fairies
Which thither came to hear their muſick ſweet,
And to the meaſures of their melodies
Did learn to move their nimble-ſhifting feet;
Now hearing them ſo heavily lament,
Like heavily lamenting from them went.

And all that elſe was wont to work delight
Through the divine infuſion of their skill,
And all that elſe ſeem'd fair and freſh in ſight,
So made by nature for to ſerve their will,
Was turned now to diſmal heavineſs,
Was turned now to dreadful ugline ſs.

Ay me! what thing on earth that all thing breeds,
Might be the cauſe of ſo impatient plight?
What fury, or what fiend with felon deeds
Hath ſtirred up ſo miſchievous deſpight?
Can grief then enter into heavenly harts,
And pierce immortal breaſts with mortal ſmarts?

Vouchſafe ye then, whom only it concerns,
To me thoſe ſecret cauſes to diſplay;
For none but you, or who of you it learns,
Can rightfully aread ſo doleful lay.
Begin thou eldeſt Siſter of the crew,
And let the reſt in order thee enſew.

CLIO.

HEar thou great Father of the Gods on hie,
That moſt art dreaded for thy thunder darts:
And thou our Sire that raignſt in *Caſtalie*,
And Mount *Parnaſs*, the God of goodly Arts:
Hear and behold the miſerable ſtate
Of us thy daughters, doleful deſolate.

Behold the foul reproach and open ſhame,
The which is day by day unto us wrought,
By ſuch as hate the honour of our name,
The foes of learning, and each gentle thought;
They, not contented us themſelves to ſcorn,
Do ſeek to make us of the world forlorn.

Ne only they that dwell in lowly duſt,
The ſons of darkneſs and of ignorance;
But they, whom thou great *Jove* by doom unjuſt
Didſt to the type of honour earſt advance;
They now puft up with ſdeignful inſolence,
Deſpiſe the brood of bleſſed Sapience.

The Sectaries of my celeſtial skill,
That wont to be the worlds chief ornament,
And learned Imps that wont to ſhoot up ſtill,
And grow to height of kingdoms government,
They under keep, and with their ſpreading arms,
Do beat their buds, that periſh through their harms.

It moſt behoves the honourable race
Of mighty Peers, true wiſdom to ſuſtain,
And with their noble countenance to grace
The learned foreheads, without gift or gain:
Or rather learn'd themſelves behoves to be;
That is the girlond of Nobilitie.

But (ah!) all otherwiſe they do eſteem
Of th'heavenly gift of wiſdoms influence,
And to be learned, it a baſe thing deem;

Baſe minded they that want intelligence:
For, God himſelf for wiſdom moſt is prais'd,
And men to God thereby are nigheſt rais'd.

But they do only ſtrive themſelves to raiſe
Through pompous pride, and fooliſh vanity;
In th'eyes of people they put all their praiſe,
And only boaſt of Arms and Anceſtry:
But vertuous deeds, which did thoſe Arms firſt give
To their Granſires, they care not to atchieve.

So I, that do all noble feats profeſs
To regiſter, and ſound in trump of gold,
Through their bad doings, or baſe ſlothfulneſs,
Find nothing worthy to be writ, or told:
For better far it were to hide their names,
Than telling them, to blazon out their blames.

So ſhall ſucceeding ages have no light
Of things forepaſt, nor monuments of time,
And all that in this world is worthy hight
Shall die in darkneſs, and lie hid in ſlime:
Therefore I mourn with deep hearts ſorrowing,
Becauſe I nothing noble have to ſing.

With that ſhe rain'd ſuch ſtore of ſtreaming tears,
That could have made a ſtony heart to weep,
And all her Siſters rent their golden hears,
And their fair faces with ſalt humour ſteep.
So ended ſhe: and then the next anew,
Began her grievous plaint as doth enſew.

MELPOMENE.

O Who ſhall pour into my ſwollen eyes
A ſea of tears that never may be dride,
A braſen voice that may with ſhrilling cryes
Pierce the dull heavens, and fill the air wide,
And Iron ſides that ſighing may endure
To wail the wretchedneſs of world impure?

Ah! wretched world, the den of wickedneſs,
Deform'd with filth and foul iniquity;
Ah! wretched world, the houſe of heavineſs,
Fill'd with the wreaks of mortal miſery;
Ah! wretched world, and all that is therein,
The vaſſals of Gods wrath, and ſlaves of ſin.

Moſt miſerable creature under ſky,
Man without underſtanding doth appear;
For all this worlds affliction he thereby,
And Fortunes freaks is wiſely taught to bear:
Of wretched life the only joy ſhe is,
And th'only comfort in calamities.

She arms the breaſt with conſtant patience,
Againſt the bitter throes of dolours darts,
She ſolaceth with rules of Sapience
The gentle minds, in midſt of worldly ſmarts:
When he is ſad, ſhe ſeeks to make him mery,
And doth refreſh his ſprights when they be weary.

But he that is of reaſons skill bereft,
And wants the ſtaff of wiſdom him to ſtay,
Is like a ſhip, in midſt of tempeſt left,
Withouten helm or Pilot her to ſway,
Full ſad and dreadful is that ſhips event:
So is the man that wants intendiment.

Why then do fooliſh men ſo much deſpiſe
The precious ſtore of this celeſtial riches?
Why do they baniſh us, that patronize
The name of learning? Moſt unhappy wretches,
The which lie drowned in deep wretchedneſs,
Yet do not ſee their own unhappineſs.

My part it is, and my profeſſed skill,
The Stage with Tragick buskins to adorn,
And fill the Scene with plaints and out-cries ſhrill
Of wretched perſons, to misfortune born:
But none more tragick matter I can find
Than this, of men depriv'd of ſenſe and mind.

For all mans life me ſeems a Tragedy,
Full of ſad ſights and ſore Cataſtrophees;
Firſt coming to the world with weeping eye,
Where all his days, like dolorous Trophees,
Are heapt with ſpoils of fortune and of fear,
And he at laſt laid forth on baleful bear.

So all with ruful ſpectacles is fill'd,
Fit for *Megera* or *Perſephone*;
But I, that in true Tragedies am skill'd,
The flowre of wit, find nought to buſie me:
Therefore I mourn, and pitifully mone,
Becauſe that mourning matter I have none.

Then 'gan ſhe wofully to wail, and wring
Her wretched hands in lamentable wiſe:
And all her Siſters thereto anſwering,
Threw forth loud ſhrieks and drery doleful cries.
So reſted ſhe: and then the next in rew,
Began her grievous plaint as doth enſew.

THALIA.

WHere be the ſweet delights of learnings treaſure,
That wont with Comick ſock to beautify
The painted Theaters, and fill with pleaſure
The liſtners eyes, and ears with melody;
In which I late was wont to raign as Queen,
And mask in mirth with Graces well beſeen?

O! all is gone: and all that goodly glee,
Which wont to be the glory of gay wits,
Is laid abed, and no where now to ſee;
And in her room unſeemly Sorrow ſits,
With hollow brows and griſly countenance,
Marring my joyous gentle dalliance.

And him beſides ſits ugly Barbariſm,
And brutiſh Ignorance, ycrept of late
Out of drad darkneſs of the deep Abyſm,
Where being bred, he light and heaven does hate:

They

They in the minds of men now tyrannize,
And the fair Scene with rudeneſs foul diſguize.

All places they with folly have poſſeſt,
And with vain toys the vulgar entertain;
But me have baniſhed, with all the reſt
That whilom wont to wait upon my train,
Fine Counterfeſance and unhurtful Sport,
Delight and Laughter deckt in ſeemly ſort.

All theſe, and all that elſe the Comick Stage
With ſeaſoned wit and goodly pleaſance grac'd;
By which mans life in his likeſt image
Was limned forth, are wholly now defac'd:
And thoſe ſweet wits which wont the like to frame,
Are now deſpis'd, and made a laughing game.

And he the man, whom Nature ſelf had made
To mock her ſelf, and Truth to imitate,
With kindly counter under Mimick ſhade,
Our pleaſant *Willy*, ah! is dead of late:
With whom all joy and jolly meriment
Is alſo deaded, and in dolour drent.

In ſtead thereof, ſcoffing Scurrility,
And ſcorning Folly with Contempt is crept,
Rolling in rymes of ſhameleſs ribaudry
Without regard, or due Decorum kept,
Each idle wit at will preſumes to make,
And doth the Learneds task upon him take.

But that ſame gentle Spirit, from whoſe pen
Large ſtreams of Honey and ſweet Nectar flow,
Scorning the boldneſs of ſuch baſe-born men,
Which dare their follies forth ſo raſhly throw;
Doth rather chooſe to ſit in idle Cell,
Than ſo himſelf to mockery to ſell.

So am I made the ſervant of the many,
And laughing ſtock of all that liſt to ſcorn,
Not honored nor cared for of any,
But loth'd of loſels as a thing forlorn:
Therefore I mourn and ſorrow with the reſt,
Until my cauſe of ſorrow be redreſt.

Therewith ſhe loudly did lament and ſhrike,
Pouring forth ſtreams of tears abundantly,
And all her Siſters with compaſſion like,
The breaches of her ſingults did ſupply.
So reſted ſhe: and then the next in rew,
Began her grievous plaint, as doth enſew

EUTERPE.

LIke as the dearling of the Summers pride,
Fair *Philomele*, when Winters ſtormy wrath
The gooly fields, that earſt ſo gay were dyde
In colours divers, quite deſpoiled hath,
All comfortleſs doth hide her cheerleſs head
During the time of that her widowhead:

So we, that earſt were wont in ſweet accord
All places with our pleaſant notes to fill,
Whilſt favourable times did us afford
Free liberty to chant our charms at will:
All comfortleſs upon the bared bow,
Like woful Culvers do ſit wailing now.

For far more bitter ſtorm than winters ſtowr
The beauty of the world hath lately waſted,
And thoſe freſh buds, which wont ſo fair to flowr,
Hath marred quite, and all their bloſſoms blaſted:
And thoſe young plants, which wont with fruit t'abound,
Now without fruit or leaves are to be found.

A ſtony coldneſs hath benumb'd the ſenſe,
And lively ſpirits of each living wight,
And dim'd with darkneſs their intelligence,
Darkneſs more than *Cymmerians* daily night:
And monſtrous error flying in the air,
Hath mar'd the face of all that ſeemed fair.

Image of helliſh horror, Ignorance,
Born in the boſome of the black Abyſs,
And fed with Furies milk for ſuſtenance
Of his weak infancy, begot amiſs
By yawning Sloth on his own mother Night;
So he his Sons both Sire and Brother hight.

He, arm'd with blindneſs and with boldneſs ſtout,
(For blind is bold) hath our fair light defac'd;
And gathering unto him a ragged rout
Of Fauns and Satyrs, hath our dwellings rac'd;
And our chaſt bowers, in which all vertue rain'd,
With brutiſhneſs and beaſtly filth hath ſtain'd.

The ſacred ſprings of horſe-foot *Helicon*,
So oft bedeawed with our learned layes,
And ſpeaking ſtreams of pure *Caſtalion*,
The famous witneſs of our wonted praiſe,
They trampled have with their foul footings trade,
And like to troubled puddles have them made.

Our pleaſant groves, which planted were with pains,
That with our muſick wont ſo oft to ring,
And Arbours ſweet, in which the ſhepherds ſwains
Were wont ſo oft their Paſtorals to ſing,
They have cut down, and all their pleaſure mard,
That now no Paſtoral is be hard.

In ſtead of them, foul Goblins and Shriekouls,
With fearful houling do all places fill;
And feeble Eccho now laments and houls,
The dreadful accents of their out-cries ſhrill.
So all is turned into wilderneſs,
Whilſt ignorance the Muſes doth oppreſs.

And I whoſe joy was earſt with Spirit full
To teach the warbling pipe to ſound aloft,
My ſpirits now diſmaid with ſorrow dull,
Do mone my miſery with ſilence ſoft.
Therefore I mourn and wail inceſſantly,
Till pleaſe the heavens afford me remedy.

Therewith ſhe wailed with exceeding wo,
And pitious lamentation did make,
And all her Siſters ſeeing her do ſo,
With equal plaints her ſorrow did partake.
So reſted ſhe: and then the next in rew,
Began her grievous plaint as doth enſew.

TERPSICHORE.

WHoſo hath in the lap of ſoft delight
Been long time luld, and fed with pleaſures ſweet,
Fearleſs through his own fault or Fortunes ſpight,
To tumble into ſorrow and regreet,
If chance him fall into calamity,
Finds greater burthen of his miſery.

So we that earſt in joyance did abound,
And in the boſom of all bliſs did ſit,
Like virgin Queens with laurel garlands crownd,
For vertues meed and ornament of wit.
Sith ignorance our kingdom did confound;
Be now become moſt wretched wights on ground.

And in our royal thrones which lately ſtood
In th'hearts of men to rule them carefully,
He now hath placed his accurſed brood,
By him begotten of foul infamy;
Blind Error, ſcornful Folly, and baſe Spight,
Who hold by wrong, that we ſhould have by right.

They to the vulgar ſort now pipe and ſing,
And make them merry with their fooleries,
They cheerly chant, and rimes at randon fling,
The fruitful ſpawn of their rank fantaſies:
They feed the ears of fools with flattery,
And good men blame, and loſels magnifie.

All places they do with their toys poſſeſs,
And raign in liking of the multitude,
The ſchools they fill with fond new-fangleneſs,
And ſway in Court with pride and raſhneſs rude!
'Mongſt ſimple ſhepherds they do boaſt their skill,
And ſay their muſick matcheth *Phœbus* quill.

The noble hearts to pleaſures they allure,
And tell their Prince that learning is but vain,
Fair Ladies loves they ſpot with thoughts impure,
And gentle minds with lewd delights diſtain:
Clerks they to loathly idleneſs intice,
And fill their books with diſcipline of vice.

So every where they rule and tyrannize,
For their uſurped kingdoms maintenance,
The whiles we ſilly Maids, whom they deſpize,
And with reproachful diſcountenance,
From our own native heritage exil'd,
Walk through the world of every one revil'd.

Nor any one doth care to call us in,
Or once vouchſafeth us to entertain,
Unleſs ſome one perhaps of gentle kin,
For pities ſake compaſſion our pain,
And yield us ſome relief in this diſtreſs:
Yet to be ſo reliev'd is wretchedneſs.

So wander we all careful comfortleſs,
Yet none doth care to comfort us at all;
So ſeek we help our ſorrow to redreſs,
Yet none vouchſafes to anſwer to our call:
Therefore we mourn and pitileſs complain,
Becauſe none living pitieth our pain.

With that ſhe wept and wofully waymented,
That nought on earth her grief might pacifie;
And all the reſt her doleful din augmented,
With ſhrieks and groans and grievous agony.
So ended ſhe: and then the next in rew,
Began her pitious plaint as doth enſew.

ERATO.

YE gentle Spirits breathing from above,
Where ye in *Venus* ſilver bowre were bred,
Thought half divine, full of the fire of love,
With beauty kindled, and with pleaſure fed,
Which ye now in ſecurity poſſeſs,
Forgetful of your former heavineſs.

Now change the tenor of your joyous layes,
With which ye uſe your loves deifie,
And blazon forth an earthly beauties praiſe,
Above the compaſs of the arched sky:
Now change your praiſes into pitious cries,
And Eulogies turn into Elegies.

Such as ye wont when as thoſe bitter ſtounds
Of raging love firſt 'gan you to torment,
And launce your hearts with lamentable wounds
Of ſecret ſorrow and ſad languiſhment,
Before your loves did take you unto grace;
Thoſe now renew as fitter for this place.

For I that rule in meaſure moderate,
The tempeſt of that ſtormy paſſion,
And uſe to paint in rimes the troublous ſtate
Of Lovers life in likeſt faſſion,
Am put from practiſe of my kindly skill,
Baniſht by thoſe that Love with leawdneſs fill.

Love wont to be ſchool-maſter of my skill,
And the deviceful matter of my ſong;
Sweet Love devoid of villany or ill,
But pure and ſpotleſs, as at firſt he ſprong
Out of th'Almighties boſom, where he neſts;
From thence infuſed into mortal breſts.

Such high conceit of that celeſtial fire,
The baſe-born brood of blindneſs cannot gheſs,
Ne never dare their dunghil thoughts aſpire
Unto ſo lofty pitch of perfectneſs,
But rime or riot, and do rage in love;
Yet little wote what doth thereto behove.

Fair

Fair *Cytheree*, the Mother of delight,
And Queeen of beauty, now thou maiſt go pack:
For lo, thy Kingdom is defaced quight,
Thy ſcepter rent, and power put to wrack,
And thy gay Son, the winged God of Love,
May now go prune his plumes like ruffled Dove.

And ye three Twins to light by *Venus* brought,
The ſweet companions of the Muſes late,
From whom what-ever thing is goodly thought,
Doth borrow grace, the fancy to aggrate;
Go beg with us, and be companions ſtill,
As heretofore of good, ſo now of ill.

For neither you nor we ſhall any more
Find entertainment, or in Court or School:
For that which was accounted heretofore
The learneds meed, is now lent to the fool:
He ſings of love, and maketh loving lays,
And they him hear, and they him highly praiſe.

With that ſhe poured forth a brackiſh flood
Of bitter tears, and make exceeding mone;
And all her Siſters ſeeing her ſad mood,
With loud laments her anſwered all at one.
So ended ſhe: and then the next in rew,
Began her grievous plaint as doth enſew.

CALLIOPE.

TO whom ſhall I my evil caſe complain,
Or tell the anguiſh of my inward ſmart,
Sith none is left to remedy my pain,
Or deigns to pity a perplexed hart;
But rather ſeeks my ſorrow to augment
With foul reproach, and cruel baniſhment.

For they to whom I uſed to apply
The faithful ſervice of my learned skill,
The goodly off-ſpring of *Jov*'s progeny,
That wont the world with famous acts to fill;
Whoſe living praiſes in heroick ſtile,
It is my chief poſſeſſion to compile.

They all corrupted through the ruſt of time,
That doth all faireſt things on earth deface,
Or through unnoble ſloth, or ſinful crime,
That doth degenerate the noble race;
Have both deſire of worthy deeds forlorn,
And name of learning utterly doth ſcorn.

Ne do they care to have the anceſtry
Of th'old Heroes memoriz'd anew:
Ne do they care that late poſterity
Should know their names, or ſpeak their praiſes dew:
But die forgot from whence at firſt they ſprong,
As they themſelves ſhall be forgot ere long.

What boots it then to come from glorious
Forefathers, or to have been nobly bred?
What odds 'twixt *Irus* and old *Inachus*,
'Twixt beſt and worſt, when both alike are ded;
If none of neither mention ſhould make,
Nor out of duſt their memories awake?

Or who would ever care to do brave deed,
Or ſtrive in vertue others to excel;
If none ſhould yield him his deſerved meed,
Due praiſe, that is the ſpur of doing well?
For if good were not praiſed more than ill,
None would chuſe goodneſs of his own free-will.

Therefore the nurſe of vertue I am hight,
And golden Trumpet of eternity,
That lowly thoughts lift up to heavens hight,
And mortal men have powre to deifie:
Bacchus and *Hercules* I rais'd to heaven,
And *Charlemain*, amongſt the Starris ſeaven.

But now I will my golden Clarion rend,
And will henceforth immortalize no more:
Sith I no more find worthy to commend
For prize of value, or for learned lore:
For noble Peers whom I was wont to raiſe,
Now only ſeek for pleaſure, nought for praiſe.

Their great revenues all in ſumptuous pride
They ſpend, that nought to learning they may ſpare;
And the rich fee which Poets wont divide,
Now Paraſites and Sycophants do ſhare:
Therefore I mourn and endleſs ſorrow make,
Both for my ſelf, and for my Siſters ſake.

With that ſhe loudly 'gan to wail and ſhrike,
And from her eyes a ſea of tears did powre,
And all her Siſters with compaſſion like,
Did more increaſe the ſharpneſs of her ſhowre.
So ended ſhe: and then the next in rew,
Began her plaint, as doth herein enſew.

URANIA.

WHat wrath of Gods, or wicked influence
Of ſtars conſpiring wretched men t'afflict,
Hath pour'd on earth this noyous peſtilence,
That mortal minds doth inwardly infect
With love of blindneſs and of ignorance,
To dwell in darkneſs without ſoverance?

What difference 'twixt man and beaſt is left,
When th'heavenly light of knowledge is put out,
And th'ornamens of wiſdom are bereft?
Then wandreth he in error and in doubt,
Unweeting of the danger he is in,
Through fleſhes frailty, and deceit of ſin.

In this wide world in which they wretches ſtray,
It is the only comfort which they have,
It is their light, their load-ſtar, and their day;
But hell and darkneſs, and the griſly grave
Is ignorance, the enemy of grace,
That minds of men born heavenly doth debace.

Through

Through knowledge we behold the worlds creation,
How in his cradle firſt he foſtred was;
And judge of Natures cunning operation,
How things ſhe formed of a formleſs mas:
By knowledge we do learn our ſelves to know,
And what to man, and what to God we ow.

From hence, we mount aloft unto the ſky,
And look into the cryſtal firmament:
There we behold the heavens great Hierarchy,
The Stars pure light, the Spheres ſwift movement,
The Spirits and Intelligences fair,
And Angels waiting on th'Almighties chair.

And there, with humble mind and high inſight,
Th'eternal Makers majeſty we view,
His love, his truth, his glory, and his might,
And mercy more than mortal men can view.
O ſoveraign Lord, O ſoveraign happineſs,
To ſee thee, and thy mercy meaſureleſs!

Such happineſs have they, that do embrace
The precepts of my heavenly diſcipline;
But ſhame and ſorrow and accurſed caſe
Have they, that ſcorn the ſchool of Arts divine,
And baniſh me, which do poſſeſs the skill
To make men heavenly wiſe, through humbled will.

However yet they me deſpiſe and ſpight,
I feed on ſweet contentment of my thought,
And pleaſe my ſelf with mine own ſelf-delight,
In contemplation of things heavenly wrought:
So, loathing earth, I look up to the ſky,
And being driven hence, I thither fly.

Thence I behold the miſery of men,
Which want the bliſs that wiſdom would them breed,
And like brute beaſts do lie in loathſom den,
Of ghoſtly darkneſs, and of ghaſtly dreed:
For whom I mourn and for my ſelf complain,
And for my Siſters eke whom they diſdain.

With that, ſhe wept and wail'd ſo pitiouſly,
As if her eyes had been two ſpringing wells:
And all the reſt her ſorrow to ſupply,
Did throw forth ſhrikes and cries and drery yells.
So ended ſhe, and then the next in rew,
Began her mournful plaint as doth enſew.

POLYHYMNIA.

A Doleful caſe deſires a doleful ſong,
Without vain art or curious complements:
And ſquallid fortune into baſeneſs flong,
Doth ſcorn the pride of wonted ornaments.
Then fitteſt are theſe ragged rimes for me,
To tell my ſorrows that exceeding be.

For the ſweet numbers and melodious meaſures,
With which I wont the winged words to ty,
And make a tuneful Diapaſe of pleaſures;
Now being let to run at liberty
By thoſe which have no skill to rule them right,
Have now quite loſt their natural delight.

Heaps of huge words uphoorded hideouſly,
With horrid ſound though having little ſence,
They think to be chief praiſe of Poetry;
And thereby wanting due intelligence,
Have marr'd the face of goodly Poeſie,
And made a monſter of their fantaſie.

Whilom in ages paſt none might profeſs
But Princes and high Prieſts that ſecret skill.
The ſacred laws therein they wont expreſs,
And with deep Oracles their verſes fill:
Then was ſhe held in ſoveraign dignity,
And made the nourſling of Nobility.

But now nor Prince nor Prieſt doth her maintain,
But ſuffer her prophaned for to be
Of the baſe vulgar, that with hands unclean,
Dares to pollute her hidden myſterie;
And treadeth under foot her holy things,
Which was the care of Keſars and of Kings.

One only lives, her ages ornament,
And mirror of her Makers majeſty,
That with rich bounty and dear cheriſhment,
Supports the praiſe of noble Poeſie:
Ne only favours them which it profeſs,
But is her ſelf a peerleſs Poetreſs.

Moſt peerleſs Prince, moſt peerleſs Poetreſs,
The true *Pandora* of all heavenly graces,
Divine *Eliza*, ſacred Empereſs,
Live ſhe for ever, and her royal P'laces
Be fill'd with praiſes of divineſt wits,
That her eternize with their heavenly writs.

Some few, beſide, this ſacred skill eſteem,
Admirers of her glorious excellence;
Which being lightned with her beauties beem,
Are thereby fill'd with happy influence,
And lifted up above the worldes gaze,
To ſing with Angels her immortal praize.

But all the reſt, as born of ſalvage brood,
And having been with Acorns always fed,
Can no whit ſavour this celeſtial food;
But with baſe thoughts are into blindneſs led,
And kept from looking on the lightſom day:
For whom I wail and weep all that I may.

Eftſoons ſuch ſtore of tears ſhe forth did powre,
As if ſhe all to water would have gone;
And all her ſiſters ſeeing her ſad ſtowre,
Did weep and wail, and made exceeding mone,
And all their learned inſtruments did break.
The reſt, untold, no living tongue can ſpeak.

FINIS.

VIR-

VIRGILS GNAT.

Long ſince Dedicated

To the moſt Noble and Excellent Lord, the

Earl of LEICESTER,

DECEASED.

WRong'd, yet not daring to expreſs my pain,
To you (great Lord) the cauſer of my care,
In cloudy tears my caſe I thus complain
Unto your ſelf, that only privy are:
But if that any *Oedipus* unware,
Shall chance, through power of ſome divining ſpright,
To read the ſecret of this riddle rare,
And know the purport of my evil plight,
Let him be pleaſed with his own inſight,
Ne further ſeek to gloſe upon the text:
For grief enough it is to grieved wight
To feel this fault, and not be further vext.
But what-ſo by my ſelf may not be ſhown,
May by this *Gnats* complaint be eaſily known.

VIRGILS

VIRGILS GNAT.

WE now have plaid (*Auguſtus*) wantonly,
Tuning our ſong unto a tender Muſe;
And like a cobweb weaving ſlenderly,
Have only playd: let thus much then excuſe
This *Gnats* ſmall Poem, that th' whole Hiſtory
Is but a jeſt, though envy it abuſe:
But who ſuch ſports and ſweet delights doth blame,
Shall lighter ſeem than this *Gnats* idle name.

Hereafter, when as ſeaſon more ſecure
Shall bring forth fruit, this Muſe ſhall ſpeak to thee
In bigger notes, that may thy ſenſe allure;
And for thy worth frame ſome fit Poeſie:
The golden ofſpring of *Latona* pure,
And ornament of great *Joves* progeny,
Phœbus ſhall be the Author of my ſong,
Playing on Ivory harp with ſilver ſtrong.

He ſhall inſpire my verſe with gentle mood
Of Poets Prince, whether he woon beſide
Fair *Xanthus* ſprinkled with *Chimæras* blood;
Or in the woods of *Aſtery* abide;
Or whereas mount *Parnaſſe*, the Muſes brood,
Doth his broad forehead like two horns divide,
And the ſweet waves of ſounding *Caſtaly*,
With liquid foot doth ſlide down eaſily.

Wherefore ye Siſters which the glory be
Of the *Pierian* ſtreams, fair *Naiades*,
Go to, and dancing all in company,
Adorn that God: and thou holy *Pales*,
To whom the honeſt care of husbandry
Returneth by continual ſucceſs,
Have care for to purſue his footing light:
Through the wide woods, and groves, with green leaves (dight.

Profeſſing thee, I lifted am aloft
Betwixt the Foreſt wide and ſtarry ſky:
And thou moſt drad (*Octavius*) which oft
To learned wits giv'ſt courage worthily,
O come (thou ſacred child) come ſliding ſoft,
And favour my beginnings graciouſly:
For not theſe leaves do ſing that dreadful ſtound,
When Giants blood did ſtain *Phlegræan* ground.

Nor how th' half-horſie people, *Centaures* hight,
Fought with the bloody *Lapithaes* at bord,
Nor how the Eaſt with tyrannous deſpight
Burnt th' *Attick* towres, and people ſlew with ſword;
Nor how mount *Athos* through exceeding might
Was digged down, nor yron bands abord
The *Pontick* Sea by their huge Navy caſt,
My volume ſhall renown, ſo long ſince paſt.

Nor *Helleſpont* trampled with horſes feet,
When flocking *Perſians* did the *Greeks* affray;
But my ſoft Muſe, as for her power more meet,
Delights (with *Phœbus* friendly leave) to play
An eaſie running verſe with tender feet.
And thou (drad ſacred child) to thee alway,
Let everlaſting lightſom glory ſtrive,
Through the worlds endleſs ages to ſurvive.

And let an happy room remain for thee
Mongſt heavenly ranks, where bleſſed ſouls do reſt;
And let long laſting life with joyous glee,
As thy due meed that thou deſerveſt beſt,
Hereafter many years remembred be
Amongſt good men, of whom thou oft art bleſt.
Live thou for ever in all happineſs:
But let us turn to our firſt buſineſs.

The fiery Sun was mounted now on hight,
Up to the heavenly towers, and ſhot each where
Out of his golden Charet gliſtering light;
And fair *Aurora* with her roſie hear,
The hateful darkneſs now had put to flight,
When as the Shepherd ſeeing day appear,
His little Goats gan drive out of their ſtalls,
To feed abroad, where paſture beſt befalls.

To an high mountains top he with them went,
Where thickeſt graſs did cloath the open hills:
They now amongſt the woods and thickets ment,
Now in the valleys wandring at their wills,
Spread themſelves far abroad through each deſcent;
Some on the ſoft green graſs feeding their fills,
Some clambring through the hollow cliffs on hie,
Nibble the buſhie ſhrubs, which grow thereby.

Others, the utmoſt boughs of trees do crop,
And brouze the woodbine twiggs, that freſhly bud;
This with full bit doth catch the utmoſt top
Of ſome ſoft willow, or new growen ſtud;

This with ſharp teeth the bramble leaves doth lop,
And chaw the tender prickles in her Cud;
The whiles another, high doth overlook
Her own like Image in a cryſtal brook.

O the great happineſs, which Shepherds have,
Who-ſo loaths not too much the poor eſtate,
With mind that ill uſe doth before deprave,
Ne meaſures all things by the coſtly rate
Of riotiſe, and ſemblants outward brave:
No ſuch ſad cares, as wont to macerate
And rend the greedy minds of covetous men,
Do ever creep into the Shepherds den.

Ne cares he if the fleece, which him arays,
Be not twice ſteeped in Aſſyrian die;
Ne gliſtering of gold, which underlays
The Summer beams, do blind his gazing eye.
Ne pictures beauty, nor the glancing rays
Of precious ſtones, whence no good cometh by;
Ne yet his cup emboſt with Imagery
Of *Bætis*, or of *Alcons* vanity.

Ne ought the whelky pearls eſteemeth he,
Which are from Indian Seas brought far away:
But with pure breſt from careful ſorrow free,
On the ſoft graſs his limbs doth oft diſplay,
In ſweet ſpring time, when flowres variety
With ſundry colours paints the ſprinkled lay:
There lying all at eaſe, from guile or ſpight,
With pipe of fenny reeds doth him delight.

There he, Lord of himſelf, with palm bedight,
His looſer locks doth wrap in wreath of vine:
There his milk-dropping Goats be his delight,
And fruitful *Pales*, and the Foreſt green,
And darkſom caves in pleaſant vallies pight,
Whereas continual ſhade is to be ſeen,
And where freſh ſpringing wells, as cryſtal neat,
Do always flow, to quench his thirſty heat.

O! who can lead then a more happy life,
Than he, that with clean mind and hart ſincere,
No greedy riches knows, nor bloody ſtrife,
No deadly fight of warlike fleece doth fear,
Ne runs in peril of foes cruel knife,
That in the ſacred temples he may rear
A trophee of his glittering ſpoyls and treaſure,
Or may abound in riches above meaſure.

Of him his God is worſhipt with his ſyth,
And not with skill of craftſman poliſhed:
He joys in groves, and makes himſelf full blyth,
With ſundry flowers in wild fields gathered;
Ne frankincenſe he from *Panchæa* buyth,
Sweet quiet harbours in his harmleſs head,
And perfect pleaſure builds her joyous bowre,
Free from ſad cares, that rich mens harts devowre.

This all his care, this all his whole endeavour,
To this, his mind and ſenſes he doth bend,
How he may flow in quiets matchleſs treaſour,
Content with any food that God doth ſend,
And how his limbs, reſolv'd through idle leiſour,
Unto ſweet ſleep he may ſecurely lend,
In ſome cool ſhadow from the ſcorching heat,
The whiles his flock their chawed cuds do eat.

O flocks! O fauns! and O ye pleaſant ſprings
Of *Tempe*, where the Country Nymphs are rife,
Through whoſe not coſtly care each Shepherd ſings
As merry notes upon his ruſtick Fife,
As that *Aſtræan* Bard, whoſe fame now rings
Through the wide world, and leads as joyful life;
Free from all troubles, and from worldly toyl,
In which fond men do all their days turmoyl.

In ſuch delights, whilſt thus his careleſs time
This Shepherd drives, upleaning on his batt,
And on ſhrill reeds chaunting his ruſtick rime,
Hyperion throwing forth his beams full hott,
Into the higheſt top of heaven gan clime;
And the world parting by an equal lot,
Did ſhed his whirling flames on either ſide,
As the great Ocean doth himſelf divide.

Then gan the Shepherd gather into one
His ſtragling Goats, and drave them to a foord,
Whoſe cærule ſtream, rombling in Pibble ſtone,
Crept under moſs as green as any goord.
Now had the Sun half heaven overgone,
When he is herd back from that water foord,
Drave from the force of *Phœbus* boyling ray,
Into thick ſhadows, there themſelves to lay.

Soon as he them plac't in thy ſacred wood
(O *Delian* Goddeſs) ſaw, to which of yore
Came the bad Daughter of old *Cadmus* brood,
Cruel *Agave*, flying vengeance ſore
Of King *Nictileus*, for the guilty blood,
Which ſhe with curſed hands had ſhed before;
There ſhe half frantick having ſlain her Son,
Did ſhrowd her ſelf, like puniſhment to ſhon.

Here alſo playing on the graſſie green,
Woodgods, and Satyres, and ſwift Dryades,
With many Fairies oft were dancing ſeen.
Not ſo much did Dan *Orpheus* repreſs,
The ſtreams of *Hebrus* with his ſongs I ween,
As that fair troop of wooddie Goddeſſes
Stayed thee, (O *Peneus*) pouring forth to thee,
From chearful looks, great mirth, and gladſom glee.
The very nature of the place, reſounding
With gentle murmur of the breathing air,
A pleaſant bowre with all delight abounding
In the freſh ſhadow did for them prepare,
To reſt their limbs with wearineſs redounding.
For firſt, the high Palm trees with branches fair,
Out of the lowly vallies did ariſe,
And high ſhoot up their heads into the skyes.

And them amongſt the wicked Lotos grew;
Wicked, for holding guilefully away
Ulyſſes men, whom rapt with ſweetneſs new,
Taking to hoſt, it quite from him did ſtay,
And eke thoſe trees, in whoſe transformed hew,
The Suns ſad Daughters wail'd the raſh decay
Of *Phaeton*, whoſe limbs with lightning rent,
They gathering up, with ſweet tears did lament.

And that ſame tree, in which *Demophoon*,
By his diſloyalty lamented ſore,
Eternal hurt left unto many one:
Who als accompanied the Oak, of yore
Through fatal charms transformed to ſuch an one:
The Oak, whoſe Acorns were our food, before
That *Ceres* ſeed of mortal men was known,
Which firſt *Triptoleme* taught how to be ſown.

Here alſo grew the rougher-rinded Pine,
The great *Argoan* ſhips brave ornament,
Whom golden Fleece did make an heavenly ſign,
Which coveting, with his high tops extent,
To make the mountains touch the ſtars divine,
Decks all the Foreſt with embelliſhment,
And the black Holm that loves the watry vale,
And the ſweet Cypreſs, ſign of deadly bale.

Emongſt the reſt, the clambring Yvie grew,
Knitting his wanton arms with graſping hold,
Leaſt that the Poplar happily ſhould rew
Her Brothers ſtrokes, whoſe boughs ſhe doth enfold
With her ly the twigs, till they the top ſurvew,
And paint with pallid green her buds of gold.
Next did the Myrtle tree to her approach,
Nor yet unmindful of her old reproach.

But the ſmall Birds in their wide boughs embowring,
Chaunted their ſundry tunes with ſweet conſent,
And under them a ſilver Spring forth pouring
His trickling ſtreams, a gentle murmure ſent;
Thereto the frogs, bred in the ſlimie ſcowring
Of the moiſt moores, their jarring voyces bent;
And ſhrill graſhoppers chirped them around:
All which the airy Eccho did reſound.

In this ſo pleaſant place, this Shepherds flock
Lay every where, their weary limbs to reſt,
On every buſh, and every hollow rock,
Where breath on them the whiſtling wind mote beſt:
The whiles the Shepherd ſelf tending his ſtock,
Sate by the fountain ſide, in ſhade to reſt,
Where gentle ſlumbring ſleep oppreſſed him,
Diſplaid on ground, and ſeized every lim.

Of trechery or trains nought took he keep,
But looſly on the graſſie green diſpred,
His deareſt life did truſt to careleſs ſleep;
Which weighing down his drouping drowſie hed,
In quiet reſt his molten heart did ſteep,
Devoid of care, and fear of all falſhed:
Had not inconſtant fortune, bent to ill,
Bid ſtrange miſchance his quietneſs to ſpill.

For at his wonted time, in that ſame place,
An huge great Serpent all with ſpeckles pide,
To drench himſelf in mooriſh ſlime did trace,
There from the boyling heat himſelf to hide:
He paſſing by with rolling wreathed pace,
With brandiſht tongue the empty air did gride,
And wrapt his ſcaly boughts with fell deſpight,
That all things ſeem'd appalled at his ſight.

Now more and more having himſelf enrold,
His glittering breſt he lifteth up on hie,
And with proud vaunt his head aloft doth hold;
His creſt above ſpotted with purple dye,
On every ſide did ſhine like ſcaly gold,
And his bright eyes glauncing full dreadfully,
Did ſeem to flame out flakes of flaſhing fire,
And with ſtern looks to threaten kindled yre.

Thus wiſe long time he did himſelf diſpace
There round about, when as at laſt he ſpide
Lying along before him in that place,
That flocks grand Captain, and moſt truſty guide:
Eftſoons more fierce in viſage, and in pace,
Throwing his firy eyes on every ſide,
He cometh on, and all things in his way
Full ſternly rends, that might his paſſage ſtay.

Much he diſdains, that any one ſhould dare
To come unto his haunt; for which intent
He inly burns, and gins ſtraight to prepare
The weapons, which to him nature had lent:
Felly he hiſſeth; and doth fiercely ſtare,
And hath his jawes with angry ſpirits rent,
That all his track with bloody drops is ſtained,
And all his folds are now in length conſtrained.

Whom thus at point prepared, to prevent,
A little nourſling of the humid air,
A *Gnat*, unto the ſleepy Shepherd went,
And marking where his eye-lids twinkling rare,
Shewd the two pearls, which ſight unto him lent,
Through their thin coverings appearing fair,
His little needle there infixing deep,
Warn'd him awake, from death himſelf to keep.

Wherewith enrag'd, he fiercely gan upſtart,
And with his hand him raſhly bruzing ſlew,
As in avengement of his heedleſs ſmart,
That ſtraight the ſpirit out of his ſenſes flew,
And life out of his members did depart:
When ſuddenly caſting aſide his view,
He ſpide his foe with felonous intent,
And fervent eyes to his deſtruction bent.

All ſuddenly diſmaid, and hartleſs quight,
He fled aback; and catching haſty hold
Of a young Alder hard beſide him pight,
It rent, and ſtreight about him gan behold,
What God or fortune would aſſiſt his might.
But whether God or Fortune made him bold,
Its hard to read: yet hardy will he had
To overcome, that made him leſs adrad.

The ſcalie back of that moſt hideous Snake,
Enwrapped round, oft faining to retire,
And oft him to aſſail, he fiercely ſtrake
Whereas his temples did his creaſt-front tyre ;
And for he was but ſlow, did ſloth off ſhake,
And gazing ghaſtly on (for fear and ire
Had blent ſo much his ſenſe, that leſs he fear'd ;)
Yet when he ſaw him ſlain, himſelf he chear'd.

By this, the night forth from the darkſome bowre
Of *Herebus* her teemed ſteeds gan call,
And lazie *Veſper* in his timely howre,
From golden *Oeta* gan proceed withall :
Whenas the Shepherd after this ſharp ſtowre,
Seeing the doubled ſhadows low to fall,
Gathering his ſtraying flock, does homeward fare,
And unto reſt his weary joynts prepare.

Into whoſe ſenſe ſo ſoon as lighter ſleep
Was entred, and now looſing every lim,
Sweet ſlumbring deaw in careleſneſs did ſteep,
The Image of that *Gnat* appear'd to him,
And in ſad tearms gan ſorrowfully weep,
With griſly countenance and viſage grim,
Wailing the wrong which he had done of late,
In ſtead of good, haſtning his cruel fate.

Said he, what have I wretch deſerv'd, that thus
Into this bitter bale I am out-caſt,
Whilſt that thy life more dear and precious
Was than mine own, ſo long as it did laſt?
I now in lieu of pains ſo gracious,
Am toſt in th' air with every windy blaſt :
Thou ſafe delivered from ſad decay,
Thy careleſs limbs in looſe ſleep dooſt diſplay.

So liveſt thou: but my poor wretched ghoſt
Is forc'd to ferry over *Lethes* River,
And ſpoyl'd of *Charon*, to and fro am toſt.
Seeſt thou not, how all places quake and quiver,
Lightned with deadly lamps on every poſt ?
Tiſiphone each where doth ſhake and ſhiver
Her flaming fire brond, encountring me,
Whoſe locks uncombed cruel Adders be.

And *Cerberus*, whoſe many mouths do bay,
And bark out flames, as if on fire he fed ;
Adown whoſe neck in terrible array,
Ten thouſand Snakes cralling about his hed
Do hang in heaps, that horribly affray,
And bloody eyes do gliſter firie red :
He oftentimes me dreadfully doth threaten,
With painful torments to be ſorely beaten.

Ay me, that thanks ſo much ſhould fail of meed,
For that I thee reſtor'd to life again,
Even from the door of death and deadly dreed.
Where then is now the guerdon of my pain ?
Where the reward of my ſo pittious deed ?
The praiſe of pitty vaniſht is in vain,
And th' antique faith of Juſtice long agone
Out of the Land is fled away and gone.

I ſaw anothers fate approaching faſt,
And left mine own, his ſafety to tender ;
Into the ſame miſhap I now am caſt,
And ſhund deſtruction doth deſtruction render :
Not unto him that never hath treſpaſt,
But puniſhment is due to the offender.
Yet let deſtruction be the puniſhment,
So long as thankful will may it relent.

I carried am into waſte wilderneſs,
Waſte wilderneſs, amongſt *Cymmerian* ſhades,
Where endleſs pains, and hideous heavineſs
Is round about me heapt in darkſom glades.
For there huge *Othos* ſits in ſad diſtreſs,
Faſt bound with Serpents that him oft invades :
Far off beholding *Ephialtes* tide,
Which once aſſail'd to burn this world ſo wide.

And there is mournful *Tityus*, mindful yet
Of thy diſpleaſure, O *Latona* fair ;
Diſpleaſure too implacable was it,
That made him meat for wild fouls of the air :
Much do I fear among ſuch fiends to ſit,
Much do I fear back to them to repair,
To the black ſhadows of the *Stygian* ſhore,
Where wretched ghoſts ſit wailing ever-more.

There next the utmoſt brink doth he abide,
That did the bankets of the Gods bewray,
Whoſe throat through thirſt to nought nigh being dride,
His ſenſe to ſeek for eaſe turns every way :
And he that in avengement of his pride,
For ſcorning to the ſacred Gods to pray,
Againſt a mountain rolls a mighty ſtone,
Calling in vain for reſt, and can have none.

Go ye with them, go curſed Damoſells,
Whoſe bridal torches foul *Erynnis* tynd,
And *Hymen* at your ſpouſals ſad, foretells
Tydings of death, and maſſacre unkind:
With them, that cruel *Colchid* mother dwells,
The which conceiv'd in her revengeful mind,
With bitter wounds her own dear babes to ſlay,
And murdred troupes upon great heaps to lay.

There alſo thoſe two *Pandionian* maids,
Calling on *Itis*, *Itis* evermore,
Whom (wretched boy) they ſlew with guilty blades
For whom the *Thracian* King lamenting ſore,
Turn'd to a Lapwing, foulie them upbraids,
And fluttering, round about them ſtill does ſore :
There now they all eternally complain
Of others wrong, and ſuffer endleſs pain.

But the two brethren born of *Cadmus* blood,
Whilſt each does for the Soveraignty contend,
Blind through ambition, and with vengeance wood,
Each doth againſt the others body bend
His curſed ſteel, of neither well withſtood,
And with wide wounds their carcaſes doth rend ;
That yet they both do mortal foes remain,
Sith each with brothers bloodie hand was ſlain.

Ah !

Ah! (weladay) there is no end of pain,
Nor change of labour may intreated be:
Yet I beyond all theſe am carried fain,
Where other Powers far different I ſee,
And muſt paſs over to th' *Elyſian* Plain:
There grim *Perſephone* encountring me,
Doth urge her fellow Furies earneſtly,
With their bright firebronds me to terrifie.

There chaſt *Alceſte* lives inviolate,
Free from all care, for that her husbands days
She did prolong by changing fate for fate.
Lo there lives alſo the immortal praiſe
Of womankind, moſt faithful to her mate,
Penelope: and from her far aways
A ruleſs rout of young-men, which her woo'd,
All ſlain with darts, lie wallowed in their blood.

And ſad *Eurydice* thence now no more
Muſt turn to life, but there detained be,
For looking back, being forbid before:
Yet was the guilt thereof, *Orpheus*, in thee.
Bold ſure he was, and worthy ſpirit bore,
That durſt thoſe loweſt ſhadows go to ſee,
And could believe that any thing could pleaſe
Fell *Cerberus*, or *Stygian* Powres appeaſe.

Ne fear'd the burning waves of *Phlegeton*,
Nor thoſe ſame mournful Kingdoms, compaſſed
With ruſty horrour and foul faſhion,
And deep dig'd vautes, and Tartar covered
With bloody night, and dark confuſion,
And judgment ſeats, whoſe Judge is deadly dred;
A Judge, that after death doth puniſh ſore
The faults, which life hath treſpaſſed before.

But valiant fortune made *Dan Orpheus* bold:
For the ſwift running rivers ſtill did ſtand,
And the wild beaſts their fury did with-hold,
To follow *Orpheus* muſick through the land:
And th' Oakes deep grounded in the earthly mold
Did move, as if they could him underſtand:
And the ſhrill woods, which were of ſenſe bereav'd,
Through their hard bark his ſilver ſound receav'd.

And eke the Moon her haſty ſteeds did ſtay,
Drawing in teems along the ſtarry sky,
And didſt (O monthly Virgin) thou delay
Thy nightly courſe, to hear his melody?
The ſame was able with like lovely lay
The Queen of hell to move as eaſily,
To yield *Eurydice* unto her fere,
Back to be born, though it unlawful were.

She (Lady) having well before approved,
The fiends to be too cruel and ſevere,
Obſerv'd th' appointed way, as her behoved,
Ne ever did her eye-ſight turn arere,
Ne ever ſpake, ne cauſe of ſpeaking moved:
But cruel *Orpheus*, thou much crueller,
Seeking to kiſs her, brok'ſt the Gods decree,
And thereby mad'ſt her ever damn'd to be.

Ah! but ſweet love of pardon worthy is,
And doth deſerve to have ſmall faults remitted;
If Hell at leaſt things lightly done amiſs
Knew how to pardon, when ought is omitted:
Yet are ye both received into bliſs,
And to the ſeats of happy ſouls admitted.
And you, beſide the honourable band
Of great Heroes, do in order ſtand.

There be the two ſtout ſons of *Æacus*,
Fierce *Peleus*, and the hardy *Telamon*,
Both ſeeming now full glad and joyeous
Through their Sires dreadful juriſdiction,
Being the Judge of all that horrid hous:
And both of them by ſtrange occaſion,
Renown'd in choice of happy marriage
Through *Venus* grace, and vertues carriage.

For th' one was raviſht of his own bond-maid,
The fair *Ixione*, captiv'd from *Troy*:
But th' other was with *Thetis* love aſſaid,
Great *Nereus* his daughter, and his joy.
On this ſide them there is a yong-man laid,
Their match in glory, mighty, fierce and coy:
That from th' Argolick ſhips, with furious ire,
Bett back the fury of the Trojan fire.

O! who would not recount the ſtrong divorces
Of that great war, which Trojans oft beheld,
And oft beheld the warlike Greekiſh forces,
When *Teucrian* ſoil with bloody rivers ſweld,
And wide *Sigæan* ſhores were ſpred with corſes,
And *Simois* and *Xanthus* blood out-weld,
Whilſt *Hector* raged with outrageous mind,
Flames, weapons, wounds in *Greeks* fleet to have ty

For *Ida* ſelf, in aid of that fierce fight,
Out of her mountains miniſtred ſupplies,
And like a kindly nurſe, did yield (for ſpight)
Store of firebronds out of her nurſeries,
Unto her foſter children, that they might
Inflame the Navy of their enemies,
And all the *Rhætean* ſhore to aſhes turn,
Where lay the ſhips, which they did ſeek to burn.

Gainſt which the noble ſon of *Telamon*
Oppos'd himſelf, and thwarting his huge ſhield,
Them battel bad, gainſt whom appear'd anon,
Hector, the glory of the *Trojan* field:
Both fierce and furious in contention
Encountred, that their mighty ſtrokes ſo ſhrild,
As the great clap of thunder, which doth rive
The ratling heavens, and clouds aſunder drive.

So th' one with fire and weapons did contend
To cut the ſhips, from turning home again
To *Argos*, th' other ſtrove for to defend
The force of *Vulcan* with his might and main.
Thus th' one *Æacide* did his fame extend:
But th' other joy'd, that on the *Phrygian* plain
Having the blood of vanquiſht *Hector* ſhed,
He compaſt *Troy* thrice with his body ded.

Again great dole on either party grew,
That him to death unfaithful *Paris* ſent;
And alſo him that falſe *Ulyſſes* ſlew,
Drawn into danger through cloſe ambuſhment:
Therefore from him *Laertes* Son his vew
Doth turn aſide, and boaſts his good event
In working of *Strymonian Rhæſus* fall,
And eft in *Dolons* ſubtile ſurpriſall.

Again the dreadful *Cycons* him diſmay,
And black *Læſtrigones*, a people ſtout:
Then greedy *Scilla*, under whom there bay
Many great bandogs, which her gird about:
Then do the *Ætnean* Cyclops him affray,
And deep *Charybdis* gulphing in and out:
Laſtly, the ſqualid lakes of *Tartary*,
And grieſly Fiends of hell him terrifie.

There alſo goodly *Agamemnon* boaſts
The glory of the ſtock of *Tantalus*,
And famous light of all the Greekiſh hoſts,
Under whoſe conduct moſt victorious,
The *Dorick* flames conſum'd the *Iliack* poſts.
Ah! but the *Greeks* themſelves more dolorous,
To thee, O *Troy*, paid penance for thy fall,
In th' *Helleſpont* being nigh drowned all.

Well may appear by proof of their miſchance,
The changeful turning of mens ſlippery ſtate,
That none, whom fortune freely doth advance,
Himſelf therefore to heaven ſhould elevate:
For lofty typé of honour through the glance
Of envies dart, is down in duſt proſtate;
And all that vaunts in worldly vanity,
Shall fall through fortunes mutability.

Th' *Argolick* power returning home again,
Enricht with ſpoiles of th' *Ericthonian* towre,
Did happy wind and weather entertain,
And with good ſpeed the ſomie billows ſcowre:
No ſign of ſtorm, no fear of future pain,
Which ſoon enſued them with heavy ſtowre.
Nereis to the Seas a token gave,
The whiles their crooked keels the ſurges clave.

Suddenly, whether through the Gods decree,
Or hapleſs riſing of ſome froward ſtar,
The heavens on every ſide enclowded be:
Black ſtorms and fogs are blowen up from far,
That now the Pilote can no loadſtar ſee,
But skyes and ſeas do make moſt dreadful war;
The billows ſtriving to the heavens to reach,
And th' heavens ſtriving them for to impeach.

And in avengement of their bold attempt,
Both Sun and Stars, and all the heavenly powres
Conſpire in one to wreak their raſh contempt,
And down on them to fall from higheſt towres:
The sky in pieces ſeeming to be rent,
Throws lightning forth, and hail, and harmful ſhowres,
That death on every ſide to them appears
In thouſand forms, to work moſt ghaſtly fears.

Some in the greedy floods are ſunk and drent,
Some on the rocks of *Caphareus* are thrown;
Some on th' *Euboick* Cliffs in pieces rent;
Some ſcattred on the *Hercæan* ſhores unknown;
And many loſt, of whom no moniment
Remains, nor memory is to be ſhown:
Whilſt all the purchaſe of the *Phrygian* pray
Toſt on ſalt billows, round about doth ſtray.

Here many other like Heroes be,
Equal in honour to the former crue,
Whom ye in goodly ſeats may placed ſee,
Deſcended all from *Rome* by linage due,
From *Rome*, that holds the world in ſoveraignty,
And doth all Nations unto her ſubdue:
Here *Fabij* and *Decij* do dwell,
Horatij that in vertue did excell.

And here the antique fame of ſtout *Camill*
Doth ever live, and conſtant *Curtius*,
Who ſtifly bent his vowed life to ſpill
For Countries health, a gulf moſt hideous
Amidſt the Town with his own corps did fill,
T' appeaſe the Powers; and prudent *Mutius*,
Who in his fleſh endur'd the ſcorching flame,
To daunt his foe by enſample of the ſame.

And here wiſe *Curius*, his companion
Of noble vertues, lives in endleſs reſt;
And ſtout *Flaminius*, whoſe devotion
Taught him the fires ſcorn'd fury to deteſt;
And here the praiſe of either *Scipion*
Abides in higheſt place above the beſt,
To whom the ruin'd walls of *Carthage* vow'd,
Trembling their forces, ſound their praiſes lowd.

Live they for ever through their laſting praiſe:
But I, poor wretch, am forced to return
To the ſad lakes, that *Phœbus* ſunny rayes
Do never ſee, where ſouls do always mourn,
And by the wailing ſhores to waſte my dayes,
Where *Phlegeton* with quenchleſs flames doth burn;
By which juſt *Minos* righteous ſouls doth ſever
From wicked ones, to live in bliſs for ever.

Me therefore thus the cruel fiends of hell
Girt with long ſnakes, and thouſand yron chains,
Through doom of that their cruel Judge, compell
With bitter torture and impatient pains,
Cauſe of my death, and juſt complaint to tell.
For thou art he, whom my poor ghoſt complains
To be the Autour of her ill unwares,
That careleſs hear'ſt my intollerable cares.

Them therefore as bequeathing to the wind,
I now depart, returning to thee never,
And leave this lamentable plaint behind.
But do thou haunt the ſoft down rolling river,
And wild green woods, and fruitful paſtures mind,
And let the flitting air my vain words ſever.
Thus having ſaid, he heavily departed
With pitious cry, that any would have ſmarted.

Now,

Now, when the ſlothful fit of lifes ſweet reſt
Had left the heavy Shepherd, wondrous cares
His inly grieved mind full ſore oppreſt;
That baleful ſorrow he no longer bears,
For that *Gnats* death, which deeply was impreſt:
But bends what-ever power his aged years
Him lent, yet being ſuch, as through their might
He lately ſlew his dreadful foe in fight.

By that ſame River lurking under green,
Eftſoons he gins to faſhion forth a place;
And ſquaring it in compaſs well beſeen,
There plotteth out a tomb by meaſured ſpace:
His yron headed ſpade tho making clean,
To dig up ſods out of the flowrie graſs,
His work he ſhortly to good purpoſe brought,
Like as he had conceiv'd it in his thought.

An heap of earth he hoorded up on hie,
Encloſing it with banks on every ſide,
And thereupon did raiſe full buſily
A little Mount, of green turfs edifide;
And on the top of all, that paſſers by
Might it behold, the tomb he did provide
Of ſmootheſt Marble-ſtone in order ſet,
That never might his luckie ſcape forget.

And round about he taught ſweet flowres to grow;
The Roſe engrained in pure ſcarlet die,
The Lily freſh, and Violet below,
The Marigold, and chearful Roſemary,
The *Spartan* Myrtle, whence ſweet gum does flow,
The purple Hyacinth, and freſh Coſtmary,
And Saffron ſought for in *Cilician* ſoyl,
And Laurel th' ornament of *Phœbus* toyl.

Freſh *Rhododaphne*, and the *Sabine* flowre
Matching the wealth of th' ancient Frankincence,
And pallid Ivy building his own bowre,
And Box yet mindful of his old offence,
Red *Amaranthus*, luckleſs Paramour,
Ox-eye ſtill green, and bitter Patience;
Ne wants there pale *Narciſs*, that in a well
Seeing his beauty, in love with it fell.

And whatſoever other flowre of worth,
And whatſo other herb of lovely hew
The joyous Spring out of the ground brings forth,
To cloth her ſelf in colours freſh and new;
He planted there, and rear'd a mount of earth,
In whoſe high front was writ as doth enſue.

To thee, ſmall Gnat, *in lieu of his life ſaved,*
The Shepherd hath thy deaths record engraved.

FINIS.

THE

THE RUINES OF ROME:

By *BELLAY.*

1.

YE heavenly Spirits, whoſe aſhie cinders lie
Under deep ruines, with huge walls oppreſt,
But not your praiſe, the which ſhall never dye
Through your fair verſes, ne in aſhes reſt;
If ſo be ſhrilling voice of wight alive,
May reach from hence to depth of darkeſt hell,
Then let thoſe deep Abyſſes open rive,
That ye may underſtand my ſhrieking yell.
Thrice having ſeen under the heavens veal
Your tombs devoted compaſs over all,
Thrice unto you with lowd voice I appeal,
And for your antique fury here do call,
The whiles that I with ſacred horror ſing
Your glory, faireſt of all earthly thing.

2.

Great *Babylon* her haughty walls will praiſe,
And ſharped ſteeples high ſhot up in air;
Greece will the old *Epheſian* buildings blaze;
And *Nylus* nurſlings their Pyramids fair;
The ſame yet vaunting *Greece* will tell the ſtory
Of *Joves* great Image in *Olympus* plac'd,
Mauſolus work will be the *Carians* glory.
And *Crete* will boaſt the Labyrinth, now rac'd;
The antique *Rhodian* will likewiſe ſet forth
The great Coloſs, erect to Memory;
And what elſe in the world is of like worth,
Some greater learned wit will magnifie.
But I will ſing above all moniments
Seven *Roman* hills, the worlds ſeven wonderments.

3.

Thou ſtranger, which for *Rome* in *Rome* her ſeekeſt,
And nought of *Rome* in *Rome* perceiv'ſt at all,
Theſe ſame old walls, old arches, which thou ſeeſt,
Old Palaces, is that, which *Rome* men call.
Behold what wreak, what ruine, and what waſt,
And how that ſhe, which with her mighty powre
Tam'd all the world, hath tam'd her ſelf at laſt,
The pray of time, which all things doth devowre.
Rome now of *Rome* is th' only funerall,
And only *Rome*, of *Rome* hath victory;
Ne ought ſave *Tyber*, haſtning to his fall
Remains of all: O worlds inconſtancy!
That which is firm, doth flit and fall away,
And that is flitting, doth abide and ſtay.

4.

She, whoſe high top above the Stars did ſore,
One foot on *Thetis*, th' other on the Morning,
One hand on *Scythia*, th' other on the *More*,
Both heaven and earth in roundneſs compaſſing,
Jove fearing, leaſt if ſhe ſhould greater grow,
The Giants old ſhould once again upriſe,
Her whelm'd with hills, theſe ſeven hills, which be now
Tombs of her greatneſs, which did threat the skies:
Upon her head he heapt Mount *Saturnal*,
Upon her belly th' antique *Palatine*,
Upon her ſtomack laid Mount *Quirinal*,
On her left hand the noyſome *Eſquiline*,
And *Cælian* on the right; but both her feet,
Mount *Viminal* and *Aventine* do meet.

5.

Who liſts to ſee, what-ever Nature, Art,
And Heaven could do, O *Rome*, then let him ſee,
In caſe thy greatneſs he can gheſs in hart,
By that which but the picture is of thee.
Rome is no more: but if the ſhade of *Rome*
May of the body yield a ſeeming ſight,
Its like a corſe drawn forth out of the tomb
By Magick skill out of eternal night:
The corps of *Rome* in aſhes is entomb'd,
And her great ſpirit rejoyned to the ſpirit
Of this great maſs, is in the ſame enwomb'd;
But her brave writings, which her famous merit
In ſpight of time, out of the duſt doth rear,
Do make her Idol through the world appear.

6.

Such as the *Berecynthian* Goddeſs bright
In her ſwift Charret, with high turrets crownd,
Proud that ſo many Gods ſhe brought to light;
Such was this City in her good days found:
This City, more than that great *Phrygian* Mother,
Renownd for fruit of famous progeny,
Whoſe greatneſs, by the greatneſs of none other,
But by her ſelf her equal match could ſee:
Rome only might to *Rome* compared be,
And only *Rome* could make great *Rome* to tremble:
So did the Gods by heavenly doom decree,
That other earthly power ſhould not reſemble
Her that did match the whole earths puiſſaunce,
And did her courage to the heavens advaunce.

7.

Ye ſacred ruines, and ye tragick ſights,
Which only do the name of *Rome* retain,
Old moniments, which of ſo famous ſprights
The honour yet in aſhes do maintain:
Triumphant Arks, ſpyres neighbours to the skye,
That you to ſee doth th' heaven it ſelf appall,
Alas, by little ye to nothing flye,
The peoples fable, and the ſpoyl of all:
And though your frames do for a time make war
Gainſt time, yet time in time ſhall ruinate
Your works and names, and your laſt reliques mar.
My ſad deſires, reſt therefore moderate:
For if that time make end of things ſo ſure,
It als will end the pain which I endure.

8.

Through arms and vaſſals *Rome* the world ſubdu'd,
That one would ween, that one ſole Cities ſtrength
Both Land and Sea in roundneſs had ſurwve'd,
To be the meaſure of her bredth and length:
This peoples vertue yet ſo fruitful was
Of vertuous nephewes, that poſterity
Striving in power their Grandfathers to paſs,
The loweſt earth joyn'd to the heavens hie;
To th' end that having all parts in their powre,
Nought from the Romane Empire might be quight,
And that though time doth Common-wealths devoure,
Yet no time ſhould ſo low embaſe their hight,
That her head earth'd in her foundation deep,
Should not her name and endleſs honour keep.

9.

Ye cruel ſtars, and eke ye Gods unkind,
Heaven envious, and bitter ſtepdame Nature,
Be it by fortune, or by courſe of kind
That ye do wield th' affairs of earthly creature;
Why have your hands long ſithence travailed
To frame this world that doth endure ſo long?
Or why were not theſe Romane palaces
Made of ſome matter no leſs firm and ſtrong?
I ſay not, as the common voice doth ſay,
That all things which beneath the Moon have beeing,
Are temporal, and ſubject to decay:
But I ſay rather, though not all agreeing
With ſome, that ween the contrary in thought;
That all this whole ſhall one day come to nought.

10.

As that brave Son of *Æſon*, which by charmes
Atchiv'd the golden Fleece in *Colchid* land,
Out of the earth engendred men of arms
Of Dragons teeth, ſown in the ſacred ſand;
So this brave Town, that in her youthly days
An Hydra was of warriours glorious,
Did fill with her renowned nourſlings praiſe
The firie ſuns both one and other houſe:
But they at laſt, there being then not living
An *Hercules*, ſo rank ſeed to repreſs;
Emongſt themſelves with cruel fury ſtriving,
Mow'd down themſelves with ſlaughter mercileſs;
Renewing in themſelves that rage unkind,
Which whilom did thoſe earth-born brethren blind.

11.

Mars, ſhaming to have given ſo great head
To his off-ſpring, that mortal puiſſaunce
Puft up with pride of Romane hardie head,
Seem'd above heavens powre it ſelf to advaunce:
Cooling again his former kindled heat;
With which he had thoſe Romane ſpirits fil'd,
Did blow new fire, and with enflamed breath,
Into the Gothick cold hot rage inſtil'd:
Then gan that Nation, th' earts new Giants brood,
To dart abroad the thunder-bolts of war,
And beating down theſe walls with furious mood
Into her Mothers boſome, all did mar;
To th' end that none, all were it *Jove* his ſire
Should boaſt himſelf of the Romane Empire.

12.

Like as whilome the children of the earth
Heapt hills on hills, to ſcale the ſtarry skye,
And fight againſt the Gods of heavenly berth,
Whiles *Jove* at them his thunder-bolts let flye;
All ſuddenly with lightning overthrown,
The furious ſquadrons down to ground did fall,
That th' earth under her childrens weight did grone,
And th' heavens in glory triumpht over all:
So did that haughty front which heaped was
On theſe ſeven Romane hills, it ſelf uprear
Over the world, and lift her lofty face
Againſt the heaven, that gan her force to fear.
But now the ſcorned fields bemone her fall,
And Gods ſecure fear not her force at all.

13.

Nor the ſwift fury of the flames aſpiring,
Nor the deep wounds of Victors raging blade,
Nor ruthleſs ſpoyl of Souldiers blood-deſiring,
The which ſo oft thee (*Rome*) their conqueſt made;
Ne ſtroke on ſtroke of fortune variable,
Ne ruſt of age hating continuance,
Nor wrath of Gods, nor ſpight of men unſtable,
Nor thou oppos'd gainſt thine own puiſſance;

Nor

Nor th' horrible uprore of winds high blowing,
Nor ſwelling ſtreams of that God ſnakie-paced,
Which hath ſo often with his overflowing
Thee drenched, have thy pride ſo much abaced;
But that this nothing, which they have thee left,
Makes the world wonder, what they from thee reft.

14.

As men in Summer fearleſs paſs the foord,
Which is in Winter Lord of all the plain,
And with his tumbling ſtreams doth bear aboord
The Ploughmans hope, and Shepherds labour vain:
And as the coward beaſts uſe to deſpiſe
The noble Lyon after his lives end,
Whetting their teeth, and with vain fool-hardiſe
Daring the foe, that cannot him defend:
And as at *Troy* moſt daſtards of the Greeks
Did brave about the corps of *Hector* cold;
So thoſe which whilom wont with pallid cheeks
The Roman triumphs glory to behold,
Now on theſe aſhie tombs ſhew boldneſs vain,
And conquerd dare the Conquerour diſdain.

15.

Ye pallid ſpirits, and ye aſhie ghoſts,
Which joyning in the brightneſs of your day,
Brought forth thoſe ſigns of your preſumptuous boaſts
Which now their duſty reliques do bewray;
Tell me ye ſpirits (ſith the darkſom river
Of *Styx*, not paſſable to ſouls returning,
Encloſing you in thrice three wards for ever,
Do not reſtrain your Images ſtill mourning)
Tell me then (for perhaps ſome one of you
Yet here above him ſecretly doth hide)
Do ye not feel your torments to accrew,
When ye ſometimes behold the ruin'd pride
Of theſe old *Roman* works built with your hands,
Now to become nought elſe, but heaped ſands?

16.

Like as ye ſee the wrathful Sea from far,
In a great mountain heapt with hideous noyſe,
Eftſoons of thouſand billows ſhouldred nar,
Againſt a Rock to break with dreadful poyſe:
Like as ye ſee fell *Boreas* with ſharp blaſt,
Toſſing huge tempeſts through the troubled sky,
Eftſoons having his wide wings ſpent in waſt,
To ſtop his weary cariere ſuddenly:
And as ye ſee huge flames ſpred diverſly,
Gathered in one up to the heavens to ſpire,
Eftſoons conſum'd to fall down feebily:
So whilom did this Monarchy aſpire
As waves, as wind, as fire ſpred over all,
Till it by fatal doom adown did fall.

17.

So long as *Joves* great Bird did make his flight,
Bearing the fire with which heaven doth us fray,
Heaven had not fear of that preſumptuous might,
With which the Gyants did the Gods aſſay.
But all ſo ſoon, as ſcorching Sun had brent
His wings, which wont the earth to overſpred,
The earth out of the maſſie womb forth ſent
That antique horror, which made heaven adred.
Then was the German Raven in diſguiſe
That Roman Eagle ſeen to cleave aſunder,
And towards heaven freſhly to ariſe
Out of theſe mountains, now conſum'd to powder.
In which the foul that ſerves to bear the lightning,
Is now no more ſeen flying, not alightning.

18.

Theſe heaps of ſtones, theſe old walls which ye ſee,
Were firſt encloſures but of ſalvage ſoyl;
And theſe brave Palaces which maiſtred be
Of time, were Shepherds cottages ſomewhile.
Then took the Shepherds Kingly ornament,
And the ſtout hynd arm'd his right hand with ſteel:
Eftſoons their rule of yearly Preſidents
Grew great, and ſix months greater a great deal;
Which made perpetual, roſe to ſo great might,
That thence th' Imperial Eagle rooting took,
Till th' heaven it ſelf oppoſing gainſt her might,
Her power to *Peters* ſucceſſor betook;
Who Shepherd-like (as Fates the ſame foreſeeing)
Doth ſhew, that all things turn to their firſt beeing.

19.

All that is perfect, which th' heaven beautifies;
All that's imperfect, born below the Moon;
All that doth feed our ſpirits and our eyes;
And all that doth conſume our pleaſures ſoon;
All the miſhap, the which our days outwears,
All the good hap of th' oldeſt times afore,
Rome in the time of her great anceſters,
Like a *Pandora*, locked long in ſtore.
But deſtiny this huge *Chaos* turmoyling,
In which all good and evil was encloſed,
Their heavenly vertues from theſe woes aſſoyling,
Caried to heaven, from ſinful bondage loſed:
But their great ſins, the cauſers of their pain,
Under theſe antique ruines yet remain.

20.

No otherwiſe than rainy cloud, firſt fed
With earthly vapours gathered in the air,
Eftſoons in compaſs archt, to ſteep his hed,
Doth plonge himſelf in *Thetys* boſom fair;
And mounting up again, from whence he came,
With his great belly ſpreds the dimmed world,
Till at the laſt diſſolving his moiſt frame,
In rain, or ſnow, or hail he forth is horld;
This City, which was firſt but Shepherds ſhade,
Upriſing by degrees, grew to ſuch height,
That Queen of land and ſea her ſelf ſhe made.
At laſt not able to bear ſo great weight,
Her power diſperſt, through all the world did vade:
To ſhew that all in th' end to nought ſhall fade.

21.

The ſame which *Pyrrhus*, and the puiſſance
Of *Africk* could not tame, that ſame brave City,
Which with ſtout courage arm'd againſt miſchance,
Suſtain'd the ſhock of common enmity;
Long as her ſhip toſt with ſo many freaks,
Had all the world in arms againſt her bent,
Was never ſeen, that any fortunes wreaks
Could break her courſe begun with brave intent.
But when the object of her vertue fail'd,
Her power it ſelf againſt it ſelf did arm:
As he that having long in tempeſt ſail'd,
Fain would arive, but cannot for the ſtorm,
If too great wind againſt the Port him drive,
Doth in the Port it ſelf his Veſſel rive.

22.

When that brave honour of the Latine name,
Which mear'd her rule with *Africa* and *Byze*,
With *Thames* Inhabitants of noble fame,
And they which ſee the dawning day ariſe;
Her nourſlings did with mutinous uprore
Harten againſt her ſelf, her conquer'd ſpoyl,
Which ſhe had won from all the world afore,
Of all the world was ſpoyl'd within a while.
So when the compaſt courſe of th' univerſe
In ſix and thirty thouſand years is run,
The bands of th' elements ſhall back reverſe
To their firſt diſcord, and be quight undone:
The ſeeds, of which all things at firſt were bred,
Shall in great *Chaos* womb again be hid.

23.

O wary wiſdom of the man, that would
That *Carthage* towres from ſpoyl ſhould be forborn!
To th' end that his victorious people ſhould
With cankring leiſure not be overworn;
He well foreſaw, how that the Roman courage,
Impatient of pleaſures faint deſires,
Through idleneſs would turn to civil rage,
And be her ſelf the matter of her fires.
For in a people given all to eaſe,
Ambition is engendred eaſily;
As in a vicious body, groſs diſeaſe
Soon grows through humours ſuperfluity.
That came to paſs, when ſwoln with plenties pride,
Nor Prince, nor Peer, nor Kin they would abide.

24.

If the blind fury, which wars bredeth oft,
Wonts not t' enrage the hearts of equal beaſts,
Whether they fare on foot, or fly aloft,
Or armed be with claws, or ſcalie creaſts;
What fell *Erynnis* with hot burning tongs,
Did grype your hearts, with noyſom rage imbew'd,
That each to other working cruel wrongs,
Your blades in your own bowels you embrew'd?
Was this (ye *Romanes*) your hard deſtiny?
Or ſome old ſin, whoſe unappeaſed guilt
Powr'd vengeance forth on you eternally?
Or Brothers blood, the which at firſt was ſpilt
Upon your walls, that God might not endure,
Upon the ſame to ſet foundation ſure?

25.

O that I had the *Thracian* Poets harp,
For to awake out of th' infernal ſhade
Thoſe antique *Caeſars*, ſleeping long in dark,
The which this ancient City whilom made:
Or that I had *Amphions* Inſtrument,
To quicken with his vital notes accord,
The ſtony joynts of theſe old walls now rent,
By which th' *Auſonian* light might be reſtor'd:
Or that at leaſt I could with penſil fine,
Faſhion the poutraicts of theſe Palacis,
By patern of great *Virgils* ſpirit divine;
I would aſſay with that which in me is,
To build with level of my lofty ſtile,
That which no hands can evermore compile.

26.

Who liſt the Roman greatneſs forth to figure,
Him needeth not to ſeek for uſage right
Of line, or lead, or rule, or ſquare, to meaſure
Her length, her breadth, her deepneſs, or her hight:
But him behooves to view in compaſs round
All that the Ocean graſps in his long arms;
Be it where th' yearly ſtar doth ſcorch the ground,
Or where cold *Boreas* blows his bitter ſtorms.
Rome was th' whole world, and all the world was *Rome*.
And if things nam'd their names do equalize,
When Land and Sea ye name, then name ye *Rome*;
And naming *Rome*, ye Land and Sea comprize:
For th' ancient Plot of *Rome*, diſplayed plain,
The map of all the wide World doth contain.

27.

Thou that at *Rome* aſtoniſht dooſt behold
The antique pride, which menaced the sky,
Theſe haughty heaps, theſe Palaces of old,
Theſe walls, theſe arks, theſe baths, theſe temples hie;
Judge by theſe ample ruines view, the reſt
The which injurious time hath quite outworn,
Since of all workmen held in reckning beſt,
Yet theſe old fragments are for patterns born:
Then alſo mark, how *Rome* from day to day,
Repayring her decayed faſhion,
Renews her ſelf with buildings rich and gay;
That one would judge, that the *Romain Dæmon*
Doth yet himſelf with fatal hand enforce,
Again on foot to rear her pouldred corſe.

28.

He that hath ſeen a great Oak dry and dead,
Yet clad with reliques of ſome Trophees old,
Lifting to heaven her aged hoary head,
Whoſe foot on ground hath left but feeble hold;
But half diſbowel'd lies above the ground,
Shewing her wreathed roots, and naked arms,
And on her trunk all rotten and unſound,
Only ſupports her ſelf for meat of worms;

And though ſhe owe her fall to the firſt wind,
Yet of the devout people is ador'd,
And many young plants ſpring out of her rind :
Who ſuch an Oak hath ſeen, let him record
That ſuch this Cities honour was of yore,
And mongſt all Cities floriſhed much more.

29.

All that which *Egypt* whilom did deviſe,
All that which *Greece* their temples to embrave,
After th' Ionick, Attick, Dorick guiſe,
Or *Corinth*, skil'd in curious works to grave ;
All that *Lyſippus* practick art could form,
Apelles wit, or *Phidias* his skill,
Was wont this ancient City to adorn,
And heaven it ſelf with her wide wonders fill.
All that which *Athens* ever brought forth wiſe,
All that which *Africk* ever brought forth ſtrange,
All that which *Aſie* ever had of priſe,
Was hers to ſee. O marvailous great change!
Rome living, was the worlds ſole ornament,
And dead, is now the worlds ſole moniment.

30.

Like as the ſeeded field green graſs firſt ſhows,
Then from green graſs into a ſtalk doth ſpring,
And from a ſtalk into an ear forth grows,
Which ear the fruitful grain doth ſhortly bring;
And as in ſeaſon due the husband mows
The waving locks of thoſe fair yellow hares,
Which bound in ſheaves, and layd in comely rows,
Upon the naked fields in ſtacks he rears :
So grew the Roman Empire by degree,
Till that Barbarian hands it quite did ſpill,
And left of it but theſe old marks to ſee,
Of which all paſſers by do ſomewhat pill :
As they which glean, the reliques uſe to gather,
Which th' husbandman behind him chanſt to ſcatter.

31.

That ſame is now nought but a champain wide,
Where all this worlds pride once was ſituate.
No blame to thee, whoſoever dooſt abide
By *Nyle*, or *Gange*, or *Tygre*, or *Euphrate*:
Ne *Africk* thereof guilty is, nor *Spain*,
Nor the bold people by the *Thamis* brinks,
Nor the brave warlike brood of *Alemain*,
Nor the born Souldiour which *Rhine* running drinks:
Thou only cauſe, O civil fury art,
Which ſowing in th' *Æmathian* fields thy ſpight,
Didſt arm thy hand againſt thy proper hart;
To th' end that when thou waſt in greateſt hight
To greatneſs grown, through long proſperity,
Thou then adown might'ſt fall more horribly.

32.

Hope ye my verſes that poſterity
Of age enſuing ſhall you ever read?
Hope ye that ever immortality
So mean Harps work may challenge for her meed?
If under heaven any endurance were,
Theſe moniments, which not in Paper writ,
But in Porphyre and Marble do appear,
Might well have hop't to have obtained it.
Nath'leſs my Lute, whom *Phoebus* deign'd to give,
Ceaſe not to ſound theſe old antiquities:
For if that time do let thy glory live,
Well maiſt thou boaſt, how ever baſe thou be,
That thou art firſt, which of thy Nation ſong
Th' old honour of the people gowned long.

L' Envoy.

¶ *Bellay*, firſt garland of free Poeſie
That *France* brought forth, though fruitful of brave wits,
Well worthy thou of immortality,
That long haſt traveld by thy learned writs,
Old *Rome* out of her aſhes to revive,
And give a ſecond life to dead decays:
Needs muſt he all eternity ſurvive,
That can to other give eternal days.
Thy days therefore are endleſs, and thy praiſe
Excelling all, that ever went before :
And after thee, gins *Bartas* hie to raiſe
His heavenly Muſe, th' Almighty to adore.
Live happy ſpirits, th' honour of your name,
And fill the world with never-dying fame.

FINIS.

MUIO-

MUIOPOTMOS;

OR, THE

FATE

OF THE

BUTTERFLY.

Dedicated to the moſt fair and vertuous Lady the Lady *CAREY.*

Written by

EDMUND SPENSER.

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To the Right Worthy and Vertuous Lady, the Lady Carey.

MOſt brave and bountiful Lady, for ſo excellent Favours as I have received at your ſweet hands, to offer theſe few Leaves as in recompence, ſhould be as to offer flowers to the Gods for their divine benefits. Therefore I have determined to give my ſelf wholly to you, as quite abandoned from my ſelf, and abſolutely vowed to your ſervices: which in all right is ever held for full recompence of debt or damage, to have the perſon yielded. My perſon I wot well how little worth it is. But the faithful mind and humble zeal which I bear unto your Ladiſhip, may perhaps be more of price, as may pleaſe you to account and uſe the poor ſervice thereof; which taketh glory to advance your excellent parts and noble vertues, and to ſpend it ſelf in honouring you: not ſo much for your great bounty to my ſelf, which yet may not be unminded, nor for name or kindred ſake by you vouchſafed, being alſo regardable; as for that honourable name, which ye have by your brave deſerts purchaſt to your ſelf, and ſpred in the mouths of all men: with which I have alſo preſumed to grace my Verſes, and under your Name, to commend to the World this ſmall Poem. The which beſeeching your Ladiſhip to take in worth, and of all things therein according to your wonted graciouſneſs to make a mild conſtruction, I humbly pray for your happineſs.

Your Ladiſhips ever humbly,

Edmund Spenſer.

MUIOPOTMOS:

OR, THE

FATE

OF THE

BUTTERFLY.

I Sing of deadly dolorous debate,
Stirr'd up through wrathful *Nemeſis* deſpight,
Betwixt two mighty ones of great eſtate,
Drawn into arms, and proof of mortal fight,
Through proud ambition, and heart-ſwelling hate,
Whilſt neither could the others greater might
And ſdainful ſcorn endure; that from ſmall jar
Their wraths at length broke into open war.

The root whereof and tragical effect,
Vouchſafe, O thou the mournful Muſe of nine,
That wont'ſt the tragick ſtate for to direct,
In funeral complaints and wailful tine,
Reveal to me, and all the means detect,
Through which ſad *Clarion* did at laſt decline
To loweſt wretchedneſs; And is there then
Such rancour in the hearts of mighty men?

Of all the race of ſilver-winged Flies
Which do poſſeſs the Empire of the air,
Betwixt the centred earth, and azure skies,
Was none more favourable, nor more fair,
Whilſt heaven did favour his felicities,
Than *Clarion*, the eldeſt ſon and heir
Of *Muſcarol*, and in his fathers ſight
Of all alive did ſeem the faireſt wight.

With fruitful hope his aged breaſt he fed
Of future good, which his young toward years,
Full of brave courage and bold hardyhed
Above th'enſample of his equal Pears,
Did largely promiſe, and to him fore-red,
(Whilſt oft his heart did melt in tender tears)
That he in time would ſure prove ſuch an one,
As ſhould be worthy of his fathers throne.

The freſh young Fly, in whom the kindly fire
Of luſtful youth began to kindle faſt,
Did much diſdain to ſubject his deſire
To loathſom ſloth, or hours in eaſe to waſt,
But joy'd to range abroad in freſh attire;
Through the wide compaſs of the airy coaſt,
And with unwearied wings each part t'inquire
Of the wide rule of his renowned ſire.

For he ſo ſwift and nimble was of flight,
That from his lower tract he dar'd to fly
Up to the clouds, and thence with pineons light,
To mount aloft unto the cryſtal sky,
To view the workmanſhip of heavens hight:
Whence down deſcending he along would fly
Upon the ſtreaming rivers, ſport to find;
And oft would dare to tempt the troublous wind.

So, on a Summers day, when ſeaſon mild
With gentle calm the world had quieted,
And high in heaven *Hyperion*'s fiery child
Aſcending, did his beams abroad diſſpred,
Whiles all the heavens on lower creatures ſmild;
Young *Clarion* with vauntful luſtyhed,
After his guiſe did caſt abroad to fare;
And thereto 'gan his furnitures prepare.

His breaſt-plate firſt, that was of ſubſtance pure,
Before his noble heart he firmly bound,
That mought his life from iron death aſſure,
And ward his gentle corps from cruel wound:
For it by art was framed, to endure
The bit of baleful ſteel and bitter ſtound,
No leſs than that which *Vulcane* made to ſhield
Achilles life from fate of Troyan field.

And then about his ſhoulders broad he threw
An hairy hide of ſome wild beaſt, whom he
In ſalvage foreſt by adventure ſlew,
And reft the ſpoil his ornament to be:
Which ſpreading all his back with dreadful view,
Made all that him ſo horrible did ſee,
Think him *Alcides* with the Lyons skin,
When the *Næmean* conqueſt he did win.

Upon his head his gliſtering Burganet,
The which was wrought by wonderous deviſe,
And curiouſly engraven, he did ſet:
The metal was of rare and paſſing price;
Not Belbo ſteel, nor braſs from Corinth fet,
Nor coſtly *Oricalch* from ſtrange *Phœnice*;
But ſuch as could both *Phœbus* arrows ward,
And th'hailing darts of heaven beating hard.

Therein two deadly weapons fixt he bore,
Strongly outlaunced towards either ſide,
Like two ſharp ſpears, his enemies to gore:
Like as a warlike Brigandine applide
To fight, lays forth her threatful pikes afore,
The engines which in them ſad death do hide:
So did this fly out-ſtretch his fearful horns,
Yet ſo as him their terrour more adorns.

Laſtly, his ſhiny wings as ſilver bright,
Painted with thouſand colours, paſſing far
All Painters skill, he did about him dight:
Not half ſo many ſundry colours are
In *Iris* bow, ne heaven doth ſhine ſo bright,
Diſtinguiſhed with many a twinkling ſtar,
Nor *Juno*'s Bird in her eye-ſpotted train
So many goodly colours doth contain.

Ne (may it be withouten peril ſpoken)
The Archer God, the ſon of *Cytheree*,
That joys on wretched Lovers to be wroken,
And heaped ſpoils of bleeding hearts to ſee,
Bears in her wings ſo many a changeful token.
Ah my liege Lord, forgive it unto me,
If ought againſt thine honour I have told,
Yet ſure thoſe wings were fairer manifold.

Full many a Lady fair, in Court full oft
Beholding them, him ſecretly envide,
And wiſht that two ſuch fans, ſo ſilken ſoft,
And golden fair, her Love would her provide,
Or that when them the gorgeous Fly had doft,
Some one that would with grace be gratifide,
From him would ſteal them privily away,
And bring to her ſo precious a pray.

Report is that dame *Venus* on a day,
In ſpring when flowres do cloath the fruitful ground,
Walking abroad with all her Nymphs to play,
Bad her fair damzels flocking her around,
To gather flowres, her forehead to array:
Emongſt the reſt a gentle Nymph was found,
High *Aſtery*, excelling all the crew,
In courteous uſage, and unſtained hew.

Who being nimbler joynted than the reſt,
And more induſtrious, gathered more ſtore
Of the fields honour, than the others beſt;
Which they in ſecret hearts envying ſore,
Told *Venus*, when her as the worthieſt
She prais'd that *Cupid* (as they heard before)
Did lend her ſecret aid, in gathering
Into her lap the children of the Spring.

Whereof the Goddeſs gathering jealous fear,
Not yet unmindful, how not long ago
Her ſon to *Pſyche* ſecret love did bear,
And long it cloſe conceal'd, till mickle wo
Thereof aroſe, and many a ruful tear;
Reaſon with ſudden rage did overgo,
And giving haſty credit to th'accuſer,
Was led away of them that did abuſe her.

Eftſoons that Damzel by her heavenly might,
She turn'd into a winged Butterfly,
In the wide air to make her wandring flight;
And all thoſe flowres, with which ſo plentiouſly
Her lap ſhe filled had, that bred her ſpight,
She placed in her wings, for memory
Of her pretended crime, though crime none were:
Since which that fly them in her wings doth bear.

Thus the freſh *Clarion* being ready dight,
Unto his journey did himſelf addreſs,
And with good ſpeed began to take his flight:
Over the fields in his frank luſtineſs,
And all the champain o're he ſoared light,
And all the countrey wide he did poſſeſs,
Feeding upon their pleaſures bountiouſly,
That none gainſaid, nor none did him envy.

The woods, the rivers, and the meadows green,
With his air-cutting wings he meaſured wide,
Ne did he leave the mountains bare unſeen,
Nor the rank graſſie fens delights untride.
But none of theſe, how ever ſweet they been,
Mote pleaſe his fancy, nor him cauſe t'abide:
His choiceful ſenſe with every change doth flit.
No common things may pleaſe a wavering wit.

To the gay gardens his unſtaid deſire
Him wholly carried, to refreſh his ſprights:
There laviſh Nature in her beſt attire,
Pours forth ſweet odors, and alluring ſights;
And Art with her contending, doth aſpire,
T'excel the natural, with made delights:
And all that fair or pleaſant may be found,
In riotous exceſs doth there abound.

There he arriving, round about doth fly,
From bed to bed, from one to other border,
And takes ſurvey with curious buſie eye,
Of every flowre and herb there ſet in order;
Now this, now that he taſteth tenderly,
Yet none of them he rudely doth diſorder,
Ne with his feet their ſilken leaves deface;
But paſtures on the pleaſures of each place.

And evermore with moſt variety,
And change of ſweetneſs (for all change is ſweet)
He caſts his glutton ſenſe to ſatisfie,
Now ſucking of the ſap of herbs moſt meet,
Or of the dew, which yet on them does lie,
Now in the ſame bathing his tender feet:
And then he pearcheth on ſome branch thereby,
To weather him, and his moiſt wings to dry.

And then again he turneth to his play,
To ſpoil the pleaſures of that Paradiſe:
The wholſom Salge, and Lavender ſtill gray,
Rank ſmelling Rue, and Cummin good for eyes,
The Roſes raigning in the pride of May,
Sharp Iſop, good for green wounds remedies,
Fair Marigolds, and Bees alluring Thime,
Sweet Marjoram, and Daiſies decking prime.

Cool Violets, and Orpine growing ſtill,
Embathed Balm, and cheerful Galingale,
Freſh Coſtmary, and breathful Camomil,
Dull Poppy, and drink-quickning Setuale,
Vein-healing Verven, and head-purging Dill,
Sound Savory, and Bazil harty-hale,
Fat Colworts, and comforting Perſeline,
Cold Lettuce, and refreſhing Roſmarine.

And whatſo elſe of vertue good or ill
Grew in this Garden, fetcht from far away,
Of every one he takes, and taſtes at will,
And on their pleaſures greedily doth pray.
Then when he hath both plaid, and fed his fill,
In the warm Sun he doth himſelf embay,
And there him reſts in riotous ſuffiſance
Of all his gladfulneſs, and kingly joyance.

What more felicity can fall to creature,
Than do enjoy delight with liberty,
And to be Lord of all the works of Nature,
To rain in th'air from earth to higheſt sky,
To feed on flowres, and weeds of glorious feature,
To take what ever thing doth pleaſe the eye?
Who reſts not pleaſed with ſuch happineſs,
Well worthy he to taſte of wretchedneſs.

But what on earth can long abide in ſtate?
Or who can him aſſure of happy day:
Sith morning fair may bring foul evening late,
And leaſt miſhap the moſt bliſs alter may?
For thouſand perils lie in cloſe await
About us daily, to work our decay;
That none, except a God, or God him guide,
May them avoid, or remedy provide.

And whatſo heavens in their ſecret doom
Ordained have, how can frail fleſhly wight
Fore-caſt, but it muſt needs to iſſue come?
The ſea, the air, the fire, the day, the night,
And th'armies of their creatures all and ſome
Do ſerve to them, and with importune might
War againſt us the vaſſals of their will.
Who then can ſave what they diſpoſe to ſpill?

Not thou, O *Clarion*, though faireſt thou
Of all thy kind, unhappy happy Fly,
Whoſe cruel fate is woven even now
Of *Jove*'s own hand, to work thy miſery:
Ne may thee help the many harty vow,
Which thy old Sire with ſacred piety
Hath powred forth for thee, and th'altars ſprent:
Nought may thee ſave from heavens avengement.

It fortuned (as heavens had behight)
That in this garden, where young *Clarion*
Was wont to ſolace him, a wicked wight
The foe of fair things, th'author of confuſion,
The ſhame of Nature, the bondſlave of ſpight,
Had lately built his hateful manſion,
And lurking cloſely, in await now lay,
How he might any in his trap betray.

But when he ſpide the joyous Butterfly
In this fair plot diſplacing to and fro,
Fearleſs of foes and hidden jeopardy,
Lord how he 'gan for to beſtir him tho,
And to his wicked work each part apply!
His heart did yern againſt his hated fo,
And bowels ſo with rankling poiſon ſweld,
That ſcarce the skin the ſtrong contagion held.

The cauſe why he this Fly ſo maliced,
Was (as in ſtories it is written found)
For that his mother which him bore and bred,
The moſt fine-fingred workwoman on ground,
Arachne, by his means was vanquiſhed
Of *Pallas*, and in her own skill confound,
When ſhe with her for excellence contended,
That wrought her ſhame, and ſorrow never ended.

For the *Tritonian* Goddeſs having hard
Her blazed fame, which all the world had fild,
Came down to prove the truth, and due reward
For her praiſe-worthy workmanſhip to yield:
But the preſumptuous Damzel raſhly dar'd
The Goddeſs ſelf to challenge to the field,
And to compare with her in curious skill
Of works with loom, with needle, and with quill.

Minerva did the challenge not refuſe,
But deign'd with her the paragon to make:
So to their work they ſit, and each doth chuſe
What ſtory ſhe will for her tapet take.
Arachne figur'd how *Jove* did abuſe
Europa like a Bull, and on his back
Her through the Sea did bear; ſo lively ſeen,
That it true Sea, and true Bull ye would ween.

She ſeem'd ſtill back unto the land to look,
And her play-fellows aid to call, and fear
The daſhing of the waves, that up ſhe took
Her dainty feet, and garments gathered near:
But (Lord) how ſhe in every member ſhook,
When as the land ſhe ſaw no more appear,
But a wild wilderneſs of waters deep:
Then 'gan ſhe greatly to lament and weep.

Before the Bull ſhe pictur'd winged Love,
With his young brother Sport, light fluttering
Upon the waves, as each had been a Dove;
The one his bow and ſhafts, the other ſpring
A burning Tead about his head did move,
As in their Sires new love both triumphing:
And many Nymphs about them flocking round,
And many *Tritons*, which their horns did ſound.

And round about, her work ſhe did empale
With a fair border wrought of ſundry flowrs,
Enwoven with an Ivy-winding trayle:
A goodly work, full fit for Kingly bowrs,
Such as Dame *Pallas*, ſuch as Envy pale,
That all good things with venemous tooth devours,
Could not accuſe. Then 'gan the Goddeſs bright
Her ſelf likewiſe unto her work to dight.

She made the ſtory of the old debate,
Which ſhe with *Neptune* did for *Athens* try:
Twelve Gods do ſit around in royal ſtate,
And *Jove* in midſt with awful Majeſty,
To judge the ſtrife between them ſtirred late:
Each of the Gods by his like viſnomy
Eath to be known; but *Jove* above them all,
By his great looks and power Imperial.

Before them ſtands the God of Seas in place,
Claiming that ſea-coaſt City as his right,
And ſtrikes the rocks with his three-forked mace;
Whenceforth iſſues a warlike ſteed in ſight,
The ſign by which he challengeth the place;
That all the Gods, which ſaw his wondrous might,
Did ſurely deem the victory his due:
But ſeldom ſeen, forejudgment proveth true.

Then to her ſelf ſhe gives her *Ægide* ſhield,
And ſteel-head ſpear, and morion on her hed,
Such as ſhe oft is ſeen in warlike field:
Then ſets ſhe forth, how with her weapon dred
She ſmote the ground, the which ſtreight forth did yield
A fruitful Olive tree, with berries ſpred,
That all the Gods admir'd; then all the ſtory
She compaſt with a wreath of Olives hoary.

Emongſt thoſe leaves ſhe made a Butterfly
With excellent device and wondrous ſlight,
Fluttring among the Olives wantonly,
That ſeem'd to live, ſo like it was in ſight:
The velvet nap which on his wings doth ly,
The ſilken doun with which his back is dight,
His broad outſtretched horns, his airy thies,
His glorious colours, and his gliſtering eyes.

Which when *Arachne* ſaw, as overlaid,
And maſtered with workmanſhip ſo rare,
She ſtood aſtonied long, ne ought gainſaid,
And with faſt fixed eyes on her did ſtare,
And by her ſilence, ſign of one diſmaid,
The victory did yield her as her ſhare:
Yet did ſhe inly fret, and felly burn,
And all her blood to poiſonous rancor turn.

That ſhortly from the ſhape of womanhed,
Such as ſhe was when *Pallas* ſhe attempted,
She grew to hideous ſhape of dryrihed,
Pined with grief of folly late repented:
Eftſoons her white ſtrait legs were altered
To crooked crawling ſhanks, of marrow empted,
And her fair face to foul and loathſom hew,
And her fine corps to a bag of venim grew.

This curſed creature, mindful of that old
Enfeſted grudge, the which his mother felt,
So ſoon as *Clarion* he did behold,
His heart with vengeful malice inly ſwelt;
And weaving ſtraight a net with many a fold
About the cave, in which he lurking dwelt,
With fine ſmall cords about it ſtretched wide,
So finely ſpun, that ſcarce they could be ſpide.

Not any damzel which her vaunteth moſt
In skilful knitting of ſoft ſilken twine;
Nor any weaver, which his work doth boaſt
In diaper, in damask, or in lyne;
Nor any skill'd in workmanſhip emboſt;
Nor any skill'd in loups of fingring fine,
Might in their divers cunning ever dare,
With this ſo curious net-work to compare.

Ne do I think, that that ſame ſubtile gin,
The which the *Lemnian* God fram'd craftily,
Mars ſleeping with his wife to compaſs in,
That all the Gods with common mockery
Might laugh at them, and ſcorn their ſhameful ſin,
Was like to this. This ſame he did apply,
For to entrap the careleſs *Clarion*,
That rang'd each where without ſuſpicion.

Suſpicion of friend, nor fear of fo,
That hazarded his health, had he at all,
But walkt at will, and wandred to and fro,
In the pride of his freedom principal:
Little wiſt he his fatal future wo,
But was ſecure, the liker he to fall.
He likeſt is to fall into miſchance,
That is regardleſs of his governance.

Yet ſtill *Aragnol* (ſo his foe was hight)
Lay lurking covertly him to ſurpriſe,
And all his gins that him entangle might,
Dreſt in good order as he could deviſe.
At length, the fooliſh Fly without foreſight,
As he that did all danger quite deſpiſe.
Toward thoſe parts came flying careleſly,
Where hidden was his fatal enemy.

Who ſeeing him, with ſecret joy therefore
Did tickle inwardly in every vain,
And his falſe heart fraught with all treaſons ſtore,
Was fill'd with hope, his purpoſe to obtain:
Himſelf he cloſe upgathered more and more
Into his den, that his deceitful train
By his there being might not be bewraid,
Ne any noiſe, ne any motion made.

Like as a wily Fox, that having ſpide,
Where on a ſunny bank the Lambs do play,
Full cloſely creeping by the hinder ſide,
Lies in ambuſhment of his hoped pray,
Ne ſtirreth limb, till ſeeing ready tide,
He ruſheth forth, and ſnatcheth quite away
One of the little younglings unawares:
So to his work *Aragnol* him prepares.

Who now ſhall give unto my heavy eyes
A well of tears, that all may overflow?
Or where ſhall I find lamentable cryes,
And mournful tunes enought my grief to ſhow?
Help O thou tragick Muſe, me to deviſe
Notes ſad enough, t'expreſs this bitter throw:
For lo, the drery ſtownd is now arriv'd,
That of all happineſs hath us depriv'd.

The luckleſs *Clarion*, whether cruel Fate,
Or wicked Fortune faultleſs him miſled,
Of ſome ungracious blaſt out of the gate
Or *Æoles* rain perforce him drove on hed,
Was (O ſad hap and hour unfortunate)
With violent ſwift flight forth carried
Into the curſed cobweb, which his foe
Had framed for his final overthroe.

There the fond Fly entangled, ſtrugled long,
Himſelf to free thereout; but all in vain.
For ſtriving more, the more in laces ſtrong
Himſelf he tide, and wrapt his wings twain
In limy ſnares the ſubtil loups among;
That in the end he breathleſs did remain,
And all his youthly forces idly ſpent,
Him to the mercy of th'avenger lent.

Which when the grieſly tyrant did eſpy,
Like a grim Lyon ruſhing with fierce might
Out of his den, he ſeized greedily
On the reſiſtleſs prey, and with fell ſpight,
Under the left wing ſtrook his weapon ſly
Into his heart, that his deep groning ſpright,
In bloody ſtreams forth fled into the air,
His body left the ſpectacle of care.

FINIS.

VISIONS

VISIONS
OF THE
Worlds Vanity.

1.

ONe day, whiles that my daily cares did ſleep,
My ſpirit, ſhaking off her earthly priſon,
Began to enter into meditation deep
Of things exceeding reach of common reaſon;
Such as this age, in which all good is geaſon,
And all that humble is and mean debac'd,
Hath brought forth in her laſt declining ſeaſon,
Grief of good minds, to ſee goodneſs diſgrac'd.
On which when as my thought was throughly plac'd,
Unto my eyes ſtrange ſhows preſented were,
Picturing that, which I in mind embrac'd,
That yet thoſe ſights empaſſion me full nere.
Such as they were (fair Lady) take in worth,
That when time ſerves, may bring things better forth.

2.

In Summers day, when *Phœbus* fairly ſhone,
I ſaw a Bull as white as driven ſnow,
With gilden horns embowed like the Moon,
In a freſh flowring meadow lying low:
Up to his ears the verdant graſs did grow,
And the gay flowres did offer to be eaten;
But he with fatneſs ſo did over-flow
That he all wallowed in the weeds down beaten,
Ne car'd with them his dainty lips to ſweeten:
Till that a Brize, a ſcorned little creature,
Through his fair hide his angry ſting did threaten,
And vext ſo ſore, that all his goodly feature,
And all his plentious paſture nought him-pleas'd:
So by the ſmall, the great is oft diſeas'd.

3.

Beſide the fruitful ſhore of muddy *Nile*,
Upon a ſunny bank outſtretched lay
In monſtrous length, a mighty Crocodile,
That cram'd with guiltleſs blood, and greedy pray
Of wretched people travailing that way,
Thought all things leſs than his diſdainful pride.
I ſaw a little Bird, call'd *Tedula*,
The leaſt of thouſands which on earth abide,
That forſt this hideous beaſt to open wide
The grieſly gates of his devouring hell,
And let him feed, as Nature doth provide,
Upon his jaws, that which black venim ſwell.
Why then ſhould greateſt things the leaſt diſdain,
Sith that ſo ſmall ſo mighty can conſtrain?

4.

The kingly Bird, that bears *Jove*'s thunder-clap,
One day did ſcorn the ſimple Scarabee,
Proud of his higheſt ſervice, and good hap,
That made all other Fowls his thralls to be:
The ſilly Fly, that no redreſs did ſee,
Spide where the Eagle built his towring neſt,
And kindling fire within the hollow tree,
Burnt up his young ones, and himſelf diſtreſt;
Ne ſuffred him in any place to reſt,
But drove in *Jove*'s own lap his egs to lay;
Where gathering alſo filth him to infeſt,
Forſt with the filth his egs to fling away:
For which when as the Fowl was wroth, ſaid *Jove*,
Lo how the leaſt the greateſt may reprove.

5.

Toward the Sea turning my troubled eye,
I ſaw the fiſh (if fiſh I may it cleep)
That makes the Sea before his face to fly,
And with his flaggy fins doth ſeem to ſweep
The ſomy waves out of the dreadful deep,
The huge *Leviathan*, dame Natures wonder,
Making his ſport, that many makes to weep:
A ſword-fiſh ſmall him from the reſt did ſunder,
That in his throat him pricking ſoftly under,
His wide Abyſs him forced forth to ſpew,
That all the ſea did roar like heavens thunder,
And all the waves were ſtain'd with filthy hew.
Hereby I learned have, not to deſpiſe,
What-ever thing ſeems ſmall in common eyes.

6.

An hideous Dragon, dreadful to behold,
Whoſe back was arm'd againſt the dint of ſpear,
With ſhields of Braſs, that ſhone like burniſht gold,
And forkhed ſting, that death in it did bear,
Strove with a Spider, his unequal pear:
And bad defiance to his enemy.
The ſubtil vermin creeping cloſely near,
Did in his drink ſhed poiſon privily;

Which through his entrails ſpreading diverſly,
Made him to ſwell, that nigh his bowels burſt,
And him enforſt to yield the victory,
That did ſo much in his own greatneſs truſt.
O how great vainneſs is it then to ſcorn
The weak, that hath the ſtrong ſo oft forlorn!

7.

High on a hill a goodly Cedar grew,
Of wondrous length, and ſtraight proportion,
That far abroad her dainty odours threw,
'Mongſt all the daughters of proud Libanon,
Her match in beauty was not any one.
Shortly, within her inmoſt pith there bred
A little wicked worm, perceiv'd of none,
That on her ſap and vital moiſture fed:
Thenceforth her garland ſo much honoured
Began to die, (O great ruth for the ſame)
And her fair locks fell from her lofty head,
That ſhortly bald, and bared ſhe became.
I, which this ſight beheld, was much diſmay'd,
To ſee ſo goodly thing ſo ſoon decay'd.

8.

Soon after this, I ſaw an Elephant,
Adorn'd with bells and boſſes gorgeouſly,
That on his back did bear (as batteilant)
A gilden towre, which ſhone exceedingly;
That he himſelf through fooliſh vanity,
Both for his rich attire and goodly form,
Was puffed up with paſſing ſurquedry,
And ſhortly 'gan all other beaſts to ſcorn.
Till that a little Ant, a ſilly worm,
Into his noſthrills creeping, ſo him pain'd,
That caſting down his towres, he did deform
Both borrowed pride, and native beauty ſtain'd.
Let therefore nought that great is, therein glory,
Sith ſo ſmall thing his happineſs may vary.

9.

Looking far forth into the Ocean wide,
A goodly ſhip with banners bravely dight,
And flag in her top-gallant I eſpide,
Through the main ſea making her merry flight:
Fair blew the wind into her boſom right;
And th'heavens looked lovely all the while,
That ſhe did ſeem to dance, as in delight,
And at her own felicity did ſmile.
All ſuddainly there clove unto her keel
A little fiſh, that men call *Remora*,
Which ſtopt her courſe, and held her by the heel,
That wind nor tide could move her thence away.
Strange thing me ſeemeth, that ſo ſmall a thing
Should able be ſo great an one to wring.

10.

A mighty Lyon, Lord of all the wood,
Having his hunger throughly ſatisfide,
With prey of beaſts, and ſpoil of living blood,
Safe in his dreadleſs den him thought to hide:
His ſternneſs was his praiſe, his ſtrength his pride,
And all his glory in his cruel claws.
I ſaw a Waſp, that fiercely him defide,
And bad him battail even to his jaws;
Sore he him ſtung, that it the blood forth draws,
And his proud heart is fill'd with fretting ire:
In vain he threats his teeth, his tail, his paws;
And from his bloody eyes doth ſparkle fire;
That dead himſelf he wiſheth for deſpight.
So weakeſt may annoy the moſt of might.

11.

What time the Roman Empire bore the rain
Of all the world, and floriſht moſt in might,
The Nations 'gan their ſoveraignty diſdain,
And caſt to quit them from their bondage quight:
So when all ſhrouded were in ſilent night,
The *Galls* were, by corrupting of a maid,
Poſſeſt nigh of the Capitol through ſlight,
Had not a Gooſe the treachery bewraid.
If then a Gooſe, great *Rome* from ruin ſtaid,
And *Jove* himſelf, the Patron of the place,
Preſerv'd from being to his foes betraid,
Why do vain men mean things ſo much deface,
And in their might repoſe their moſt aſſurance,
Sith nought on earth can challenge long endurance?

12.

When theſe ſad ſights were over-paſt and gon,
My ſpright was greatly moved in her reſt,
With inward ruth and dear affection,
To ſee ſo great things by ſo ſmall diſtreſt.
Thenceforth I 'gan in my engrieved breſt
To ſcorn all difference of great and ſmall,
Sith that the greateſt often are oppreſt,
And unawares do into danger fall.
And ye, that read theſe ruines tragicall
Learn by their loſs to love the low degree,
And if that fortune chance you up to call
To honours ſeat, forget not what ye be:
For he that of himſelf is moſt ſecure,
Shall find his ſtate moſt fickle and unſure.

FINIS. THE

THE VISIONS OF BELLAY.

1.

IT was the time, when reſt ſoft ſliding down
From heavens hight into mens heavy eyes;
In the forgetfulneſs of ſleep doth drown
The careful thoughts of mortal miſeries:
Then did a Ghoſt before mine eyes appear,
On that great rivers bank, that runs by *Rome*,
Which calling me by name, bad me to rear
My looks to heaven, whence all good gifts do come;
And crying loud, Lo now behold (quoth he)
What under this great temple placed is:
Lo, all is nought but flying vanity.
So I that know this worlds inconſtancies.
Sith only God ſurmounts all times decay,
In God alone my confidence doth ſtay.

2.

On high hills top I ſaw a ſtately frame,
An hundred cubits high by juſt aſſize,
With hundreth pillours fronting fair the ſame,
All wrought with Diamond after Dorick wize:
Nor brick, nor marble was the wall in view,
But ſhining cryſtal, which from top to baſe
Out of her womb a thouſand rayons threw,
One hundred ſteps of *Africk* gold's enchaſe.
Gold was the Parget, and the ſeeling bright
Did ſhine all ſcaly with great plates of gold;
The floor of Jaſp and Emerauld was dight.
O worlds vainneſs! Whiles thus I did behold,
An earthquake ſhook the hill from loweſt ſeat,
And overthew this frame with ruine great.

3.

Then did a ſharped ſpire of Diamond bright,
Ten feet each way in ſquare, appear to me,
Juſtly proportion'd up unto his hight,
So far as Archer might his level ſee:
The top thereof a pot did ſeem to bear,
Made of the metal which we all do honour,
And in this golden veſſel couched were
The aſhes of a mighty Emperour.
Upon four corners of the baſe were pight,
To bear the frame, four Lyons great of gold;
A worthy tomb for ſuch a worthy wight.
Alas! this world doth nought but grievance hold.
I ſaw a tempeſt from the heaven deſcend,
Which this brave monument with flaſh did rend.

4.

I ſaw rais'd up on Ivory pillows tall,
Whoſe baſes were of richeſt metals wark,
The chapters Alabaſter, the fryſes cryſtal,
The double front of a triumphal Ark:
On each ſide purtraid was a Victory,
Clad like a Nymph, that wings of ſilver wears,
And in triumphant chair was ſet on hy,
The ancient glory of the Roman Peers.
No work it ſeem'd of earthly craftsmans wit,
But rather wrought by his own induſtry,
That thunder-darts for *Jove* his ſire doth fit.
Let me no more ſee fair thing under sky,
Sith that mine eyes have ſeen ſo fair a ſight
With ſuddain fall to duſt conſumed quight.

5.

Then was the fair *Dodonian* tree far ſeen,
Upon ſeven hills to ſpred his gladſom gleam,
And Conquerours bedecked with his green,
Along the banks of the *Auſonian* ſtream:
There many an ancient Trophy was addreſt,
And many a ſpoil, and many a goodly ſhow,

Which that brave races greatneſs did atteſt,
That whilom from the *Troyan* blood did flow.
Raviſht I was ſo rare a thing to view,
When lo, a barbarous troup of clowniſh ſone
The honour of theſe noble boughs down threw,
Under the wedge I heard the tronk to grone;
And ſince I ſaw the root in great diſdain
A twin of forked trees ſend forth again.

6.

I ſaw a Wolf under a rocky cave
Nurſing two whelps; I ſaw her little ones
In wanton dalliance the teat to crave,
While ſhe her neck wreath'd from them for the nones:
I ſaw her range abroad to ſeek her food,
And roming through the field with greedy rage
T'embrew her teeth and claws with lukewarm blood
Of the ſmall heards, her thirſt for to aſſwage.
I ſaw a thouſand huntſmen, which deſcended
Down from the mountains bordring *Lombardy*,
That with an hundred ſpears her flank wide rended.
I ſaw her on the Plain outſtretched ly,
Throwing out thouſand throbs in her own ſoil:
Soon on a tree uphang'd I ſaw her ſpoil.

7.

I ſaw the Bird that can the Sun endure,
With feeble wings aſſay to mount on hight,
By more and more ſhe 'gan her wings t'aſſiure,
Following th'enſample of her mothers ſight:
I ſaw her riſe, and with a larger flight
To pierce the clouds, and with wide pinneons
To meaſure the moſt haughty mountains hight,
Until ſhe raught the Gods own manſions:
There was ſhe loſt, when ſuddain I beheld,
Where tumbling through the air in fiery fold;
All flaming down ſhe on the Plain was feld,
And ſoon her body turn'd to aſhes cold.
I ſaw the fowl that doth the light deſpiſe,
Out of her duſt like to a worm ariſe.

8.

I ſaw a river ſwift, whoſe fomy billows
Did waſh the ground-work of an old great wall;
I ſaw it cover'd all with griſly ſhadows,
That with black horror did the air appall:
Thereout a ſtrange beaſt with ſeaven heads aroſe,
That towns and caſtles under her breſt did cour,
And ſeem'd both milder beaſts and fiercer foes
Alike with equal ravin to devour.
Much was I maz'd, to ſee this monſters kind
In hundred forms to change his feateful hew,
When as at length I ſaw the wrathful wind,
Which blows cold ſtorms, burſt out of *Scithian* mew,
That ſperſt theſe clouds, and in ſo ſhort as thought,
This dreadful ſhape was vaniſhed to nought.

9.

Then all aſtonied with this mighty ghoaſt,
An hideous body big and ſtrong I ſaw,
With ſide-long beard, and locks down hanging loaſt,
Stern face, and front full of Saturn-like aw;
Who leaning on the belly of a pot,
Pourd forth a water, whoſe out-guſhing flood
Ran bathing all the creaky ſhore aflot,
Whereon the *Troyan* Prince ſpilt *Turnus* blood;
And at his feet a bitch-wolf ſuck did yield
To two young babes: his left, the Palm-tree ſtout,
His right hand did the peaceful Olive wield,
And head with Laurel garniſht was about.
Sudden both Palm and Olive fell away,
And fair green Laurel branch did quite decay.

10.

Hard by a rivers ſide a virgin fair,
Folding her arms to heaven with thouſand throbs,
And outraging her cheeks and golden hair,
To falling rivers ſound thus tun'd her ſobs.
Where is (quoth ſhe) this whilom honored face?
Where the great glory and the ancient praiſe,
In which all worlds felicity had place,
When Gods and men my honour up did raiſe?
Suffis'd it not that civil wars me made
The whole worlds ſpoil, but that this Hydra new,
Of hundred *Hercules* to be aſſaid,
With ſeaven heads, budding monſtrous crimes anew,
So many *Neroes* and *Caliculaes*
Out of theſe crooked ſhores muſt daily raiſe?

11.

Upon an hill a bright flame I did ſee,
Waving aloft with triple point to ſky,
Which like incenſe of precious Cedar tree,
With balmy odours fill'd th'air far and ny.
A Bird all white, well feather'd on each wing,
Hereout up to the throne of Gods did fly,
And all the way moſt pleaſant notes did ſing,
Whilſt in the ſmoak ſhe unto heaven did ſty.
Of this fair fire the ſcattered rays forth threw
On every ſide a thouſand ſhining beams:
When ſudden dropping of a ſilver dew
(O grievous chance) 'gan quench thoſe precious flames;
That it which earſt ſo pleaſant ſent did yeld,
Of nothing now but noyous ſulphur ſmeld.

12.

I ſaw a ſpring out of a rock forth rail,
As clear as cryſtal 'gainſt the Sunny beams,
The bottom yellow, like the golden grail
That bright *Pactolus* waſheth with his ſtreams;
It ſeem'd that Art and Nature had aſſembl'd
All pleaſures there, for which mans heart could long;

And there a noiſe alluring ſleep ſoft trembl'd,
Of many accords more ſweet than Mermaids ſong:
The ſeats and benches ſhone of Ivory,
And hundred Nymphs ſate ſide by ſide about;
When from nigh hills with hideous out-cry,
A troup of Satyrs in the place did rout,
Which with their villain feet the ſtream did ray,
Threw down the ſeats, and drove the Nymphs away.

13.

Much richer then that veſſel ſeem'd to be,
Which did to that ſad *Florentine* appear,
Caſting mine eyes far off, I chanſt to ſee,
Upon the *Latine* Coaſt herſelf to rear:
But ſuddenly aroſe a tempeſt great,
Bearing cloſe envy to theſe riches rare,
Which 'gan aſſail this ſhip with dreadful threat,
This ſhip, to which none other might compare.
And finally the ſtorm impetuous
Sunk up theſe riches, ſecond unto none,
Within the gulf of greedy *Nereus*.
I ſaw both ſhip and marriners each one,
And all that treaſure drowned in the main:
But I the ſhip ſaw after rais'd again.

14.

Long having deeply gron'd theſe viſions ſad,
I ſaw a City like unto that ſame,
Which ſaw the meſſenger of tydings glad;
But that on ſand was built the goodly frame:
It ſeem'd her top the firmament did raiſe,
And no leſs rich than fair, right worthy ſure
(If ought here worthy) of immortal days,
Or if ought under heaven might firm endure.
Much wondred I to ſee ſo fair a wall:
When from the Northern coaſt a ſtorm aroſe,
Which breathing fury from his inward gall
On all, which did againſt his courſe oppoſe,
Into a cloud of duſt ſperſt in the air
The weak foundations of this City fair.

15.

At length, even at the time, when *Morpheus*
Moſt truly doth unto our eyes appear,
Weary to ſee the heavens ſtill wavering thus,
I ſaw *Typhæus* ſiſter coming near;
Whoſe head full bravely with a morion hid,
Did ſeem to match the Gods in Majeſty.
She by a rivers bank that ſwift down ſlid,
Over all the world did raiſe a Trophee hy;
An hundred vanquiſht Kings under her lay,
With arms bound at their backs in ſhameful wiſe;
Whilſt I thus mazed was with great affray,
I ſaw the heavens in war againſt her riſe:
Then down ſhe ſtriken fell with clap of thonder,
That with great noiſe I wakt in ſudden wonder.

FINIS.

THE

THE VISIONS OF PETRARCH,

Formerly Tranſlated.

1.

BEing one day at my window all alone,
So many ſtrange things happened me to ſee,
As much it grieveth me to think thereon.
At my right hand a Hind appear'd to me,
So fair as mote the greateſt God delite;
Two eager dogs did her purſue in chace,
Of which the one was black, the other white:
With deadly force ſo in their cruel race
They pincht the haunches of that gentle beaſt,
That at the laſt, and in ſhort time I ſpide,
Under a Rock where ſhe alas oppreſt,
Fell to the ground, and there untimely dide.
Cruel death vanquiſhing ſo noble beauty,
Oft makes me wail ſo hard a deſtiny.

2.

After at Sea a tall ſhip did appear,
Made all of Heben and white Ivory,
The ſails of gold, of ſilk the tackle were,
Mild was the wind, calm ſeem'd the ſea to be,
The sky each where did ſhow full bright and fair;
With rich treaſures this gay ſhip fraited was:
But ſudden ſtorm did ſo turmoil the air,
And tumbled up the ſea, that ſhe (alas!)
Strake on a Rock, that under water lay,
And periſhed paſt all recovery.
O how great ruth and ſorrowful aſſay,
Doth vex my ſpirit with perplexity,
Thus in a moment to ſee loſt and dround
So great riches as cannot be found.

3.

The heavenly branches did I ſee ariſe
Out of the freſh and luſty Laurel tree,
Amidſt the young green wood: of Paradiſe
Some noble plant I thought my ſelf to ſee:
Such ſtore of birds therein yſhrouded were,
Chanting in ſhade their ſundry melody,
That with their ſweetneſs I was raviſht nere.
While on this Laurel fixed was mine eye,
The sky 'gan every where to over-caſt,
And darkned was the welkin all about,
When ſudden flaſh of heavens fire out braſt,
And rent this royal tree quite by the root.
Which makes me much and ever to complain:
For no ſuch ſhadow ſhall be had again.

4.

Within this wood, out of a rock did riſe
A ſpring of water, mildly rumbling down,
Whereto approached not in any wiſe
The homely ſhepherd, nor the ruder clown;
But many Muſes, and the Nymphs withal,
That ſweetly in accord did tune their voyce
To the ſoft ſounding of the waters fall,
That my glad heart thereat did much rejoyce.
But while therein I took my chief delight,
I ſaw (alas!) the gaping earth devour
The ſpring, the place, and all clean out of ſight:
Which yet aggrieves my heart even to this hour,
And wounds my ſoul with ruful memory,
To ſee ſuch pleaſures gone ſo ſuddenly.

5.

I ſaw a Phœnix in the wood alone,
With purple wings, and creſt of golden hew;
Strange bird he was, whereby I thought anone,
That of ſome heavenly wight I had the vew;
Until he came unto the broken tree,
And to the ſpring, that late devoured was.
What ſay I more? each thing at laſt we ſee
Doth paſs away: the Phœnix there (alas!)
Spying the tree deſtroid, the water dride,
Himſelf ſmote with his beak, as in diſdain,
And ſo forthwith in great deſpite he dide:
That yet my heart burns in exceeding pain,
For ruth and pity of ſo hapleſs plight.
O let mine eyes no more ſee ſuch a ſight.

6.

At laſt, ſo fair a Lady did I ſpy,
That thinking yet on her, I burn and quake;
On herbs and flowres ſhe walked penſively,
Mild, but yet love ſhe proudly did forſake:
White ſeem'd her robes, yet woven ſo they were,
As ſnow and gold together had been wrought.
Above the waſte a dark cloud ſhrouded her,
A ſtinging Serpent by the heel her caught;
Wherewith ſhe languiſht as the gather'd flowre,
And well aſſur'd ſhe mounted up to joy.
Alas, on earth ſo nothing doth endure,
But bitter grief and ſorrowful annoy:
Which make this life wretched and miſerable,
Toſſed with ſtorms of fortune variable.

7.

When I beheld this tickle truſtleſs ſtate
Of vain worlds glory, flitting to and fro,
And mortal men toſſed by troublous fate,
In reſtleſs ſeas of wretchedneſs and wo,
I wiſh I might this weary life forgo,
And ſhortly turn unto my happy reſt,
Where my free ſpirit might not any mo
Be vext with ſights, that do her peace moleſt.
And ye fair Lady, in whoſe bountious breſt
All heavenly grace and vertue ſhrined is,
When ye theſe rimes do read, and view the reſt,
Loath this baſe world, and think of heavens blis:
And though ye be the faireſt of Gods creatures.
Yet think, that death ſhall ſpoil your goodly features.

FINIS.

A Letter

A Letter of the Authors, expounding his whole intention in the courſe of this Work: which for that it giveth great light to the Reader, for the better underſtanding is hereunto annexed.

To the right noble and valorous, Sir Walter Raleigh; *Knight, Lord Wardein of the Stanneries, and her Majeſties Lievtenant of the County of Cornewayll.*

SIR, knowing how doubtfully all Allegories may be conſtrued, and this book of mine, which I have entituled *The Fairy Queen*, being a continued Allegory, or dark conceit, I have thought good, as well for avoyding of jealous opinions and miſconſtructions, as alſo for your better light in reading thereof, (being ſo by you commanded) to diſcover unto you the general intention and meaning, which in the whole courſe thereof I have faſhioned, without expreſſing of any particular purpoſes or by-accidents therein occaſioned. The general end therefore of all the book, is to faſhion a gentleman or noble perſon in vertuous and gentle diſcipline. Which for that I conceived ſhould be moſt plauſible and pleaſing, being coloured with an hiſtorical fiction, the which the moſt part of men delight to read, rather for variety of matter, than for profit of the enſample: I choſe the hiſtory of King *Arthur*, as moſt fit for the excellency of his perſon, being made famous by many mens former works, and alſo furtheſt from the danger of envy, and ſuſpicion of preſent time. In which I have followed all the antique Poets hiſtorical: firſt *Homer*, who in the perſons of *Agamemnon* and *Vlyſſes*, hath enſampled a good Governor and a vertuous man, the one in his *Ilias*, the other in his *Odyſſeis*: then *Virgil*, whoſe like intention was to do in the perſon of *Æneas*: after him *Arioſto* compriſed them both in his *Orlando*: and lately *Taſſo* diſſevered them again, and formed both parts in two perſons, namely, that part which they in Philoſophy call *Ethice*, or vertues of a private man, coloured in his *Rinaldo*: The other named *Politice* in his *Godfredo*. By enſample of which excellent Poets, I labour to pourtraict in *Arthur*, before he was King, the image of a brave Knight, perfected in the twelve private moral vertues, as *Ariſtotle* hath deviſed, the which is the purpoſe of theſe firſt twelve books: which if I find to be well accepted, I may be perhaps encouraged to frame the other part of politick vertues in his perſon, after that he came to be King.

To ſome I know this method will ſeem diſpleaſant, which had rather have good diſcipline delivered plainly in way of precepts, or ſermoned at large, as they uſe, than thus clowdily enwrapped in Allegorical deviſes. But ſuch, me ſeem, ſhould be ſatisfied with the uſe of theſe days, ſeeing all things accounted by their ſhows, and nothing eſteemed of, that is not delightful and pleaſing to common ſenſe. For this cauſe is *Xenophon* preferred before *Plato*, for that the one in the exquiſite depth of his judgment formed a Common-wealth ſuch as it ſhould be; but the other, in the perſon of *Cyrus* and the *Perſians*, faſhioned a government ſuch as might beſt be: So much more profitable and gracious is doctrine by enſample, then by rule. So have I laboured to do in the perſon of *Arthur*: whom I conceive, after his long education by *Timon* (to whom he was by *Merlin* delivered to be brought up, ſo ſoon as he was born of the Lady *Igrayne*) to have ſeen in a dream or viſion the *Fairy Queen*, with whoſe excellent beauty raviſhed, he awaking reſolved to ſeek her out: and ſo being by *Merlin* armed, and by *Timon* throughly inſtructed, he went to ſeek her forth in *Fairy Land*. In that *Fairy Queen*, I mean Glory in my general intention: but in my particular, I conceive the moſt excellent and glorious perſon of our Soveraign the Queen, and her kingdom in *Fairy Land*. And yet in ſome places elſe, I

do otherwiſe ſhadow her. For conſidering ſhe beareth two perſons, the one of a moſt royal Queen or Empreſs, the other of a moſt vertuous and beautiful Lady, this latter part in ſome places I do expreſs in *Belphœbe*, faſhioning her Name according to your own excellent conceit of *Cynthia*, (*Phœbe* and *Cynthia* being both names of *Diana.*) So in the perſon of Prince *Arthur*, I ſet forth *Magnificence* in particular, which vertue, for that (according to *Ariſtotle* and the reſt) it is the perfection of all the reſt, and containeth in it them all, therefore in the whole courſe I mention the deeds of *Arthur* appliable to that vertue, which I write of in that Book. But of the twelve other vertues, I make twelve other Knights the Patrons, for the more variety of the Hiſtory: Of which theſe three books contain three. The firſt, of the Knight of the *Redcroſs*, in whom I expreſs *Holyneſs*: The ſecond of Sir *Guyon*, in whom I ſet forth *Temperance:* The third of *Britomartis*, a Lady Knight, in whom I picture *Chaſtity*. But becauſe the beginning of the whole work ſeemeth abrupt, and as depending upon other antecedents, it needs that ye know the occaſion of theſe three Knights ſeveral adventures. For the method of a method of a Poet hiſtorical, is not ſuch of an Hiſtoriographer. For an Hiſtoriographer diſcourſeth of affairs orderly as they were done, accounting as well the times as the actions; but a Poet thruſteth into the middeſt, even where it moſt concerneth him, and there recourſing to the things forepaſt, and divining of things to come, maketh a pleaſing Analyſis of all. The beginning therefore of my hiſtory, if it were to be told by an Hiſtoriographer, ſhould be the twelfth book, which is the laſt; where I deviſe that the *Fairy Queen* kept her Annual feaſt twelve days: upon which twelve ſeveral days, the occaſions of the twelve ſeveral adventures hapned, which being undertaken by twelve ſeveral Knights, are in theſe twelve books ſeverally handled and diſcourſed.

The firſt was this: In the beginning of the feaſt, there preſented himſelf a tall clowniſh young man, who falling before the *Queen of Fairies*, deſired a boon (as the manner then was) which during the feaſt ſhe might not refuſe: which was, that he might have the atchievement of any adventure, which during that feaſt ſhould happen; that being granted he reſted himſelf on the floor, unfit through his ruſticity for a better place. Soon after entred a fair Lady in mourning weeds, riding on a white Aſſe, with a Dwraf behind her leading a warlick ſteed, that bore the arm of a Knight, and his ſpear in the Dwarfs hand, She falling before the *Queen of Fairies*, complained that her father and mother, an ancient King and Queen, had been by an huge Dragon many years ſhut up in a brazen Caſtle, who thence ſuffered them not to iſſue: and therefore beſought the *Fairy Queen* to aſſign her ſome one of her Knights to take on him that exploit. Preſently that clowniſh perſon upſtarting, deſired that adventure: whereat the Queen much wondering, and the Lady much gain-ſaying, yet he earneſtly importuned his deſire. In the end, the Lady told him, unleſs that Armour which ſhe brought, would ſerve him (that is, the armour of a Chriſtian man ſpecified by Saint *Paul*, v. Epheſ.) that he could not ſucceed in that enterpriſe: which being forth-with put upon him with due furnitures thereunto, he ſeemed the goodlieſt man in all that company, and was well liked of the Lady. And eftſoons taking on him knighthood, and mounting on that ſtrange Courſer, he went forth with her on that adventure: where beginneth the firſt book, viz.

A gentle Knight was pricking on the Plain, &c.

The ſecond day there came in a Palmer bearing an Infant with bloody hands, whoſe Parents he complained to have been ſlain by an Enchantreſs called *Acraſia*: and therefore craved of the *Fairy Queen*, to appoint him ſome Knight, to perform that adventure, which being aſſigned to Sir *Guyon*, he preſently went forth with that ſame Palmer: which is the beginning of the ſecond book and the whole ſubject thereof. The third day there came in a Groom, who complained before the *Fairy Queen*, that a vile Enchanter called *Buſirane*, had in hand a moſt fair Lady called *Amoretta*, whom he kept in moſt grievous torment, becauſe ſhe would not yeild him the pleaſure of her body. Whereupon Sir *Scudamore* the lover of that Lady preſently took on him that adventure. But being unable to perform it by reaſon of the hard Enchantments, after long

long ſorrow, in the end met with *Britomartis*, who ſuccoured him, and reskewed his love.

But by occaſion hereof, many other adventures are intermedled, but rather as Accidents, then intendments: As, the love of *Britomart*, the overthrow of *Marinell*, the miſerie of *Florimell*, the vertuouſneſs of *Belphœbe*, the laſciviouſneſs of *Hellenora*, and many the like.

Thus much Sir, I have briefly over-run to direct your underſtanding to the wel-head of the Hiſtory, that from thence gathering the whole intention of the conceit, ye may as in a handfull gripe all the diſcourſe, which otherwiſe may happily ſeem tedious and confuſed. So humbly craving the continuance of your honourable favour towards me, and th' eternal eſtabliſhment of your happineſs, I humbly take leave.

23. January. 1589.

Yours moſt humbly affectionate,

Edmund Spenſer.

A

VISION

Upon this Conceit of the

Fairy Queen.

ME thought I ſaw the grave where *Laura* lay,
Within that Temple, where the Veſtal flame
Was wont to burn; and paſſing by that way,
To ſee that buried duſt of living fame,
Whoſe Tomb fair love, and fairer vertue kept,
All ſuddenly I ſaw the *Fairy Queen:*
At whoſe approach the ſoul of *Petrarch* wept,
And from thence-forth thoſe Graces were not ſeen.
For they this Queen attended; in whoſe ſteed
Oblivion laid him down on *Lauras* herſe:
Hereat the hardeſt ſtones were ſeen to bleed,
And grones of buried Ghoſts the heavens did perſe.
Where *Homers* ſpright did tremble all for grief,
And curſt th' acceſs of that celeſtial thief.

Another of the ſame.

THe praiſe of meaner wits this work like profit brings,
As doth the Cuckoes ſong delight when Philumena *ſings.*
If thou haſt formed right true vertues face herein:
Vertue her ſelf can beſt diſcern, to whom they written bin.
If thou haſt beauty prais'd, let her ſole looks divine,
Judge if ought therein be amiß, and mend it by her eyn.
If Chaſtity want ought, or Temperance her dew,
Behold her Princely mind aright, and write thy Queen anew.
Mean-while ſhe ſhall perceive, how far her vertues ſore
Above the reach of all that live, or ſuch as wrote of yore:
And thereby will excuſe and favour thy good will:
Whoſe vertue cannot be expreſt, but by an Angels quill.
Of me no lines are lov'd, nor letters are of price,
Of all which ſpeak our Engliſh tongue, but thoſe of thy device.

W.R.

To the learned Shepherd.

COllin, I ſee by thy new taken task,
ſome ſacred fury hath enricht thy brains,
That leads thy Muſe in haughty verſe to mask,
and loath the laies that long to lowly ſwains.
That lifts thy notes from Shepherds unto Kings,
So like the lively Lark that mounting ſings.

Thy lovely *Roſalind* ſeems now forlorn,
and all thy gentle flocks forgotten quight:
Thy changed hart now holds thy pipes in ſcorn,
thoſe pretty pipes that did thy mates delight;
Thoſe truſty mates, that loved thee ſo well,
Whom thou gav'ſt mirth: as they gave thee the bell.

Yet

Yet as thou earſt with thy ſweet roundelayes,
didſt ſtir to glee our lads in homely bowers:
So moughtſt thou now in theſe refined layes,
delight the dainty ears of higher powers.
And ſo mought they in their deep skanning skill,
Allow and grace our *Collins* flowing quill.

And fair befall that *Fairy Queen* of thine,
in whoſe fair eyes love linkt with vertue ſits:
Enfuſing by thoſe beauties fiers divine,
ſuch high conceits into thy humble wits,
As raiſed hath poor paſtors oaten reeds,
From ruſtick tunes, to chaunt heroick deeds.

So mought thy *Redcroſs Knight* with happy hand
victorious be in that fair Illands right:
Which thou dooſt veil in Type of *Fairy land*,
Elyſas bleſſed field, that *Albyon* hight.
That ſhields her friends, and wars her mighty foes,
Yet ſtill with people, peace, and plenty floes.

But (jolly Shepherd) though with pleaſing ſtile,
Thou feaſt the humour of that Courtly train:
Let not conceit thy ſetled ſenſe beguile,
ne daunted be through envy or diſdain.
Subject thy doom to her Empyring ſpright,
From whence thy Muſe, and all the world takes light.

Hobbynoll.

FAir *Thamis* ſtream, that from *Luds* ſtately town,
Runſt paying tribute to the Ocean Seas,
Let all thy Nymphs and Syrens of renown
Be ſilent, while this Brittain *Orpheus* playes:
Neer thy ſweet banks, there lives that ſacred crown,
Whoſe hand ſtrowes Palm and never dying bayes,
Let all at once, with thy ſoft murmuring ſown
Preſent her with this worthy Poets prayes.
For he hath taught hie drifts in Shepherds weeds,
And deep conceits now ſings in *Fairies* deeds.

R. S.

GRave Muſes, march in tryumph and with praiſes,
Our Goddeſs here hath given you leave to land:
And bids this rare diſpenſer of your graces
Bow down his brow unto her ſacred hand.
Deſerts finds due in that moſt princely doom,
In whoſe fair breſt are all the Muſes bred:
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

H. B.

WHen ſtout *Achilles* heard of *Helens* rape,
And what revenge the States of Greece devis'd:
Thinking by ſleight the fatal wars to ſcape,
In Womans weeds himſelf he then diſguis'd:
But this deviſe *Ulyſſes* ſoon did ſpy,
And brought him forth, the chance of war to try.

When *Spenſer* ſaw the fame was ſpred ſo large,
Through *Fairy-land*, of their renowned Queen:
Loth that his Muſe ſhould take ſo great a charge,
As in ſuch haughty matter to be ſeen,
To ſeem a Shepherd then he made his choice,
But *Sidney* heard him ſing, and knew his voice.

And as *Ulyſſes* brought fair *Thetis* Son
From his retyred life to menage arms:
So *Spenſer* was by *Sidneys* ſpeeches won,
To blaze her fame, not fearing future harms:
For well he knew, his Muſe would ſoon be tyred
In her high praiſe, that all the world admired.

Yet as *Achilles* in thoſe warlike frayes,
Did win the Palm from all the Grecian Peers:
So *Spenſer* now to his immortal praiſe,
Hath wone the Laurel quite from all his feers.
What though his task exceed a humane wit,
He is excus'd, ſith *Sidney* thought it fit.

W. L.

TO look upon a work of rare deviſe
The which a workman ſetteth out to view,
And not to yield it the deſerved priſe,
That unto ſuch a workmanſhip is dew,
Doth either prove the judgment to be naught,
Or elſe doth ſhew a mind with envy fraught.

To labour to commend a piece of work,
Which no man goes about to diſcommend,
Would raiſe a jealous doubt, that there did lurk
Some ſecret doubt, whereto the praiſe did tend.
For when men know the goodneſs of the wine,
'Tis needleſs for the hoaſt to have a ſign.

Thus then to ſhew my judgment to be ſuch
As can diſcern of colours black, and white,
As alls to free my mind from envies tuch,
That never gives to any man his right,
I here pronounce this workmanſhip is ſuch,
As that no pen can ſet it forth too much.

And thus I hang a garland at the dore,
Not for to ſhew the goodneſs of the ware:
But ſuch hath been the cuſtome heretofore,
And cuſtoms very hardly broken are.
And when your taſte ſhall tell you this is trew,
Then look you give your hoaſt his utmoſt dew.

Ignoto.

To the Right Honourable Sir Chriſtopher Hatton, *Lord High Chancelor of* England, *&c.*

THoſe prudent heads, that with their counſels wiſe
Whilom the pillors of th' earth did ſuſtain,
And taught ambitious *Rome* to tyranniſe,
And in the neck of all the world to rain,
Oft from thoſe grave affairs were wont abſtain,
With the ſweet Lady Muſes for to play:
So *Ennius* the elder Africane,
So *Maro* oft did *Cæſars* cares allay.
So you great Lord, that with your counſel ſway
The burden of this Kingdom mightily,
With like delights ſometimes may eke delay
The rugged brow of careful Policy:
And to theſe idle rimes lend little ſpace,
Which for their titles ſake may find more grace.

E. S.

To the Right Honourable the Lord *Burleigh*, Lord High Treaſurer of *England.*

TO you right noble Lord, whoſe careful breſt
To menage of moſt grave affairs is bent,
And on whoſe mighty ſhoulders moſt doth reſt
The burden of this Kingdoms government,
As the wide compaſs of the firmament,
On Atlas *mighty ſhoulders is upſtaid;*
Unfitly I theſe idle rimes preſent,
The labour of loſt time, and wit unſtaid:
Yet if their deeper ſenſe be inly waid,
And the dim vail, with which from common view
Their fairer parts are hid, aſide be laid,
Perhaps not vain they may appear to you.
Such as they be, vouchſafe them to receave,
And wipe their faults out of your cenſure grave.

E. S.

To the Right Honourable the Earl of Oxenford, *Lord High Chamberlain of* England.

REceive moſt noble Lord, in gentle gree,
The unripe fruit of an unready wit:
Which by thy countenance doth crave to be
Defended from foul Envies poyſnous bit.
Which ſo to do may thee right well beſit,
Sith th' antique glory of thin anceſtry
Under a ſhady vail is therein writ,
And eke thine own long living memory;
Succeeding them in true nobility:
And alſo for the love, which thou dooſt bear
To th' *Heliconian* Imps, and they to thee;
They unto thee, and thou to them moſt dear:
Dear as thou art unto thy ſelf, ſo love
That loves and honours thee, as doth behove.

E. S.

To the Right Honourable the Earl of *Northumberland.*

THe ſacred Muſes have made always clame
To be the Nourſes of Nobility,
And Regiſtres of everlaſting fame,
To all that arms profeſs and chevalry.
Then by like right the noble Progeny,
Which them ſucceed in fame and worth, are tyde
T' embrace the ſervice of ſweet Poetry,
By whoſe endeavours they are glorifide,
And eke from all, of whom it is envide,
To patronize the Author of their praiſe,
Which gives them life, that elſe would ſoon have dide,
And crowns their aſhes with immortal baies.
To thee therefore, right noble Lord, I ſend
This preſent of my pains, it to defend.

E. S.

To the Right Honourable the Earl of Cumberland.

REdoubted Lord, in whoſe courageous mind
The flowre of chevalry now blooſming fair.
Doth promiſe fruit worthy the noble kind,
Which of their praiſes have left you the hair,
To you this humble preſent I prepare,
For love of vertue and of Martial praiſe.
To which though nobly ye inclined are,
As goodly well ye ſhew'd in late aſſaies,
Yet brave enſample of long paſſed daies,
In which true honour ye may faſhion'd ſee,
To like deſire of honour may ye raiſe,
And fill your mind with magnanimitee.
Receive it Lord therefore as it was ment,
For honour of your name and high deſcent.

E. S.

To the moſt Honourable and Excellent Lord, the Earl of *Eſſex*, Great Maiſter of the Horſe to her Highneſs, and Knight of the Noble Order of the Garter, *&c.*

MAgnifick Lord, whoſe vertues excellent
Do merit a moſt famous Poets wit,
To be thy living praiſes inſtrument
Yet do not ſdeign, to let thy name be writ
In this baſe Poem, for thee far unfit.
Nought is thy worth diſparaged thereby:
But when my Muſe, whoſe feathers nothing flit
Do yet but flag, and lowly learn to fly
With bolder wing ſhall dare aloft to fly
To the laſt praiſes of this Fairy Queen,
Then ſhall it make more famous memory
Of thine Heroick parts, ſuch as they been.
Till then vouchſafe thy noble countenance,
To theſe firſt labours needful furtherance.

E. S.

To

To the Right Honourable the Earl of Ormond *and* Ossory.

REceive most noble Lord a simple taste
Of the wild fruit, which savage soyl hath bred,
Which being through long wars left almost waste,
With brutish barbarism is overspred:
And in so fair a Land, as may be red,
Not one *Parnassus*, nor one *Helicon*
Left for sweet Muses to be harboured,
But where thy self hast thy brave mansion;
There in deed dwell fair Graces many one,
And gentle Nymphs, delights of learned wits,
And in thy person without Paragone
All goodly bounty and true honour sits.
Such therefore, as that wasted soyl doth yield,
Receive dear Lord in worth, the fruit of barren field.

E. S.

To the Right Honourable the Lord *Ch. Howard*, Lord High Admiral of *England*, Knight of the noble Order of the Garter, and one of Her Majesties Privy Councel, *&c.*

AND ye, brave Lord, whose goodly personage,
And noble deeds each other garnishing,
Make you ensample to the present age,
Of th' old Heroes, whose famous ofspring
The antique Poets wont so much to sing,
In this same Pageant have a worthy place,
Sith those huge castles of Castilian *King,*
That vainly threatned King doms to displace,
Like flying Doves ye did before you chace;
And that proud people woxen insolent
Through many victories, didst first deface:
Thy praises everlasting monument
Is in this verse engraven semblably,
That it may live to all posterity.

E. S.

To the Right Honourable the Lord of Hunsdon, *High Chamberlain to Her Majesty.*

REnowned Lord, that for your worthiness
And noble deeds have your deserved place,
High in the favour of that Empereis,
The worlds sole glory, and her sexes grace,
Here eke of right have you a worty place,
Both for your nearness to that *Fairy Queen*,
And for your own high merit in like case:
Of which, apparant proof was to be seen,
When that tumultuous rage and fearful deen
Of Northern rebels ye did pacifie,
And their disloyal powre defaced cleen,
The record of enduring memory.
Live Lord for ever in this lasting verse,
That all posterity thy honour may reherse.

E. S.

To the most Renowned and Valiant Lord, the Lord *Grey* of *Wilton*, Knight of the noble Order of the Garter, *&c.*

MOst noble Lord, the pillor of my life,
And Patron of my Muses pupillage,
Through whose large bounty poured on me rife,
In the first season of my feeble age,
I now do live, bound yours by vassalage:
Sith nothing ever may redeem, nor reave
Out of your endless debt so sure a gage,
Vouchsafe in worth this small gift to receave,
Which in your noble hands for pledge I leave
Of all the rest, that I am tyde t' account:
Rude rimes, the which a rustick Muse did weave
In savage soyl, far from Parnasso *mount,*
And roughly wrought in an unlearned Loom:
The which vouchsafe, dear Lord, your favourable doom.

E. S.

To the Right Honourable the Lord of *Buckhurst*, one of Her Majesties Privy Councel.

IN vain I think (Right Honourable Lord)
By this rude rime to memorize thy name;
Whose learned Muse hath writ her own record,
In golden verse, worthy immortal fame:
Thou much more fit, (were leisure to the same)
Thy gracious Soveraigns praises to compile.
And her imperial Majesty to frame,
In lofty numbers and heroick stile.
But sith thou maist not so, give leave awhile
To baser wit, his power therein to spend,
Whose gross defaults thy dainty pen may file,
And unadvised oversights amend.
But evermore vouchsafe it to maintain
Against vile *Zoylus* backbitings vain.

E. S.

To the Right Honourable Sir *Fr. Walsingham*, Knight, Principal Secretary to Her Majesty, and of her Honourable Privy Councel.

THat Mantuane *Poets incompared spirit,*
Whose girland now is set in highest place,
Had not Mecœnas *for his worthy merit,*
It first advaunst to great Augustus *grace,*
Might long (perhaps) have lien in silence bace,
Ne been so much admir'd of later age.
This lowly Muse, that learns like steps to trace,
Flies for like aid unto your Patronage,
That are the great Mecœnas *of this age;*
As well to all that civil arts profess,
As those that are inspir'd with Martial rage,
And craves protection of her feebleness:
Which if ye yield, perhaps ye may her raise
In bigger tunes to sound your living praise.

E. S.

To

To the Right Noble Lord and moſt valiant Captain, Sir John Norris, *Knight, Lord Preſident of* Mounſter.

WHoever gave more honourable prize
To the ſweet Muſe, than did the Martial crew;
That their brave deeds ſhe might immortalize
In her ſhrill tromp, and ſound their praiſes dew?
Who then ought more to favour her, than you
Moſt noble Lord, the honour of this age,
And Precedent of all that Arms enſue?
Whoſe warlike proweſs and manly courage,
Tempred with reaſon and advizement ſage
Hath fil'd ſad *Belgick* with victorious ſpoil,
In *France* and *Ireland* left a famous gage,
And lately ſhak't the *Laſitanian* ſoil.
Sith then each where thou haſt diſſpred thy fame,
Love him, that hath eternized your name.

E. S.

To the Noble and Valorous Knight, Sir *Walter Raleigh*, Lord Wardein of the Stanneries, and Lieutenant of *Cornwaile.*

TO thee that art the Summers Nightingale,
Thy ſoveraign Goddeſſes moſt dear delight,
Why do I ſend this ruſtick Madrigale,
That may thy tuneful ear unſeaſon quite?
Thou only fit this Argument to write,
In whoſe high thoughts Pleaſure hath built her bowre,
And dainty love learn'd ſweetly to endite.
My rimes I know unſavory and ſowre,
To taſte the ſtreams, that like a golden ſhowre
Flow from thy fruitful head, of thy Loves praiſe,
Fitter perhaps to thunder Martial ſtowre,
When ſo thee liſt thy lofty Muſe to raiſe:
Yet till that thou thy Poem wilt make known,
Let thy fair Cinthias *praiſes be thus rudely ſhown.*

E. S.

To the Right Honourable and moſt Vertuous Lady, the Counteſs of Penbroke.

REmembrance of that moſt Heroick ſpirit,
The heavens pride, the glory of our days,
Which now triumpheth through immortal merit
Of his brave vertues, crown'd with laſting baies
Of heavenly bliſs and everlaſting praies;
Who firſt my Muſe did lift out of the flore,
To ſing his ſweet delights in lowly laies;
Bids me, moſt noble Lady, to adore
His goodly Image living evermore,
In the divine reſemblance of your face;
Which with your vertues ye embelliſh more,
And native beauty deck with heavenly grace:
For his, and for your own eſpecial ſake,
Vouchſafe from him this token in good worth to take.

E. S.

To the moſt Vertuous and Beautiful Lady, the Lady *Carew.*

NE may I without blot of endleſs blame,
You, faireſt Lady, leave out of this place,
But with remembrance of your gracious name,
Wherewith that courtly garland moſt ye grace,
And deck the world, adorn theſe verſes baſe:
Not that theſe few lines can in them compriſe
Thoſe glorious ornaments of heavenly grace,
Wherewith ye triumph over feeble eyes,
And in ſubdued hearts do tyrannize,
For thereunto doth need a golden quill,
And ſilver leaves, them rightly to deviſe,
But to make humble preſent of good will:
Which, when as timely means it purchaſe may,
In ampler wiſe it ſelf will forth diſplay.

E. S.

To all the Gracious and Beautiful Ladies in the Court.

THe **Chian* Painter, when he was requir'd [** Apelles.*]
To pourtraict *Venus* in her perfect hew,
(To make his work more abſolute) deſir'd
Of all the faireſt maids to have the view.
Much more me needs (to draw the ſemblant true
Of beauties Queen, the worlds ſole wonderment)
To ſharp my ſenſe with ſundry beauties view,
And ſteal from each ſome part of ornament.
If all the world to ſeek I overwent,
A fairer crew yet no where could I ſee,
Than that brave Court doth to mine eye preſent;
That the worlds pride ſeems gathered ther to be,
Of each a part I ſtole by cunning theft:
Forgive it me, fair dames, ſith leſs ye have not left.

E. S.

BRITTAIN's IDA.

To the Right Noble Lady MARY, *Daughter to the moſt Illuſtrious Prince* GEORGE, *Duke of* Buckingham.

MOſt Noble Lady: I have preſumed to preſent this Poem to your Honourable hand, encouraged only by the worth of the famous Author (for I am certainly aſſured by the ableſt, and moſt knowing men, that it muſt be a Work of *Spencers*, of vvhom it vvere pity that any thing ſhould be loſt) and doubting not but your Ladyſhip vvill graciouſly accept, though from a mean hand, this humble Preſent, ſince the man that offers it, is a true Honourer and Obſerver of your Self, and your Princely Family, and ſhall ever remain

The humbleſt of your devoted Servants,

Thomas Walkley.

Martial.

Accipe facundi culicem ſtudioſe Maronis,
Ne nugis poſitis, Arma virumque Canas.

SEe here that ſtately Muſe, that erſt could raiſe,
In laſting numbers great Elizaes *praiſe,*
And dreſs fair Vertue inſo rich attire,
That even her Foes were forced to admire,
And court her Heavenly beauty, ſhe that taught
The Graces grace, and made the Vertues thought
More vertuous than before, is pleaſed here,
To ſlack her ſerious flight, and feed your ear
With Loves delightſom toyes; do not refuſe
Theſe harmleſs ſports,'tis learned Spencer's *Muſe;*
But think his looſeſt Poems *worthier then*
The ſerious follies of unskilful men.

Brittain's

Brittain's Ida.

CANTO I.

The ARGUMENT.

The youthly Shepherds wonning here,
And beauties rare diſplaid appear :
What exerciſe he chief affects,
His Name, and ſcornful love neglects..

1.

IN *Ida* Vale, (who knows not *Ida* Vale?)
When harmleſs *Troy* yet felt not *Græcian* ſpite:
A hundred Shepherds wonn'd, and in the Dale,
While their fair Flocks the three leav'd Paſtures bite:
The Shepherds boys, with hundred ſportlings light,
Gave wings unto the times to ſpeedy haſt:
Ah fooliſh Lads, that ſtrove with laviſh waſt,
So faſt to ſpend the time, that ſpends your time as faſt.

2.

Among the reſt that all the reſt excel'd,
A dainty Boy there wonn'd, whoſe harmleſs years,
Now in their freſheſt budding gently ſwel'd;
His Nimph-like face ne're felt the nimble ſheers,
Youth's downy bloſſom through his cheek appears:
His lovely limbs (but love he quite diſcarded)
Were made for play (but he no play regarded)
And fit love to reward, and with love be rewarded.

3.

High was his fore-head, arch't with ſilver mould,
(Where never anger churliſh rinkle dighted)
His auburn locks hung like dark threds of gold,
That wanton airs (with their fair length incited)
To play among their wanton curles delighted
His ſmiling eyes with ſimple truth were ſtor'd:
Ah! how ſhould truth in thoſe thief eyes be ſtor'd,
Which thouſand loves had ſtol'n, and never one reſtor'd.

4.

His lilly-cheek might ſeem an Ivory plain,
More purely white than frozen *Apenine:*
Where lovely baſhfulneſs did ſweetly rain,
In bluſhing ſcarlet cloth'd, and purple fine.
A hundred hearts had this delightful ſhrine,
(Still cold it ſelf) inflam'd with hot deſire,
That well the face might ſeem, in divers tire,
To be a burning ſnow, or elſe a freezing fire.

5.

His cheerful looks, and merry face would prove,
(If eyes the index be where thoughts are read)
A dainty play-fellow for naked love;
Of all the other parts enough is ſed,
That they were fit twins for ſo fair a head:
Thouſand boys for him, thouſand maidens dy'de,
Die they that liſt, for ſuch his rigorous pride,
He thouſand boys (ah fool) and thouſand maids deni'd.

6.

His joy was not in muſiques ſweet delight,
(Though well his hand had learnt that cunning art)
Or daintier ſongs to daintier ears indite;
But through the plains to chace the nimble Hart,
With well-tun'd hounds; or with his certain dart,
The tusked Boar, or ſavage Bear to wound;
Mean time his heart with monſters doth abound,
Ah fool to ſeek ſo far what nearer might be found!

7.

His name (well known unto thoſe woody ſhades,
Where unrewarded Lovers oft complain them)
Anchiſes was; *Anchiſes* oft the glades,
And mountains heard *Anchiſes* had diſdain'd them;
Not all their love one gentle look had gain'd them,
That rocky hills, with ecchoing noiſe conſenting,
Anchiſes plain'd; but he no whit relenting,
(Harder than rocky hills) laught at their vain lamenting.

CANTO II.

The ARGUMENT.

Diones *Garden of delight,*
With wonder holds Anchiſes *ſight;*
While from the Bower ſuch Muſique ſounds,
As all his ſenſes near confounds.

1.

ONe day it chanc't as he the Deer perſude,
Tyred with ſport, and faint with weary play,
Fair *Venus* grove not far away he view'd,
Whoſe trembling leaves invite him there to ſtay,
And in their ſhades his ſweating limbs diſplay:
There in the cooling glade he ſoftly paces,
And much delighted with their even ſpaces, (braces.
What in himſelf he ſcorn'd, he prais'd their kind im-

2.

The Wood with *Paphian* mirtles peopled,
(Whoſe ſpringing youth felt never Winters ſpiting)
To laurels ſweet were ſweetly married,
Doubling their pleaſing ſmells in their uniting,
When ſingle much, much more when mixt delighting
No foot of beaſt durſt touch this hallowed place,
And many a boy that long'd the woods to trace,
Entred with fear, but ſoon turn'd back his frighted face.

3.

The thick-lockt bows ſhut out the tell-tale Sun,
(For *Venus* hated his all-blabbing light,
Since her known fault which oft ſhe wiſht undun)
And ſcattered rays did make a doubtful ſight,
Like to the firſt of day, or laſt of night:
The fitteſt light for Lovers gentle play;
Such light beſt ſhews the wandring lovers way,
And guides his erring hand: Night is loves holly-day.

4.

So far in this ſweet Labyrinth he ſtraid,
That now he views the Garden of delight;
Whoſe breaſt with thouſand painted flowers arraid,
With divers joy captiv'd his wandring ſight;
But ſoon the eyes rendred the ears their right:
For ſuch ſtrange harmony he ſeem'd to hear,
That all his ſenſes flockt into his ear,
And every faculty wiſht to be ſeated there.

5.

From a cloſe Bower this dainty muſique flow'd,
A Bower apparel'd round with divers Roſes
Both red and white; which by their liveries ſhow'd
Their Miſtris fair, that there her ſelf repoſes:
Seem'd that would ſtrive with thoſe rare Muſique cloſes,
By ſpreading their fair boſoms to the light,
Which the diſtracted ſenſe ſhould moſt delight;
That, raps the melted ear; this, both the ſmell and ſight.

6.

The Boy 'twixt fearful hope, and wiſhing fear,
Crept all along (for much he long'd to ſee
The Bower, much more the gueſt ſo lodged there)
And as he goes, he marks how well agree
Nature and Art in diſcord unity:
Each ſtriving who ſhould beſt perform his part,
Yet art now helping nature; nature art:
While from his ears a voice thus ſtole his heart.

7.

Fond men, whoſe wretched care the life ſoon ending,
By ſtriving to increaſe your joy, do ſpend it;
And ſpending joy, yet find no joy in ſpending:
You hurt your life by ſtriving to amend it,
And ſeeking to prolong it, ſooneſt end it:
Than while fit time affords thee time and leaſure,
Enjoy while yet thou maiſt thy lifes ſweet pleaſure:
Too fooliſh is the man that ſtarves to feed his treaſure.

8.

Love is lifes end (an end but never ending)
All joys, all ſweets, all happineſs awarding:
Love is life wealth (nere ſpent, but ever ſpending)
More rich, by giving, taking by diſcarding:
Love's lifes reward, rewarded in rewarding,
Then from thy wretched heart fond care remove:
Ah ſhould thou live but once loves ſweets to prove,
Thou wilt not love to live, unleſs thou live to love.

9.

To this ſweet voice, a dainty muſique fitted
It's well-tun'd ſtrings; and to her notes conſorted:
And while with skilful voice the ſong ſhe dittied,
The blabbing Eccho had her words retorted;
That now the Boy, beyond his ſoul tranſported,
Through all his limbs feels run a pleaſant ſhaking,
And 'twixt a hope and fear ſuſpects miſtaking (waking
And doubts he ſleeping dreams, and broad awake fears

CANTO III.

The ARGUMENT.

Fair Cythareas *limbs beheld,*
The ſtraying Lads heart ſo inthral'd:
That in a Trance his melted ſpright,
Leaves th'ſences ſlumbring in delight.

1.

NOw to the Bower he ſent his thieviſh eyes,
To ſteal a happy ſight; there do they find
Fair *Venus*, that within half naked lyes;
And ſtraight amaz'd (ſo glorious beauty ſhin'd)
Would not return the meſſage to the mind:
But full of fear, and ſuperſtitious awe,
Could not retire, or back their beams with-draw,
So fixt on, too much ſeeing made they nothing ſaw.

2.

Her goodly length, ſtretch't on a Lilly-bed;
(A bright foil of a beauty far more bright,)
Few Roſes round about were ſcattered,
As if the Lillies learnt to bluſh for ſpite,
To ſee a skin much more than Lilly-white:
The bed ſank with delight ſo to be preſſed,
And knew not which to think a chance more bleſſed,
Both bleſſed ſo to kiſs, and ſo again be kiſſed.

3.

Her ſpacious fore-head like the cleareſt Moon,
Whoſe full-grown Orb begins now to be ſpent,
Largely diſplay'd in native ſilver ſhone,
Giving wide room to beauties Regiment,
Which on the plain with love triumphing went:
Her golden hair a rope of pearl imbrac'd,
Which with their dainty threds oft times enlac'd,
Made the eye think the pearl was there in gold inchas'd.

Her

4.

Her full large eye, in jetty-black array'd,
Proud beauty not confin'd to red and white,
But oft her ſelf in black more rich diſplay'd;
Both contraries did yet themſelves unite,
To make one beauty in different delight:
A thouſand loves ſate playing in each eye,
And ſmiling mirth kiſſing fair courteſie,
By ſweet perſwaſion wan a bloodleſs victory.

5.

That whiteſt white ſet by her ſilver cheek,
Grew pale and wan like unto heavy lead:
The freſheſt Purple freſher dyes muſt ſeek,
That dares compare with them his fainting red:
On theſe *Cupio* winged armies led,
Of little loves, that with bold wanton train
Under thoſe colours, marching on the plain,
Force every heart, and low vaſſelage conſtrain.

6.

Her lips, moſt happy each in others kiſſes,
From their ſo wiſht imbracements ſeldom parted,
Yet ſeem'd to bluſh at ſuch their wanton bliſſes;
But when ſweet words their joyning ſweet diſparted,
To th'ear a dainty muſique they imparted:
Upon them fitly ſate delightful ſmiling,
A thouſand ſouls with pleaſing ſtealth beguiling:
Ah that ſuch ſhews of joys ſhould be all joys exiling?

7.

The breath came ſlowly thence, unwilling leaving
So ſweet a lodge, but whence ſhe once intended,
To feaſt the air with words, the heart deceiving,
More faſt it thronged ſo to be expended;
And at each word a hundred loves attended,
Playing i'th'breath, more ſweet than is that firing,
Where that *Arabian* only bird expiring, (ring.
Lives by her death, by loſs of breath more freſh reſpi-

8.

Her chin, like to a ſtone in gold inchas'd,
Seem'd a fair jewel wrought with cunning hand,
And being double, doubly the face grac'd.
This goodly frame on her round neck did ſtand,
Such pillar, well ſuch curious work ſuſtain'd;
And on his top the heavenly ſphear up rearing,
Might well preſent, with daintier appearing,
A leſs but better *Atlas*, that fair heaven bearing.

9.

Lower two breaſts ſtand all their beauties bearing,
Two breaſts as ſmooth and ſoft; but ah alas!
Their ſmootheſt ſoftneſs far exceeds comparing:
More ſmooth and ſoft; but naught that ever was,
Where they are firſt deſerves the ſecond place:
Yet each as ſoft and each as ſmooth as other;
And when thou firſt tri'ſt one & then the other (ſmoother.
Each ſofter ſeems than each, and each than each ſeems

10.

Lowly between their dainty hemiſpheres,
(Their hemiſpheres the heav'nly Globes excelling,)
A path, more white than is the name it bears,
The lacteal path, conducts to the ſweet dwelling,
Where beſt delight all joys ſits freely dealing;
Where hundred ſweets, and ſtill freſh joys attending;
Receive in giving, and ſtill love diſpending,
Grow richer by their loſs, and wealthy by expending.

11.

But ſtay bold ſhepherd, here thy footing ſtay,
Nor truſt too much unto thy now-born quill,
As farther to thoſe dainty limbs to ſtray;
Or hope to paint that vale, or beautious hill,
Which paſt the fineſt hand and choiceſt skill:
But were thy Verſe and Song as finely fram'd,
As are thoſe parts, yet ſhould it ſoon be blam'd,
For now the ſhameleſs world of beſt things is aſham'd.

12.

That cunning *Artiſt*, that old *Greece* admir'd,
Thus far his *Venus* fitly portrayed;
But there he left, nor farther ere aſpir'd:
His Dædale hand, that Nature perfected
By art, felt art by nature limitted.
Ah! well he knew, though his fit hand could give
Breath to dead colours, teaching marble live,
Yet would theſe lively parts his hand of skill deprive.

13.

Such when this gentle boy her cloſly view'd,
Only with thinneſt ſilken vail o're-laid,
Whoſe ſnowy colour much more ſnowy ſhew'd,
By being next that skin; and all betraid,
Which beſt in naked beauties are araid:
His ſpirits melted with ſo glorious ſight,
Ran from their work to ſee ſo ſplended light,
And left the fainting limbs ſweet ſlumbring in delight.

CANTO IV.

The ARGUMENT.

The ſwouning Swain recovered is
By th'Goddeſs; his ſoul rapting bliſs:
There mutual conference, and how
Her ſervice ſhe doth him allow.

1.

SOft ſleeping *Venus* waked with the fall,
Looking behind, the ſinking boy eſpies,
With all ſhe ſtarts, and wondereth withall,
She thinks that there her fair *Adonis* dyes,
And more ſhe thinks the more the Boy ſhe eyes:
So ſtepping nearer, up begins to rear him;
And now with love himſelf ſhe will confer him,
And now, before her love himſelf ſhe will prefer him.

The

2.

The Lad ſoon with that dainty touch reviv'd,
Feeling himſelf ſo well, ſo ſweetly ſeated,
Begins to doubt whether he yet here liv'd,
Or elſe his flitting ſoul to heav'n tranſlated,
Was there in ſtarry throne, and bliſs inſtated:
Oft would he dye, ſo to be often ſav'd;
And now with happy wiſh he cloſly crav'd,
For ever to be dead, to be ſo ſweet ingrav'd.

3.

The *Paphian* Princeſs (in whoſe lovely breaſt,
Spiteful diſdain could never find a place)
When now ſhe ſaw him from his fit releaſt,
(To *Juno* leaving wrath, and ſcolding baſe)
Comforts the trembling Boy with ſmiling grace.
But oh! thoſe ſmiles (too full of ſweet delight)
Surfeit his heart, full of the former ſight;
So ſeeking to revive, more wounds his feeble ſprite.

4.

Tell me, fair Boy (ſaid ſhe) what erring chance,
Hither directed thy unwary pace:
For ſure contempt, or pride durſt not advance
Their foul aſpect, in thy ſo pleaſant face:
Tell me, what brought thee to this hidden place?
Or lack of love, or mutual anſwering fire,
Or hindred by ill chance in thy deſire:
Tell me, what iſt thy fair and wiſhing eyes require?

5.

The Boy (whoſe ſenſe was never yet acquainted
With ſuch a muſique) ſtood with ears erected;
And ſweetly with that pleaſant ſpell enchanted,
More of thoſe ſugred ſtrains long time expected,
Till ſeeing ſhe his ſpeeches not rejected,
Firſt ſighs ariſing from his hearts low center,
Thus 'gan reply; when each word bold would venter,
And ſtrive the firſt, that dainty labyrinth to enter.

6.

Fair *Cyprian* Queen (for well that heavenly face
Proves thee the mother of all conquering love)
Pardon I pray thee my unweeting pace,
For no preſumptuous thoughts did hither move
My daring feet, to this thy holy grove;
But luckleſs chance (which if you not gain-ſay,
I ſtill muſt rue) hath caus'd me here to ſtray,
And loſe my ſelf (alas) in loſing of my way.

7.

Nor did I come to right my wronged fire,
Never till now I ſaw what ought be lov'd,
And now I ſee, but never dare aſpire
To move my hope, where yet my love is mov'd;
Whence though I would, I would it not remov'd:
Only ſince I have plac't my love ſo high,
Which ſure thou muſt, or ſure thou wilt deny,
Grant me yet ſtill to love, though in my love to dye.

8.

But ſhe that in his eyes Loves face had ſeen,
And flaming heart, did not ſuch ſuit diſdain,
(For cruelty fits not ſweet Beauties Queen)
But gently could his paſſion entertain,
Though ſhe Loves Princeſs, he a lowly Swain:
Firſt of his bold intruſion ſhe acquits him;
Then to her ſervice (happy Boy) admits him;
And like another Love, with Bow and Quiver fits him.

9.

And now withall the loves he grew acquainted,
And *Cupids* ſelf, with his like face delighted,
Taught him a hundred ways with which he daunted
The prouder hearts, and wronged lovers righted,
Forcing to love, that moſt his love deſpited.
And now the practique Boy did ſo approve him,
And with ſuch grace and cunning art did move him,
That all the pritty loves, and all the Graces love him.

CANTO V.

The ARGUMENT.

The Lovers ſad deſpairing plaints,
Bright Venus *with his love acquaints;*
Sweetly importun'd he doth ſhew,
From whom proceedeth this his woe.

1.

YEt never durſt his faint and coward heart,
(Ah fool! faint heart fair Lady ne're could win)
Aſſail fair *Venus* with his new-learnt art,
But kept his love, and burning flame within,
Which more flam'd out, the more he preſt it in:
And thinking oft, how juſt ſhe might diſdain him;
While ſome cool mirtle ſhade did entertain him,
Thus ſighing would he ſit, and ſadly would he plain him.

2.

Ah fond, and hapleſs Boy! nor know I whether,
More fond, or hapleſs more, that all ſo high
Haſt plac't thy heart, where love and fate together,
May never hope to end thy miſery,
Nor yet thy ſelf dare wiſh a remedy.
All hindrances (alas) conſpire to let it;
Ah fond, and hapleſs Boy! if canſt not get it,
In thinking to forget, at length learn to forget it.

3.

Ah far too fond, but much more hapleſs Swain!
Seeing thy love can be forgotten never.
Serve and obſerve thy love with willing pain;
And though in vain thy love thou do perſever,
Yet all in vain do thou adore her ever.
No hope can crown thy thoughts ſo far aſpiring,
Nor dares thy ſelf deſire thine own deſiring,
Yet live thou in her love, and dye in her admiring.

Thus

4.

Thus oft the hopeleſs Boy complaining lies;
But ſhe that well could gueſs his ſad lamenting,
(Who can conceal love from loves mothers eyes?)
Did not diſdain to give his love contenting:
Cruel the ſoul, that feeds on ſouls tormenting:
Nor did ſhe ſcorn him, though not nobly born,
(Love is Nobility) nor could ſhe ſcorn,
That with ſo noble skill her title did adorn.

5.

One day it chanc't, thrice happy day and chance!
While loves were with the Graces ſweetly ſporting,
And to freſh muſique ſounding play and dance;
And *Cupids* ſelf with Shepherds boys conſorting,
Laugh at their pritty ſport, and ſimple courting:
Fair *Venus* ſeats the fearful Boy cloſe by her,
Where never *Phœbus* jealous looks might eye her,
And bids the Boy his Miſtris, and her name deſcry her.

6.

Long time the youth up bound in ſilence ſtood,
While hope and fear with hundred thoughts begun,
Fit Prologue to his ſpeech; and fearful blood
From heart and face, with theſe poſt-tydings run,
That either now he's made, or now undun:
At length his trembling words, with fear made weak,
Began his too long ſilence thus to break, (ſpeak.
While from his humble eyes firſt reverence ſeem'd to

7.

Fair Queen of Love, my life thou maiſt command,
Too ſlender price for all thy former grace,
Which I receive at thy ſo bounteous hand;
But never dare I ſpeak her name and face;
My life is much leſs-priz'd than her diſgrace:
And, for I know if I her name relate,
I purchaſe anger, I muſt hide her ſtate,
Unleſs thou ſwear by Styx I purchaſe not her hate.

8.

Fair *Venus* well perceiv'd his ſubtile ſhift,
And ſwearing gentle patience, gently ſmil'd:
While thus the Boy perſu'd his former drift:
No tongue was ever yet ſo ſweetly skil'd,
Nor greateſt Orator ſo highly ſtil'd;
Though helpt with all the choiſeſt arts direction,
But when he durſt deſcribe her heav'ns perfection,
By his imperfect praiſe, diſprais'd his imperfection.

9.

Her form is as her ſelf, perfect Cœleſtrial,
No mortal ſpot her heavenly frame diſgraces:
Beyond compare; ſuch nothing is terreſtrial;
More ſweet than thought or pow'rful wiſh embraces,
The map of heaven; the ſum of all the Graces.
But if you wiſh more truly limb'd to eye her,
Than fainting ſpeech, or words can well deſcry her,
Look in a glaſs, and there more perfect you may ſpy her.

CANTO VI.

The ARGUMENT.

The Boys ſhort wiſh, her larger grant,
That doth his ſoul with bliſs enchant:
Whereof impatient uttering all,
Inraged Jove *contrives his thrall.*

1.

THy crafty art (reply'd the ſmiling Queen)
Hath well my chiding, and not rage prevented,
Yet might'ſt thou think, that yet 'twas never ſeen,
That angry rage, and gentle love conſented:
But if to me thy true love is preſented,
What wages for thy ſervice muſt I owe thee?
For by the ſelf ſame vow, I here avow thee,
What ever thou require, I frankly will allow thee.

2.

Pardon (replies the Boy) for ſo affecting,
Beyond mortality; and not diſcarding,
Thy ſervice was much more than my expecting;
But if thou (more thy bounty-hood regarding)
Wilt needs heap up reward upon rewarding;
Thy love I dare not ask, or mutual fixing,
One kiſs is all my love, and prides aſpiring,
And after ſtarve my heart, for my too much deſiring.

3.

Fond Boy! (ſaid ſhe) too fond that askt no more;
Thy want by taking is no whit decreas'd,
And giving, ſpends not our increaſing ſtore:
Thus with a kiſs, his lips ſhe ſweetly preſſed;
Moſt bleſſed kiſs! but hope more than moſt bleſſed,
The Boy did think heaven fell while thus he joy'd;
And while joy he ſo greedily enjoy'd,
He felt not half his joy by being over-joy'd.

4.

Why ſighſt fair Boy? (ſaid ſhe) doſt thou repent thee
Thy narrow wiſh in ſuch ſtraight bonds to ſtay?
Well may I ſigh (ſaid he) and well lament me,
That never ſuch a debt may hope to pay:
A kiſs (ſaid ſhe) a kiſs will back repay:
Wilt thou (reply'd the Boy too much delighted)
Content thee, with ſuch pay to be requited?
She grants; and he his lips, heart, ſoul, to payment cited.

5.

Look as a Ward, from time his Lands detain'd,
And ſubject to his Guardians cruel lore,
Now ſpends the more, the more he was reſtrain'd,
So he; yet though in laying out his ſtore,
He doubly takes; yet finds himſelf grow poor:
With that, he marks, and tells her out a ſcore,
And doubles them, and trebles all before: (more.
Fond Boy! the more thou paiſt, thy debt ſtill grows the

At

6.

At length, whether theſe favours ſo had fir'd him,
With kindly heat, inflaming his deſiring;
Or whether thoſe ſweet kiſſes had inſpir'd him;
He thinks that ſomething wants for his requiring;
And ſtill aſpires, yet knows not his aſpiring:
But yet though that he knoweth, ſo ſhe gave,
That he preſents himſelf her bounden ſlave;
Still his more wiſhing face ſeem'd ſomewhat elſe to crave

7.

And boldned with ſucceſs and many graces,
His hand, chain'd up in fear, he now releaſt:
And asking leave, courag'd with her imbraces;
Again it priſon'd in her tender breaſt;
Ah bleſſed priſon! priſners too much bleſt!
There with thoſe ſiſters long time doth he play;
And now full boldly enters loves high way; (ſtray.
While down the pleaſant vale, his creeping hand doth

8.

She not diſpleaſed with this his wanton play,
Hiding his bluſhing with a ſugred kiſs;
With ſuch ſweet heat his rudeneſs doth allay,
That now he perfect knows whatever bliſs,
Elder love taught, and he before did miſs:
That moult with joy, in ſuch unt ri'd joys trying,
He gladly dies; and death new life applying,
Gladly again he dies, that oft he may be dying.

9.

Long thus he liv'd, ſlumbring in ſweet delight,
Free from ſad care, and fickle worlds annoy;
Bathing in liquid joys his melted ſprite;
And longer mought, but he (ah fooliſh Boy!)
Too proud, and too impatient of his joy,
To woods, and heav'n, and earth his bliſs imparted;
That *Jove* upon him down his thunder darted,
Blaſting his ſplendent face, and all his beauty ſwarted.

10.

Such be his chance, that to his love doth wrong,
Unworthy he to have ſo worthy place,
That cannot hold his peace and blabbing tongue:
Light joys float on his lips, but rightly grace
Sinks deep, and th'hearts low center doth imbrace;
Might I enjoy my love till I unfold it,
I'de loſe all favours when I blabbing told it:
He is not fit for love, that is not fit to hold it.

FINIS.

A VIEW Of the STATE OF IRELAND.

Written Dialogue-wise between *Eudoxus* and *Irenæus*,

By *Edmund Spenser* Esq; in the year 1596.

Eudox. BUT if that Countrey of *Ireland*, whence you lately came, be of so goodly and commodius a soil, as you report, I wonder that no course is taken for the turning thereof to good uses, and reducing that Nation to better Government and Civility.

Iren. Marry so there have been divers good Plots devised, and wise Councels cast already about Reformation of that Realm; but they say, it is the fatal destiny of that Land, that no purposes whatsoever which are meant for her good, will prosper or take good effect: which, whether it proceed from the very *Genius* of the soil, or influence of the Stars, or that Almighty God hath not yet appointed the time of her Reformation, or that he reserveth her in this unquiet state still, for some secret scourge, which shall by her come unto *England*, it is hard to be known, but yet much to be feared.

Eudox. Surely I suppose this but a vain conceit of simple men, which judge things by their effects, and not by their causes; for I would rather think the cause of this evil, which hangeth upon that Countrey, to proceed rather of the unsoundness of the Councels, and Plots which you say have been oftentimes laid for the Reformation, or of faintness in following and effecting the same, than of any such fatal course appointed of God, as you misdeem: but it is the manner of men, that when they are fallen into any absurdity, or their actions succeed not as they would, they are always ready to impute the blame thereof unto the Heavens, so to excuse their own follies and imperfections. So have I heard it often wished also, (even of some whose great wisdoms in opinion should seem to judge more soundly of so weighty a consideration) that all that land were a Sea-pool: which kind of Speech, is the manner rather of desperate men far driven, to wish the utter ruine of that which they cannot redress, than of grave Councellors, which ought to think nothing so hard, but that through wisdom it may be mastered and subdued; since the *Poet* saith, that *the wiseman shall rule even over the Stars*, much more over the Earth: for were it not the part of a desperate Pysician to wish his diseased Patient dead, rather than to apply the best indeavour of his skill, for his Recovery. But since we are so far entred, let us, I pray you, a little devise of those evils, by which that Countrey is held in this wretched case, that it cannot (as you say) be recured. And if it be not painful to you, tell us what things, during your late continuance there, you observed to be most offensive, and greatest impeachment to the good Rule and Government thereof.

Iren. Surely *Eudox.* The evils which you desire to be recounted are very many, and almost countable with those

which were hidden in the basket of *Pandora*. But ſince you pleaſe, I will out of that infinite number, reckon but ſome that are moſt capital, and commonly occurrant both in the life and conditions of private men, as alſo in the managing of publick affairs and policy, the which you ſhall underſtand to be of divers natures, as I obſerved them: For ſome of them are of very great antiquity and continuance; others more late and of leſs indurance; others daily growing and increaſing continually by their evil occaſions, which are every day offered.

Eudox. Tell them then, I pray you, in the ſame order that you have now rehearſed them; for there can be no better method than this which the very matter it ſelf offereth. And when you have reckoned all the evils, let us hear your opinion for the redreſſing of them: After which there will perhaps of it ſelf appear ſome reaſonable way to ſettle a ſound and perfect Rule of Government, by ſhunning the former evils, and following the offered good. The which method we may learn of the wiſe Phyſicians, which firſt require that the malady be known throughly, and diſcovered: Afterwards to teach how to cure and redreſs it. And laſtly do preſcribe a dyet, with ſtraight Rule and Orders to be daily obſerved, for fear of Relapſe into the former Diſeaſe, or falling into ſome other more dangerous than it.

Iren. I will then according to your adviſement begin to declare the evils, which ſeem to me moſt hurtful to the Common-weal of that Land; And firſt thoſe (I ſay) which were moſt ancient and long grown; And they alſo are of three ſorts: The firſt in the Laws, the ſecond in Cuſtoms, and the laſt in Religion.

Eudox. Why *Irenæus*, can there be any evil in the Laws? can things which are ordained for the good and ſafety of all, turn to the evil and hurt of them? This well I wote both in that State, and in all other, that were they not contained in Duty with fear of Law, which reſtraineth offences, and inflicteth ſharp puniſhment to miſdoers, no man ſhould enjoy any thing; every mans hand would be againſt another. Therefore in finding fault with the Laws, I doubt me, you ſhall much over-ſhoot your ſelf, and make me the more diſlike your other diſlikes of that Government.

Iren. The Laws, *Eudox.* I do not blame for themſelves, knowing right well that all Laws are ordained for the good of the common-weal, and for repreſſing of licentiouſneſs and vice: but it falleth out in Laws, no otherwiſe than it doth in Phyſick, which was at firſt deviſed, and is yet daily ment, and miniſtred for the health of the Patient. But nevertheleſs we often ſee, that either through ignorance of the Diſeaſe, or through unreaſonableneſs of the time, or other accidents coming between, in ſtead of good, it worketh hurt, and out of one evil, throweth the Patient into many miſeries. So the Laws were at firſt intended for the Reformation of abuſes, and peaceable continuance of the Subject; but are ſithence either diſanulled, or quite prevaricated through change and alteration of times, yet are they good ſtill in themſelves; but in that Commonwealth which is ruled by them, they work not that good which they ſhould, and ſometimes alſo that evil which they would not.

Eudox. Whether do you mean this by the Common-laws of that Realm, or by the Statute Laws, and Acts of Parliaments.

Iren. Surely by them both; for even the Common Law being that which *William* of *Normandy* brought in with his Conqueſt, and laid upon the neck of *England*, though perhaps it fitted well with the State of *England* then being, and was readily obeyed through the power of the Commander, which had before ſubdued the people unto him, and made eaſie way to the ſetling of his will, yet with the State of *Ireland* peradventure it doth not ſo well agree, being a people very ſtubborn and untamed; or if it were ever tamed, yet now lately having quite ſhooken off their yoak, and broken the bonds of their obedience. For *England* (before the entrance of the Conqueror) was a peaceable Kingdom, and but lately inured to the mild and goodly Government of *Edward* ſurnamed the Confeſſor; beſides now lately grown into a loathing and deteſtation of the unjuſt and tyrannous rule of *Harold* an Uſurper, which made them the more willing to accept of any reaſonable conditions, and order of the new victor, thinking ſurely that it could be no worſe than the latter, and hoping well it would be as good as the former: yet what the proof of firſt bringing in and eſtabliſhing of thoſe Laws was, was to many full bitterly made known. But with *Ireland* it is far otherwiſe, for it is a Nation ever acquainted with Wars, though but amongſt themſelves, and in their own kind of military Diſcipline, trayned up ever from their youths, which they have never yet been taught to lay aſide, nor made to learn obedience unto Laws, ſcarcely to know the name of Law, but in ſtead thereof have always preſerved and kept their own Law, which is the *Brehon* Law.

Eudox. What is that which you call the *Brehon* Law? it is a word unto us altogether unknown.

Iren. It is a rule of right unwritten, but delivered by Tradition from one to another, in which oftentimes there appeareth great ſhew of equity, in determining the right between party and party, but in many things repugning quite both to Gods Law, and mans: As for example in the caſe of Murder, the *Brehon*, that is their Judge, will compound between the Murderer, and the friends of the party Murdered, which proſecute the action, that the Malefactor ſhall give unto them, or to the child, or Wife of him that is ſlain a recompence, which they call an *Eriach*: By which vild Law of theirs, many Murders amongſt them are made up, and ſmothered. And this Judge being (as he is called) the Lords *Brehon*, adjudgeth for the moſt part, a better ſhare unto his Lord, that is the Lord of the ſoil, or the head of that Sept, and alſo unto himſelf for his judgment a greater portion, than unto the Plaintiffs or parties grieved.

Eudox. This is a moſt wicked Law indeed; But I truſt it is not now uſed in *Ireland*, ſince the Kings of *England* have had the abſolute Dominion thereof, and eſtabliſhed their own Laws there.

Iren.

Iren. Yes truly, for there be many wide countries in *Ireland*, which the laws of *England* were never eſtabliſhed in, nor any ackowledgment of ſubjection made, and alſo even in thoſe which are ſubdued; and ſeem to acknowledge ſubjection, yet the ſame *Brehon* law is practiſed among themſelves, by reaſon, that dwelling as they do, whole nations and ſepts of the Iriſh together, without any Engliſhman amongſt them, they may do what they liſt, and compound or altogether conceal amongſt themſelves their own crimes, of which no notice can be had, by them which would and might amend the ſame, by the rule of the Laws of *England*.

Eudox. What is this which you ſay? And is there any part of that Realm or any Nation therein, which have not yet been ſubdued to the Crown of *England*? Did not the whole Realm univerſally accept and acknowledge our late Prince of famous memory *Henry* the Viiith for their onely King and Liège Lord;

Iren Yes verily: in a Parliament holden in the time of Sir *Anthony Saint-Leger* then Lord Deputy, all the Iriſh Lords and principall men came in, and being by fair means wrought thereunto, acknowledged King *Henry* for their Soveraign Lord, reſerving yet (as ſome ſay) unto themſelves all their own former priviledges and Seigniories inviolate?

Eudox. Then by that acceptance of his Soverainty they alſo accepted of his Laws. Why then ſhould any other Laws be now uſed amongſt them?

Iren. True it is that thereby they bound themſelves to his laws and obedience, and in caſe it had been followed upon them, as it ſhould have been, and a government thereupon ſetled among them agreeable thereunto, they ſhould have been reduced to perpetual civility, and contained in continual duty. But what boots it to break a Colt, and to let him ſtraight run looſe at random. So were theſe people at firſt well handled, and wiſely brought to acknowledge allegiance to the Kings of *England*: but being ſtraight left unto themſelves and their own inordinate life and manners, they eſtſoons forgot what before they were taught, and ſo ſoon as they were out of ſight, by themſelves ſhook off their bridles, and began to colt anew, more licentiouſly than before.

Eudox. It is a great pity, that ſo good an opportunity was omitted, and ſo happy an occaſion fore-ſlacked, that might have been the eternal good of the Land. But do they not ſtill acknowledge that ſubmiſſion?

Iren. No, they do not: for now the heirs and poſterity of them which yielded the ſame, are (as they ſay) either ignorant thereof, or do wilfully deny, or ſtedfaſtly diſavow it.

Eudox. How can they ſo do juſtly? Doth not the act of the Parent in any lawful grant or conveyance, bind their heirs for ever thereunto? Sith then the Anceſtors of thoſe that now live, yielded themſelves then ſubjects and Liegemen, ſhall it not tye their Children to the ſame ſubjection?

Iren. They ſay no: for their Anceſtors had no eſtate in any their Lands, Seigniores, or Hereditaments, longer than during their own lifes, as they alledge, for all the Iriſh do hold their Land by *Taniſtry*; which is (ſay they) no more but a perſonal eſtate for his life time, that is, *Taniſt*, by reaſon that he is admitted thereunto by election of the Country.

Eudox. What is this which you call *Taniſt* and *Taniſtry*? They be names and terms never heard of nor known to us.

Iren. It is a cuſtom amongſt all the Iriſh, that preſently after the death of any of their chief Lords or Captains, they do preſently aſſemble themſelves to a place generally appointed and known unto them to chooſe another in his ſtead, where they do nominate and elect for the moſt part, not the Eldeſt Son, nor any of the children of the Lord deceaſed, but the next to him of blood, that is the eldeſt and worthieſt, as commonly the next brother unto him if he have any, or the next couſin, or ſo forth, as any is elder in that kindred or ſept, and then next to him do they chooſe the next of the blood to be *Taniſt*, who ſhall next ſucceed him in the ſaid Captainry, if he live thereunto.

Eudox. Do they not uſe any ceremony in this election? for all barbarous nations are commonly great obſervers of ceremonies and ſuperſtitious rites.

Iren. They uſe to place him that ſhall be their Captain, upon a ſtone always reſerved for that purpoſe, and placed commonly upon a hill: In ſome of which I have ſeen formed and ingraven a foot, which they ſay was the meaſure of their firſt Captains foot, whereon he ſtanding, received an oath to preſerve all the ancient former cuſtoms of the Countrey inviolable, and to deliver up the ſucceſſion peaceably to his *Taniſt*, and then hath a wand delivered unto him by ſome whoſe proper office that is: after which, deſcending from the ſtone, he turneth himſelf round, thrice forward, and thrice backward.

Eudox. But how is the *Taniſt* choſen?

Iren. They ſay he ſetteth but one foot upon the ſtone, and receiveth the like oath that the Captain did.

Eudox. Have you ever heard what was the occaſion and firſt beginning of this cuſtom? for it is good to know the ſame, and may perhaps diſcover ſome ſecret meaning and intent therein, very material to the ſtate of that government.

Iren. I have heard that the beginning and cauſe of this ordinance amongſt the Iriſh, was ſpecially for the defence and maintenance of their Lands in their poſterity, and for excluding all innovation or alienation thereof unto ſtrangers, and ſpecially to the Engliſh. For when their Captain dieth, if the Signiorie ſhould deſcend to his child, and he perhaps an Infant, another peradventure would ſtep in between, or thruſt him out by ſtrong hand, being then unable to defend his right, or to withſtand the force of a foreigner, and therefore they do appoint

the eldeſt of the kinn to have the Signiorie, for that he commonly is a man of ſtronger years, and better experience to maintain the Inheritance, and to defend the Country, either againſt the next bordering Lords, which uſe commonly to encroach one upon another, as one is ſtronger, or againſt the Engliſh, which they think lie ſtill in wait to wipe them out of their Lands and Territories. And to this end the *Taniſt* is always ready known, if it ſhould happen the Captain ſuddenly to dye, or to be ſlain in battel, or to be out of the Country, to defend and keep it from all ſuch doubts and dangers. For which cauſe the *Taniſt* hath alſo a ſhare of the Country allotted unto him, and certain cuttings and ſpendings upon all the inhabitants under the Lord.

Eudox. When I heard this word *Taniſt*, it bringeth to my remembrance what I have read of *Tania*, that it ſhould ſignifie a Province or Signiorie, as *Aquitania*, *Luſitania*, and *Britania*, the which ſome think to be derived of *Dania*, that is, from the *Danes*, but, I think, amiſs. But ſure it ſeemeth, that it came anciently from thoſe barbarous nations that over-ran the world, which poſſeſſed thoſe Dominions, whereof they are now ſo called. And ſo it may well be that from thence the firſt original of this word *Taniſt* and *Taniſtry* came, and the cuſtom thereof hath ſithence, as many others elſe, been continued. But to that general ſubjection of the Land, whereof we formerly ſpake, me ſeems that this cuſtom, or tenure can be no bar nor impeachment, ſeeing that in open Parliament by their ſaid acknowledgement they waved the benefit thereof, and ſubmitted themſelves to the benefit of their new Soveraign.

Iren. Yea but they ſay as I earſt told you, that they reſerved their Titles, Tenures and Seigniories whole and ſound to themſelves, and for proof alledge, that they have ever ſithence remained to them untouched, ſo as now to alter them, ſhould (ſay they) be a great wrong.

Eudox. What remedy is there then, or means to avoid this inconvenience? for without firſt cutting off this dangerous cuſtom, it ſeemeth hard to plant any ſound ordenance, or reduce them to a civil government, ſince all their ill cuſtoms are permitted unto them.

Iren. Surely nothing hard: for by this Act of Parliament whereof we ſpeak, nothing was given to King *Henry* which he had not before from his Anceſtors, but onely the bare name of a King, for all other abſolute power of principality he had in himſelf before derived from many former Kings, his famous Progenitours and worthy Conquerours of that Land. The which ſithence they firſt conquered and by force ſubdued unto them, what needed afterwards to enter into any ſuch idle terms with them to be called their King, when it is in the power of the Conquerour to take upon himſelf what title he will, over his Dominions conquered. For all is the Conquerours, as *Tully* to *Brutus* ſaith. Therefore (me ſeems) inſtead of ſo great and meritorious a ſervice as they boaſt they performed to the King, in bringing all the Iriſh to acknowledge him for their Liege, they did great hurt unto his Title, and have left a perpetual gall in the mind of the people, who before being abſolutely bound to his obedience, are now tyed but with terms, whereas elſe both their lives, their lands, and their liberties were in his free power to appoint what tenures, what laws, what conditions he would over them, which were all his: againſt which there could be no rightfull reſiſtance, or if there were, he might when he would eſtabliſh them with a ſtronger hand.

Eudox. Yea but perhaps it ſeemed better unto that noble King to bring them by their own accord to his obedience and to plant a peaceable government amongſt them, then by ſuch violent means to pluck them under. Neither yet hath he thereby loſt any thing that he formerly had, for having all before abſolutely in his own power, it remaineth ſo ſtill unto him, he having thereby neither forgiven, nor forgone any thing thereby unto them, but having received ſomthing from them, that is a more voluntary and loyal ſubjection. So as her Majeſty may yet when it ſhall pleaſe her, alter any thing of thoſe former ordinances, or appoint other laws, that may be more both for her own behoof, and for the good of that people.

Iren. Not ſo: for it is not ſo eaſie, now that things are grown unto an habit, and have their certain courſe to change the channel, and turn their ſtreams another way, for they have now a colorable pretence to withſtand Innovations, having accepted of other laws and and rules already.

Eudox. But you ſay they do not accept of them, but delight rather to lean to their old cuſtoms and *Brehon* laws, though they be more unjuſt and alſo more inconvenient for the common people, as by your late relation of them I have gathered. As for the laws of *England* they are ſurely moſt juſt and moſt agreeable, both with the government and with the nature of the people. How falls it then that you ſeem to diſlike of them, as not ſo meet for that Realm of *Ireland*, and not only the Common Law, but alſo the Statutes and Acts of Parliament, which were ſpecially provided and intended for the only benefit thereof?

Iren. I was about to have told you my reaſon therein, but that your ſelf drew me away with other queſtions, for I was ſhewing you by what means, and by what ſort, the Poſitive Laws were firſt brought in and eſtabliſhed by the *Norman Conqueror*: which were not by him deviſed, nor applyed to the ſtate of the Realm then being, nor as yet might beſt be (as ſhould by Law-givers principally be regarded) but were indeed the very Laws of his own Country of *Normandy*. The condition whereof, how far it differeth from this of *England*, is apparent to every leaſt judgment. But to transfer the ſame laws for the governing of the Realm of *Ireland*, was much more inconvenient and unmeet, for he found a better advantage of the time, than was in the planting of them in *Ireland*, and followed the execution of them with more ſeverity, and was alſo preſent in perſon to overlook the Magiſtrates, and to over awe theſe ſubjects with the terrour of his Sword, and countenance of his Majeſty. But

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not ſo in *Ireland*, for they were otherwiſe affected, and yet do ſo remain, ſo as the ſame Laws (me ſeems) can ill fit with their diſpoſition, or work that Reformation that is wiſhed, For Laws ought to be faſhioned unto the manners and conditions of the people, to whom they are meant, and not to be impoſed upon them according to the ſimple rule of right, for then (as I ſaid) in ſtead of good they may work ill, and pervert Juſtice to extream injuſtice. For he that transfers the Laws of the *Lacedemonians* to the people of *Athens*, ſhould find a great abſurdity and inconvenience. For thoſe Laws of *Lacedemon* were deviſed by *Licurgus* as moſt proper and beſt agreeing with that people, whom he knew to be enclined altogether to Wars, and therefore wholly trained them up even from their Cradles in Arms and Military exerciſes, clean contrary to the Inſtitution of *Solon*, who in his Laws to the *Athenians* laboured by all means to temper their warlike courages with ſweet delights of learning and ſciences, ſo that aſmuch as the one excelled in arms, the other exceeded in knowledge. The like regard and moderation ought to be had in tempering and managing of this ſtubborn Nation of the Iriſh to bring them from their delight of licentious barbariſm unto the love of goodneſs and civility.

Eudox. I cannot ſee how that may better be, than by the Diſcipline of the Laws of *England*: for the Engliſh were at firſt, as ſtout and warlike a people as ever the Iriſh, and yet you ſee are now brought unto that civility, that no Nation in the world excelleth them in all goodly converſation, and all the ſtudies of knowledge and humanity.

Iren. What they now be, both you and I ſee very well, but by how many thorny and hard ways they are come thereunto, by how many civil broils, by how many tumultuous Rebellions, that even hazarded oftentimes the whole ſafety of the Kingdom, may eaſily be conſidered: all which they nevertheleſs fairly overcame, by reaſon of the continual preſence of their King; whoſe only perſon is oftentimes in ſtead of an Army, to contain the unruly people from a thouſand evil occaſions, which this wretched Kingdom for want thereof is daily carried into. The which whenſoever they make head, no Laws, no Penalties, can reſtrain, but that they do in the violence of that fury, tread down and trample under foot all, both Divine and Humane things, and the Laws themſelves they do ſpecially rage at, and rend in pieces, as moſt repugnant to their liberty and natural freedom, which in their madneſs they affect.

Eudox. It is then a very unſeaſonable time to plead Law, when Swords are in the hands of the vulgar, or to think to retain them with fear of puniſhments, when they look after liberty, and ſhake off all Government.

Iren. Then ſo it is with *Ireland* continually, *Eudoxus*; for the Sword was never yet out of their hand, but when they are weary of Wars and brought down to extream wretchedneſs, then they creep a little perhaps and ſue for grace, till they have gotten new breath and recovered their ſtrength again. So as it is in vain to ſpeak of planting Laws, and plotting pollicy, till they be altogether ſubdued.

Eudox. Were they not ſo at the firſt conquering of them by *Strongbow* in the time of King *Henry* the Second? was there not a thorough way then made by the Sword, for the impoſing of the Laws upon them? and were they not then executed with ſuch a mighty hand as you ſaid was uſed by the *Norman Conqueror*? What odds is there then in this caſe? why ſhould not the ſame Laws take as good effect in that people as they did here, being in like ſort prepared by the Sword, and brought under by extremity? and why ſhould they not continue in as good force and vigour for the containing of the people?

Iren. The caſe yet is not like, but there appeareth great odds between them: for by the conqueſt of *Henry* the Second, true it is that the Iriſh were utterly vanquiſhed and ſubdued, ſo as no enemy was able to hold up head againſt his power, in which their weakneſs he brought in his Laws, and ſettled them as now they there remain; Like as *William* the Conquerour did, ſo as in thus much they agree; but in the reſt that is the chiefeſt, they vary: for to whom did King *Henry* the Second impoſe thoſe Laws, not to the Iriſh, for the moſt part of them fled from his power, into Deſerts and Mountains, leaving the wide Countrey to the Conquerour: who in their ſtead eftſoons placed Engliſh men, who poſſeſſed all their Lands and did quite ſhut out the Iriſh, or the moſt part of them. And to thoſe new Inhabitants and Colonies, he gave his Laws, to wit the ſame Laws, under which they were born and bred, the which it was no difficulty to place amongſt them, being formerly well inured thereunto, unto whom afterwards there repaired diverſe of the poor diſtreſſed people of the Iriſh, for ſuccour and relief of whom, ſuch as they thought fit for labour and induſtrioufly diſpoſed, as the moſt part of their baſer ſort are, they received unto them as their Vaſſals, but ſcarcely vouchſafed to impart unto them the benefit of thoſe Laws, under which themſelves lived, but every one made his will and commandment a Law unto his own Vaſſal: Thus was not the Law of *England* ever properly applyed unto the Iriſh Nation, as by a purpoſed Plot of Government, but as they could inſinuate and ſteal themſelves under the ſame, by their humble carriage and ſubmiſſion.

Eudox. How comes it then to paſs, that having been once ſo low brought, and thoroughly ſubjected, they afterwards lifted up themſelves ſo ſtrongly again, and ſithence do ſtand ſo ſtiffly againſt all Rule and Government?

Iren. They ſay that they continued in that lowlineſs, until the time that the diviſion between the two houſes of *Lancaſter* and *York* aroſe for the Crown of *England*: at which time all the great Engliſh Lords and Gentlemen which had great Poſſeſſions in *Ireland*, repaired over hither into *England*, ſome to ſuccour their Friends here, and to ſtrengthen their party for to obtain the Crown, others to defend their Lands and Poſſeſſions here againſt ſuch as hovered after the ſame, upon hope of the alteration of the Kingdom, and ſucceſs of that ſide which they favoured and affected. Then the Iriſh whom before they had baniſhed into the Mountains, where they lived only

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upon whitt meats, as it is recorded, ſeeing now their Lands ſo diſpeopled, and weakned, came down into all the plains adjoyning, and thence expelling thoſe few Engliſh that remained, repoſſeſſed them again, ſince which they have remained in them, and growing greater, have brought under them many of the Engliſh, which were before their Lords. This was one of the occaſions by which all thoſe Countreys, which lying near unto any Mountains, or Iriſh Deſarts, had been planted with Engliſh, were ſhortly diſplanted and loſt. As namely in *Mounſter* all the Lands adjoyning unto *Slewlogher*, *Arlo*, and the bog of *Allon*. In *Connaght* all the Countries bordering upon the *Curlues*, *Mointerolis*, and *Orourkes* Countrey. In *Leinſter* all the Lands bordering unto the Mountains of *Glanmalour*, unto *Shillelah*, unto the *Brackenah*, and *Polmonte*. In *Ulſter* all the Countreys near unto *Tirconnel*, *Tyrone*, and the *Scots*.

Eudox. Surely this was a great violence: but yet by your ſpeech it ſeemeth that only the Countreys and Valleys near adjoyning unto thoſe Mountains and Deſarts; were thus recovered by the Iriſh: but how comes it now that we ſee almoſt all that Realm repoſſeſſed of them? was there any more ſuch evil occaſions growing by the troubles of *England*? Or did the Iriſh out of thoſe places ſo by them gotten break further and ſtretch themſelves out thorough the whole Land? for now, for ought that I can underſtand, there is no part but the bare *Engliſh Pale*, in which the Iriſh have not the greateſt footing.

Iren. But out of theſe ſmall beginnings by them gotten near to the Mountains, did they ſpread themſelves into the Inland, and alſo to their further advantage, there did other like unhappy accidents happen out of *England*, which gave heart and good opportunity to them to regain their old poſſeſſions: For in the raign of King *Edward* the Fourth, things remained yet in the ſame ſtate that they were after the late breaking out of the Iriſh, which I ſpake of; and that noble Prince began to caſt an Eye unto *Ireland*, and to mind the Reformation of things there run amiſs: for he ſent over his brother the worthy Duke of *Clarence*, who having married the Heir of the Earl of *Ulſter*, and by her having all the Earldom of *Ulſter*, and much in *Meath* and in *Mounſter*, very carefully went about the redreſſing of all thoſe late evils, and though he could not beat out the Iriſh again, by reaſon of his ſhort continuance, yet he did ſhut them up within thoſe narrow corners and glyns under the Mountains foot, in which they lurked, and ſo kept them from breaking any further, by building ſtrong holds upon every border, and fortifying all paſſages. Amongſt the which he repaired the Caſtle of *Clare* in *Thomond*, of which Countrey he had the inheritance, and of *Mortimers* Lands adjoyning, which is now (by the Iriſh) called *Killaloe*. But the times of that good King growing alſo troubleſom, did let the thorough Reformation of all things. And thereunto ſoon after was added another fatal miſchief, which wrought a greater calamity than all the former. For the ſaid Duke of *Clarence* then Lord Lieutenant of *Ireland*, was by practiſe of evil perſons, about the King his brother, called thence away: and ſoon after by ſiniſter means was clean made away. Preſently after whoſe death, all the North revolting, did ſet up *Oneal* for their Captain, being before that of ſmall power and regard; and there aroſe in that part of *Thomond*, one of the *O-Briens*, called *Murrogh en Ranagh*, that is, *Morrice* of the *Fern*, or waſte wild places, who gathering unto him all the reliques of the diſcontented Iriſh, eftſoons ſurpriſed the ſaid Caſtle of *Clare*, burnt, and ſpoyled all the Engliſh there dwelling, and in ſhort ſpace poſſeſſed all that Countrey beyond the River of *Shanan* and near adjoyning: Whence ſhortly breaking forth like a ſudden tempeſt he over-ran all *Mounſter* and *Connaght*; breaking down all the holds and fortreſſes of the Engliſh, defacing, and utterly ſubverting all corporate Towns, that were not ſtrongly walled: for thoſe, he had no means nor Engines to overthrow, neither indeed would he ſtay at all about them, but ſpeedily ran forward, counting his ſuddenneſs his moſt advantage, that he might overtake the Engliſh before they could fortifie or gather themſelves together. So in ſhort ſpace he clean wiped out many great Towns, as firſt *Inchequin*, then *Killalow*, before called *Clariford*, alſo *Thurlet*, *Mourne*, *Buttevant*, and many others, whoſe names I cannot remember, and of ſome of which there is now no memory nor ſign remaining. Upon report whereof there flocked unto him all the ſcum of the Iriſh out of all places, that ere long he had a mighty Army, and thence marched forth into *Leinſter*, where he wrought great out-rages, waſting all the Countrey where he went; for it was his policy to leave no hold behind him, but to make all plain and waſte. In the which he ſoon after created himſelf King, and was called King of all *Ireland*, which before him I do not read that any did ſo generally, but only *Edward le Bruce*.

Eudox. What? was there ever any general King of all *Ireland*? I never heard it before, but that it was always (whilſt it was under the Iriſh) divided into four, and ſometimes into five Kingdoms or Dominions. But this *Edward le Bruce*, what was he, that could make himſelf King of all *Ireland*?

Iren. I would tell you in caſe you would not challenge me anon for forgetting the matter which I had in hand, that is, the inconvenience and unfitneſs which I ſuppoſed to be in the Laws of the Land.

Eudox. No ſurely, I have no cauſe, for neither is this impertinent thereunto; for ſithence you did ſet your courſe (as I remember in your firſt part) to treat of the evils which hindered the peace and good ordering of that Land, amongſt which, that of the inconvenience in the Laws, was the firſt which you had in hand, this diſcourſe of the over-running and waſting of the Realm, is very material thereunto, for that it was the beginning of all the other evils, which ſithence have afflicted that Land, and opened a way unto the Iriſh to recover their poſſeſſion, and to beat out the Engliſh which had formerly wone the ſame. And beſides, it will give a great light both unto the ſecond and third part, which is the redreſſing of thoſe evils, and planting of ſome good form or policy therein, by renewing the remembrance of theſe occaſions and accidents, by which thoſe ruines hapned, and laying before

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us the enſamples of thoſe times, to be compared to ours, and to be warned by thoſe which ſhall have to do in the like. Therefore I pray you tell them unto us, and as for the point where you left, I will not forget afterwards to call you back again thereunto.

Iren. This *Edw. le Bruce* was brother of *Robert le Bruce*, who was King of *Scotland*, at ſuch time as King *Edward* the Second raigned here in *England*, and bare a moſt malicious and ſpightful mind againſt King *Edward*, doing him all the ſcathe that he could, and annoying his Territories of *England*, whileſt he was troubled with civil Wars of his Barons at home. He alſo, to work him the more miſchief, ſent over his ſaid brother *Edward* with a power of *Scots* and *Red-ſhanks* into *Ireland*, where by the means of the *Lacies*, and of the Iriſh with whom they combined, they gave footing, and gathering unto him all the ſcatterlings and out-laws out of all the Woods and Mountains, in which they long had lurked, marched forth into the *Engliſh Pale*, which then was chiefly in the North from the point of *Donluce*, and beyond unto *Dublin*: Having in the middeſt of her *Knockfergus*, *Belfaſt*, *Armagh*, and *Carlingford*, which are now the moſt out-bounds and abandoned places in the *Engliſh Pale*, and indeed not counted of the *Engliſh Pale* at all: for it ſtretcheth now no further than *Dundalke* towards the North. There the ſaid *Edward le Bruce* ſpoyled and burnt all the old *Engliſh Pale* Inhabitants, and ſacked and raſed all Cities and Corporate Towns, no leſs than *Murrough en Ranagh*, of whom I earſt told you: For he waſted *Belfaſt*, *Green-Caſtle*, *Kelles*, *Belturbut*, *Caſtletown*, *Newton*, and many other very good Towns and ſtrong holds: he rooted out the noble Families of the *Audlies*, *Talbotts*, *Tuchets*, *Chamberlains*, *Maundevills*, and the *Savages* out of *Ardes*, though of the Lord *Savage* there remaineth yet an Heir, that is now a poor Gentleman of very mean condition, yet dwelling in the *Ardes*. And coming laſtly to *Dundalke*, he there made himſelf King, and raigned the ſpace of one whole year, until that *Edward* King of *England* having ſet ſome quiet in his affairs at home, ſent over the Lord *John Birmingham* to be General of the Wars againſt him, who incountering him near to *Dundalke*, over-threw his Army, and ſlew him. Alſo he preſently followed the victory ſo hotly upon the *Scots*, that he ſuffered them not to breath, or gather themſelves together again, until they came to the Sea-coaſt. Notwithſtanding all the way that they fled, for very rancor and deſpight, in their return they utterly conſumed and waſted whatſoever they had before left unſpoyled; ſo as of all Towns, Caſtles, Forts, Bridges, and Habitations, they left not any ſtick ſtanding, nor any people remaining, for thoſe few which yet ſurvived, fled from their fury further into the *Engliſh Pale* that now is. Thus was all that goodly Countrey utterly waſted. And ſure it is yet a moſt beautiful and ſweet Countrey as any is under Heaven, being ſtored throughout with many goodly Rivers, repleniſhed with all ſorts of Fiſh moſt abundantly, ſprinkled with many very ſweet Ilands and goodly Lakes, like little inland Seas, that will carry even Ships upon their waters, adorned with goodly woods even fit for building of Houſes and Ships, ſo commodiouſly, as that if ſome Princes in the world had them, they would ſoon hope to be Lords of all the Seas, and ere long of all the world: alſo full of very good Ports and Havens opening upon *England*, as inviting us to come unto them, to ſee what excellent commodities that Countrey can afford, beſides the ſoyl it ſelf moſt fertile, fit to yield all kind of fruit that ſhall be committed thereunto. And laſtly, the Heavens moſt mild and temperate, though ſomewhat more moiſt than the parts towards the Weſt.

Eudox. Truly *Iren.* what with your praiſes of the country, and what with your diſcourſe of the lamentable deſolation thereof, made by thoſe *Scots*, you have filled me with a great compaſſion of their calamities, that I do much pity that ſweet Land, to be ſubject to ſo many evils as I ſee more and more to be laid upon her, and do half begin to think, that it is (as you ſaid at the beginning) her fatal misfortune above all other Countrys that I know, to be thus miſerably toſſed and turmoyled with theſe variable ſtorms of affliction. But ſince we are thus far entred into the conſideration of her miſhaps, tell me, have there been any more ſuch tempeſts as you term them, wherein ſhe hath thus wretchedly been wracked?

Iren. Many more, God wot, have there been; in which principal parts have been rent and torn aſunder, but none (as I can remember) ſo univerſal as this. And yet the Rebellion of *Thomas fitz Garret* did well-nigh ſtretch it ſelf into all parts of *Ireland*. But that which was in the time of the Government of the Lord *Grey*, was ſurely no leſs general than all thoſe, for there was no part free from the contagion, but all conſpired in one, to caſt off their ſubjection to the Crown of *England*. Nevertheleſs thorough the moſt wiſe and valiant handling of that right noble Lord, it got not the head which the former evils found; for in them the Realm was left like a Ship in a ſtorm, amidſt all the raging ſurges, unruled, and undirected of any: for they to whom ſhe was committed, either fainted in their labour, or forſook their charge. But he (like a moſt wiſe Pilote,) kept her courſe carefully, and held her moſt ſtrongly even againſt thoſe roaring billows, that he ſafely brought her out of all; ſo as long after, even by the ſpace of Twelve or Thirteen whole years, ſhe road at peace, thorough his only pains and excellent indurance, how ever envy liſt to blatter againſt him. But of this we ſhall have more occaſion to ſpeak in another place. Now (if you pleaſe) let us return again unto our firſt courſe.

Eudox. Truly I am very glad to hear your judgment of the Government of that honourable man ſo ſoundly; for I have heard it oftentimes maligned, and his doings depraved of ſome, who (I perceive) did rather of malicious mind, or private grievance, ſeek to detract from the honour of his Deeds and Counſels, than of any juſt cauſe: but he was nevertheleſs in the judgments of all good and wiſe men, defended and maintained. And now that he is dead, his immortal fame ſurviveth, and flouriſheth in the mouths of all people, that even thoſe which did backbite him, are checked with their own venome, and break their galls to hear his ſo honourable report. But let him

reſt

reſt in peace, and turn we to our more troubleſom matters of diſcourſe, of which I am right ſorry that you make ſo ſhort an end, and covet to paſs over to your former purpoſes; for there be many other parts of *Ireland*, which I have heard have been no leſs vexed with the like ſtorms, than theſe which you have treated of, as the Countries of the *Birnes* and *Tooles* near *Dublin*, with the inſolent out-rages and ſpoyls of *Feagh mac Hugh*, the Countries of *Catherlagh*, *Wexford*, and *Waterford*, by the *Cavenaghes*. The Countries of *Leix*, *Kilkenny*, and *Kildare* by the *O Moores*. The Countries of *Ofaly* and *Longford* by the *Connors*. The Countries of *Weſtmeath*, *Cavan*, and *Lowth*, by the *O Relyes*, the *Kellyes*, and many others, ſo as the diſcourſing of them, beſides the pleaſure which would redound out of their Hiſtory, be alſo very profitable for matters of policy.

Iren. All this which you have named, and many more beſides, oftentimes have I right well known, and yet often do kindle great fires of tumultuous broyls in the Countries bordering upon them. All which to rehearſe, ſhould rather be to Chronicle times, than to ſearch into Reformation of abuſes in that Realm; and yet very needful it will be to conſider them, and the evils which they have often ſtirred up, that ſome redreſs thereof, and prevention of the evils to come, may thereby rather be deviſed. But I ſuppoſe we ſhall have a fitter opportunity for the ſame, when we ſhall ſpeak of the particular abuſes, and enormities of the Government, which will be next after theſe general defects and inconveniences which I ſaid were in the Laws, Cuſtoms, and Religion.

Eudox. Goe to them a Gods name, and follow the courſe which you have promiſed to your ſelf, for it fitteth beſt, I muſt confeſs, with the purpoſe of our diſcourſe. Declare your opinion as you began about the Laws of the Realm, what incommodity you have conceived to be in them, chiefly in the common Law, which I would have thought moſt free from all ſuch diſlike.

Iren. The Common Law is (as I ſaid before) of it ſelf moſt rightful and very convenient (I ſuppoſe) for the Kingdom, for which it was firſt deviſed: for this (I think) as it ſeems reaſonable, that out of your manners of your people, and abuſes of your Countrey, for which they were invented, they take their firſt beginning, or elſe they ſhould be moſt unjuſt; for no Laws of man (according to the ſtraight rule of right) are juſt, but as in regard of the evils which they prevent, and the ſafety of the Common-weal which they provide for. As for example, in your true ballancing of juſtice, it is a flat wrong to puniſh the thought or purpoſe of any before it be enacted; for true Juſtice puniſheth nothing but the evil act or wicked word, that by the Laws of all Kingdoms it is a capital crime to deviſe or purpoſe the death of your King: The reaſon is, for that when ſuch a purpoſe is effected, it ſhould then be too late to deviſe thereof, and ſhould turn the Commonwealth to more loſs by the death of their Prince, than ſuch puniſhment of the malefactors. And therefore the Law in that caſe puniſheth the thought; for better is a miſchief, than an inconvenience. So that *Jus politicum*, though it be not of it ſelf juſt, yet by application, or rather neceſſity it is made juſt, and this only reſpect maketh all Laws juſt. Now then, if theſe Laws of *Ireland* be not likewiſe applyed and fitted for that Realm, they are ſure very inconvenient.

Eudox. You reaſon ſtrongly: but what unfitneſs do you find in them for that Realm? ſhew us ſome particulars.

Iren. The Common Law appointeth, that all tryals, as well of Crimes, as Titles and Rights, ſhall be made by verdict of a Jury, choſen out of the honeſt and moſt ſubſtantial Free-holders. Now, moſt of the Free-holders of that Realm, are Iriſh, which when the cauſe ſhall fall betwixt an Engliſhman and an Iriſh, or between the Queen, and any Free-houlder of that Countrey, they make no more ſcruple to paſs againſt an Engliſhman, and the Queen, though it be to ſtrain their Oaths, than to drink milk unſtrained. So that before the Jury go together, it is all to nothing what the verdict ſhall be. The tryal have I ſo often ſeen, that I dare confidently avouch the abuſe thereof. Yet is the Law of it ſelf, (as I ſaid) good, and the firſt inſtitution thereof, being given to all Engliſhmen very rightfully, but now that the Iriſh have ſtepped into the very Rooms of our Engliſh, we are now to become heedful and provident in Juries.

Eudox. In ſooth *Iren.* You have diſcovered a point worthy the conſideration; for hereby not only the Engliſh ſubject findeth no indifferency in deciding of his cauſe, be it never ſo juſt; but the Queen, aſwell in all Pleas of the Crown, as alſo in inquiries for Eſcheats, Lands attainted, Wardſhips, Concealments, and all ſuch like, is abuſed and exceedingly damaged.

Iren. You ſay very true; for I dare undertake, that at this day there are more attainted Lands concealed from her Majeſty, than ſhe hath now poſſeſſions in all *Ireland*, and it is no ſmall inconvenience: for beſides that, ſhe looſeth ſo much Land as ſhould turn to her great profit, ſhe beſides looſeth ſo many good ſubjects, which might be aſſured unto her, as thoſe Lands would yield Inhabitants and living unto.

Eudox. But doth many of that people (ſay you) make no more conſcience to perjure themſelves in their verdicts, and damn their Souls?

Iren. Not only ſo in their verdicts, but alſo in all other their dealings, eſpecially with the Engliſh, they are moſt wilfully bent: for though they will not ſeem manifeſtly to do it, yet will ſome one or other ſubtle-headed fellow amongſt them, put ſome quirk, or deviſe ſome evaſion, whereof the reſt will likely take hold, and ſuffer themſelves eaſily to be led by him to that themſelves deſired. For in the moſt apparent matter that may be, the leaſt queſtion or doubt that may be moved, will make a ſtop unto them, and put them quite out of the way. Beſides, that of themſelves (for the moſt part) they are ſo cautelous and wily-headed, eſpecially being men of ſo ſmall experience, and practice in Law matters, that you would wonder whence they borrow ſuch ſubtilties and ſly ſhifts.

Eudox.

Eudox. But me thinks this inconvenience might be much helped in the Judges and Chief Magiſtrates, which have the chooſing and nominating of thoſe Jurors, if they would have dared to appoint either moſt Engliſhmen, and ſuch Iriſhmen as were of the ſoundeſt judgment and diſpoſition; for no doubt but ſome there be incorruptible.

Iren. Some there be indeed, as you ſay; but then would the *Iriſh* Party cry out of partiality, and complain he hath no juſtice, he is not uſed as a Subject, he is not ſuffered to have the free benefit of the Law; and theſe outcries the Magiſtrates there do much ſhun, as they have cauſe, ſince they are readily hearkned unto here; neither can it be indeed, although the *Iriſh* Party would be ſo contented to be ſo compaſſed, that ſuch *Engliſh* Free-holders, which are but few, and ſuch faithful *Iriſh*-men, which are indeed as few, ſhall always be choſen for Trials; for being ſo few, they ſhould be made weary of their Free-holds. And therefore a good care is to be had, by all good occaſions, to increaſe their number, and to plant more by them. But were it ſo, that the Jurors could be pick'd out of ſuch choice men, as you deſire, this would nevertheleſs be as bad a corruption in the Trial; for the Evidence being brought in by the baſer Iriſh people, will be as deceitful as the Verdict, for they care much leſs than the others what they ſwear, and ſure their Lords may compel them to ſay any thing; for I my ſelf have heard, when one of the baſer ſort (which they call Churls) being challenged and reproved for his falſe Oath, hath anſwered confidently, That his Lord commanded him, and it was the leaſt thing that he could do for his Lord to ſwear for him: So inconſcionable are theſe common people, and ſo little feeling have they of God, or their own Souls good.

Eudox. It is a moſt miſerable caſe; but what help can there be in this? For though the manner of their Trials ſhould be altered, yet the proof of every thing muſt needs be by the teſtimony of ſuch perſons as the Parties ſhall produce; which if they ſhall be corrupt, how can there ever any light of the truth appear? What remedy is there for this evil, but to make heavy Laws and Penalties againſt Jurors?

Iren. I think ſure that will do ſmall good; for when a People be inclined to any vice, or have no touch of Conſcience, nor ſenſe of their evil doings, it is bootleſs to think to reſtrain them by any penalties or fear of puniſhment, but either the occaſion is to be taken away, or a more underſtanding of the right and ſhame of the fault to be imprinted. For if that *Licurgus* ſhould have made it death for the Lacedemonians to ſteal, they being a People which naturally delighted in ſtealth; or if it ſhould be made a capital crime for the Flemmings to be taken in drunkenneſs, there ſhould have been few Lacedemonians then left, and few Flemmings now. So impoſſible it is to remove any fault ſo general in a People, with terrour of Laws, or moſt ſharp reſtraints.

Eudox. What means may there be then to avoid this inconvenience? for the caſe ſeems very hard.

Iren. We are not yet come to the point to deviſe Remedies for the Evils, but onely have now to recount them; of the which, this which I have told you is one defect in the Common Law.

Eudox. Tell us then (I pray you) further, have you any more of this ſort in the Common Law?

Iren. By rehearſal of this, I remember alſo of another like, which I have often obſerved in Trials, to have wrought great hurt and hinderance, and that is, the Exceptions which the Common Law alloweth a Fellon in his Trial; for he may have (as you know) 56 Exceptions peremptory againſt the Jurors, of which he ſhall ſhew no cauſe. By which ſhift there being (as I have ſhewed you) ſo ſmall ſtore of honeſt Jury-men, he will either put off his Trial, or drive it to ſuch men as (perhaps) are not of the ſoundeſt ſort, by whoſe means, if he can acquit himſelf of the crime, as he is likely, then will he plague ſuch as were brought firſt to be of his Jury, and all ſuch as made any party againſt him; and when he comes forth, he will make their Cows and Garrons to walk, if he do no other harm to their perſons.

Eudox. This is a ſlie deviſe, but I think might ſoon be remedied; but we muſt leave it a while to the reſt. In the mean-while, do you go forwards with others.

Iren. There is another no leſs inconvenience than this, which is, The Trial of Acceſſories to Fellony; for by the Common Law, the Acceſſories cannot be proceeded againſt, till the Principal have received his Trial. Now to the caſe, how it often falleth out in *Ireland*, that a ſtealth being made by a Rebel, or an Out-law, the ſtoln goods are conveyed to ſome Husbandman or Gentleman, which hath well to take to, and yet liveth moſt by the receipt of ſuch ſtealths, where they are found by the Owner, and handled: Whereupon the Party is perhaps apprehended, and committed to Gaol, or put upon Sureties, till the Seſſions; at which time, the Owner preferring a Bill of Indictment, proveth ſufficiently the ſtealth to have been committed upon him by ſuch an Out-law, and to have been found in the poſſeſſion of the Priſoner; againſt whom, nevertheleſs, no courſe of Law can proceed, nor Trial can be had, for that the principal Thief is not to be gotten; notwithſtanding that he likewiſe ſtanding perhaps indicted at once with the Receiver, being in Rebellion, or in the Woods, where peradventure he is ſlain before he can be gotten, and ſo the Receiver clean acquitted and diſcharged of the Crime. By which means the Thieves are greatly encouraged to ſteal, and their Maintainers emboldned to receive their ſtealths, knowing how hardly they can be brought to any Trial of Law.

Exdox. Truly this is a great inconvenience, and a great cauſe (as you ſay) of the maintenance of Thieves, knowing their Receivers always ready; for were there no Receivers, there would be no Thieves. But this (me ſeems) might eaſily be provided for by ſome Act of Parliament, that the Receiver being convicted by good Proofs, might receive his Trial without the principal.

Iren. You ſay very well, *Eudox*, but that is almoſt impoſſible to be compaſſed: And herein alſo you diſcover

another imperfection, in the courſe of the Common Law, and firſt ordinance of the Realm: for you know that the ſaid Parliament muſt conſiſt of the Peers, Gentlemen, Free-holders, and Burgeſſes of that Realm it ſelf. Now theſe being perhaps themſelves, or the moſt part of them (as may ſeem by their ſtiff withſtanding of this Act) culpable of this Crime, or favourers of their friends, which are ſuch, by whom their Kitchins are ſometimes amended, will not ſuffer any ſuch Statute to paſs. Yet hath it oftentimes been attempted, and in the time of Sir *John Parrot* very earneſtly (I remember) laboured, but could by no means be effected. And not only this, but many other like, which are as needful for the Reformation of that Realm.

Eudox. This alſo is ſurely a great defect, but we may not talk (you ſay) of the redreſſing of this, until our ſecond part come, which is purpoſely appointed thereunto. Therefore proceed to the recounting of more ſuch evils, if at leaſt you have any more.

Iren. There is alſo a great inconvenience, which hath wrought great damage, both to her Majeſty, and to that Commonwealth, thorough cloſe and colourable conveyances of the Lands and Goods of Traytors, Fellons and Fugitives. As when one of them mindeth to go into Rebellion, he will convey away all his Lands and Lordſhips, to Feoffees in truſt, whereby he reſerveth to himſelf but a ſtate for term of life, which being determined either by the Sword, or by the Halter, their Lands ſtraight cometh to their Heir, and the Queen is defrauded of the intent of the Law, which laid that grievous puniſhment upon Traytors, to forfeit all their Lands to the Prince, to the end that men might the rather be terrified from committing Treaſons: for many which would little eſteem of their own lives, yet for remorſe of their Wives and Children would be with-held from that hainous crime. This appeared plainly in the late Earl of *Deſmond*. For before his breaking forth into open Rebellion, he had conveyed ſecretly all his Lands to Feoffees of truſt, in hope to have cut off her Majeſty from the eſcheat of his Lands.

Eudox. Yea, but that was well enough avoided, for the Act of Parliament which gave all his Lands to the Queen, did (as I have heard) cut off and fruſtrate all ſuch conveyances, as had at any time by the ſpace of Twelve years before his Rebellion, been made; within the compaſs whereof, the fraudulent Feoffment, and many the like of others his accomplices and Fellow-traytors were contained.

Iren. Very true, but how hardly that Act of Parliament was wrought out of them, I can witneſs; and were it to be paſſed again, I dare undertake it would never be compaſſed. But were it alſo that ſuch Acts might be eaſily brought to paſs againſt Traytors and Fellons, yet were it not an endleſs trouble, that no Traytor or Fellon ſhould be attainted, but a Parliament muſt be called for bringing of his Lands to the Queen, which the Common Law giveth her.

Eudox. Then this is no fault of the Common Law, but of the perſons which work this fraud to her Majeſty.

Iren. Yes marry; for the Common Law hath left them this benefit, whereof they make advantage, and wreſt it to their bad purpoſes. So as thereby they are the bolder to enter into evil actions, knowing that if the worſt befall them, they ſhall loſe nothing but themſelves, whereof they ſeem ſurely very careleſs.

Eudox. But what meant you of Fugitives herein? Or how doth this concern them?

Iren. Yes, very greatly, for you ſhall underſtand that there be many ill diſpoſed and undutiful perſons of that Realm, like as in this point there are alſo in this Realm of *England* too many, which being men of good Inheritance, are for diſlike of Religion, or danger of the Law, into which they are run, or diſcontent of the preſent Government, fled beyond the Seas, where they live under Princes which are her Majeſties profeſſed Enemies, and converſe, and are confederate with other Traytors and Fugitives which are there abiding. The which nevertheleſs have the benefits and profits of their Lands here, by pretence of ſuch colourable conveyances thereof, formerly made by them unto their privy Friends here in truſt, who privily do ſend over unto them the ſaid Revenues, wherewith they are there maintained and enabled againſt her Majeſty.

Eudox. I do not think that there be any ſuch Fugitives, which are relieved by the profit of their Lands in *England*, for there is a ſtraighter order taken. And if there be any ſuch in *Ireland*, it were good it were likewiſe looked unto, for this evil may eaſily be remedied. But proceed.

Iren. It is alſo inconvenient in the Realm of *Ireland*, that the Wards and Marriages of Gentlemens Children ſhould be in the diſpoſition of any of thoſe Iriſh Lords, as now they are, by reaſon that their Lands be held by Knights ſervice of thoſe Lords. By which means it comes to paſs that thoſe Gentlemen being thus in the Ward of thoſe Lords, are not only thereby brought up lewdly, and Iriſh-like; but alſo for ever after ſo bound to their ſervices, that they will run with them into any diſloyal action.

Eudox. This grievance *Iren.* is alſo complained of in *England*, but how can it be remedied? ſince the ſervice muſt follow the tenure of the Lands, and the Lands were given away by the Kings of *England* to thoſe Lords, when they firſt conquered that Realm, and to ſay troth, this alſo would be ſome prejudice to the Prince in her Wardſhips.

Iren. I do not mean this by the Princes Wards, but by ſuch as fall into the hands of Iriſh Lords; for I could wiſh, and this I could enforce, that all thoſe Wardſhips were in the Princes diſpoſition, for then it might be hoped, that ſhe for the univerſal Reformation of that Realm, would take better order for bringing up thoſe Wards in good nurture, and not ſuffer them to come into ſo bad hands. And although theſe things be already paſſed away, by her Progenitours former grants unto thoſe ſaid Lords, ye I could find a way to remedy a great part thereof, as

hereafter,

hereafter, when fit time ſerves, ſhall appear. And ſince we are entred into ſpeech of ſuch grants of former Princes, to ſundry perſons of this Realm of *Ireland*; I will mention unto you ſome other, of like nature to this, and of like inconvenience, by which the former Kings of *England* paſſed unto them a great part of their Prerogatives: which though then it was well intended, and perhaps well deſerved of them which received the ſame, yet now ſuch a gap of miſchief lyes open thereby, that I could wiſh it were well ſtopped. Of this ſort are the grants of Counties Palatines in *Ireland*, which though at firſt were granted upon good conſideration when they were firſt conquered, for that thoſe Lands lay then as a very border to the wild Iriſh, ſubject to continual invaſion, ſo as it was needful to give them great priviledges for the defence of the Inhabitants thereof: yet now that it is no more a border, nor frontired with enemies, why ſhould ſuch priviledges be any more continued?

Eudox. I would gladly know what you call a County Palatine, and whence it ſo called.

Iren. It was (I ſuppoſe) firſt named Palatine of a Pale, as it were a Pale and Defence to their inward Lands, ſo as it is called the *Engliſh Pale*, and therefore is a Palſgrave named an Earl Palatine. Others think of the Latine, *palare*, that is to forrage or out-run, becauſe thoſe marchers and borderers uſe commonly ſo to do. So as to have a County Palatine is, in effect, to have a priviledge to ſpoyl the enemies borders adjoyning. And ſurely ſo it is uſed at this day, as a priviledge place of ſpoyls and ſtealths; for the County of *Tipperary*, which is now the only County Palatine in *Ireland*, is by abuſe of ſome bad ones, made a receptacle to rob the reſt of the Counties about it, by means of whoſe priviledges none will follow their ſtealths, ſo as it being ſituate in the very lap of all the Land, is made now a border; which how inconvenient it is, let every man judge. And though that right noble man, that is the Lord of the liberty, do pain himſelf, all he may, to yield equal Juſtice unto all, yet can there not but great abuſes lurk in ſo inward and abſolute a priviledge, the conſideration whereof is to be reſpected carefully, for the next ſucceſſion. And much like unto this grant, there are other priviledges granted unto moſt of the Corporations there: that they ſhall not be bound to any other Government than their own, that they ſhall not be charged with Garriſons, that they ſhall not be travailed forth of their own Franchiſes, that they may buy and ſell with Thieves and Rebels, that all amercements and fines that ſhall be impoſed upon them, ſhall come unto themſelves. All which, though at the time of their firſt grant they were tolerable, and perhaps reaſonable, yet now are moſt unreaſonable and inconvenient, but all theſe will eaſily be cut off with the Superiour power of her Majeſties Prerogative, againſt which her own grants are not to be pleaded or enforced.

Iren. Now truly *Irenæus*, you have (me ſeems) very well handled this point, touching inconveniences in the Common Law there, by you obſerved; and it ſeemeth that you have had a mindful regard unto the things that may concern the good of that Realm. And if you can aſwell go thorough with the Statute Laws of that Land; I will think you have not loſt all your time there. Therefore I pray you, now take them in hand, and tell us what you think to be amiſs in them.

Iren. The Statutes of that Realm are not many, and therefore we ſhall the ſooner run thorough them: And yet of thoſe few, there are impertinent and unneceſſary: the which though perhaps at the time of the making of them, were very needful; yet now thorough change of time are clean antiquated, and altogether idle: As that which forbiddeth any to wear their beards all on the upper lip, and none under the Chin. And that which putteth away ſaffron Shirts and Smocks. And that which reſtraineth the uſe of guilt bridles and petronels. And that which is appointed for the Recorders and Clerks of *Dublin* and *Tredagh*, to take but Two pence for the Copy of a Plaint. And that which commands Bows and Arrows. And that which makes, that all Iriſhmen which ſhall converſe among the Engliſh, ſhall be taken for ſpyes, and ſo puniſhed. And that which forbids perſons ameſnable to Law, to enter and diſtrain in the Lands in which they have title, and many other the like I could rehearſe.

Eudox. Theſe truly, which ye have repeated, ſeem very frivolous and fruitleſs, for by the breach of them, little damage or inconvenience can come to the Commonwealth: Neither indeed, if any tranſgreſs them, ſhall he ſeem worthy of puniſhment, ſcarce of blame, ſaving but for that they abide by that name of Laws. But Laws ought to be ſuch, as that the keeping of them ſhould be greatly for the behoof of the Commonweal, and the violating of them ſhould be very hainous, and ſharply puniſhable. But tell us of ſome more weighty diſlikes in the Statutes than theſe, and that may more behooffully import the Reformation of them.

Iren. There is one or two Statutes which make the wrongful diſtraining of any mans goods againſt the form of Common Law, to be Felony. The which Statutes ſeem ſurely to have been at firſt meant for the good of that Realm, and for reſtraining of a foul abuſe, which then raigned commonly amongſt that people, and yet is not altogether laid aſide: That when any one was indebted to another, he would firſt demand his debt, and if he were not payed, he would ſtraight go and take a diſtreſs of his Goods or Cattle, where he could find them, to the value; which he would keep till he were ſatisfied; and this the ſimple Churl (as they call him) doth commonly uſe to do: yet thorough ignorance of his miſdoing, or evil uſe, that hath long ſettled amongſt them. But this, though it be ſure moſt unlawful, yet ſurely (me ſeems) too hard to make it death, ſince there is no purpoſe in the party to ſteal the others goods, or to conceal the diſtreſs, but doth it openly, for the moſt part, before witneſſes. And again, the ſame Statutes are ſo ſlackly penned (beſides the later of them is ſo unſenſibly contrived, that it ſcarce carrieth any reaſon in it) that they are often and very eaſily wreſted to the fraud of the Subject: as if one going to diſtrain upon his own Land or Tenement, where lawfully he may, yet if in doing thereof he tranſgreſs the leaſt point of the

Common Law, he ſtraight committeth Felony. Or if one by any other occaſion take any thing from another, as Boys uſe ſometimes to cap one another, the ſame is ſtraight Felony. This is a very hard Law.

Eudox. Nevertheleſs that evil uſe of diſtraining of another mans goods, ye will not deny; but it is to be aboliſhed and taken away.

Iren. It is ſo, but not by taking away the ſubject withall, for that is too violent a Medecine; eſpecially this uſe being permitted, and made lawful to ſome, and to other ſome death. As to moſt of the Corporate Towns there, it is granted by their Charter, That they may, every man by himſelf, without an Officer (for that were more tolerable) for any debt, to diſtrain the goods of any Iriſh, being found within their liberty, or but paſſing through their Towns. And the firſt permiſſion of this was, for that in thoſe times when that Grant was made, the Iriſh were not ameſnable to Law, ſo as it was not ſafety for the Townſman to go to him forth to demand his debt, nor poſſible to draw him into Law, ſo that he had leave to be his own Bailiff, to arreſt his ſaid Debtors goods within his own Franchiſe. The which the Iriſh ſeeing, thought it as lawful for them to diſtrain the Townſmans goods in the Countrey, where they found it. And ſo by enſample of that Grant to Townſmen, they thought it lawful, and made it a uſe to diſtrain one anothers goods for ſmall debts. And to ſay truth, me-thinks it is hard for every trifling debt of 2 or 3 ſhillings, to be driven to Law, which is ſo far from them ſometimes to be ſought, for which me-thinketh it too heavy an Ordinance to give death, eſpecially to a rude man that is ignorant of Law, and thinketh, that a common uſe or grant to other men is a Law for himſelf.

Eudox. Yea, but the Judge, when it cometh before him to trial, may eaſily decide this doubt, and lay open the intent of the Law by his better diſcretion.

Iren. Yea, but it is dangerous to leave the ſenſe of the Law unto the reaſon or will of the Judges, who are Men, and may be miſcarried by affections, and many other means. But the Laws ought to be like ſtony Tables, plain, ſtedfaſt, and unmovable. There is alſo ſuch another Statute or two, which make *Coigny* and *Livery* to be Treaſon, no leſs inconvenient than the former, being as it is penned, however the firſt purpoſe thereof were expedient; for thereby now, no man can go into another mans houſe for lodging, nor to his own Tenants houſe to take Victual by the way, notwithſtanding that there is no other means for him to have lodging, nor horſe meat, nor mans meat, there being no Inns, nor none otherwiſe to be bought for money, but that he is endangered by that Statute for Treaſon, whenſoever he ſhall happen to fall out with his Tenant, or that his ſaid Hoſt liſt to complain of grievance; as oftentimes I have ſeen them very maliciouſly to do, through the leaſt provocation.

Eudox. I do not well know, but by gheſs, what you do mean by theſe terms of *Coigny* and *Livery*; therefore I pray you explain them.

Iren. I know not whether the words be Engliſh or Iriſh, but I ſuppoſe them to be rather ancient Engliſh, for the Iriſh-men can make no derivation of them. What *Livery* is, we by common uſe in *England* know well enough; namely, that it is an allowance of Horſe-meat, as they commonly uſe the word in Stabling, as to keep Horſes at *Livery*; the which word, I gheſs, is derived of livering or delivering forth their nightly food. So in great Houſes, the *Livery* is ſaid to be ſerved up for all night, that is, their evenings allowance for drink. And *Livery* is alſo called, the upper Weed which a Serving-man weareth; ſo called (as I ſuppoſe) for that it was delivered and taken from him at pleaſure. So it is apparent, that by the word *Livery* is there meant Horſe-meat; like as by the word *Coigny* is underſtood Mans-meat; but whence the word is derived, is hard to tell: ſome ſay of Coin, for that they uſed commonly in their *Coignies*, not onely to take Meat, but Coin alſo; and that taking of Money was ſpecially meant to be prohibited by that Statute. But I think rather this word *Coigny* is derived of the Iriſh. The which is a common uſe amongſt Land-lords of the Iriſh, to have a common ſpending upon their Tenants: for all their Tenants, being commonly but Tenants at will, they uſe to take of them what Victuals they liſt; for of Victuals they were wont to make ſmall reckoning, neither in this was the Tenant wronged, for it was an ordinary and known cuſtom, and his Lord uſed commonly ſo to covenant with him; which if at any time the Tenant diſliked, he might freely depart at his pleaſure. But now by this Statute, the ſaid Iriſh Lord is wronged, for that he is cut off from his cuſtomary Services, of the which this was one, beſides many other of the like; as *Cuddy*, *Coſhery*, *Bonnaght*, *Shrah*, *Sorehin*, and ſuch others; the which (I think) were Cuſtoms at firſt brought in by the Engliſh upon the Iriſh; for they were never wont, and yet are loath to yield any certain Rent, but onely ſuch ſpendings: for their common ſaying is, *Spend me, and defend me.*

Eudox. Surely I take it as you ſay, that therein the Iriſh Lord hath wrong, ſince it was an ancient cuſtom, and nothing contrary to Law; for to the willing there is no wrong done. And this right well I wot, that even here in *England*, there are in many places as large Cuſtoms and Priviledges, as that of *Coignie* and *Livery*. But I ſuppoſe by your ſpeech, that it was the firſt meaning of the Statute, to forbid the violent taking of Victuals upon other mens Tenants againſt their wills, which ſurely is a great out-rage; and yet not ſo great (me ſeems) as that it ſhould be made Treaſon: for conſidering, that the nature of Treaſon is concerning the Royal Eſtate or Perſon of the Prince, or practiſing with his Enemies, to the derogation and danger of his Crown and Dignity, it is hardly wreſted to make this Treaſon. But (as you ſaid) *Better a Miſchief than an Inconvenience.*

Iren. Another Statute I remember, which having been an ancient Iriſh Cuſtom, is now upon adviſement made a Law; and that is called the Cuſtom of *Kin-cogiſh*, which is, That every Head of every Sept, and every Chief of every Kindred or Family, ſhould be anſwerable, and bound to bring forth every one of that Sept and Kindred under

under it, at all times to be juſtified, when he ſhould be required or charged with any Treaſon, Felony, or other heinous crime.

Eudox. Why? ſurely this ſeems a very neceſſary Law. For conſidering that many of them be ſuch Loſels and Scatterlings, as that they cannot eaſily, by any Sheriff, Conſtable, Bayliff, or other Ordinary Officer, be gotten, when they are challenged for any ſuch fact; this is a very good means to get them to be brought in by him, that is the Head of that Sept, or Chief of that Houſe: Wherefore I wonder what juſt exception you can make againſt the ſame.

Iren. Truly, *Eudoxus*, in the pretence of the good of this Statute, you have nothing erred; for it ſeemed very expedient and neceſſary, but the hurt which cometh thereby is greater than the good. For whilſt every Chief of a Sept ſtandeth ſo bound to the Law, for every man of his Blood or Sept that is under him, he is made great by the commanding of them all: For if he may not command them, then that Law doth wrong, that bindeth him to bring them forth to be juſtified. And if he may command them, then he may command them as well to ill as to good. Hereby the Lords and Captains of Countreys, the Principal and Heads of Septs, are made ſtronger, whom it ſhould be a moſt ſpecial care in policy to weaken, and to ſet up and ſtrengthen divers of his Underlings againſt him: which whenſoever he ſhall ſwerve from duty, may be able to beard him: for it is dangerous to leave the command of ſo many, as ſome Septs are, being five or ſix thouſand perſons, to the will of one man, who may lead them to what he will, as he himſelf ſhall be inclined.

Eudox. In very deed, *Iren.* it is very dangerous, ſeeing the diſpoſition of thoſe People is not always inclinable to the beſt: and therefore I hold it no wiſdom to leave unto them too much command over their Kindred, but rather to withdraw their followers from them as much as may be, and to gather them under the command of Law, by ſome better means than this cuſtom of *Kin-cogiſh*; the which word I would be glad to know what it namely ſignifieth, for the meaning thereof I ſeem to underſtand reaſonably well.

Iren. It is a word mingled of Engliſh and Iriſh together, ſo as I am partly led to think, that the cuſtom thereof was firſt Engliſh, and afterwards made Iriſh; for ſuch another Law they had here in *England*, as I remember, made by King *Alured*, that every Gentleman ſhould bring forth his Kindred and Followers to the Law. So *Kin* is Engliſh, and *Congiſh* Affinity in Iriſh.

Eudox. Sith then we that have thus reaſonably handled the inconveniences in the Law; let us now paſs unto the ſecond part, which was, I remember, of the abuſes of Cuſtoms; in which, me ſeems, you have a fair Champian laid open unto you, in which you may at large ſtretch out your Diſcourſe into many ſweet remembrances of Antiquities, from whence, it ſeemeth, that the Cuſtoms of that Nation proceeded.

Iren. Indeed, *Eudox.* you ſay very true; for all the Cuſtoms of the Iriſh, which I have often noted and compared with that I have read, would miniſter occaſion of a moſt ample Diſcourſe of the Original of them, and the Antiquity of that People; which, in truth, I think to be more ancient than moſt that I know in this end of the world; ſo as if it were in the handling of ſome man of ſound judgment and plentiful reading, it would be moſt pleaſant and profitable. But, it may be, we may, at ſome other time of meeting, take occaſion to treat thereof more at large. Here only it ſhall ſuffice to touch ſuch cuſtoms of the Iriſh, as ſeem offenſive and repugnant to the good Government of the Realm.

Eudox. Follow then your own courſe, for I ſhall the better content my ſelf to forbear my deſire now, in hope that you will, as you ſay, ſome other time more abundantly ſatisfie it.

Iren. Before we enter into the treaty of their Cuſtoms, it is firſt needful to conſider from whence they firſt ſprung; for from the ſundry manners of the Nations, from whence that People, which now is called *Iriſh*, were derived, ſome of the Cuſtoms, which now remain amongſt them, have been firſt fetch'd, and ſithence there continued amongſt them: for not of one Nation was it Peopled, as it is, but of ſundry People of different conditions and manners. But the chiefeſt which have firſt poſſeſſed and inhabited it, I ſuppoſe to be Scythians.

Eudox. How cometh it then to paſs, that the Iriſh do derive themſelves from *Gathelus* the Spaniard?

Iren. They do indeed, but (I conceive) without any good ground: For if there were any ſuch notable tranſmiſſion of a Colony hither out of *Spain*, or any ſuch famous Conqueſt of this Kingdom by *Gathelus* a Spaniard, as they would fain believe, it is not unlikely, but the very Chronicles of *Spain* (had *Spain* then been in ſo high regard as they now have it) would not have omitted ſo memorable a thing, as the ſubduing of ſo noble a Realm to the Spaniard, no more than they do now neglect to memorize their conqueſt of the Indians, eſpecially in thoſe times in which the ſame was ſuppoſed, being nearer unto the flouriſhing Age of Learning and Writers under the Romans. But the Iriſh do herein no otherwiſe, than our vain Engliſh-men do in the Tale of *Brutus*, whom they deviſe to have firſt conquered and inhabited this Land; it being as impoſſible to prove, that there was ever any ſuch *Brutus* of *Albion* or *England*, as it is, that there was any ſuch *Gathelus* of *Spain*. But ſurely the Scythians (of whom I erſt ſpoke) at ſuch time as the Northern Nations over-flowed all Chriſtendom, came down to the Sea-coaſt, where enquiring for other Countreys abroad, and getting intelligence of this Countrey of *Ireland*, finding ſhipping convenient, paſſed thither, and arrived in the North-part thereof, which is now called *Ulſter*; which firſt inhabiting, and afterwards ſtretching themſelves forth into the Land, as their numbers increaſed, named it all of themſelves *Scuttenland*, which more briefly is called *Scutland*, or *Scotland*.

Eudox.

Eudox. I wonder (*Iræneus*) whither you run ſo far aſtray ; for whilſt we talk of *Ireland*, me-thinks you rip up the Original of *Scotland* , but what is that to this ?

Iren. Surely very much, for *Scotland* and *Ireland* are all one and the ſame.

Eudox. That ſeemeth more ſtrange ; for we all know right well they are diſtinguiſhed by a great Sea running between them ; or elſe there are two *Scotlands.*

Iren. Never the more are there two *Scotlands*, but two kinds of *Scots* were indeed (as you may gather out of *Buchanan*) the one *Irin*, or *Iriſh Scots*, the other *Albin-Scots*; for thoſe *Scots* are *Scythians*, arrived (as I ſaid) in the North parts of *Ireland*, where ſome of them after paſſed into the next coaſt of *Albine*, now called *Scotland*, which (after much trouble) they poſſeſſed, and of themſelves named *Scotland*; but in proceſs of time (as it is commonly ſeen) the Dominion of the part prevaileth in the whole, for the *Iriſh Scots* putting away the name of *Scots*, were called only *Iriſh*, and the *Albine Scots*, leaving the name of *Albine*, were called only *Scots.* Therefore it cometh thence that of ſome Writers *Ireland* is called *Scotia Major*, and that which now is called *Scotland*, *Scotia Minor.*

Eudox. I do now well underſtand your diſtinguiſhing of the two ſorts of *Scots*, and two *Scotlands*, how that this which now is called *Ireland*, was anciently called *Erin*, and afterwards of ſome written *Scotland*, and that which now is called *Scotland*, was formerly called *Albin*, before the coming of the *Scythes* thither; but what other Nation inhabited the other parts of *Ireland ?*

Iren. After this people thus planted in the North (or before) for the certainty of times in things ſo far from all knowledge cannot be juſtly avouched) another Nation coming out of *Spain*, arrived in the Weſt part of *Ireland*, and finding it waſte, or weakly inhabited, poſſeſſed it : who whether they were native *Spaniards*, or *Gaules*, or *Africans*, or *Gothes*, or ſome other of thoſe Northern Nations which did over-ſpread all Chriſtendom, it is impoſſible to affirm ; only ſome naked conjectures may be gathered, but that out of *Spain* certainly they came, that do all the Iriſh Chronicles agree.

Eudox. You do very boldly *Iren.* adventure upon the Hiſtories of ancient times, and lean too confidently on thoſe Iriſh Chronicles which are moſt fabulous and forged, in that out of them you dare take in hand to lay open the original of ſuch a Nation ſo antique, as that no monument remains of her beginning and firſt inhabiting ; eſpecially having been in thoſe times without Letters, but only bare Traditions of times and Remembrances of *Bardes*, which uſe to forge and falſifie every thing as they liſt, to pleaſe or diſpleaſe any man.

Iren. Truly I muſt confeſs I do ſo, but yet not ſo abſolutely as you ſuppoſe. I do herein rely upon thoſe *Bardes* or Iriſh Chroniclers, though the Iriſh themſelves through their ignorance in matters of learning and deep judgment, do moſt conſtantly believe and avouch them, but unto them beſides I add mine own reading; and out of them both together, with compariſon of times, likewiſe of manners and cuſtoms, affinity of words and names, properties of natures, and uſes, reſemblances of rites and ceremonies, monuments of Churches and Tombs, and many other like circumſtances, I do gather a likelihood of truth, not certainly affirming any thing, but by conferring of times, language, monuments, and ſuch like, I do hunt out a probability of things, which I leave to your judgment to believe or refuſe. Nevertheleſs there be ſome very ancient Authors that make mention of theſe things, and ſome modern, which by comparing them with preſent times, experience, and their own reaſon, do open a Window of great light unto the reſt that is yet unſeen ; as namely, of the elder times, *Cæſar*, *Strabo*, *Tacitus Ptolomie*, *Pliny*, *Pomponius Mela*, and *Beroſus* : of the later, *Vincentius*, *Æneas Sylvius*, *Luidus*, *Buchanan*, for that he himſelf being an Iriſh Scot or Pict by Nation, and being very excellently learned, and induſtrious to ſeek out the truth of all things concerning the original of his own people, hath both ſet down the Teſtimony of the ancients truly, and his own opinion together withall very reaſonably, though in ſome things he doth ſomewhat flatter. Beſides, the *Bardes* and Iriſh Chroniclers themſelves, though through deſire of pleaſing perhaps too much, and ignorances of Arts, and purer learning, they have clouded the truth of thoſe lines ; yet there appears among them ſome reliques of the true antiquity, though diſguiſed, which a well eyed man may happily diſcover and find out.

Eudox. How can here be any truth in them at all, ſince the ancient Nations which firſt Inhabited *Ireland*, were altogether deſtitute of letters, much more of learning, by which they might leave the verity of things written. And thoſe *Bardes* coming alſo ſo many hundred years after, could not know what was done in former ages, nor deliver certainty of any thing, but what they fained out of their unlearned heads.

Iren. Thoſe *Bardes* indeed, *Cæſar* writeth, delivered no certain truth of any thing, neither is there any certain hold to be taken of any antiquity which is received by Tradition, ſince all men be lyars, and many lye when they will ; yet for the antiquities of the written Chronicles of *Ireland*, give me leave to ſay ſomething, not to juſtifie them, but to ſhew that ſome of them might ſay truth. For where you ſay the Iriſh have always been without letters, you are therein much deceived ; for it is certain, that *Ireland* hath had the uſe of letters very anciently, and long before *England.*

Eudox. Is it poſſible? how comes it then that they are ſo unlearned ſtill, being ſo old Scholars? For learning (as the Poet ſaith) *Emollit mores, nec ſinit eſſe feros* : whence then (I pray you) could they have thoſe letters?

Iren. It is hard to ſay : for whether they at their firſt coming into the Land, or afterwards by Trading with other Nations which had letters, learned them of them, or deviſed them amongſt themſelves, is very doubtful ; but that they had letters anciently, is nothing doubtful, for the *Saxons* of *England* are ſaid to have their letters, and learning,

ing, and learned men from the Iriſh, and that alſo appeareth by the likeneſs of the Character, for the *Saxons* Character is the ſame with the Iriſh. Now the *Scythians* never, as I can read, of old had letters amongſt them, therefore it ſeemeth that they had them from the Nation which came out of *Spain*, for in *Spain* there was (as *Strabo* writeth) letters anciently uſed, whether brought unto them by the *Phenicians*, or the *Perſians*, which (as it appeareth by him) had ſome footing there, or from *Marſellis*, which is ſaid to have been inhabited by the *Greeks*, and from them to have had the *Greek* Character, of which *Marſilians* it is ſaid, that the *Gaules* learned them firſt, and uſed them only for the furtherance of their Trades and private buſineſs; for the *Gaules* (as is ſtrongly to be proved by many ancient and authentical writers) did firſt Inhabit all the Sea coaſt of *Spain*, even unto *Cales*, and the mouth of the Straights, and peopled alſo a great part of *Italy*, which appeareth by ſundry Havens and Cities in *Spain* called from them, as *Portugallia*, *Gallecia*, *Galdunum*, and alſo by ſundry Nations therein dwelling, which yet have received their own names of the *Gaules*, as the *Rhegni*, *Preſamarci*, *Tamari*, *Cineri*, and divers others. All which *Pomponius Mela*, being himſelf a *Spaniard*, yet ſaith to have deſcended from the *Celts* of *France*, whereby it is to be gathered, that that Nation which came out of *Spain* into *Ireland*, were anciently *Gaules*, and that they brought with them thoſe letters which they had anciently learned in *Spain*, firſt into *Ireland*, which ſome alſo ſay, do much reſemble the old *Phenician* Character, being likewiſe diſtinguiſhed with prick and accent, as theirs anciently: but the further enquiry hereof needeth a place of longer diſcourſe than this our ſhort Conference.

Eudox. Surely you have ſhewed a great probability of that which I had thought impoſſible to have been proved; but that which you now ſay, That *Ireland* ſhould have been peopled with the *Gaules*, ſeemeth much more ſtrange, for all the Chronicles do ſay, that the Weſt and South was poſſeſſed and inhabited of *Spaniards*: and *Cornelius Tacitus* doth alſo ſtrongly affirm the ſame, all which you muſt overthrow and falſifie, or elſe renounce your opinion.

Iren. Neither ſo, nor ſo; for the Iriſh Chronicles (as I ſhewed you) being made by unlearned men, and writing things according to the appearance of the truth, which they conceived, do err in the circumſtances, not in the matter. For all that came out of *Spain* (they being no diligent ſearchers into the differences of the Nations) ſuppoſed to be *Spaniards*, and ſo called them; but the ground-work thereof is nevertheleſs true and certain, however they through ignorance diſguiſe the ſame, or through vanity, whilſt they would not ſeem to be ignorant, do thereupon build and enlarge many forged Hiſtories of their own antiquity, which they deliver to fools, and make them believe for true; as for example, That firſt of one *Gathelus* the Son of *Cecrops* or *Argos*, who having married the King of *Egypt* his Daughter, thence ſailed with her into *Spain*, and there inhabited: Then that of *Nemedus* and his Sons, who coming out of *Scythia*, peopled *Ireland*, and Inhabited it with his Sons 250 years, until he was overcome of the Giants dwelling then in *Ireland*, and at the laſt quite baniſhed and rooted out, after whom 200 years, the Sons of one *Dela*, being *Scythians*, arrived there again, and poſſeſſed the whole Land, of which the youngeſt called *Slanius*, in the end made himſelf *Monarch*. Laſtly, of the four Sons of *Mileſius* King of *Spain*, which conquered the Land from the *Scythians*, and Inhabited it with *Spaniards*, and called it of the name of the youngeſt *Hiberus*, *Hibernia*: All which are in truth fables, and very *Mileſian* lyes, as the latin proverb is: for never was there ſuch a King of *Spain*, called *Mileſius*, nor any ſuch Colony ſeated with his Sons, as they fain, that can ever be proved; but yet under theſe tales you may in a manner ſee the truth lurk. For *Scythians* here inhabiting, they name and put *Spaniards*, whereby appeareth that both theſe Nations here inhabited, but whether very *Spaniards*, as the Iriſh greatly effect, is no ways to be proved.

Eudox. Whence cometh it then that the Iriſh do ſo greatly covet to fetch themſelves from the *Spaniards*, ſince the old *Gaules* are a more ancient and much more honourable Nation.

Iren. Even of a very deſire of new fangleneſs and vanity, for they derive themſelves from the *Spaniards*, as ſeeing them to be a very honourable people, and near bordering unto them: but all that is moſt vain, for from the *Spaniards* that now are, or that people that now inhabit *Spain*, they no ways can prove themſelves to deſcend; neither ſhould it be greatly glorious unto them, for the *Spaniard* that now is, is come from as rude and ſavage Nations as they, there being, as there may be gathered by courſe of ages, and view of their own Hiſtory (thoug they therein labour much to enoble themſelves) ſcarce any drop of the old *Spaniſh* blood left in them; for all *Spain* was firſt conquered by the *Romans*, and filled with Colonies from them, which were ſtill increaſed, and the native *Spaniard* ſtill cut off. Afterwards the *Carthaginians* in all the long *Punick* Wars (having ſpoiled all *Spain*, and in the end ſubdued it wholly unto themſelves) did, as it is likely, root out all that were affected to the *Romans*. And laſtly, the *Romans* having again recovered that Countrey, and beat out *Hannibal*, did doubtleſs cut off all that favoured the *Carthaginians*, ſo that betwixt them both, to and fro, there was ſcarce a Native *Spaniard* left, but all inhabited of *Romans*. All which tempeſts of troubles being over-blown, there long after aroſe a new ſtorm, more dreadful than all the former, which over-ran all *Spain*, and made an infinite confuſion of all things; that was, the coming down of the *Gothes*, the *Hunns*, and the *Vandals*: And laſtly, all the Nations of *Scythia*, which like a mountain flood, did over-flow all *Spain*, and quite drowned and waſht away whatſoever reliques there was left of the Land-bred people, yea, and of all the *Romans* too. The which Northern Nations finding the nature of the ſoil, and the vehement heat thereof far differing from their conſtitutions, took no felicity

in that Country, but from thence paſſed over, and did ſpread themſelves into all Countreys of Chriſtendom, of all which there is none but hath ſome mixture or ſprinkling, if not throughly peopling of them. And yet after all theſe the *Moors* and the *Barbarians* breaking over out of *Affrica*, did finally poſſeſs all *Spain*, or the moſt part thereof, and did tread under their heatheniſh feet, whatever little they found yet there ſtanding. The which though after they were beaten out by *Ferdinando* of *Arragon* and *Iſſabella* his Wife, yet they were not ſo cleanſed, but that through the Marriages which they had made, and mixture with the People of the Land, during their long continuance there, they had left no pure drop of *Spaniſh* Blood, no more than of *Roman* or *Scythian*. So that of all Nations under Heaven (I ſuppoſe) the *Spaniard* is the moſt mingled, and moſt uncertain. Wherefore moſt fooliſhly do the Iriſh think to ennoble themſelves, by wreſting their Ancientry from the *Spaniard*, who is unable to derive himſelf from any in certain.

Eudox. You ſpeak very ſharply, *Iren.* in diſpraiſe of the *Spaniard*, whom ſome others boaſt to be the onely brave Nation under the Skie.

Iren. So ſurely he is a very brave Man, neither is that any thing which I ſpeak to his derogation; for in that I ſaid he is a mingled People, it is no diſpraiſe; for I think there is no Nation now in Chriſtendom, nor much further, but is mingled, and compounded with others. For it was a ſingular Providence of God, and a moſt admirable purpoſe of his wiſdom, to draw thoſe Northern Heathen Nations down into thoſe Chriſtian parts, where they might receive Chriſtianity, and to mingle Nations ſo remote miraculouſly, to make, as it were, one Blood and Kindred of all People, and each to have knowledge of him.

Eudox. Neither have you ſure any more diſhonoured the Iriſh, for you have brought them from very great and ancient Nations as any were in the World, however fondly they affect the *Spaniſh*. For both *Scythians* and *Gauls* were two as mighty Nations, as ever the World brought forth. But is there any Token, Denomination, or Monument of the *Gauls* yet remaining in *Ireland*, as there is of the *Scythians?*

Iren. Yea ſurely, very many words of the *Gauls* remaining, and yet daily uſed in common ſpeech.

Eudox. What was the *Gauliſh* ſpeech? is there any part of it ſtill uſed among any Nation?

Iren. The *Gauliſh* ſpeech is the very *Britiſh*, the which was very generally uſed here in all *Britain*, before the coming of the *Saxons*; and yet is retained of the *Welſh-men*, *Corniſh-men*, and the *Britains* of *France*; though time working the alteration of all things, and the Trading and Interdeal with other Nations round about, have changed and greatly altered the Dialect thereof; but yet the Original words appear to be the ſame, as who hath liſt to read in *Camden* and *Buchanan*, may ſee at large. Beſides, there be many places, as Havens, Hills, Towns, and Caſtles, which yet bear the names from the *Gaules*; of the which, *Buchanan* rehearſeth above 500 in *Scotland*; and I can (I think) recount near as many in *Ireland*, which retain the old denomination of the *Gaules*, as the *Menapii*, *Cauci*, *Venti*, and others. By all which, and many other reaſonable probabilities (which this ſhort courſe will not ſuffer to be laid forth) it appeareth, that the chief Inhabitants in *Ireland* were *Gaules*, coming thither firſt out of *Spain*, and after from beſides *Tanais*, where the *Gothes*, the *Hunnes*, and the *Getes* ſate down; they alſo being (as it is ſaid of ſome) ancient *Gaules*: and, laſtly, paſſing out of *Gallia* it ſelf, from all the Sea-coaſt of *Belgia* and *Celtica*, into all the Southern Coaſts of *Ireland*, which they poſſeſſed and inhabited; whereupon it is at this day, amongſt the Iriſh, a common uſe, to call any Stranger inhabitant there amongſt them, *Gald*, that is, deſcended from the *Gaules*.

Eudox. This is very likely, for even ſo did thoſe *Gaules* anciently poſſeſs all the Southern Coaſts of our *Britain*, which yet retain their old names; as the *Belgæ* in *Somerſet-ſhire*, *Wiltſhire*, and part of *Hamſhire*; *Attrebatii* in *Barkſhire*, *Regni* in *Suſſex* and *Surry*, and many others. Now thus far then I underſtand your opinion, that the *Scythians* planted in the North part of *Ireland*, the *Spaniards* (for ſo we call them, what ever they were that came from *Spain*) in the Weſt, the *Gaules* in the South; ſo that there now remaineth the Eaſt parts towards *England*, which I would be glad to underſtand from whence you do think them to be Peopled.

Iren. Mary I think of the Britains themſelves, of which, though there be little footing now remaining, by reaſon that the Saxons afterwards, and laſtly the Engliſh, driving out the Inhabitants thereof, did poſſeſs and people it themſelves. Yet amongſt the *Tooles*, the *Birns*, or *Brins*, the *Cavenaghes*, and other Nations in *Leinſter*, there is ſome memory of the *Britains* remaining. As the *Tooles* are called of the old Brittiſh word *Tol*, that is, a Hill Countrey; the *Brins* of the Britiſh word *Brin*, that is, Woods; and the *Cavenaghes* of the word *Caune*, that is, ſtrong: ſo that in theſe three People, the very denomination of the old Britains do ſtill remain. Beſides, when any flieth under the ſuccour and protection of any againſt an Enemy, he crieth unto him, *Comericke*, that is in the Britiſh, Help; for the *Britain* is called in their own Language *Comeroy*. Furthermore to prove the ſame, *Ireland* is, by *Diodorus Siculus*, and by *Strabo*, called *Britannia*, and a part of *Great Britain*. Finally, it appeareth by good Record yet extant, that King *Arthur*, and before him *Gurgunt*, had all that Iſland under their Allegiance and ſubjection. Hereunto I could add many probabilities of the names of Places, Perſons, and Speeches, as I did in the former; but they ſhould be too long for this, and I reſerve them for another. And thus you have had my opinion, how all that Realm of *Ireland* was firſt peopled, and by what Nations. After all which, the Saxons ſucceeding, ſubdu'd it wholly to themſelves. For firſt, *Egfrid* King of *Northumberland* did utterly waſte and ſubdue it, as appeareth out of *Beda's* complaint againſt him; and after him, King *Edgar* brought it under his obedience, as appeareth by an ancient Record, in which it is found written, that he ſubdued all the Iſlands of the North, even unto *Norway*, and brought them into his ſubjection.

Eudox.

Eudox. This ripping of Anceſtors is very pleaſing unto me, and indeed ſavoureth of good conceit, and ſome reading withall. I ſee hereby, how profitable Travel and Experience of Foreign Nations is, to him that will apply them to good purpoſe. Neither indeed would I have thought, that any ſuch Antiquities could have been ſearched for the Iriſh; that maketh me the more to long to ſee ſome other of your obſervations, which you have gathered out of that Countrey, and have earſt half promiſed to put forth. And ſure in this mingling of Nations appeareth (as you earſt well noted) a wonderful providence and purpoſe of Almighty God, that ſtirred up the people in the furtheſt parts of the World, to ſeek out their Regions ſo remote from them, and by that means, both to reſtore their decayed habitations, and to make himſelf known to the Heathen. But was there, I pray you, no more general employing of that Iſland, than firſt by the *Scythians*, which you ſay were the *Scotts*, and afterwards by the *Spaniards*, beſides the *Gaules*, *Britains*, and *Saxons*?

Iren. Yes, there was another, and that laſt and greateſt, which was by the *Engliſh*, when the Earl *Strongbowe* having conquered that Land, delivered up the ſame into the hands of *Henry* the Second, then King, who ſent over thither great ſtore of Gentlemen, and other warlike people, amongſt whom he diſtributed the Land, and ſetled ſuch a ſtrong Colony therein, as never ſince could, with all the ſubtil practiſes of the *Iriſh*, be rooted out, but abide ſtill a mighty People, of ſo many as remain *Engliſh* of them.

Eudox. What is this that you ſay, of ſo many as remain *Engliſh* of them? Why, are not they that were once *Engliſh*, *Engliſh* ſtill?

Iren. No, for ſome of them are degenerated, and grown mere *Iriſh*; yea, and more malicious to the *Engliſh*, than the *Iriſh* themſelves.

Eudox. What heard I? And is it poſſible that an *Engliſhman*, brought up in ſuch ſweet civility as *England* affords, ſhould find ſuch likeing in that barbarous rudeneſs, that he ſhould forget his own Nature, and forego his own Nation? How may this be? or what (I pray you) may be the cauſe thereof?

Iren. Surely nothing, but the firſt evil ordinance and inſtitution of that Common-wealth. But thereof here is no fit place to ſpeak, leſt by the occaſion thereof, offering matter of a long diſcourſe, we might be drawn from this that we have in hand; namely, the handling of abuſes in the Cuſtoms of *Ireland*.

Eudox. In truth, *Iren.* you do well remember the plot of your firſt purpoſe; but yet from that (me-ſeems) ye have much ſwarved in all this long diſcourſe of the firſt inhabiting of *Ireland*; for what is that to your purpoſe?

Iren. Truly very material; for if you marked the courſe of all that ſpeech well, it was to ſhew by what means the Cuſtoms that now are in *Ireland*, being ſome of them indeed very ſtrange, and almoſt Heatheniſh, were firſt brought in: and that was, as I ſaid, by thoſe Nations from whom that Countrey was firſt Peopled; for the difference in Manners and Cuſtoms doth follow the difference of Nations and People. The which I have declared to you to have been three eſpecially which ſeated themſelves here: to wit, firſt, the *Scythian*; then the *Gaules*; and laſtly, the *Engliſh*. Notwithſtanding that I am not ignorant, that there were ſundry Nations which got footing in that Land, of the which there yet remains divers great Families and Septs, of whom I will alſo in their proper places make mention.

Eudox. You bring your ſelf, *Iren.* very well into the way again, notwithſtanding that it ſeemeth that you were never out of the way; but now that you have paſſed through thoſe Antiquities, which I could have wiſhed not ſo ſoon ended, begin, when you pleaſe, to declare what Cuſtoms and Manners have been derived from thoſe Nations to the *Iriſh*, and which of them you find fault withall.

Iren. I will begin then to count their Cuſtoms in the ſame order that I counted their Nations, and firſt with the *Scythian* or *Scottiſh* Manners: Of the which, there is one uſe amongſt them, to keep their cattle, and to live themſelves the moſt part of the year in *Boolies*, paſturing upon the Mountain, and waſte wild places, and removing ſtill to freſh land as they have depaſtured the former. The which appeareth plain to be the manner of the *Scythians*, as you may read in *Olaus Magnus*, and *Joh. Boemus*, and yet is uſed amongſt all the *Tartarians*, and the People about the *Caſpian Sea*, which are naturally *Scythians*, to live in Heards, as they call them, being the very ſame that the *Iriſh Boolies* are, driving their Cattle continually with them, and feeding onely on their Milk and White-meats.

Eudox. What fault can you find with this Cuſtom? for though it be an old *Scythian* uſe, yet it is very behooveful in this Countrey of *Ireland*, where there are great Mountains, and waſte Deſarts full of graſs, that the ſame ſhould be eaten down, and nouriſh many thouſands of Cattel, for the good of the whole Realm; which cannot (me-thinks) well be any other way, than by keeping thoſe *Boolies* there, as ye have ſhewed.

Iren. But by this cuſtom of *Boolying*, there grow in the mean rime many great enormities unto that Common-wealth. For firſt, if there be any Out-laws, or looſe people, (as they are never without ſome) which live upon ſtealths and ſpoils, they are evermore ſuccoured and find relief onely in theſe *Boolies*, being upon the waſte places; whereas elſe they ſhould be driven ſhortly to ſtarve, or to come down to the Towns to ſeek relief, where by one means or other they would ſoon be caught. Beſides, ſuch ſtealths of Cattle as they make, they bring commonly to thoſe *Boolies*, being upon thoſe waſte places, where they are readily received, and the Thief harboured from danger of Law, or ſuch Officers as might light upon him. Moreover, the People that thus live in thoſe *Boolies*, grow thereby the more barbarous, and live more licentiouſly than they could in Towns, uſing what manners they liſt, and practiſing what miſchiefs and Villanies they will, either againſt the Government there by their

combinations, or againſt private men, whom they malign, by ſtealing their goods, or murdering themſelves: For there they think themſelves half exempted from Law and Obedience, and having once taſted freedom, do, like a ſteer that hath been long out of his yoke, grudge and repine ever after to come under rule again.

Eudox. By your ſpeech, *Iren.* I perceive more evil comes by this uſe of *Boolies*, than good by their graſing; and therefore it may well be reformed: but that muſt be in his due courſe. Do you proceed to the next.

Iren. They have another cuſtom from the *Scythians*, that is the wearing of *Mantles*, and long *Glibbs*, which is a thick curled buſh of hair, hanging down over their eyes, and monſtrouſly diſguiſing them; which are both very bad and hurtful.

Eudox. Do you think that the *Mantle* cometh from the *Scythians?* I would ſurely think otherwiſe; for by that which I have read, it appeareth, that moſt Nations of the World anciently uſed the *Mantle*: For the *Jews* uſed it, as you may read of *Elias Mantle, &c.* the *Chaldees* alſo uſed it, as ye may read in *Diodorus*; the *Egyptians* likewiſe uſed it, as ye may read in *Herodotus*, and may be gathered by the deſcription of *Berenice*, in the *Greek* Commentary upon *Callimachus*: the *Greeks* alſo uſed it anciently, as appeareth by *Venus Mantle* lined with Stars, though afterwards they changed the form thereof into their Cloaks, called *Pallia*, as ſome of the *Iriſh* alſo uſe: And the ancient *Latines* and *Romans* uſed it, as you may read in *Virgil*, who was a very great Antiquary. That *Evander*, when *Æneas* came to him at his Feaſt, did entertain and Feaſt him, ſitting on the ground, and lying on *Mantles*; inſomuch as he uſeth the very word *Mantile* for a *Mantle*.

———*Humi mantilia ſternunt.*

So that it ſeemeth, that the *Mantle* was a general habit to moſt Nations, and not proper to the *Scythians* onely, as you ſuppoſe.

Iren. I cannot deny, but that anciently it was common to moſt; and yet ſithence diſuſed and laid away. But in this latter age of the World, ſince the decay of the *Roman Empire*, it was renewed and brought in again by thoſe Northern Nations, when breaking out of their cold Caves and frozen habitations, into the ſweet ſoil of *Europe*, they brought with them their uſual Weeds, fit to ſhield the cold, and that continual froſt to which they had at home been inured: the which yet they left not off, by reaſon that they were in perpetual Wars with the Nations whom they had invaded, but ſtill removing from place to place, carried always with them that weed, as their Houſe, their Bed, and their Garment: and coming laſtly into *Ireland*, they found there more ſpecial uſe thereof, by reaſon of the raw cold Climate, from whom it is now grown into that general uſe in which that People now have it. After whom the *Gaules* ſucceeding, yet finding the like neceſſity of that Garment, continued the like uſe thereof.

Eudox. Since then the neceſſity thereof is ſo commodious, as you alledge, that it is inſtead of Houſing, Bedding, and Cloathing; what reaſon have you then to wiſh ſo neceſſary a thing caſt off?

Iren. Becauſe the commodity doth not countervail the diſcommodity; for the inconveniencies which thereby do ariſe, are much more many: For it is a fit Houſe for an Out-law, a meet Bed for a Rebel, and an apt Cloke for a Thief. Firſt, the Out-law, being for his many crimes and villanies baniſhed from the Towns and Houſes of honeſt men, and wandring in waſte places, far from danger of Law, maketh his Mantle his Houſe, and under it covereth himſelf from the wrath of Heaven, from the offence of the Earth, and from the ſight of Men. When it raineth, it is his Pent-houſe; when it bloweth, it is his Tent; when it freezeth, it is his Tabernacle. In Summer, he can wear it looſe; in Winter, he can wrap it cloſe; at all times, he can uſe it; never heavy, never cumberſome. Likewiſe for a Rebel it is as ſerviceable: For in his War that he maketh (if at leaſt it deſerve the name of War) when he ſtill flieth from his Foe, and lurketh in the thick Woods, and ſtrait Paſſages, waiting for advantages, it is his Bed, yea, and almoſt his Houſhold-ſtuff. For the Wood is his Houſe againſt all weathers, and his Mantle is his Couch to ſleep in: Therein he wrapeth himſelf round, and coucheth himſelf ſtrongly againſt the Gnats, which, in that Countrey, do more annoy the naked Rebels, whilſt they keep the Woods, and do more ſharply wound them, than all their Enemies Swords or Spears, which can ſeldom come nigh them. Yea, and oftentimes their Mantle ſerveth them, when they are near driven, being wrapped about their left arm, in ſtead of a Target; for it is hard to cut through with a Sword, beſides, it is light to bear, light to throw away, and being (as they commonly are) naked, it is to them all in all. Laſtly, for a Thief, it is ſo handſome, as it may ſeem it was firſt invented for him; for under it he may cleanly convey any fit pillage that cometh handſomely in his way; and when he goeth abroad in the night in Free-booting, it is his beſt and ſureſt friend; for lying, as they often do, two or three nights together abroad, to watch for their booty, with that they can prettily ſhroud themſelves under a buſh or a bank-ſide, till they may conveniently do their errand: And when all is over, he can, in his Mantle, paſs through any Town or Company, being cloſe hooded over his head, as he uſeth, from knowledge of any to whom he is endangered. Beſides this, he, or any man elſe, that is diſpoſed to miſchief or villany, may, under his Mantle, go privily armed, without ſuſpicion of any, carry his Head-piece, his Skean, or Piſtol if he pleaſe, to be always in readineſs. Thus neceſſary and fitting is a Mantle for a bad man, and ſurely for a bad Houſewife it is no leſs convenient; for ſome of them that be wandring Women, called of them *Mona-Shull*, it is half a Wardrobe; for in Summer you ſhall find her arrayed commonly, but in her Smock and Mantle, to

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be more ready for her light ſervices: in Winter, and in her travail, it is her Cloak and ſafeguard, and alſo a Coverlet for her lewd exerciſe. And when ſhe hath filled her Veſſel, under it ſhe can hide both her burden, and her blame; yea, and when her Baſtard is born, it ſerves inſtead of ſwadling clouts. And as for all other good Women which love to do but little work, how handſome it is to lye in and ſleep, or to ſouſe themſelves in the Sun-ſhine, they that have been but a while in *Ireland* can well witneſs. Sure I am that you will think it very unfit for a good Huſwife to ſtir in, or to buſie her ſelf about her Huſwifry in ſuch ſort as ſhe ſhould. Theſe be ſome of the abuſes for which I would think it meet to forbid all Mantles.

Eudox. O evil minded man, that having reckoned up ſo many uſes of a Mantle, will yet wiſh it to be abandoned! Sure I think *Diogenes* diſh did never ſerve his Maſter for more turns, notwithſtanding that he made it his Diſh, his Cup, his Cap, his Meaſure, his Water-pot, than a Mantle doth an Iriſh man. But I ſee they be moſt to bad intents, and therefore I will joyn with you in aboliſhing it. But what blame lay you to the glibb? take heed (I pray you) that you be not too buſie therewith, for fear of your own blame, ſeeing our Engliſhmen take it up in ſuch a general faſhion to wear their hair ſo immeaſurably long, that ſome of them exceed the longeſt Iriſh glibbs.

Iren. I fear not the blame of any undeſerved diſlikes: but for the Iriſh glibbs, they are as fit masks as a Mantle is for a Thief. For whenſoever he hath run himſelf into that peril of Law, that he will not be known, he either cutteth off his glibb quite, by which he becometh nothing like himſelf, or pulleth it ſo low down over his eyes, that it is very hard to diſcern his Thieviſh countenance. And therefore fit to be truſſed up with the Mantle.

Eudox. Truly theſe three *Scythian* abuſes, I hold moſt fit to be taken away with ſharp penalties: and ſure I wonder how they have been kept thus long, notwithſtanding ſo many good proviſions and orders, as have been deviſed for that people.

Iren. The cauſe thereof ſhall appear to you hereafter: but let us now go forward with our *Scythian* cuſtom. Of which the next that I have to treat of, is the manner of raiſing the cry in their conflicts, and at other troubles-ſome times of uproar: the which is very natural *Scythian*, as you may read in *Diodorus Siculus*, and in *Herodotus*, deſcribing the manner of the *Scythians* and *Parthians* coming to give the charge at Battles; at which it is ſaid, That they came running with a terrible yell, as if Heaven and Earth would have gone together; which is the very Image of the Iriſh *Hubub*, which their *Kern* uſe at their firſt encounter. Beſides, the ſame *Herodotus* writeth, that they uſed in their Battles to call upon the names of their Captains or Generals, and ſometimes upon their greateſt Kings deceaſed, as in that Battle of *Thomyris* againſt *Cyrus*: which cuſtom to this day manifeſtly appeareth amongſt the Iriſh. For at their joyning of Battle, they likewiſe call upon their Captains name, or the word of his Anceſtors. As they under *Oneal* cry *Laundarg-abo*, that is, the bloody hand, which is *Oneals* badge. They under *O Brien* call *Laun-laider*, that is, the ſtrong hand. And to their enſample, the old Engliſh alſo which there remaineth, have gotten up their cryes *Scythian*-like, as *Crom-abo*, and *Butler-abo*. And here alſo lyeth open another manifeſt proof, that the Iriſh be *Scythes* or *Scots*, for in all their incounters they uſe one very common word, crying *Ferragh*, *Ferragh*, which is a Scottiſh word, to wit, the name of one of the firſt Kings of *Scotland*, called *Feragus*, or *Fergus*, which fought againſt the *Picts*, as you may read in *Buchanan*, *de rebus Scoticis*; but as others write, it was long before that, the name of their chief Captain, under whom they fought againſt the *Africans*, the which was then ſo fortunate unto them, that ever ſithence they have uſed to call upon his name in their Battails.

Eudox. Believe me, this obſervation of yours *Irenæus*, is very good and delightful; far beyond the blind conceipt of ſome, who (I remember) have upon the ſame word *Ferragh*, made a very blunt conjecture, as namely Mr. *Stanihurſt*, who though he be the ſame Countrey man born, that ſhould ſearch more nearly into the ſecret of theſe things; yet hath ſtrayed from the truth all the heavens wide, (as they ſay) for he thereupon groundeth a very groſs imagination, that the Iriſh ſhould deſcend from the *Egyptians* which came into that Iſland, firſt under the leading of one *Scota* the Daughter of *Pharaoh*, whereupon they uſe (ſaith he) in all their Battails, to call upon the name of *Pharaoh*, crying *Ferragh*, *Ferragh*. Surely he ſhoots wide on the Bow hand, and very far from the mark. For I would firſt know of him, what ancient ground of authority he hath for ſuch a ſenſeleſs Fable, and if he have any of the rude Iriſh Books, as it may be he hath, yet (me ſeems) that a man of his Learning ſhould not ſo lightly have been carried away with old Wives Tales, from approvance of his own reaſon; for whether it be a ſmack of any learned judgment, to ſay, that *Scota* is like an *Egyptian* word, let the learned judge. But his *Scota* rather comes of the *Greek* σκότος, that is, darkneſs, which hath not let him ſee the light of the truth.

Iren. You know not, *Eudoxus*, how well M. *Stan.* could ſee in the dark, perhaps he hath Owls or Cats eyes: but well I wot he ſeeth not well the very light in matters of more weight. But as for *Ferragh* I have told my conjecture only; and yet thus much I have more to prove a likelihood, that there be yet at this day in *Ireland*, many Iriſh men (chiefly in the Northern parts) called by the name of *Ferragh*. But let that now be: this only for this place ſuffiſeth, that it is a word uſed in their common Hububs, the which (with all the reſt) is to be aboliſhed, for that it diſcovereth an affectation to Iriſh captainry, which in this platform I indeavour ſpecially to beat down. There be other ſorts of cryes alſo uſed among the Iriſh, which ſavour greatly of the *Scythian* Barbariſm, as their lamentations at their Burials, with diſpairful out-cryes, and immoderate wailings, the which M. *Stanihurſt* might alſo have uſed for an Argument to prove them *Egyptians*. For ſo in Scripture it is mentioned, that the *Egyptians* lamented for the death of *Joſeph*. Others think this cuſtom to come from the *Spaniards*, for that they

do immeaſurably likewiſe bewail their dead. But the ſame is not proper *Spaniſh*, but altogether Heatheniſh, brought in thither firſt, either by the *Scythians*, or the *Moors* that were *Africans*, and long poſſeſſed that Countrey. For it is the manner of all *Pagans* and *Infidels* to be intemperate in their waylings of their dead, for that they had no faith nor hope of Salvation. And this ill cuſtom alſo is ſpecially noted by *Diodorus Siculus*, to have been in the *Scythians*, and is yet amongſt the Northern *Scots* at this day, as you may read in their Chronicles.

Eudox. This is ſure an ill cuſtom alſo, but yet doth not ſo much concern civil Reformation, as abuſe in Religion.

Iren. I did not rehearſe it as one of the abuſes which I thought moſt worthy of Reformation; but having made mention of Iriſh cryes, I thought this manner of lewd crying and howling, not impertinent to be noted, as uncivil and *Scythian*-like: for by theſe old cuſtoms, and other like conjectural circumſtances, the deſcents of Nations can only be proved, where other monuments of writings are not remaining.

Eudox. Then (I pray you) whenſoever in your diſcourſe you meet with them by the way, do not ſhun, but boldly touch them: for beſides their great pleaſure and delight for their antiquity, they bring alſo great profit and help unto civility.

Iren. Then ſith you will have it ſo, I will here take occaſion, ſince I lately ſpake of their manner of cryes in joyning of Battail, to ſpeak alſo ſomewhat of the manner of their Arms, and array in Battel, with other cuſtoms perhaps worthy the noting. And firſt of their Arms and Weapons, amongſt which their broad Swords are proper *Scythian*, for ſuch the *Scythes* uſed commonly, as you may read in *Olaus Magnus*, and the ſame alſo the old *Scots* uſed, as you may read in *Buchanan*, and in *Solinus*, where the pictures of them are in the ſame form expreſſed. Alſo their ſhort Bowes, and little Quivers, with ſhort bearded Arrows, are very *Scythian*, as you may read in the ſame *Olaus*. And the ſame ſort both of Bows, Quivers, and Arrows, are at this day to be ſeen commonly amongſt the Northern Iriſh-*Scots*, whoſe Scottiſh Bows are not paſt three quarters of a yard long, with a ſtring of wreathed Hemp ſlackly bent, and whoſe Arrows are not much above half an ell long, tipped with ſteel heads, made like common broad Arrow heads, but much more ſharp and ſlender, that they enter into a Man or Horſe moſt cruelly, notwithſtanding that they are ſhot forth weakly. Moreover their long broad Shields, made but with wicker rods, which are commonly uſed amongſt the ſaid Northern Iriſh, but eſpecially of the *Scots*, are brought from the *Scythians*, as you made read in *Olaus Magnus*, *Solinus*, and others: likewiſe their going to battle without armour on their bodies or heads, but truſting to the thickneſs of their glibs, the which (they ſay) will ſometimes bear off a good ſtroke, is meer *Scythian*, as you may ſee in the ſaid Images of the old *Scythes* or *Scots*, ſet forth by *Herodianus* and others. Beſides, their confuſed kind of march in heaps, without any order or array, their claſhing of Swords together, their fierce running upon their enemies, and their manner of fight, reſembleth altogether that which is read in Hiſtories to have been uſed of the *Scythians*. By which it may almoſt infallibly be gathered together, with other circumſtances, that the Iriſh are very Scots or *Scythes* originally, though ſithence intermingled with many other Nations repairing and joyning unto them. And to theſe I may alſo add another ſtrong conjecture which cometh to my mind, that I have often obſerved there amongſt them, that is, certain Religious Ceremonies, which are very ſuperſtitiouſly yet uſed amongſt them, the which are alſo written by ſundry Authors, to have been obſerved amongſt the *Scythians*, by which it may very vehemently be preſumed that the Nations were anciently all one. For *Plutarch* (as I remember) in his Treatiſe of *Homer*, indeavouring to ſearch out the truth, what Countrey man *Homer* was, proveth it moſt ſtrongly (as he thinketh) that he was an *Æolian* born, for that in deſcribing a Sacrifice of the *Greeks*, he omitted the loyn, the which all the other *Grecians* (ſaving the *Æolians*) uſe to burn in their Sacrifices: alſo for that he makes the intrals to be roſted on five ſpits, which was the proper manner of the *Æolians*, who only of all the Nations of *Grecia*, uſed to Sacrifize in that ſort. By which he inferreth neceſſarily, that *Homer* was an *Æolian*. And by the ſame reaſon may I as reaſonably conclude, That the Iriſh are deſcended from the *Scythians*; for that they uſe (even to this day) ſome of the ſame Ceremonies which the *Scythians* anciently uſed. As for example, you may read in *Lucian*, in that ſweet Dialogue, which is intitled *Toxaris*, or of friendſhip, that the common Oath of the *Scythians* was by the Sword, and by the fire, for that they accounted thoſe two ſpecial divine powers, which ſhould work vengeance on the Perjurers. So do the Iriſh at this day, when they go to Battail, ſay certain prayers or charms to their Swords, making a croſs therewith upon the earth, and thruſting the points of their blades into the ground, thinking thereby to have the better ſucceſs in fight. Alſo they uſe commonly to ſwear by their Swords. Alſo the *Scythians* uſed, when they would bind any ſolemn Vow or Combination amongſt them, to drink a Bowl of blood together, vowing thereby to ſpend their laſt blood in that quarrel: and even ſo do the wild Scots, as you may read in *Buchanan*: and ſome of the Northern Iriſh. Likewiſe at the kindling of the Fire, and lighting of Candles, they ſay certain prayers, and uſe ſome other ſuperſtitious rites, which ſhew that they honour the Fire and the light: for all thoſe Northern Nations having been uſed to be annoyed with much cold and darkneſs, are wont therefore to have the Fire and the Sun in great veneration; like as contrariwiſe the *Moors* and *Egyptians*, which are much offended and grieved with extream heat of the Sun, do every morning when the Sun ariſeth, fall to curſing and banning of him as their plague. You may alſo read in the ſame Book, in the Tale of *Arſacomas*, that it was the manner of the *Scythians*, when any one of them was heavily wronged, and would aſſemble unto him any Forces of people to joyn with him in his revenge, to ſit in ſome publick place for certain days upon an Oxe-hide, to which there would reſort all ſuch perſons as, being diſpoſed to take Arms, would enter into his pay, or joyn with him in his

quarrel.

quarrel. And the ſame you may likewiſe read to have been the ancient manner of the wild Scots, which are indeed the very natural Iriſh. Moreover the *Scythians* uſed to ſwear by their Kings hand, as *Olaus* ſheweth. And ſo do the Iriſh uſe now to ſwear by their Lords hand, and to forſwear it, hold it more criminal than to ſwear by God. Alſo the *Scythians* ſaid, That they were once a year turned into Wolves, and ſo is it written of the Iriſh: Though Maſter *Camden* in a better ſence doth ſuppoſe it was a Diſeaſe, called *Lycanthropia*, ſo named of the Wolf. And yet ſome of the Iriſh do uſe to make the Wolf their Goſſip. The *Scythians* uſed alſo to ſeeth the fleſh in the hide: and ſo do the Northern Iriſh. The *Scythians* uſed to draw the blood of the beaſt living, and to make meat thereof: and ſo do the Iriſh in the North ſtill. Many ſuch cuſtoms I could recount unto you, as of their old manner of Marrying, of Burying, of Dancing, of Singing, of Feaſting, of Curſing, though Chriſtians have wiped out the moſt part of them, by reſemblance, whereof it might plainly appear to you, that the Nations are the ſame, but that by the reckoning of theſe few, which I have told unto you, I find my ſpeech drawn out to a greater length than I purpoſed. Thus much only for this time, I hope, ſhall ſuffiſe you, to think that the Iriſh are anciently deduced from the *Scythians*.

Eudox. Surely *Iren.* I have heard, in theſe few words, that from you which I would have thought had been impoſſible to have been ſpoken of times ſo remote, and cuſtoms ſo ancient: with delight whereof I was all that while as it were intranced, and carried ſo far from my ſelf, as that I am now right ſorry that you ended ſo ſoon. But I marvail much how it cometh to paſs, that in ſo long continuance of time, and ſo many ages come between, yet any jot of thoſe old rites and ſuperſtitious cuſtoms ſhould remain amongſt them.

Iren. It is no cauſe of wonder at all, for it is the manner of many Nations to be very ſuperſtitious, and diligent obſervers of old cuſtoms and antiquities, which they receive by continual Tradition from their Parents, by recording of their Bards and Chronicles, in their Songs, and by daily uſe and enſample of their Elders.

Eudox. But have you (I pray you) obſerved any ſuch cuſtoms amongſt them, brought likewiſe from the *Spaniards* or *Gaules*, as theſe from the *Scythians*? that may ſure be very material to your firſt purpoſe.

Iren. Some perhaps I have, and who that will by this occaſion more diligently mark and compare their cuſtoms, ſhall find many more. But there are fewer remaining of the *Gaules* or *Spaniards*, than of the *Scythians*, by reaſon that the parts which they then poſſeſſed, lying upon the coaſt of the Weſtern and Southern Sea, were ſithence viſited with ſtrangers and forraign people, repairing thither for traffick, and for fiſhing, which is very plentiful upon thoſe coaſts: for the trade and interdeal of Sea-coaſt Nations one with another, worketh more civility and good faſhions, (all Seamen being naturally deſirous of new faſhions,) than amongſt the Inland folk, which are ſeldom ſeen of Forraigners; yet ſome of ſuch as I have noted, I will recount unto you. And firſt I will for the better credit of the reſt, ſhew you one out of their Statutes, among which it is enacted, That no man ſhall wear his beard, only on the upper lip, ſhaving all his Chin. And this was the ancient manner of the *Spaniards*, as yet it is of all the *Mahometans* to cut off all their beards cloſe, ſave only their *Muſchachios*, which they wear long. And the cauſe of this uſe was, for that they being bred in a hot Countrey, found much hair on their faces and other parts, to be noyous unto them: for which cauſe they did cut it moſt away, like as contrarily all other Nations brought up in cold Countreys, do uſe to nouriſh their hair, to keep them the warmer, which was the cauſe that the *Scythians* and *Scottes* wore Glibbs (as I ſhewed you) to keep their heads warm, and long beards to defend their faces from cold. From them alſo (I think) came ſaffron Shirts and Smocks, which was deviſed by them in thoſe hot Countreys, where ſaffron is very common and rife, for avoiding that evil which cometh by much ſweating, and long wearing of Linnen: Alſo the Women amongſt the old *Spaniards* had the charge of all houſhold affairs, both at home and abroad, (as *Boemus* writeth) though now the *Spaniards* uſe it quite otherwiſe. And ſo have the Iriſh Women the truſt and care of all things, both at home, and in the field. Likewiſe round leather Targets is the *Spaniſh* faſhion, who uſed it (for the moſt part) painted, which in *Ireland* they uſe alſo in many places, coloured after their rude faſhion. Moreover the manner of their Womens riding on the wrong ſide of the Horſe, I mean with their faces towards the right ſide, as the Iriſh uſe, is (as they ſay) old *Spaniſh*, and ſome ſay *African*, for amongſt them the Women (they ſay) uſe ſo to ride: Alſo the deep ſmock ſleive, which the Iriſh Women uſe, they ſay was old *Spaniſh*, and is uſed yet in *Barbary*: and yet that ſhould ſeem rather to be an old Engliſh faſhion, for in Armory the faſhion of the *Manche*, which is given in Arms, by many, being indeed nothing elſe but a ſleive, is faſhioned much like to that ſleive. And that Knights in ancient times uſed to wear their Miſtreſſes or Loves ſleive, upon their Arms, as appeareth by that which is written of Sir *Launcelot*, that he wore the ſleive of the fair Maid of *Aſtheloth* in a Tourney, whereat Queen *Guenever* was much diſpleaſed.

Eudox. Your conceipt is good, and well fitting for things ſo far grown from certainty of knowledge and learning, only upon likelyhoods and conjectures. But have you any cuſtoms remaining from the *Gaules* or *Britains*?

Iren. I have obſerved a few of either; and who will better ſearch into them, may find more: And firſt, the profeſſion of their *Bardes* was (as *Cæſar* writeth) uſual amongſt the *Gaules*, and the ſame was alſo common amongſt the *Britans*, and is not yet altogether left off with the *Welſh*, which are their poſterity. For all the faſhions of the *Gaules* and *Britains*, as he teſtifieth, were much like. The long darts came alſo from the *Gaules*, as you may read in the ſame *Cæſar*, and in *Jo. Boemus*. Likewiſe the ſaid *Jo. Boemus* writeth, that the *Gaules* uſed Swords a handful broad, and ſo do the Iriſh now. Alſo they uſed long Wicker ſhields in Battail, that ſhould cover their whole bodies, and ſo do the Northern Iriſh. But I have not ſeen ſuch faſhioned Targets uſed in the Southern parts,

parts, but onely amongſt the Northern people, and *Iriſh Scots*, I do think that they were brought in rather by the *Scythians* than by the *Gaules*. Alſo the *Gaules* uſed to drink their enemies blood, and paint themſelves therewith. So alſo they write, that the old *Iriſh* were wont, and ſo have I ſeen ſome of the *Iriſh* do, but not their enemies, but friends blood: As namely, at the execution of a notable Traitor at *Limmerick*, called *Murrogh O-Brien*, I ſaw an old Woman, which was his Foſter-mother, take up his head, whilſt he was quartered, and ſucked up all the blood that run thereout, ſaying, that the Earth was not worthy to drink it; and therewith alſo ſteeped her face and breaſt, and tore her hair, crying out and ſhrieking moſt terribly.

Eudox. You have very well run through ſuch Cuſtoms as the *Iriſh* have derived from the firſt old Nations which inhabited the Land; namely, the *Scythians*, the *Spaniards*, the *Gaules*, and the *Britains*. It now remaineth that you take in hand the Cuſtoms of the old *Engliſh* which are amongſt the *Iriſh*: of which I do not think that you ſhall have much cauſe to find fault with, conſidering that by the *Engliſh*, moſt of the old bad *Iriſh* Cuſtoms were aboliſhed, and more civil Faſhions brought in their ſtead.

Iren. You think otherwiſe, *Eudox.* than I do; for the chiefeſt abuſes which are now in that Realm, are grown from the *Engliſh*, and ſome of them are now much more lawleſs and licentious than the very wild *Iriſh*: ſo that as much care as was by them had to reform the *Iriſh*, ſo and much more muſt now be uſed to reform them; ſo much time doth alter the manners of men.

Eudox. That ſeemeth very ſtrange which you ſay, that men ſhould ſo much degenerate from their firſt natures, as to grow wild.

Iren. So much can liberty and ill examples do.

Eudox. What liberty had the *Engliſh* there, more than they had here at home? Were not the Laws planted amongſt them at the firſt, and had they not Governours to curb and keep them ſtill in aw and obedience?

Iren. They had, but it was for the moſt part ſuch as did more hurt than good; for they had Governours for the moſt part of themſelves, and commonly out of the two Families of the *Geraldines* and *Butlers*, both adverſaries and corrivals one againſt the other: who though for the moſt part they were but Deputies under ſome of the Kings of *Englands Sons*, *Brethren*, or other near Kinſmen. who were the Kings *Lieutenants*; yet they ſwayed ſo much, as they had all the Rule, and the others but the Title. Of which *Butlers* and *Geraldines*, albeit (I muſt confeſs) there were very brave and worthy men, as alſo of other the Peers of that Realm, made Lord Deputies, and Lord Juſtices at ſundry times; yet through greatneſs of their late Conqueſts and Seigniories, they grew inſolent, and bent both that Regal Authority, and alſo their private powers, one againſt another, to the utter ſubverſion of themſelves, and ſtrengthning of the *Iriſh* again. This you may read plainly diſcovered by a Letter written from the Citizens of *Cork* out of *Ireland*, to the Earl of *Shrewsbury* then in *England*, and remaining yet upon Record, both in the Tower of *London*, and alſo among the Chronicles of *Ireland*; wherein it is by them complained, that the *Engliſh* Lords and Gentlemen, who then had great poſſeſſions in *Ireland*, began, through pride and inſolency, to make private Wars one againſt another; and when either part was weak, they would wage and draw in the *Iriſh* to take their part; by which means they both greatly encouraged and enabled the *Iriſh*, which till that time had been ſhut up within the Mountains of *Slewlogher*, and weakned and diſabled themſelves; inſomuch that their Revenues were wonderfully impaired, and ſome of them which are there reckoned to have been able to have ſpent 12 or 1300 pounds *per annum*, of old rent, (that I may ſay no more) beſides their Commodities of Crecks and Havens, were now ſcarce able to diſpend the third part. From which diſorder, and through other huge calamities which have come upon them thereby, they are almoſt now grown like the *Iriſh*; I mean of ſuch *Engliſh* as were planted above towards the Weſt; for the *Engliſh Pale* hath preſerved it ſelf through nearneſs of the State, in reaſonable civility; but the reſt which dwelt in *Connaght* and in *Mounſter*, which is the ſweeteſt ſoil of *Ireland*, and ſome in *Leinſter* and *Ulſter*, are degenerate, yea, and ſome of them have quite ſhaken off their *Engliſh* names, and put on *Iriſh*, that they might be altogether *Iriſh*.

Eudox. Is it poſſible that any ſhould ſo far grow out of frame, that they ſhould in ſo ſhort ſpace quite forget their Countrey and their own names? that is a moſt dangerous Lethargy, much worſe than that of *Meſſala Corvinus*, who being a moſt learned man, through ſickneſs forgat his own name. But can you count us any of this kind?

Iren. I cannot, but by report of the *Iriſh* themſelves, who report, that the *Mac-mahons* in the North were anciently *Engliſh*; to wit, deſcended from the *Fitz Urſula's*, which was a Noble Family in *England*, and that the ſame appeareth by the ſignification of their *Iriſh* names. Likewiſe that the *Mac-ſwynes*, now in *Ulſter*, were anciently of the *Veres* in *England*; but that they themſelves, for hatred of *Engliſh*, ſo diſguiſed their names.

Eudox. Could they ever conceive any ſuch diſlike of their own natural Countreys, as that they would be aſhamed of their name, and bite at the Dug from which they ſucked life?

Iren. I wot well there ſhould be none; but proud hearts do oftentimes (like wanton Colts) kick at their Mothers; as we read *Alcibiades* and *Themiſtocles* did, who being baniſhed out of *Athens*, fled unto the Kings of *Aſia*, and there ſtirred them up to war againſt their Countrey, in which Wars they themſelves were Chieftains. So they ſay did theſe *Mac-ſwynes* and *Mac-mahons*, or rather *Veres* and *Fitz-Urſula's*, for private deſpight, turn themſelves againſt *England*. For at ſuch time as *Robert Vere* Earl of *Oxford* was in the Barons Wars againſt King *Richard* the Second, through the malice of the Peers, baniſhed the Realm, and proſcribed, he with his Kinſman

Fitz

Fitz Urſula fled into *Ireland*; where being proſecuted, and afterwards in *England* put to death, his Kinſman there remaining behind in *Ireland* rebelled, and conſpiring with the *Iriſh*, did quite caſt off both their *Engliſh* Name and Allegiance; ſince which time they have ſo remained ſtill, and have ſince been counted meer *Iriſh*. The very like is alſo reported of the *Mac-ſwynes*, *Mac-mahones*, and *Mac-ſhehies* of *Mounſter*, how they likewiſe were anciently *Engliſh*, and old followers to the Earl of *Deſmond*, until the Reign of King *Edward* the Fourth: at which time the Earl of *Deſmond* that then was, called *Thomas*, being through falſe ſubornation (as they ſay) of the Queen, for ſome offence by her againſt him conceived, brought to his death at *Tredagh* moſt unjuſtly, notwithſtanding that he was a very good and ſound Subject to the King. Thereupon all his Kinſmen of the *Geraldines*, which then was a mighty Family in *Mounſter*, in revenge of that huge wrong, roſe into Arms againſt the King, and utterly renounced and forſook all obedience to the Crown of *England*; to whom the ſaid *Mac-ſwynes*, *Mac-ſhehies*, and *Mac-mahones*, being then ſervants and followers, did the like, and have ever ſithence ſo continued. And with them (they ſay) all the people of *Mounſter* went out, and many other of them which were mere *Engliſh*, thenceforth joyned with the *Iriſh* againſt the King, and termed themſelves very *Iriſh*, taking on them *Iriſh* habits and cuſtoms, which could never ſince be clean wiped away, but the contagion hath remained ſtill amongſt their poſterities. Of which ſort (they ſay) be moſt of the ſurnames which end in *an*, as *Hernan*, *Shinan*, *Mungan*, &c. the which now account themſelves natural *Iriſh*. Other great Houſes there be of the *Engliſh* in *Ireland*, which through licentious converſing with the *Iriſh*, or marrying, or foſtering with them, or lack of meet nurture, or other ſuch unhappy occaſions, have degenerated from their ancient dignities, and are now grown as *Iriſh* as *O-Hanlons breech*, as the proverb there is.

Eudox. In truth this which you tell is a moſt ſhameful hearing, and to be reformed with moſt ſharp cenſures in ſo great Perſonages, to the terror of the meaner: for if the Lords and chief Men degenerate, what ſhall be hoped of the Peaſants and baſer people? And hereby ſure you have made a fair way unto your ſelf, to lay open the abuſes of their evil cuſtoms, which you have now next to declare; the which, no doubt, but are very bad, being borrowed from the *Iriſh*, as their Apparel, their Language, their Riding, and many other the like.

Iren. You cannot but hold them ſure to be very uncivil; for were they at the beſt that they were of old, when they were brought in, they ſhould in ſo long an alteration of time ſeem very uncouth and ſtrange. For it is to be thought, that the uſe of all *England* was (in the Reign of *Henry* the Second, when *Ireland* was planted with *Engliſh*) very rude and barbarous; ſo as if the ſame ſhould be now uſed in *England* by any, it would ſeem worthy of ſharp correction, and of new Laws for reformation; for it is but even the other day ſince *England* grew civil. Therefore in counting the evil cuſtoms of the *Engliſh* there, I will not have regard, whether the beginning thereof were *Engliſh* or *Iriſh*, but will have reſpect onely to the inconvenience thereof. And firſt I have to find fault with the abuſe of Language, that is, for the ſpeaking of *Iriſh* among the *Engliſh*, which as it is unnatural that any people ſhould love anothers Language more than their own, ſo it is very inconvenient, and the cauſe of many other evils.

Eudox. It ſeemeth ſtrange to me, that the *Engliſh* ſhould take more delight to ſpeak that Language than their own; whereas they ſhould (me-thinks) rather take ſcorn to acquaint their tongues thereto. For it hath ever been the uſe of the *Conqueror*, to deſpiſe the Language of the *Conquered*, and to force him by all means to learn his: So did the *Romans* always uſe, inſomuch that there is almoſt no Nation in the World, but is ſprinkled with their Language. It were good therefore (me-ſeems) to ſearch out the original cauſe of this evil, for the ſame being diſcovered, a redreſs thereof will the more eaſily be provided: For I think it very ſtrange, that the *Engliſh* being ſo many, and the *Iriſh* ſo few, as they then were left, the fewer ſhould draw the more unto their uſe.

Iren. I ſuppoſe that the chief cauſe of bringing in the *Iriſh* Language amongſt them, was ſpecially their Foſtering, and marrying with the *Iriſh*, the which are two moſt dangerous infections: For firſt, the Child that ſucketh the mik of the Nurſe, muſt of neceſſity learn his firſt ſpeech of her; the which being the firſt inured to his tongue, is ever after moſt pleaſing unto him, inſomuch as though he afterwards be taught *Engliſh*, yet the ſmack of the firſt will always abide with him; and not onely of the Speech, but alſo of the manners and conditions. For beſides that young Children be like Apes, which will affect and imitate what they ſee done before them, eſpecially by their Nurſes, whom they love ſo well; they moreover draw into themſelves, together with their ſuck, even the nature and diſpoſition of their Nurſes; for the mind followeth much the temperature of the body, and alſo the words are the image of the mind, ſo as they proceeding from the mind, the mind muſt needs be affected with the words: ſo that the ſpeech being *Iriſh*, the heart muſt needs be *Iriſh*; for out of the abundance of the heart, the tongue ſpeaketh. The next is the marrying with the *Iriſh*, which how dangerous a thing it is in all Common-wealths, appeareth to every ſimpleſt ſenſe; and though ſome great ones have perhaps uſed ſuch Matches with their Vaſſals, and have of them nevertheleſs raiſed worthy iſſue, as *Telamon* did with *Tecmeſſa*, *Alexander* the Great with *Roxane*, and *Julius Cæſar* with *Cleopatra*; yet the example is ſo perillous, as it is not to be adventured: for in ſtead of thoſe few good, I could count unto them infinite many evil. And indeed how can ſuch Matching ſucceed well, ſeeing that commonly the Child taketh moſt of his Nature of the Mother, beſides ſpeech, manners, and inclination, which are (for the moſt part) agreeable to the conditions of their Mothers; for by them they are firſt framed and faſhioned, ſo as what they receive once from them, they will hardly ever after forego. Therefore are theſe evil cuſtoms of foſtering and marrying with the *Iriſh*, moſt carefully to be re-

reſtrained: for of them two, the third evil, that is, the cuſtom of Language, (which I ſpake of) chiefly proceedeth.

Eudox. But are there not Laws already provided for avoiding of this evil?

Iren. Yes, I think there be; but as good never a whit as never the better: for what do Statutes avail without penalties, or Laws without charge of execution? For ſo there is another like Law enacted againſt wearing of the *Iriſh* apparel, but nevertheleſs is it obſerved by any, or executed by them that have the charge: for they in their private diſcretions think it not fit to be forced upon the poor wretches of that Countrey, which are not worth the price of *Engliſh* apparel, nor expedient to be practiſed againſt the abler ſort, by reaſon that the Countrey (ſay they) doth yield no better; and were there better to be had, yet theſe were fitter to be uſed; as namely, the Mantle in travelling, becauſe there be no Inns where meet Bedding may be had, ſo that his Mantle ſerves him then for a Bed. The Leather quilted Jack in journeying and in camping, for that it is fitteſt to be under his Shirt of Male, and for any occaſion of ſudden ſervice, as there happen many, to cover his Trouſe on Horſeback. The great Linen Roll, which the Women wear, to keep their heads warm, after cutting their hair, which they uſe in any ſickneſs. Beſides their thick-folded Linen Shirts, their long-ſleeved Smocks, their half-ſleeved Coats, their Silken Fillets, and all the reſt, they will deviſe ſome colour for, either of neceſſity, or of antiquity, or of comelineſs.

Eudox. But what colour ſoever they alledge, me-thinks it not expedient, that the execution of a Law once ordained ſhould be left to the diſcretion of the Judge, or Officer, but that without partiality or regard, it ſhould be fulfilled as well on *Engliſh* as *Iriſh*.

Iren. But they think this preciſeneſs in reformation of apparel, not to be ſo material, or greatly pertinent.

Eudox. Yes ſurely but it is: for mens apparel is commonly made according to their conditions, and their conditions are oftentimes governed by their garments: for the perſon that is Gowned, is by his Gown put in mind of gravity, and alſo reſtrained from lightneſs, by the very unaptneſs of his Weed. Therefore it is written by *Ariſtotle*, that when *Cyrus* had overcome the *Lydians*, that were a Warlike Nation, and deviſed to bring them to a more peaceable life, he changed their Apparel and Muſick, and in ſtead of their ſhort warlike Coat, cloathed them in long garments like Women; and in ſtead of their Warlike Muſick, appointed to them certain laſcivious Lays, and looſe Jigs, by which in ſhort ſpace their minds were ſo mollified and abated, that they forgot their former fierceneſs, and became moſt tender and effeminate. Whereby it appeareth, that there is not a little in the garment to the faſhioning of the mind and conditions. But be theſe, which you have deſcribed, the faſhions of the *Iriſh* Weeds?

Iren. No: all theſe which I have rehearſed to you be not *Iriſh* garments, but *Engliſh*; for the quilted Leather Jack is old *Engliſh*, for it was the proper Weed of the Horſeman, as you may read in *Chaucer*, when he deſcribeth Sir *Thopas*'s Apparel and Armour, as he went to fight againſt the Gyant, in his Robe of Shecklaton, which is that kind of gilded Leather with which they uſe to imbroider their *Iriſh* Jackets. And there likewiſe by all that deſcription, you may ſee the very faſhion and manner of the *Iriſh* Horſeman moſt truly ſet forth, in his long Hoſe, his riding Shoes of coſtly Cordwain, his Hacqueton, and his Haberion, with all the reſt thereunto belonging.

Eudox. I ſurely thought that the manner had been *Iriſh*, for it is far differing from that we have now, as alſo all the Furniture of his Horſe, his ſtrong braſs Bit, his ſliding Reins, his ſhank Pillion without Stirrups, his manner of Mounting, his faſhion of Riding, his charging of his Spear aloft above-head, the form of his Spear.

Iren. No ſure, they be native *Engliſh*, and brought in by the *Engliſhmen* firſt into *Ireland*: neither is the ſame accounted an uncomely manner of riding; for I have heard ſome great Warriors ſay, that in all the Services which they had ſeen abroad in Forreign Countreys, they never ſaw a more comely man than the *Iriſh* man, nor that cometh on more bravely in his Charge; neither is his manner of Mounting unſeemly, though he lack Stirrops, but more ready than with Stirrops; for in his getting up, his Horſe is ſtill going, whereby he gaineth way. And therefore the Stirrop was called ſo in ſcorn, as it were a ſtay to get up, being derived of the old *Engliſh* word *Sty*, which is, to get up, or mount.

Eudox. It ſeemeth then that you find no fault with this manner of riding, why then would you have the quilted Jack laid away?

Iren. I do not wiſh it to be laid away, but the abuſe thereof to be put away; for being uſed to the end that it was framed, that is, to be worn in War under a ſhirt of Mayl, it is allowable; as alſo the Shirt of Mayl, and all his other Furniture: but to be worn daily at home, and in Towns and civil places, is a rude habit, and moſt uncomely, ſeeming like a Players painted Coat.

Eudox. But it is worn (they ſay) likewiſe of *Iriſh* Footmen; how do you allow of that? for I ſhould think it very unſeemly.

Iren. No, not as it is uſed in War; for it is worn then likewiſe of Footmen under their Shirts of Mayl, the which Footmen they call *Galloglaſſes*, the which name doth diſcover them alſo to be ancient *Engliſh*: for *Gallogla* ſignifies an *Engliſh* Servitor or Yeoman. And he being ſo armed in a long Shirt of Mayl down to the calf of his leg, with a long broad Ax in his hand, was then *Pedes gravis armaturæ*, (and was inſtead of the Footman that now weareth a Corſlet) before the Corſlet was uſed, or almoſt invented.

Eudox. Then him belike you likewiſe allow in your ſtrait reformation of old cuſtoms.

Iren.

Iren. Both him and the Kern alſo, (whom only I take to be the proper *Iriſh* Souldier) can I allow, ſo that they uſe that habit and cuſtom of theirs in the Wars only, when they are led forth to the ſervice of their Prince, and not uſually at home, and in civil places, and beſides do lay aſide the evil and wild uſes which the *Galloglaſſe* and *Kerne* do uſe in their common trade of life.

Eudox. What be thoſe?

Iren. Marry thoſe be the moſt barbarous and loathly conditions of any people (I think) under Heaven: for from the time that they enter into that courſe, they do uſe all the beaſtly behaviour that may be, they oppreſs all men, they ſpoil aſwell the ſubject, as the enemy; they ſteal, they are cruel and bloody, full of revenge, and delighting in deadly execution, licentious, ſwearers, and blaſphemers, common raviſhers of Women, and murtherers of children.

Eudox. Theſe be moſt villainous conditions, I marvail then that they be ever uſed or imployed, or almoſt ſuffered to live; what good can there then be in them?

Iren. Yet ſure they are very valiant, and hardy, for the moſt part great indurers of cold, labour, hunger, and all hardneſs, very active and ſtrong of hand, very ſwift of foot, very vigilant and circumſpect in their enterpriſes, very preſent in perils, very great ſcorners of death.

Eudox. Truly by this that you ſay, it ſeems that the *Iriſhman* is a very brave Soldier.

Iren. Yea ſurely, in that rude kind of ſervice, he beareth himſelf very couragiouſly. But when he cometh to experience of ſervice abroad, or is put to a Piece, or a Pike, he maketh as worthy a Soldier as any Nation he meeteth with. But let us (I pray you) turn again to our diſcourſe of evil cuſtoms amongſt the *Iriſh*.

Eudox. Methinks, all this which you ſpeak of, concerneth the cuſtoms of the *Iriſh* very materially; for their uſes in War are of no ſmall importance to be conſidered, aſwell to reform thoſe which are evil, as to confirm and continue thoſe which are good. But follow you your own courſe, and ſhew what other their cuſtoms you have to diſlike of.

Iren. There is amongſt the *Iriſh* a certain kind of people called *Bardes*, which are to them inſtead of Poets, whoſe profeſſion is to ſet forth the praiſes or diſpraiſes of men in their Poems or Rithmes, the which are had in ſo high regard and eſtimation amongſt them, that none dare diſpleaſe them for fear to run into reproach thorough their offence, and to be made infamous in the mouths of all men. For their verſes are taken up with a general applauſe, and uſually ſung at all Feaſts and Meetings, by certain other perſons, whoſe proper function that is, who alſo receive for the ſame, great rewards and reputation amongſt them.

Eudox. Do you blame this in them, which I would otherwiſe have thought to have been worthy of good accompt, and rather to have been maintained and augmented amongſt them, than to have been diſliked; for I have read that in all ages, Poets have been had in ſpecial Reputation, and that (methinks) not without great cauſe; for beſides their ſweet inventions, and moſt witty layes, they have always uſed to ſet forth the praiſes of the good and vertuous, and to beat down and diſgrace the bad and vicious. So that many brave young minds, have oftentimes thorough hearing the praiſes and famous *Eulogies* of worthy men ſung and reported unto them, been ſtirred up to affect the like commendations, and ſo to ſtrive to the like deſerts. So they ſay that the *Lacedemonians* were more excited to deſire of honour, with the excellent verſes of the Poet *Tirtæus*, than with all the exhortations of their Captains, or authority of their Rulers and Magiſtrates.

Iren. It is moſt true, that ſuch Poets as in their writings do labour to better the manners of men, and thorough the ſweet bait of their numbers, to ſteal into the young Spirits a deſire of honour and vertue, are worthy to be had in great reſpect. But theſe *Iriſh Bardes* are for the moſt part of another mind, and ſo far from inſtructing young men in moral diſcipline, that they themſelves do more deſerve to be ſharply diſciplined: for they ſeldom uſe to chooſe unto themſelves the doings of good men for the Arguments of their Poems, but whomſoever they find to be moſt licentious of life, moſt bold and lawleſs in his doings, moſt dangerous and deſperate in all parts of diſobedience and rebellious diſpoſition, him they ſet up and glorifie in their Rithmes, him they praiſe to the people, and to young men make an example to follow?

Eudox. I marvail what kind of ſpeeches they can find, or what face they can put on, to praiſe ſuch bad perſons as live ſo lawleſly and licentiouſly upon ſtealths and ſpoyls, as moſt of them do, or how can they think that any good mind will applaud or approve the ſame.

Iren. There is none ſo bad, *Eudoxus*, but ſhall find ſome to favour his doings, but ſuch licentious parts as theſe, tending for the moſt part to the hurt of the *Engliſh*, or maintenance of their own lewd liberty, they themſelves being moſt deſirous thereof, do moſt allow. Beſides this, evil things being decked and attired with the gay attire of goodly words, may eaſily deceive, and carry away the affection of a young mind, that is not well ſtayed, but deſirous by ſome bold adventures, to make proof of himſelf; for being (as they all be brought up idely) without awe of Parents, without precepts of Maſters, and without fear of offence, not being directed, nor imployed in any courſe of life, which may carry them to vertue, will eaſily be drawn to follow ſuch as any ſhall ſet before them; for a young mind cannot reſt, if he be not ſtill buſied in ſome goodneſs, he will find himſelf ſuch buſineſs, as ſhall ſoon buſie all about him. In which, if he ſhall find any to praiſe him, and to give him encouragement, as thoſe Bardes and Rithmers do for little reward, or a ſhare of a ſtoln Cow, then waxeth he moſt inſolent and half mad with the love of himſelf, and his own lewd deeds. And as for words to ſet forth ſuch lewdneſe, it is not hard for

them to give a goodly and painted ſhew thereunto, borrowed even from the praiſes which are proper to vertue it ſelf. As of a moſt notorious Thief, and wicked Out-law, which had lived all his life-time of ſpoils and robberies, one of their Bards in his praiſe will ſay, That he was none of the idle Milk-ſops that was brought up by the fire-ſide, but that moſt of his days he ſpent in Arms and valiant enterpriſes; that he did never eat his meat, before he had wone it with his Sword; that he lay not all night ſlugging in a Cabin under his Mantle, but uſed commonly to keep others waking to defend their lives; and did light his Candle at the flames of their houſes, to lead him in the darkneſs; that the day was his night, and the night his day; That he loved not to be long wooing of Wenches to yield to him, but where he came he took by force the ſpoil of other mens love, and left but lamentation to their Lovers; that his Muſick was not the Harp, nor Lays of Love, but the cries of People, and claſhing of Armour; and finally, that he died not bewailed of many, but made many wail when he died, that dearly bought his death. Do you not think (*Eudoxus*) that many of theſe praiſes might be applied to men of beſt deſerts, yet are they all yielded to a moſt notable Traitor, and amongſt ſome of the *Iriſh* not ſmally accounted of. For the Song, when it was firſt made and ſung to a perſon of high degree there, was bought (as their manner is) for fourty Crowns.

Eudox. And well worthy ſure. But tell me (I pray you) have they any Art in their Compoſitions? or be they any thing witty or well ſavoured, as Poems ſhould be?

Iren. Yea truly, I have cauſed divers of them to be tranſlated unto me, that I might underſtand them, and ſurely they ſavoured of ſweet wit, and good invention, but skilled not of the goodly ornaments of Poetry; yet were they ſprinkled with ſome pretty flowers of their natural device, which gave good grace and comelineſs unto them; the which it is great pity to ſee ſo abuſed, to the gracing of wickedneſs and vice, which with good uſage would ſerve to adorn and beautifie vertue. This evil cuſtom therefore needeth Reformation. And now next after the *Iriſh Kern*, me-thinks the *Iriſh Horſe-boys* would come well in order, the uſe of which, though neceſſity (as times now be) do enforce; yet in the thorough Reformation of that Realm, they ſhould be cut off. For the cauſe why they are now to be permitted, is want of convenient Inns, for lodging of Travellers on Horſeback, and of Hoſtlers to tend their Horſes by the way. But when things ſhall be reduced to a better paſs, this needeth ſpecially to be reformed. For out of the frie of theſe rake-hell Horſe-boys, growing up in knavery and villany, are their *Kern* continually ſuppli'd and maintained. For having been once brought up an idle Horſe-boy, he will never after fall to labour, but is onely made fit for the Halter. And theſe alſo (the which is one foul over-ſight) are, for the moſt part, bred up amongſt the *Engliſhmen*, of whom learning to ſhoot in a Piece, and being made acquainted with all the Trades of the *Engliſh*, they are afterwards, when they become *Kern*, made more fit to cut their throats. Next to this, there is another much like, but much more lewd and diſhoneſt, and that is, of their *Carrows*, which is a kind of People that wander up and down to Gentlemens houſes, living onely upon Cards and Dice; the which, though they have little or nothing of their own, yet will they play for much money, which if they win, they waſte moſt lightly; and if they loſe, they pay as ſlenderly, but make recompence with one ſtealth or another; whoſe onely hurt is not, that they themſelves are idle Loſſels, but that through gaming they draw others to like lewdneſs and idleneſs. And to theſe may be added another ſort of like looſe Fellows, which do paſs up and down amongſt Gentlemen by the name of Jeſters, but are (indeed) notable Rogues, and partakers not onely of many ſtealths, by ſetting forth other mens goods to be ſtoln, but alſo privy to many traiterous practiſes, and common carriers of news; with deſire whereof you would wonder how much the *Iriſh* are fed, for they ſend commonly up and down to know news; and if any meet with another, his ſecond word is, What news? Inſomuch that hereof is told a pretty jeſt of a *French-man*, who having been ſometimes in *Ireland*, where he marked their great inquiry for news; and meeting afterwards in *France* an *Iriſh-man*, whom he knew in *Ireland*, firſt ſaluted him, and afterwards ſaid thus merrily, O Sir, I pray you tell me of courteſie, have you heard any thing of the news that you ſo much inquired for in your Countrey?

Eudox. This argueth ſure in them a great deſire of innovation, and therefore theſe occaſions which nouriſh the ſame muſt be taken away; as namely, thoſe Jeſters, Carrows, Mona-ſhutes, and all ſuch ſtraglers; for whom (me-thinks) the ſhort riddance of a Marſhal were meeter, than an Ordinance or Prohibition to reſtrain them. Therefore (I pray you) leave all this rabblement of Runnagates, and paſs to other Cuſtoms.

Iren. There is a great uſe amongſt the *Iriſh*, to make great Aſſemblies together upon a Rath or Hill, there to Parly (as they ſay) about matters and wrongs between Townſhip and Townſhip, or one private perſon and another. But well I wot, and true it hath been oftentimes proved, that in their meetings many miſchiefs have been both practiſed and wrought; for to them do commonly reſort all the ſcum of the people, where they may meet and confer of what they liſt, which elſe they could not do without ſuſpicion or knowledge of others. Beſides, at theſe meetings, I have known divers times, that many *Engliſh-men*, and good *Iriſh* Subjects, have been villanouſly murdered, by moving one quarrel or another againſt them. For the *Iriſh* never come to thoſe Raths but armed, whether on Horſe or on Foot; which the *Engliſh* nothing ſuſpecting, are then commonly taken at advantage, like Sheep in the Pin-fold.

Eudox. It may be (*Irenæus*) that abuſe may be in thoſe meetings. But theſe round Hills and ſquare Bawns which you ſee ſo ſtrongly trenched and thrown up, were (they ſay) at firſt ordained for the ſame purpoſe, that people might aſſemble themſelves therein; and therefore anciently they were called *Folk-motes*, that is, a place

of

of people, to meet or talk of any thing that concerned any difference between Parties and Townſhips, which ſeemeth yet to me very requiſite.

Iren. You ſay very true, *Eudoxus*, the firſt making of theſe high Hills were at firſt indeed to very good purpoſe for people to meet; but howſoever the times, when they were firſt made, might well ſerve to good occaſions, as perhaps they did then in *England*; yet things being ſince altered, and now *Ireland* much differing from the ſtate of *England*, the good uſe that then was of them, is now turned to abuſe; for thoſe Hills whereof you ſpeak, were (as you may gather by reading) appointed for two ſpecial uſes, and built by two ſeveral Nations. The one is that which you call *Folk-motes*, which were built by the *Saxons*, as the word bewraieth, for it ſignifieth in *Saxon* a meeting of folk; and theſe are, for the moſt part, in form four ſquare, well intrenched: the others. that were round, were caſt up by the *Danes*, as the name of them doth betoken; for they are called *Danes-Rathes*, that is, Hills of the *Danes*; the which were by them deviſed, not for Treaties and Parlies, but appointed as Forts for them to gather unto in troubleſome time, when any trouble aroſe: for the *Danes* being but a few in compariſon of the *Saxons* (in *England*) uſed this for their ſafety; they made thoſe ſmall round Hills ſo ſtrongly fenced in every quarter of the Hundred, to the end that if in the night, or any other time, any troublous cry or uproar ſhould happen, they might repair with all ſpeed unto their own Fort, which was appointed for their Quarter, and there remain ſafe, till they could aſſemble themſelves in greater ſtrength; for they were made ſo ſtrong with one ſmall entrance, that whoſoever came thither firſt, were he one or two, or like few, he or they might there reſt ſafe, and defend themſelves againſt many, till more ſuccour came unto them: and when they were gathered to a ſufficient number, they marched to the next Fort, and ſo forward till they met with the peril, or knew the occaſions thereof. But beſides theſe two ſorts of Hills, there were anciently divers others; for ſome were raiſed where there had been a great Battel fought, as a Memory or Trophy thereof: Others, as Monuments of Burials, of the Carcaſſes of all thoſe that were ſlain in any Field, upon whom they did throw ſuch round Mounts, as Memorials of them; and ſometimes did caſt up great heaps of ſtones, (as you may read the like in many places of the Scripture) and other whiles, they did throw up many round heaps of earth in a circle, like a Garland, or pitch many long ſtones on end in compaſs, every of which (they ſay) betokened ſome perſon of Note, there ſlain and buried; for this was their ancient cuſtom, before Chriſtianity came in amongſt them, that Church-yards were incloſed.

Eudox. You have very well declared the original of their Mounts and great Stones encompaſſed, which ſome vainly term the old *Giants Trevetts*; and think that thoſe huge Stones would not elſe be brought into order, or reared up, without the ſtrength of *Giants*. And others vainly think, that they were never placed there by mans hand or art, but onely remained there ſo ſince the beginning, and were afterwards diſcovered by the Deluge, and laid open as then by the waſhing of the Waters, or other like caſualty. But let them dream their own imaginations, to pleaſe themſelves; you have ſatisfied me much better, both for that I ſee ſome confirmation thereof in the Holy Writ, and alſo remember that I have read in many Hiſtories and Chronicles the like Mounts and Stones, oftentimes mentioned.

Iren. There be many great Authorities (I aſſure you) to prove the ſame; but as for theſe meetings on Hills, whereof we were ſpeaking, it is very inconvenient that any ſuch ſhould be permitted.

Eudox. But yet it is very needful (me-thinks) for many other purpoſes; as for the Countreys to gather together, when there is any impoſition to be laid upon them, to the which they then may all agree at ſuch meetings, to divide upon themſelves, according to their holdings and abilities. So as if at theſe Aſſemblies, there be any Officers, as Conſtables, Bayliffs, or ſuch like amongſt them, there can be no peril, or doubt of ſuch bad practiſes.

Iren. Nevertheleſs, dangerous are ſuch Aſſemblies, whether for Ceſs or ought elſe; the Conſtables and Officers being alſo of the *Iriſh*; and if any of the *Engliſh* happen to be there, even to them they may prove perillous. Therefore for avoiding of all ſuch evil occaſions, they were beſt to be aboliſhed.

Eudox. But what is that which you call Ceſs? it is a word ſure unuſed among us here; therefore (I pray you) expound the ſame.

Iren. Ceſs is none other than that which your ſelf called Impoſition, but it is in a kind unacquainted perhaps unto you: For there are Ceſſes of ſundry ſorts; one is, the Ceſſing of Soldiers upon the Countrey. For *Ireland* being a Countrey of War, (as it is handled) and always full of Soldiers, they which have the Government, whether they find it the moſt eaſe to the *Queens* Purſe, or the moſt ready means at hand for victualling of the Soldier, or that neceſſity enforceth them thereunto, do ſcatter the Army abroad in the Countrey, and place them in Villages to take their victuals of them, at ſuch vacant times as they lie not in Camp, nor are otherwiſe imployed in ſervice. Another kind of Ceſs is, the impoſing of Proviſion for the Governours Houſe-keeping, which though it be moſt neceſſary, and be alſo (for avoiding of all the evils formerly therein uſed) lately brought to a compoſition; yet it is not without great inconveniences, no leſs than here in *England*, or rather much more, The like Ceſs is alſo charged upon the Countrey ſometimes, for victualling of the Soldiers, when they lie in Garriſon, at ſuch times as there is none remaining in the *Queens* ſtore, or that the ſame cannot be conveniently conveyed to their place of Garriſon. But theſe two are not eaſily to be redreſſed, when neceſſity thereto compelleth: but as for the former, as it is not neceſſary, ſo it is moſt hurtful and offenſive to the poor Countrey, and nothing convenient for the Soldiers themſelves, who during their lying at Ceſs, uſe all kind of outragious diſorder and villany, both

towards the poor men, which victual and lodge them, as alſo to all the Countrey round about them, whom they abuſe, oppreſs, ſpoyl, and afflict by all the means they can invent, for they will not only not content themſelves with ſuch victuals as their hoſts, nor yet as the place perhaps affords, but they will have other meat provided for them, and *Aqua vita* ſent for, yea and Money beſides laid at their Trenchers, which if they want, then about the houſe they walk with the wretched poor man and his ſilly wife, who are glad to purchaſe their peace with any thing. By which vile manner of abuſe, the Countrey people, yea and the very *Engliſh* which dwell abroad and ſee, and ſometimes feel this outrage, grow into great deteſtation of the Soldiers, and thereby into hatred of the very Government, which draweth upon them ſuch evils: And therefore this you may alſo joyn unto the former evil cuſtoms, which we have to reprove in *Ireland*.

Eudox. Truly this is one not the leaſt; and though the perſons by whom it is uſed, be of better note than the former roguiſh ſort, which you reckoned, yet the fault (me thinks) is no leſs worthy of a Marſhal.

Iren. That were a harder courſe, *Eudoxus*, to redreſs every abuſe by a Marſhal; it would ſeem to you very evil Surgery to cut off every unſound or ſick part of the body, which being by other due means recovered, might afterwards do very good ſervice to the body again, and haply help to ſave the whole: Therefore I think better that ſome good ſalve for the redreſs of the evil be ſought forth, than the leaſt part ſuffered to periſh: but hereof we have to ſpeak in another place. Now we will proceed to other like defects, amongſt which there is one general inconvenience, which raigneth almoſt throughout all *Ireland*: that is, the Lords of Land, and Free-holders, do not there uſe to ſet out their Land in Farm, or for term of years, to their Tenants, but only from year to year, and ſome during pleaſure, neither indeed will the *Iriſh* Tenant or Husbandman otherwiſe take his Land, than ſo long as he liſt himſelf. The reaſon hereof in the Tenant is, for that the Landlords there uſe moſt ſhamefully to rack their Tenants, laying upon them *Coigny* and *Livery* at pleaſure, and exacting of them (beſides his Covenants) what he pleaſeth. So that the poor Husbandman either dare not bind himſelf to him for longer term, or thinketh by his continual liberty of change, to keep his Landlord the rather in awe from wronging of him. And the reaſon why the Landlord will no longer covenant with him, is, for that he daily looketh after change and alteration, and hovereth in expectation of new Worlds.

Eudox. But what evil cometh hereby to the Commonwealth, or what reaſon is it that any Landlord ſhould not ſet, nor any Tenant take his Land, as himſelf liſt?

Iren. Mary the evils which come hereby are great, for by this means both the Landlord thinketh that he hath his Tenant more at command, to follow him into what action ſoever he ſhall enter, and alſo the Tenant being left at his liberty is fit for every occaſion of change that ſhall be offered by time: and ſo much alſo the more ready and willing is he to run into the ſame, for that he hath no ſuch ſtate in any his houlding, no ſuch building upon any Farm, no ſuch coſt imployed in fencing or husbanding the ſame, as might with-hold him from any ſuch wilful courſe, as his Lords cauſe, or his own lewd diſpoſition may carry him unto. All which he hath forborn, and ſpared ſo much expenſe, for that he had no firm eſtate in his Tenement, but was only a Tenant at will, or little more, and ſo at will may leave it. And this inconvenience may be reaſon enough to ground any ordinance for the good of the Commonwealth, againſt the private behoof or will of any Landlord that ſhall refuſe to grant any ſuch term or eſtate unto his Tenant, as may tend to the good of the whole Realm.

Eudox. Indeed (me-thinks) it is a great wilfulneſs in any ſuch Landlord to refuſe to make any longer Farms unto their Tenants, as may, beſides the general good of the Realm, be alſo greatly for their own profit and avail: For what reaſonable man will not think that the Tenement ſhall be made much better for the Lords behoof, if the Tenant may by ſuch good means be drawn to build himſelf ſome handſome habitation thereon, to ditch and incloſe his ground, to manure and husband it as good Farmers uſe. For when his Tenants term ſhall be expired, it will yield him in the renewing his Leaſe, both a good Fine, and alſo a better Rent. And alſo it ſhall be for the good of the Tenant likewiſe, who by ſuch buildings and incloſures ſhall receive many benefits: firſt by the handſomeneſs of his houſe, he ſhall take more comfort of his life, more ſafe dwelling, and a delight to keep his ſaid houſe neat and cleanly, which now being, as they commonly are, rather Swine-ſties, than houſes, is the chiefeſt cauſe of his ſo beaſtly manner of life, and ſavage condition, lying and living together with his Beaſt in one houſe, in one room, in one bed, that is, clean ſtraw, or rather a foul dunghil. And to all theſe other commodities, he ſhall in ſhort time find a greater added, that is, his own wealth and riches increaſed, and wonderfully inlarged, by keeping his Cattle in incloſures, where they ſhall always have freſh paſture, that now is all trampled and over-run, warm covert, that now lyeth open to all weather, ſafe being, that now are continually filched and ſtoln.

Iren. You have, *Eudoxus*, well accompted the commodities of this one good ordinance, amongſt which, this that you named laſt is not the leaſt; for all the other being moſt beneficial to the Landlord and Tenant, this chiefly redoundeth to the good of the Commonwealth, to have the Land thus incloſed, and well fenced. For it is both a principal bar and impeachment unto Thieves from ſtealing of Cattle in the night, and alſo a gaul againſt all Rebels, and Out-laws, that ſhall riſe up in any numbers againſt the Government; for the Thief thereby ſhall have much ado, firſt to bring forth, and afterwards to drive away his ſtoln prey, but thorough the common high ways, where he ſhall ſoon be deſcryed and met withall: And the Rebel or open enemy, if any ſuch ſhall happen, either at home, or from abroad, ſhall eaſily be found when he cometh forth, and alſo be well incountred withall by a few, in ſo ſtraight paſſages and ſtrong incloſures. This therefore, when we come to the reforming of all

thoſe evil cuſtoms before mentioned, is needful to be remembred; but now by this time (me-thinks) I have well run thorough the evil uſes which I have obſerved in *Ireland*. Neverthelеſs, I well note that there be many more, and infinitely many more in the private abuſes of men. But theſe that are moſt general, and tending to the hurt of the Commonweal, (as they have come to my remembrance) I have as briefly as I could rehearſed unto you. And therefore now I think beſt that we paſs unto our third part, in which we noted inconveniences that are in Religion.

Eudox. Surely you have very well handled theſe two former; and if ye ſhall as well go thorough the third likewiſe, you ſhall merit a very good meed,

Iren. Little have I to ſay of Religion, both becauſe the parts thereof be not many, (it ſelf being but one) and my ſelf have not much been converſant in that calling: but as lightly paſſing by I have ſeen or heard: Therefore the fault which I find in Religion is but one, but the ſame is univerſal, throughout all that Countrey, that is, that they be all Papiſts by their profeſſion, but in the ſame ſo blindly and brutiſhly informed, (for the moſt part) that not one amongſt a hundred knoweth any ground of Religion, or any Article of his faith, but can perhaps ſay his *Pater noſter*, or his *Ave Maria*, without any knowledge or underſtanding what one word thereof meaneth.

Eudox. Is it not then a little blot to them that now hold the place of Government, that they which now are in the light themſelves, ſuffer a people under their charge, to wallow in ſuch deadly darkneſs.

Iren. That which you blame, *Eudoxus*, is not (I ſuppoſe) any fault of will in thoſe godly Fathers which have charge thereof, but the inconvenience of the time and troublous occaſions, wherewith that wretched Realm hath continually been turmoyled. For inſtruction in Religion needeth quiet times, and ere we ſeek to ſettle a ſound diſcipline in the Clergy, we muſt purchaſe peace unto the Laity, for it is ill time to Preach among Swords, and moſt hard, or rather impoſſible, it is to ſettle a good opinion in the minds of men, for matters of Religion doubtful, which have doubtleſs an evil opinion of us. For ere a new be brought in, the old muſt be removed.

Eudox. Then belike it is meet that ſome fitter time be attended, that God ſend peace and quietneſs there in civil matters, before it be attempted in Eccleſiaſtical. I would rather have thought that (as it is ſaid) correction muſt firſt begin at the houſe of God, and that that the care of the Soul ſhould have been preferred before the care of the Body.

Iren. Moſt true, *Eudoxus*, the care of the Soul, and Soul matters, is to be preferred before the care of the Body, in conſideration of the worthineſs thereof; but not till the time of Reformation: for if you ſhould know a wicked perſon dangerouſly ſick, having now both Soul and Body greatly diſeaſed, yet both recoverable, would you not think it evil advertiſement to bring the Preacher before the Phyſician? for if his Body were neglected, it is like that his languiſhing Soul being diſquieted by his diſeaſeful Body, would utterly refuſe and loath all ſpiritual comfort, but if his Body were firſt recured, and brought to good frame, ſhould there not then be found beſt time, to recover the Soul alſo? So it is in the ſtate of a Realm: Therefore (as I ſaid) it is expedient, firſt to ſettle ſuch a courſe of Government there, as thereby both civil diſorders, and eccleſiaſtical abuſes may be reformed and amended, whereto needeth not any ſuch great diſtance of times, as (you ſuppoſe) I require, but one joynt reſolution for both, that each might ſecond and confirm the other.

Eudox. That we ſhall ſee when we come thereunto: in the mean time I conceive thus much, as you have delivered, touching the general fault, which you ſuppoſe in Religion, to wit, that it is Popiſh: but do you find no particular abuſes therein, nor in the Miniſters thereof?

Iren. Yes verily, for what ever diſorders you ſee in the Church of *England*, ye may find there, and many more: Namely, groſs Simony, greedy covetouſneſs, fleſhly incontinency, careleſs ſloath, and generally all diſordered life in the common Clergymen: And beſides all theſe, they have their particular enormities; For all *Iriſh* Prieſts, which now injoy the Curch livings, they are in a manner meer Lay-men, ſaving that they have taken Holy orders, but otherwiſe they do go, and live like Lay-men, follow all kind of Husbandry, and other worldly affairs, as other *Iriſh* men do. They neither read Scriptures, nor Preach to the people, nor adminiſter the Communion, but Baptiſm they do: for they Chriſten yet after the Popiſh faſhion; only they take the Tithes and Offerings, and gather what fruit elſe they may of their livings, the which they convert as badly; and ſome of them (they ſay) pay as due tributes and ſhares of their livings to their Biſhops, (I ſpeak of thoſe which are *Iriſh*) as they receive them duely.

Eudox. But is that ſuffered amongſt them? It is wonder but that the Governours do redreſs ſuch ſhameful abuſes.

Iren. How can they, ſince they know them not? for the *Iriſh* Biſhops have their Clergy in ſuch awe and ſubjection under them, that they dare not complain of them; ſo as they may do to them what they pleaſe: for they knowing their own unworthineſs and incapacity, and that they are therefore ſtill removable at their Biſhops will, yield what pleaſeth him, and he taketh what he liſteth: yea, and ſome of them whoſe Dioceſes are in remote parts, ſomewhat out of the worlds eye, do not at all beſtow the Benefices which are in their own Donation, upon any, but keep them in their own hands, and ſet their own ſervants and horſe-boyes to take up the Tithes and fruits of them, with the which ſome of them purchaſe great Lands, and build fair Caſtles upon the ſame. Of which abuſe, if any queſtion be moved, they have a very ſeemly colour and excuſe, that they have no worthy Miniſters to beſtow them upon, but keep them ſo beſtowed for any ſuch ſufficient perſon as any ſhall bring unto them.

Eudox.

Eudox. But is there no Law nor Ordinance to meet with this miſchief? nor hath it never before been looked into?

Iren. Yes, it ſeems it hath; for there is a Statute there enacted in *Ireland*, which ſeems to have been grounded upon a good meaning, That whatſoever *Engliſhman*, of good converſation and ſufficiency, ſhall be brought unto any of the Biſhops, and nominated unto any Living within their Dioceſs, that is preſently void, that he ſhall (without contradiction) be admitted thereunto before any *Iriſh*.

Eudox. This is ſurely a very good Law, and well provided for this evil, whereof you ſpeak; but why is not the ſame obſerved?

Iren. I think it is well obſerved, and that none of the Biſhops tranſgreſs the ſame; but yet it worketh no reformation thereof for many defects. Firſt, there are no ſuch ſufficient *Engliſh* Miniſters ſent over, as might be preſented to any Biſhop for any Living; but the moſt part of ſuch *Engliſh* as come over thither of themſelves, are either unlearned, or men of ſome bad note, for which they have forſaken *England*: So as the Biſhop to whom they ſhall be preſented, may juſtly reject them, as incapable and inſufficient. Secondly, the Biſhop himſelf is perhaps an *Iriſhman*, who being made Judge by that Law of the ſufficiency of the Miniſters, may, at his own will, diſlike of the *Engliſhman*, as unworthy in his opinion, and admit of any *Iriſh*, whom he ſhall think more for his turn. And if he ſhall, at the inſtance of any *Engliſhman* of countenance there, whom he will not diſpleaſe, accept of any ſuch *Engliſh* Miniſter as ſhall be tendred unto him, yet he will under-hand carry ſuch a hard hand over him, or by his Officers wring him ſo ſore, that he will ſoon make him weary of his poor Living. Laſtly, the Benefices themſelves are ſo mean, and of ſo ſmall profit in thoſe *Iriſh* Countreys, through the ill husbandry of the *Iriſh* people which do inhabit them, that they will not yield any competent maintenance for any honeſt Miniſter to live upon, ſcarcely to buy him a Gown. And were all this redreſſed, (as haply it might be) yet what good ſhould any *Engliſh* Miniſter do amongſt them, by teaching or preaching to them, which either cannot underſtand him, or will not hear him? Or what comfort of life ſhall he have, where his Pariſhioners are ſo inſatiable, ſo intractable, ſo ill-affected to him, as they uſual be to all the *Engliſh*? Or finally, how dare almoſt any honeſt Miniſter, that are peaceable civil men, commit his ſafety to the hands of ſuch Neighbours, as the boldeſt Captains dare ſcarcely dwell by?

Eudox. Little good then (I ſee) was by that Statute wrought, how-ever well intended, but the reformation thereof muſt grow higher, and be brought from a ſtronger Ordinance than the commandment or penalty of a Law, which none dare inform or complain of, when it is broken. But have you any more of thoſe abuſes in the Clergy?

Iren. I could perhaps reckon more, but I perceive my ſpeech to grow too long, and theſe may ſuffice to judge of the general diſorders which reign amongſt them; as for the particulars, they are too many to be reckoned. For the Clergy there, (excepting the grave Fathers which are in high place about the State, and ſome few others which are lately planted in their new Colledge) are generally bad, licentious, and moſt diſordered.

Eudox. You have then (as I ſuppoſe) gone through theſe three firſt parts which you propoſed unto your ſelf; to wit, The inconveniences which you obſerved in the Laws, in the Cuſtoms, and in the Religion of that Land. The which (methinks) you have ſo throughly touched, as that nothing more remaineth to be ſpoken thereof.

Iren. Not ſo throughly as you ſuppoſe, that nothing can remain, but ſo generally as I purpoſed; that is, to lay open the general evils of that Realm, which do hinder the good reformation thereof. For to count the particular faults of private men, ſhould be a work too infinite; yet ſome there be of that nature, that though they be in private men, yet their evil reacheth to a general hurt; as the extortion of Sheriffs, and their Sub-Sheriffs, and Bailiffs; the corruption of Victuallers, Ceſſors, and Purveyors; the diſorders of Seneſcals, Captains, and their Soldiers; and many ſuch like. All which I will onely name here, that their reformation may be mended in place where it moſt concerneth. But there is one very foul abuſe, which, by the way, I may not omit; and that is, in Captains, who notwithſtanding that they are ſpecially imployed to make Peace, through ſtrong execution of War, yet they do ſo dandle their doings, and dally in the ſervice to them committed, as if they would not have the Enemy ſubdued, or utterly beaten down, for fear leſt afterwards they ſhould need employment, and ſo be diſcharged of Pay: for which cauſe ſome of them that are laid in Garriſon, do ſo handle the matter, that they will do no great hurt to the Enemies; yet for colour ſake, ſome men they will kill, even half with the conſent of the Enemy, being perſons either of baſe regard, or enemies to the Enemy, whoſe heads eft-ſoons they ſend to the Governour for a commendation of their great endeavour, telling how weighty a ſervice they performed, by cutting off ſuch and ſuch dangerous Rebels.

Eudox. Truly this is a pretty mockery, and not to be permitted by the Governours.

Iren. But how can the Governour know readily what perſons thoſe were, and what the purpoſe of their killing was; yea, and what will you ſay, if the Captains do juſtifie this their courſe by enſample of ſome of their Governours, which (under *Benedicite* I do tell it to you) do practiſe the like ſleight in their Governments?

Eudox. Is it poſſible? Take heed what you ſay, *Irenæus*.

Iren. To you onely, *Eudoxus*, I do tell it, and that even with great hearts grief, and inward trouble of mind, to ſee her Majeſty ſo much abuſed by ſome who are put in ſpecial truſt of thoſe great affairs: of which, ſome being

Martial

Martial men, will not do always what they may for quieting of things, but will rather wink at ſome faults, and will ſuffer them unpuniſhed, leſt that (having put all things in that aſſurance of peace that they might) they ſhould ſeem afterwards not to be needed, nor continued in their Governments with ſo great a charge to her Majeſty. And therefore they do cunningly carry their courſe of Government, and from one hand to another do bandy the ſervice like a Tennis-ball, which they will never ſtrike quite away, for fear leſt afterwards they ſhould want.

Eudox. Do you ſpeak of under Magiſtrates, *Irenæus*, or principal Governours?

Iren. I do ſpeak of no particulars, but the truth may be found out by trial and reaſonable inſight into ſome of their doings. And if I ſhould ſay, there is ſome blame thereof in the principal Governours, I think I might alſo ſhew ſome reaſonable proof of my ſpeech. As for example, Some of them ſeeing the end of their Government to draw nigh, and ſome miſchiefs and troublous practice growing up, which afterwards may work trouble to the next ſucceeding Governour, will not attempt the redreſs or cutting off thereof, either for fear they ſhould leave the Realm unquiet at the end of their Government, or that the next that cometh ſhould receive the ſame too quiet, and ſo haply win more praiſe thereof than they before. And therefore they will not (as I ſaid) ſeek at all to repreſs that evil, but will either by granting protection for a time, or holding ſome emparlance with the Rebel, or by treaty of Commiſſioners, or by other like devices, onely ſmother and keep down the flame of the miſchief, ſo as it may not break out in their time of Government, what comes afterwards, they care not, or rather wiſh the worſt. This courſe hath been noted in ſome Governours.

Eudox. Surely (*Irenæus*) this, if it were true, ſhould be worthy of an heavy judgment; but it is hardly to be thought, that any Governour ſhould ſo much either envy the good of that Realm which is put into his hand, or defraud her Majeſty, who truſteth him ſo much, or malign his Succeſſor which ſhall poſſeſs his place, as to ſuffer an evil to grow up, which he might timely have kept under; or perhaps to nouriſh it with coloured countenance, or ſuch ſiniſter means.

Iren. I do not certainly avouch ſo much (*Eudoxus*) but the ſequel of things doth in a manner prove, and plainly ſpeak ſo much, that the Governours uſually are envious one of anothers greater glory; which if they would ſeek to excel by better Governing, it ſhould be a moſt laudable emulation. But they do quite otherwiſe. For this (as you may mark) is the common order of them, that who cometh next in place, will not follow that courſe of Government, how ever good, which his Predeceſſors held, either for diſdain of himſelf, or doubt to have his doings drowned in another mans praiſe, but will ſtreight take away quite contrary to the former: as, if the former thought (by keeping under the *Iriſh*) to reform them; the next, by diſcountenancing the *Engliſh*, will curry favour with the *Iriſh*, and ſo make his Government ſeem plauſible, as having all the *Iriſh* at his command: but he that comes after, will perhaps follow neither the one nor the other, but will dandle the one and the other in ſuch ſort, as he will ſuck ſweet out of them both, and leave bitterneſs to the poor Countrey, which if he that comes after ſhall ſeek to redreſs, he ſhall perhaps find ſuch croſſes, as he ſhall hardly be able to bear, or do any good, that might work the diſgrace of his Predeceſſors. Examples you may ſee hereof in the Governours of late times ſufficiently, and in others of former times more manifeſtly, when the Government of that Realm was committed ſometimes to the *Geraldines*, as when the Houſe of *York* had the Crown of *England*; ſometimes to the *Butlers*, as when the Houſe of *Lancaſter* got the ſame. And other whiles, when an *Engliſh* Governour was appointed, he perhaps found enemies of both.

Eudox. I am ſorry to hear ſo much as you report, and now I begin to conceive ſomewhat more of the cauſe of her continual wretchedneſs, than heretofore I found, and wiſh, that this inconvenience were well looked into; for ſure (me-thinks) it is more weighty than all the former, and more hardly to be redreſſed in the Governour than in the Governed; as a malady in a vital part is more incurable than in an external.

Iren. You ſay very true; but now that we have thus ended all the abuſes and inconveniences of that Government, which was our firſt part: It followeth now, that we paſs unto the ſecond part, which was, of the means to cure and redreſs the ſame; which we muſt labour to reduce to the firſt beginning thereof.

Eudox. Right ſo, *Irenæus*; for by that which I have noted in all this your diſcourſe, you ſuppoſe, that the whole Ordinance and Inſtitution of that Realms Government, was both at firſt, when it was placed, evil plotted; and alſo ſithence, through other overſights, came more out of ſquare to that diſorder which it is now come unto; like as two indirect lines, the further that they are drawn out, the further they go aſſunder.

Iren. I do ſee, *Eudoxus*, and, as you ſay, ſo think, that the longer that Government thus continueth, in the worſe courſe will the Realm be; for it is all in vain that they now ſtrive and endeavour by fair means, and peaceable plots, to redreſs the ſame, without firſt removing all thoſe inconveniences, and new-framing (as it were) in the forge, all that is worn out of faſhion: For all other means will be but as loſt labour, by patching up one hole to make many. For the *Iriſh* do ſtrongly hate and abhor all reformation and ſubjection to the *Engliſh*, by reaſon that having been once ſubdued by them, they were thruſt out of all their poſſeſſions. So as now they fear, that if they were again brought under, they ſhould likewiſe be expelled out of all: which is the cauſe that they hate the *Engliſh* Government, according to the ſaying, *Quem metuunt oderunt*. Therefore the Reformation muſt now be the ſtrength of a greater power.

Eudox. But (me-thinks) that might be by making of good Laws, and eſtabliſhing of new Statutes, with ſharp penalties and puniſhments, for amending of all that is preſently amiſs, and not (as you ſuppoſe) to begin all as

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it were anew, and to alter the whole form of the Government; which how dangerous a thing it is to attempt, you your ſelf muſt needs confeſs; and they which have the managing of the Realms whole policy, cannot, without great cauſe, fear and refrain; for all innovation is perillous, inſomuch as though it be meant for the better, yet ſo many accidents and fearful events may come between, as that it may hazard the loſs of the whole.

Iren. Very true, *Eudoxus*, all change is to be ſhunned, where the affairs ſtand in ſuch ſort, as that they may continue in quietneſs, or be aſſured at all to abide as they are. But that in the Realm of *Ireland* we ſee much otherwiſe; for every day we perceive the troubles growing more upon us, and one evil growing upon another; inſomuch as there is no part now ſound or aſcertained, but all have their ears upright, waiting when the Watch-word ſhall come, that they ſhould all ariſe generally into Rebellion, and caſt away the *Engliſh* ſubjection. To which there now little wanteth; for I think the Word be already given, and there wanteth nothing but opportunity, which truly is the death of one Noble Perſon, who being himſelf moſt ſtedfaſt to his Sovereign Queen, and his Countrey, coaſting upon the South-Sea, ſtoppeth the ingate of all that evil which is looked for, and holdeth in all thoſe which are at his beck, with the terrour of his greatneſs, and the aſſurance of his moſt immoveable Loyalty. And therefore where you think, that good and ſound Laws might amend and reform things there amiſs, you think ſurely amiſs. For it is vain to preſcribe Laws, where no man careth for keeping of them, nor feareth the danger for breaking of them. But all the Realm is firſt to be reformed, and Laws are afterwards to be made for keeping and continuing it in that reformed eſtate.

Eudox. How then do you think is the Reformation thereof to be begun, if not by Laws and Ordinances?

Iren. Even by the Sword, for all theſe evils muſt firſt be cut away by a ſtrong hand, before any good can be planted; like as the corrupt branches and unwholeſom boughs are firſt to be pruned, and the foul moſs cleanſed and ſcraped away, before the Tree can bring forth any good fruit.

Eudox. Did you blame me even now for wiſhing of Kern Horſe-boys, and Carrows to be clean cut off, as too violent a means, and do you your ſelf now preſcribe the ſame Medecine? Is not the Sword the moſt violent redreſs that may be uſed for any evil?

Iren. It is ſo; but where no other remedy may be deviſed, nor hope of recovery had, there muſt needs this violent means be uſed. As for the looſe kind of people which you would have cut off, I blamed it, for that they might otherwiſe perhaps be brought to good, as namely by this way which I ſet before you.

Eudox. Is not your way all one with the former in effect, which you found fault with, ſave onely this odds, that I ſaid by the Halter, and you ſay by the Sword: what difference is there?

Iren. There is ſurely great, when you ſhall underſtand it; for by the Sword which I named, I did not mean the cutting off all that Nation with the Sword, which far be it from me that I ſhould ever think ſo deſperately, or wiſh ſo uncharitably; but by the Sword I mean the Royal Power of the Prince, which ought to ſtretch it ſelf forth in the chiefeſt ſtrength to the redreſſing and cutting off thoſe evils which I before blamed, and not of the People which are evil. For evil People, by good Ordinances and Government, may be made good; but the evil that is of it ſelf evil, will never become good.

Eudox. I pray you then declare your mind at large, how you would wiſh that Sword, which you mean, to be uſed to the reformation of all thoſe evils.

Iren. The firſt thing muſt be, to ſend over into that Realm ſuch a ſtrong power of men, as ſhould perforce bring in all that rebellious rout, and looſe people, which either do now ſtand out in open Arms, or in wandring Companies do keep the Woods, ſpoiling the good Subjects.

Eudox. You ſpeak now, *Irenæus*, of an infinite charge to her Majeſty, to ſend over ſuch an Army, as ſhould tread down all that ſtandeth before them on foot, and lay on the ground all the ſtiff-necked people of that land; for there is now but one Out-law of any great reckoning, to wit, the Earl of *Tyrone* abroad in Arms, againſt whom, you ſee, what huge charges ſhe hath been at this laſt year, in ſending of men, providing of victuals, and making head againſt him; yet there is little or nothing at all done, but the Queens Treaſure ſpent, her People waſted, the poor Countrey troubled, and the Enemy nevertheleſs brought into no more ſubjection than he was, or liſt outwardly to ſhew, which in effect is none, but rather a ſcorn of her power, and emboldning of a proud Rebel, and an encouragement to all like lewdly diſpoſed Traitors, that ſhall dare to lift up their heel againſt their Sovereign Lady. Therefore it were hard counſel to draw ſuch an exceeding great charge upon her, whoſe event ſhould be ſo uncertain.

Iren. True indeed, if the event ſhould be uncertain; but the certainty of the effect hereof ſhall be ſo infallible, as that no reaſon can gainſay it; neither ſhall the charge of all this Army (the which I demand) be much greater, than ſo much as in theſe laſt two years Wars hath vainly been expended. For I dare undertake, that it hath coſt the Queen above 200000 pounds already; and for the preſent charge which ſhe is at there, amounteth to very near 12000 pounds a month, whereof caſt you the account; yet nothing is done. The which ſum, had it been employed as it ſhould be, would have effected all this which now I go about.

Eudox. How mean you to have it employed? but to be ſpent in the pay of Soldiers, and proviſion of Victuals?

Iren. Right ſo; but it is now not diſburſed at once, as it might be, but drawn out into a long length, by ſending over now 20000 pounds, and next half year ten thouſand pounds; ſo as the Soldier in the mean time for want

want of due proviſion of victual, and good payment of his due, is ſtarved and conſumed; that of a 1000 which came over luſty able men, in half a year there are not left 500. And yet is the Queens charge never a whit the leſs, but what is not paid in preſent mony, is accounted in debt, which will not be long unpaid; for the Captain, half of whoſe Soldiers are dead, and the other Quarter never muſtered, nor ſeen, comes ſhortly to demand payment of his whole account, where by good means of ſome great ones, and privy ſharings with the Officers and Servants of other ſome, he receiveth his debt, much leſs perhaps than was due, yet much more indeed than he juſtly deſerved.

Eudox. I take this ſure to be no good husbandry; for what muſt needs be ſpent, as good ſpend it at once, where is enough, as to have it drawn out into long delays, ſeeing that thereby both the ſervice is much hindred, and yet nothing ſaved. But it may be, *Irenæus*, that the Queens Treaſure in ſo great occaſions of diſburſments (as it is well known ſhe hath been at lately) is not always ſo ready, nor ſo plentiful, as it can ſpare ſo great a ſum together; but being paid as it is, now ſome, and then ſome, it is no great burthen unto her, nor any great impoveriſhment to her Coffers; ſeeing by ſuch delay of time, it daily cometh in as faſt as ſhe parteth it out.

Iren. It may be as you ſay; but for the going through of ſo honourable a courſe (I doubt not) but if the Queens Coffers be not ſo well ſtored, (which we are not to look into) but that the whole Realm, which now, as things are uſed, do feel a continual burthen of that wretched Realm, hanging upon their backs, would, for a ſmall riddance of all that trouble, be once troubled for all; and put to all their ſhoulders, and helping hands, and hearts alſo, to the defraying of that charge, moſt gladfully and willingly; and ſurely the charge, in effect, is nothing to the infinite great good which ſhould come thereby, both to the Queen, and all this Realm generally, as, when time ſerveth, ſhall be ſhewed.

Eudox. How many men would you require to the furniſhing of this which ye take in hand? and how long ſpace would you have them entertained?

Iren. Verily not above 10000 Footmen, and a 1000 Horſe, and all theſe not above the ſpace of a year and a half; for I would ſtill, as the heat of the ſervice abateth, abate the number in pay, and make other proviſion for them, as I will ſhew.

Eudox. Surely it ſeemeth not much which you require, nor no long time; but how would you have them uſed? Would you lead forth your Army againſt the Enemy, and ſeek him where he is to fight?

Iren. No, *Eudoxus*, that would not be; for it is well known, that he is a flying Enemy, hiding himſelf in Woods and Bogs, from whence he will not draw forth but into ſome ſtrait Paſſage, or perillous Foard, where he knows the Army muſt needs paſs; there will he lie in wait, and if he find advantage fit, will dangerouſly hazard the troubled Soldier. Therefore to ſeek him out that ſtill flitteth, and follow him that can hardly be found, were vain and bootleſs. But I would divide my men in Garriſon upon his Countrey, in ſuch places as I ſhould think might moſt annoy him.

Eudx. But how can that be, *Irenæus*, with ſo few men? for the Enemy, as you may ſee, is not all in one Countrey, but ſome in *Ulſter*, ſome in *Connaght*, and others in *Leinſter*. So as to plant ſtrong Garriſons in all thoſe places, ſhould need many more men than you ſpeak of; or to plant all in one, and to leave the reſt naked, ſhould be but to leave them to the ſpoil.

Iren. I would wiſh the chief Power of the Army to be Garriſon'd in one Countrey that is ſtrongeſt, and the other upon the reſt that is weakeſt. As for example, The Earl of *Tyrone* is now accounted the ſtrongeſt, upon him would I lay 8000 men in Garriſon; 1000 upon *Pheagh Mac-Hugh* and the *Cavanaghes*, and 1000 upon ſome parts of *Connaght*, to be at the direction of the Governour.

Eudox. I ſee now all your men beſtowed, but what places would you ſet their Garriſon, that they might riſe out moſt conveniently to ſervice? And though perhaps I am ignorant of the places, yet I will take the Map of *Ireland*, and lay it before me, and make mine eyes (in the mean time) my School-maſters, to guide my underſtanding to judge of your plot.

Iren. Thoſe 8000 in *Ulſter*, I would divide likewiſe into four parts, ſo as there ſhould be 2000 Footmen in every Garriſon; the which I would thus place: Upon the *Black-water*, in ſome convenient place, as high upon the River as might be, I would lay one Garriſon. Another would I put at *Caſtle-liſſer*, or thereabouts, ſo as they ſhould have all the paſſages upon the River to *Logh-foyle*. The third I would place about *Fermanagh*, or *Bundroiſe*, ſo as they might lie between *Connaght* and *Ulſter*, to ſerve upon both ſides as occaſion ſhall be offered; and this therefore would I have ſtronger than any of the reſt, becauſe it ſhould be moſt inforced, and moſt employed; and that they might put Wards at *Balls-ſhanon* and *Belick*, and all thoſe paſſages. The laſt would I ſet about *Monoghan* or *Balturbut*, ſo as it ſhould front both upon the Enemy that way, and alſo keep the Countreys of *Cavan* and *Meath* in awe, from paſſage of ſtraglers from thoſe parts, whence they uſe to come forth, and oftentimes uſe to work much miſchief. And to every of theſe Garriſons of 2000 Footmen, I would have 200 Horſemen added; for the one without the other can do but little ſervice. The four Garriſons thus being placed, I would have to be victualled before-hand for half a year, which you will ſay to be hard, conſidering the corruption and uſual waſte of Victuals. But why ſhould not they be as well victualled for ſo long time, as the Ships are uſually for a year, and ſometimes two, ſeeing it is eaſier to keep Victuals on Land than Water? Their Bread I would have in Flower, ſo as it might be baked ſtill to ſerve their neceſſary want. Their Beer there alſo brewed

within them, from time to time, and their Beef before hand barrelled, the which may be uſed, but as it is needed: For I make no doubt but freſh victuals, they will ſometimes purvay for themſelves, amongſt their Enemies. Hereunto likewiſe would I have them have a ſtore of Hoſe and Shooes, with ſuch other neceſſaries as may be needful for Soldiers, ſo as they ſhould have no occaſion to look for relief from abroad, or occaſion of ſuch trouble for their continual ſupply, as I ſee and have often proved in *Ireland* to be more cumberous to the Deputy, and dangerous to them that relieve them, than half the leading of an Army; for the Enemy knowing the ordinary ways thorough the which their relief muſt be brought them, uſeth commonly to draw himſelf into the ſtraight paſſages thither-ward, and oftentimes doth dangerouſly diſtreſs them: beſides the pay of ſuch force as ſhould be ſent for their Convoy, the charge of the carriages, the exactions of the Countrey ſhall be ſpared. But only every half year the ſupply brought by the Deputy himſelf, and his power, who ſhall then viſit and overlook all thoſe Garriſons, to ſee what is needful to change, what is expedient, and to direct what he ſhall beſt adviſe. And thoſe four Garriſons iſſuing forth, at ſuch convenient times as they ſhall have intelligence or eſpial upon the Enemy, will ſo drive him from one ſide to another, and Tennis him amongſt them, that he ſhall find no where ſafe to keep his Creet in, nor hide himſelf, but flying from the fire ſhall fall into the Water, and out of one danger into another, that in ſhort ſpace his Creet, which is his chief ſuſtenance, ſhall be waſted with preying, or killed with driving, or ſtarved for want of paſture in the Woods, and he himſelf brought ſo low, that he ſhall have no heart nor ability to indure his wretchedneſs, the which will ſurely come to paſs in very ſhort time, for one Winter well followed upon him will ſo pluck him on his knees, that he will never be able to ſtand up again.

Eudox. Do you then think the Winter time fitteſt for the ſervices of *Ireland*? how falls it then that our moſt imployments be in Summer, and the Armies then led commonly forth?

Iren. It is ſurely miſconceived; for it is not with *Ireland*, as it is with other Countreys, where the Wars flame moſt in Summer, and the Helmets gliſter brighteſt in the faireſt ſhunſhine: But in *Ireland*, the Winter yieldeth beſt ſervices; for then the Trees are bare and naked, which uſe both to cloath and houſe the Kern, the ground is cold and wet, which uſeth to be his Bedding, the air is ſharp and bitter, to blow through his naked ſides and legs, the Kyne are barren and without milk, which uſeth to be his only food; neither if he kill them, will they yield him fleſh, nor if he keep them, will they give him food: beſides being all with Calf (for the moſt part) they will thorough much chaſing and driving, caſt all their Calves, and loſe their milk, which ſhould relieve him the next Summer.

Eudox. I do well underſtand your reaſon; but by your leave, I have heard it otherwiſe ſaid, of ſome that were Out-laws: That in Summer they kept themſelves quiet, but in Winter they would play their parts, and when the nights were longeſt, then burn and ſpoyl moſt, ſo that they might ſafely return before day.

Iren. I have likewiſe heard, and alſo ſeen proof thereof true: But that was of ſuch Out-laws as were either abiding in well inhabited Countries, as in *Mounſter*, or bordering on the *Engliſh* Pale, as *Feagh Mac Hugh*, the *Cavanaghes*, the *Moors*, the *Dempſies*, or ſuch like: For, for them the Winter indeed is the fitteſt time for ſpoyling and robbing, becauſe the nights are then (as you ſaid) longeſt and darkeſt, and alſo the Countries round about are then moſt full of Corn, and good proviſion to be gotten every where by them: but it is far otherwiſe with a ſtrong peopled enemy, that poſſeſs a whole Countrey, for the other being but a few, and indeed privily lodged, and kept in out Villages, and corners nigh to the Woods and Mountains, by ſome of their privy friends, to whom they bring their ſpoyls and ſtealths, and of whom they continually receive ſecret relief: But the open enemy having all his Countrey waſted, what by himſelf, and what by the Soldiers, findeth them ſuccour in no place: Towns there are none, of which he may get ſpoyl, they are all burnt: bread he hath none, he ploweth not in Summer: Fleſh he hath, but if he kill it in Winter, he ſhall want milk in Summer, and ſhortly want life. Therefore if they be well followed but one Winter, you ſhall have little work with them the next Summer.

Eudox. I do now well perceive the difference, and do verily think that the Winter time is there fitteſt for ſervice, withal I conceive the manner of your handling of the ſervice, by drawing ſuddain draughts upon the Enemy, when he looketh not for you, and to watch advantages upon him, as he doth upon you. By which ſtraight keeping of them in, and not ſuffering them at any time long to reſt, I muſt needs think that they will ſoon be brought low, and driven to great extremities. All which when you have performed, and brought them to the very laſt caſt, ſuppoſe that they will offer, either to come to you and ſubmit themſelves, or that ſome of them will ſeek to withdraw themſelves, what is your advice to do? will you have them received?

Iren No, but at the beginning of thoſe Wars, and when the Garriſons are well planted, and fortified, I would wiſh a Proclamation were made generally, to come to their knowledge: That what perſons ſoever would within Twenty days abſolutely ſubmit themſelves, (excepting only the very Principals and Ring-leaders) ſhould find grace: I doubt not, but upon the ſettling of theſe Garriſons, ſuch a terror and near conſideration of their perilous ſtate, would be ſtrucken into moſt of them, that they will covet to draw away from their Leaders. And again, I well know that the Rebels themſelves (as I ſaw by proof in *Deſmonds* Wars) will turn away all their raſcal people, whom they think unſerviceable, as old Men, Women, Children, and Hynds (which they call Churls,) which would only waſte their Victuals, and yield them no aid, but their Cattle they will ſurely keep away: Theſe therefore, though policy would turn them back again, that they might the rather conſume and afflict the other Rebels; yet in a pitiful commiſeration I would wiſh them to be received: the rather for that this ſort of baſe people doth

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not for the moſt part Rebel of themſelves, having no heart thereunto, but are by force drawn by the grand Rebels into their action, and carried away with the violence of the ſtream, elſe they ſhould be ſure to loſe all that they have, and perhaps their lives too: The which they now carry unto them, in hope to enjoy them there, but they are there by the ſtrong Rebels themſelves, ſoon turned out of all, ſo that the conſtraint hereof, may in them deſerve pardon. Likewiſe if any of their able men or Gentlemen ſhall then offer to come away, and to bring their Cattle with them, as ſome no doubt may ſteal them away privily, I wiſh them alſo to be received, for the diſabling of the Enemy, but withall, that good aſſurance may be taken for their true behaviour and abſolute ſubmiſſion; and that then they be not ſuffered to remain any longer in thoſe parts, no nor about the Garriſons, but ſent away into the inner parts of the Realm, and diſperſed in ſuch ſort as they may not come together, nor eaſily return if they would: For if they might be ſuffered to remain about the Garriſons, and there inhabite, as they will offer to till the ground, and yield a great part of the profit thereof, and of their Cattle, to the *Coronel*, wherewith they have heretofore tempted many, they would (as I have by experience known) be ever after ſuch a gaul, and inconvenience to them, as that their profit ſhall not recompence their hurt, for they will privily releive their friends that are forth, they will ſend the Enemy ſecret advertizements of all their purpoſes and journeys, which they mean to make upon them, they will not alſo ſtick to draw the Enemy privily upon them; yea and to betray the Fort it ſelf, by diſcovery of all her defects and diſadvantages (if any be) to the cutting of all their throats. For avoiding whereof and many other inconveniences, I wiſh that they ſhould be carried far from thence into ſome other parts, ſo that (as I ſay) they come in and ſubmit themſelves, upon the firſt ſummons: But afterwards I would have none received, but left to their fortune and miſerable end: my reaſon is, for that thoſe which will afterwards remain without, are ſtout and obſtinate Rebels, ſuch as will never be made dutiful and obedient, nor brought to labour or civil converſation, having once taſted that licentious life, and being acquainted with ſpoyl and out-rages, will ever after be ready for the like occaſions, ſo as there is no hope of their amendment or recovery, and therefore needful to be cut off.

Eudox. Surely of ſuch deſperate perſons, as will follow the courſe of their own folly, there is no compaſſion to be had, and for others you have propoſed a merciful means, much more than they have deſerved: but what then ſhall be the concluſion of this War; For you have prefixed a ſhort time of its continuance?

Iren. The end will (I aſſure me) be very ſhort and much ſooner then can be in ſo great a trouble, as it ſeemeth hoped for, although there ſhould none of them fall by the Sword, nor be ſlain by the Souldier, yet thus being kept from manurance, and their Cattle from running abroad, by this hard reſtraint they would quickly conſume themſelves, and devour one another. The proof whereof, I ſaw ſufficiently exampled in theſe late Wars of *Mounſter*, for notwithſtanding that the ſame was a moſt rich and plentiful Countrey, full of Corn and Cattle, that you would have thought they ſhould have been able to ſtand long, yet ere one year and a half they were brought to ſuch wretchedneſs, as that any ſtony heart would have rued the ſame. Out of every corner of the woods and glynnes they came creeping forth upon their hands, for their legs could not bear them, they looked like anatomies of death, they ſpake like Ghoſts crying out of their Graves, they did eat the dead Carrions, happy were they could find them, yea, and one another ſoon after, inſomuch as the very carcaſſes they ſpared not to ſcrape out of their Graves, and if they found a plot of water-creſſes or Shamrocks; there they flocked as to a feaſt for the time, yet not able long to continue therewithal, that in ſhort ſpace there were none almoſt left, and a moſt populous and plentiful Countrey ſuddainly left void of Man and Beaſt, yet ſure in all that War, there periſhed not many by the Sword, but all by the extremity of Famine, which they themſelves had wrought.

Eudox. It is a wonder that you tell, and more to be wondred how it ſhould ſo ſhortly come to paſs.

Iren. It is moſt true, and the reaſon alſo very ready, for you muſt conceive that the ſtrength of all that Nation, is the *Kern*, *Galloglaſſe*, *Stocah*, *Horſeman* and *Horſeboy*, the which having been never uſed to have any thing of their own, and now being upon ſpoyl of others, make no ſpare of any thing, but havock and confuſion of all they meet with, whether it be their own Friends goods, or their Foes. And if they happen to get never ſo great ſpoyl at any time, the ſame they waſte and conſume in a tryce, as naturally delighting in ſpoyl, though it do themſelves no good. On the other ſide, whatſoever they leave unſpent, the Souldier when he cometh there, ſpoyleth and havocketh likewiſe; ſo that between both, nothing is very ſhortly left. And yet this is very neceſſary to be done for the ſoon finiſhing of the War, and not only this in this wiſe, but alſo thoſe ſubjects which do border upon thoſe parts, are either to be removed and drawn away, or likewiſe to be ſpoiled, that the Enemy may find no ſuccour thereby. For what the Soldier ſpares, the Rebel will ſurely ſpoil.

Eudox. I do now well underſtand you. But now when all things are brought to this paſs, and all filled with theſe ruful ſpectacles of ſo many wretched Carcaſes ſtarving, goodly Countreys waſted, ſo huge deſolation and confuſion, that even I that do but hear it from you, and do picture it in my mind, do greatly pity and commiſerate it: If it ſhall happen, that the ſtate of this miſery and lamentable image of things ſhall be told, and feelingly preſented to her Sacred Majeſty, being by nature full of mercy and clemency, who is moſt inclinable to ſuch pitiful complaints, and will not endure to hear ſuch Tragedies made of her poor People and Subjects, as ſome about her may inſinuate: then ſhe perhaps, for very compaſſion of ſuch calamities, will not onely ſtop the ſtream of ſuch violences, and return to her wonted mildneſs, but alſo conne them little thanks which have been the Authors and Counſellors of ſuch bloody platforms. So I remember that in the late Government of that good

Lord *Grey*, when after long travel, and many perillous aſſays, he had brought things almoſt to this paſs that you ſpeak of, that it was even made ready for reformation, and might have been brought to what her Majeſty would, like complaint was made againſt him, that he was a bloody man, and regarded not the life of her Subjects no more than dogs, but had waſted and conſumed all, ſo as now ſhe had nothing almoſt left but to Reign in their aſhes; ear was ſoon lent thereunto, and all ſuddenly turned topſide-turvy, the Noble Lord eft-ſoons was blamed, the wretched people pitied, and new Counſels plotted, in which it was concluded, that a General Pardon ſhould be ſent over to all that would accept of it. Upon which all former purpoſes were blanked, the Governour at a Bay, and not onely all that great and long Charge which ſhe had before been at, quite loſt and cancelled, but alſo all that hope of good which was even at the door, put back, and clean fruſtrated. All which, whether it be true or no, your ſelf can well tell.

Iren. Too true, *Eudoxus*, the more the pity, for I may not forget ſo memorable a thing: neither can I be ignorant of that perillous device, and of the whole means by which it was compaſſed, and very cunningly contrived, by ſowing firſt diſſention between him and another Noble Perſonage; wherein they both at length found how notably they had been abuſed, and how thereby under-hand this univerſal alteration of things was brought about, but then too late to ſtay the ſame: for in the mean time all that was formerly done, with long labour and great toil, was (as you ſay) in a moment undone, and that good Lord blotted with the name of a bloody man, whom, who that well knew, knew to be moſt gentle, affable, loving, and temperate. But that the neceſſity of that preſent ſtate of things enforced him to that violence, and almoſt changed his natural diſpoſition. But otherwiſe he was ſo far from delighting in blood, that oftentimes he ſuffered not juſt vengeance to fall where it was deſerved: and even ſome of them which were afterwards his Accuſers, had taſted too much of his mercy, and were from the Gallows brought to be his Accuſers. But his courſe indeed was this, that he ſpared not the Heads and Principals of any miſchievous Practiſes or Rebellion, but ſhewed ſharp judgment on them, chiefly for enſamples ſake, that all the meaner ſort, which alſo were generally then infected with that evil, might, by terrour thereof, be reclaimed, and ſaved, if it were poſſible. For in the laſt conſpiracy of ſome of the *Engliſh Pale*, think you not that there were many more guilty than they that felt the puniſhment? yet he touched onely a few of ſpecial note; and in the trial of them alſo, even to prevent the blame of cruelty, and partial proceeding, and ſeeking their blood, which he, as in his great wiſdom (as it ſeemeth) did foreſee would be objected againſt him, he, for the avoiding thereof, did uſe a ſingular diſcretion and regard: For the Jury that went upon their trial, he made to be choſen out of their neareſt kinſmen, and their Judges he made of ſome of their own Fathers; of others, their Uncles and deareſt Friends; who when they could not but juſtly condemn them, yet he uttered their Judgment in abundance of tears; and yet he even herein was called bloody and cruel.

Eudox. Indeed ſo have I heard it here often ſpoken, but I perceive (as I always verily thought) that it was moſt unjuſtly; for he was always known to be a moſt juſt, ſincere, godly, and right noble man, far from ſuch ſternneſs, far from ſuch unrighteouſneſs. But in that ſharp execution of the *Spaniards* at the Fort of *Smerwick*, I heard it ſpecially noted, and if it were true as ſome reported, ſurely it was a great touch to him in honour; for ſome ſay that he promiſed them life; others, at leaſt he did put them in hope thereof.

Iren. Both the one and the other is moſt untrue; for this I can aſſure you, my ſelf being as near them as any, that he was ſo far either from promiſing, or putting them in hope, that when firſt their Secretary (called, as I remember, *Signior Jeffrey*) an *Italian*, being ſent to treat with the Lord Deputy for grace, was flatly refuſed; and afterwards their Colonel, named *Don Sebaſtian*, came forth to intreat that they might part with their Arms like Soldiers, at leaſt with their lives according to the Cuſtom of War, and Law of Nations; it was ſtrongly denied him, and told him by the Lord Deputy himſelf, That they could not juſtly plead either Cuſtom of War, or Law of Nations, for that they were not any lawful Enemies: and if they were, he willed them to ſhew by what Commiſſion they came thither into another Princes Dominions to War, whether from the *Pope*, or the King of *Spain*, or any other: The which when they ſaid they had not, but were onely Adventurers, that came to ſeek Fortune abroad, and to ſerve in Wars amongſt the *Iriſh*, who deſired to entertain them: it was then told them, That the *Iriſh* themſelves, as the *Earl*, and *John of Deſmond*, with the reſt, were no lawful Enemies, but Rebels and Traitors; and therefore they that came to ſuccour them, no better than Rogues and Runagates, ſpecially coming with no Licence nor Commiſſion from their own King: So as it ſhould be diſhonourable for him, in the name of his Queen, to condition or make any terms with ſuch Raſcals, but left them to their choice, to yield and ſubmit themſelves, or no. Whereupon the ſaid Colonel did abſolutely yield himſelf and the Fort, with all therein, and craved onely mercy: Which it being not thought good to ſhew them, for danger of them, if, being ſaved, they ſhould afterwards joyn with the *Iriſh*; and alſo for terror to the *Iriſh*, who are much emboldned by thoſe Forreign Succours, and alſo put in hope of more ere long; there was no other way but to make that ſhort end of them as was made. Therefore moſt untruly and maliciouſly do theſe evil tongues backbite and ſlander the ſacred aſhes of that moſt juſt and honourable Perſonage, whoſe leaſt virtue, of many moſt excellent that abounded in his Heroick Spirit, they were never able to aſpire unto.

Eudox. Truly, *Irenæus*, I am right glad to be thus ſatisfied by you, in that I have often heard it queſtioned, and yet was never able till now to choke the mouth of ſuch detractors, with the certain knowledge of their ſlanderous untruths; neither is the knowledge hereof impertinent to that which we formerly had in hand; I mean, for the thorough

thorough proſecuting of that ſharp courſe which you have ſet down, for the bringing under of thoſe Rebels of *Ulſter* and *Connaght*, and preparing a way for their perpetual reformation; leſt haply by any ſuch ſiniſter ſuggeſtions of cruelty and too much blood-ſhed, all the plot might be overthrown, and all the coſt and labour therein employed, be utterly loſt and caſt away.

Iren. You ſay moſt true; for after that Lords calling away from thence, the two Lords Juſtices continued but a while: of which, the one was of mind (as it ſeemed) to have continued in the footing of his Predeceſſors, but that he was curbed and reſtrained. But the other was more mildly diſpoſed, as was meet for his Profeſſion, and willing to have all the wounds of that Common-wealth healed and re-cured, but not with that heed as they ſhould be. After, when Sir *John Perrot* ſucceeding (as it were) into another mans harveſt, found an open way to what courſe he liſt, the which he bent not to that point which the former Governours intended, but rather quite contrary, as it were in ſcorn of the former, and in vain vaunt of his own Counſels, with the which he was too wilfully carried; for he did tread down and diſgrace all the *Engliſh*, and ſet up and countenance the *Iriſh* all that he could; whether thinking thereby to make them more tractable and buxome to his Government, (wherein he thought much amiſs) or privily plotting ſome other purpoſes of his own, as it partly afterwards appeared; but ſurely his manner of Government could not be ſound nor wholeſome for that Realm, it being ſo contrary to the former: for it was even as two Phyſicians ſhould take one ſick body in hand, at two ſundry times; of which, the former would miniſter all things meet to purge and keep under the body, the other to pamper and ſtrengthen it ſuddenly again, whereof what is to be looked for but a moſt dangerous relapſe? That which we now ſee through his rule, and the next after him, hapned thereunto, being now more dangerouſly ſick than ever before. Therefore by all means it muſt be foreſeen and aſſured, that after once entring into this courſe of reformation, there be afterwards no remorſe nor drawing back for the ſight of any ſuch rueful objects as muſt thereupon follow, nor for compaſſion of their calamities, ſeeing that by no other means it is poſſible to cure them, and that theſe are not of will, but of very urgent neceſſity.

Eudox. Thus far then you have now proceeded to plant your Garriſons, and to direct their ſervices; of the which nevertheleſs I muſt needs conceive, that there cannot be any certain direction ſet down, ſo that they muſt follow the occaſions which ſhall be daily offered, and diligently awaited. But by your leave (*Irenæus*) notwithſtanding all this your careful foreſight and proviſion, (me-thinks) I ſee an evil lurk uneſpi'd, and that may chance to hazard all the hope of this great ſervice, if it be not very well looked into; and that is, the corruption of their Captains: for though they be placed never ſo carefully, and their Companies filled never ſo ſufficiently, yet may they, if they liſt, diſcard whom they pleaſe, and ſend away ſuch as will perhaps willingly be rid of that dangerous and hard ſervice, the which (well I wote) is their common cuſtom to do, when they are laid in Garriſon, for then they may better hide their defaults, than when they are in Camp, where they are continually eyed and noted of all men. Beſides, when their Pay cometh, they will, (as they ſay) detain the greateſt portions thereof at their pleaſure, by a hundred ſhifts that need not here be named, through which they oftentimes deceive the Soldier, and abuſe the Queen, and greatly hinder the Service. So that let the Queen pay never ſo fully, let the Muſter-maſter view them never ſo diligently, let the Deputy or General look to them never ſo exactly, yet they can cozen them all. Therefore (me-thinks) it were good, if it be poſſible, to make proviſion for this inconvenience.

Iren. It will ſurely be very hard; but the chiefeſt help for prevention hereof muſt be the care of the *Colonel*, that hath the government of all his Garriſon, to have an eye to their alterations, to know the numbers and names of the ſick Soldiers, and the Slain, to mark and obſerve their ranks in their daily riſing forth to ſervice, by which he cannot eaſily be abuſed, ſo that he himſelf be a man of ſpecial aſſurance and integrity. And therefore great regard is to be had in the chooſing and appointing of them. Beſides, I would not by any means, that the Captains ſhould have the paying of their Soldiers, but that there ſhould be a Pay-maſter appointed, of ſpecial truſt, which ſhould pay every man according to his Captains Ticket, and the accompt of the Clerk of his Band; for by this means, the Captain will never ſeek to falſifie his alterations, nor to diminiſh his Company, nor to deceive his Soldiers, when nothing thereof ſhall be ſure to come unto himſelf, but what is his own bare Pay. And this is the manner of the *Spaniards* Captain, who never hath to meddle with his Soldiers Pay, and indeed ſcorneth the name as baſe, to be counted his Soldiers *Pagadore*: Whereas the contrary amongſt us hath brought things to ſo bad a paſs, that there is no Captain, but thinks his Band very ſufficient, if he can muſter 60. and ſticks not to ſay openly, that he is unworthy to have a Captainſhip, that cannot make it worth 500 *l.* by the year, the which they right well verifie by the proof.

Eudox. Truly I think this is a very good means to avoid that inconvenience of Captains abuſes. But what ſay you to the *Colonel*? what authority think you meet to be given him? whether will you allow him to protect, or ſafe conduct, and to have Martial Laws as they are accuſtomed?

Iren. Yea verily, but all theſe to be limited with very ſtrait inſtructions. As firſt, for Protections, that the ſhall have authority, after the firſt Proclamation, for the ſpace of twenty days, to protect all that ſhall come in, and them to ſend to the Lord Deputy, with their ſafe Conduct or Paſs, to be at his diſpoſition; but ſo, as none of them return back again, being once come in, but be preſently ſent away out of the Countrey, to the next Sheriff, and ſo convey'd in ſafety. And likewiſe for Martial Law, that to the Soldier it be not extended, but by trial formally of his crime, by a Jury of his Fellow-Soldiers, as it ought to be, and not raſhly, at the will or diſ-

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pleaſure of the Colonel, as I have ſometimes ſeen too lightly. And as for other of the Rebels that ſhall light into their hands, that they be well aware of what condition they be, and what holding they have. For in the laſt general Wars there, I knew many good Free-holders executed by Martial Law, whoſe Lands were thereby ſaved to their Heirs, which ſhould have otherwiſe eſcheated to her Majeſty. In all which, the great diſcretion and uprightneſs of the Colonel himſelf is to be the chief ſtay, both for all thoſe doubts, and for many other difficulties that may in the Service happen.

Eudox. Your caution is very good. But now touching the Arch-Rebel himſelf, I mean the Earl of *Tyrone*, if he, in all the time of theſe Wars, ſhould offer to come in, and ſubmit himſelf to her Majeſty, would you not have him received, giving good Hoſtages, and ſufficient aſſurance of himſelf?

Iren. No marry; for there is no doubt but he will offer to come in, as he hath done divers times already; but it is without any intent of true ſubmiſſion, as the effect hath well ſhewed; neither indeed can he now, if he would, come in at all, nor give that aſſurance of himſelf that ſhould be meet: for being, as he is, very ſubtil-headed, ſeeing himſelf now ſo far engaged in this bad action, can you think that by his ſubmiſſion, he can purchaſe to himſelf any ſafety, but that hereafter, when things ſhall be quieted, theſe his villanies will be ever remembred; and whenſoever he ſhall tread awry, (as needs the moſt righteous muſt ſometimes) advantage will be taken thereof, as a breach of his pardon, and he brought to a reckoning for all former matters. Beſides, how hard it is now for him to frame himſelf to ſubjection, that having once ſet before his eyes the hope of a Kingdom, hath thereunto not onely found encouragement from the greateſt King in Chriſtendom, but alſo found great faintneſs in her Majeſties withſtanding him, whereby he is animated to think, that his power is able to defend him, and offend further than he hath done, whenſoever he pleaſe, let every reaſonable man judge. But if he himſelf ſhould come, and leave all other his Accomplices without, as *O Donel*, *Mac-mahone*, *Maguire*, and the reſt, he muſt needs think, that then, even they will ere long cut his throat, which having drawn them all into this occaſion, now in the midſt of their trouble giveth them the ſlip; whereby he muſt needs perceive, how impoſſible it is for him to ſubmit himſelf. But yet if he would ſo do, can he give any good aſſurance of his obedience? For how weak hold is there by Hoſtages, hath too often been proved; and that which is ſpoken of taking *Shane O-Neals* Sons from him, and ſetting them up againſt him as a very perillous counſel, and not by any means to be put in proof; for were they let forth, and could overthrow him, who ſhould afterwards overthrow them, or what aſſurance can be had of them? It will be like the Tale in *Æſop*, of the wild Horſe, who having enmity with the Stag, came to a Man to deſire his aid againſt his foe; who yielding thereunto, mounted upon his back, and ſo following the Stag, ere long ſlew him: but then when the Horſe would have him alight, he refuſed, but ever after kept him in his ſubjection and ſervice. Such I doubt would be the proof of *Shan O-Neals* Sons. Therefore it is moſt dangerous to attempt any ſuch plot; for even that very manner of plot was the means, by which this traiterous Earl is now made great. For when the laſt *O-Neal*, called *Terlagh Leinagh*, began to ſtand upon ſome tickle terms, this Fellow then, called Baron of *Dunganon*, was ſet up as it were to beard him, and countenanced and ſtrengthned by the Queen ſo far, as that he is now able to keep her ſelf play: much like unto a Gameſter, that having loſt all, borroweth of his next Fellow-gameſter ſomewhat to maintain play; which he ſetting unto him again, ſhortly thereby winneth all from the Winner.

Eudox. Was this Rebel then at firſt ſet up by the Queen (as you ſay) and now become ſo undutiful?

Iren. He was (I aſſure you) the moſt out-caſt of all the *O-Neals* then, and lifted up by her Majeſty out of the duſt, to that he hath now wrought himſelf unto; and now he playeth like the frozen Snake, who being for compaſſion relieved by the Husbandman, ſoon after he was warm, began to hiſs, and threaten danger even to him and his.

Eudox. He ſurely then deſerveth the puniſhment of that Snake, and ſhould worthily be hewed to pieces. But if you like not the letting forth of *Shan O-Neals* Sons againſt him, what ſay you then of that advice which (I heard) was given by ſome, to draw in *Scots* to ſerve againſt him? how like you that advice?

Iren. Much worſe than the former; for who that is experienced in thoſe parts knoweth not, that the *O-Neals* are nearly allied unto the *Mac-Neils* of *Scotland*, and to the Earles of *Argyle*, from whence they uſe to have all ſuccours of thoſe *Scots* and *Redſhanks*. Beſides, all theſe *Scots* are, through long continuance, intermingled and alli'd to all the inhabitants of the North; ſo as there is no hope that they will ever be wrought to ſerve faithfully againſt their old Friends and Kinſmen: And though they would, how, when they have overthrown him, and the Wars are finiſhed, ſhall they themſelves be put out? Do we not all know, that the *Scots* were the firſt Inhabitants of all the North, and that thoſe which now are called the *North-Iriſh*, are indeed very *Scots*, which challenge the ancient Inheritance and Dominion of that Countrey, to be their own anciently. This then were but to leap out of the pan into the fire: For the chiefeſt caveat and proviſion in reformation of the North, muſt be to keep out thoſe *Scots*.

Eudox. Indeed I remember, that in your diſcourſe of the firſt Peopling of *Ireland*, you ſhewed, that the *Scythians* or *Scots* were the firſt that ſate down in the North, whereby it ſeems, that they may challenge ſome right therein. How comes it then, that *O-Neals* claims the Dominion thereof, and this Earl of *Tyrone* ſaith, that the Right is in him? I pray you reſolve me herein; for it is very needful to be known, and maketh unto the Right of the War againſt him; whoſe ſucceſs uſeth commonly to be according to the juſtneſs of the cauſe for which it is made. For

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if *Tyrone* have any right in that Seigniory (me-thinks) it ſhould be wrong to thruſt him out: Or if (as I remember) you ſaid in the beginning, that *O-Neal* when he acknowledged the King of *England* for his Leige Lord and Soveraign, did (as he alleadgeth) reſerve in the ſame ſubmiſſion, his Seigniories and rights unto himſelf, what ſhould it be accounted to thruſt him out of the ſame?

Iren. For the right of *O-Neal* in the Seigniory of the North, it is ſurely none at all: For beſides that the Kings of *England* conquered all the Realm, and thereby aſſumed and inveſted all the right of that Land to themſelves and their heirs and ſucceſſors for ever: So as nothing was left in *O-Neal* but what he received back from them, *O-Neal* himſelf never had any ancient Seigniory over that Countrey, but what by uſurpation and incroachment after the death of the Duke of *Clarence*, he got upon the *Engliſh*, whoſe Lands and Poſſeſſions being formerly waſted by the *Scots*, under the leading of *Edward le Bruce*, (as I formerly declared unto you) he eſt-ſoons entred into, and ſithence hath wrongfully detained, through the other occupations and great affairs which the Kings of *England* (ſoon after) fell into here at home, ſo as they could not intend to the recovery of that Countrey of the North, nor reſtrain the inſolency of *O-Neal*, who finding none now to withſtand him, raigned in that deſolation, and made himſelf Lord of thoſe few people that remained there, upon whom ever ſithence he hath continued his firſt uſurped power, and now exacteth and extorteth upon all men what he liſt; ſo that now to ſubdue or expell an uſurper, ſhould be no unjuſt enterpriſe or wrongful War, but a reſtitution of ancient right unto the Crown of *England*, from whence they were moſt unjuſtly expelled and long kept out.

Eudox. I am very glad herein to be thus ſatisfied by you, that I may the better ſatisfie them whom I have often heard to object theſe doubts, and ſlanderouſly to bark at the courſes which are held againſt that trayterous Earl and his adherents. But now that you have thus ſettled your ſervice for *Ulſter* and *Connaght*, I would be glad to hear your opinion for the proſecuting of *Feagh Mac Hugh*, who being but a baſe villain, and of himſelf of no power, yet ſo continually troubleth the State, notwithſtanding that he lyeth under their noſe, that I diſdain his bold arrogancy, and think it to be the greateſt indignity to the Queen that may be, to ſuffer ſuch a caitiff to play ſuch *Rex*, and by his enſample not only to give heart and incouragement to all ſuch bad Rebels, but alſo to yield them ſuccour and refuge againſt her Majeſty, whenſoever they fly unto his Comerick; whereof I would firſt wiſh, before you enter into your Plot of ſervice againſt him, that you ſhould lay open by what means, he being ſo baſe, firſt lifted himſelf up to this dangerous greatneſs, and how he maintaineth his part againſt the Queen and her power, notwithſtanding all that hath been done and attempted againſt him. And whether alſo he have any pretence of right in the Lands which he holdeth, or in the Wars that he maketh for the ſame?

Iren. I will ſo, at your pleaſure, and will further declare, not only the firſt beginning of his private houſe, but alſo the original of the Sept of the *Birns* and *Tools*, ſo far as I have learned the ſame from ſome of themſelves, and gathered the reſt by reading: The people of the *Birns* and *Tools* (as before I ſhewed unto you my conjecture) deſcended from the ancient *Britains*, which firſt inhabited all thoſe Eaſtern parts of *Ireland*, as their names do betoken, for *Brin* in the *Britiſh* language ſignifieth wooddy, and *Tool* hilly, which names it ſeemeth they took of the Countreys which they inhabited, which is all very Mountainous and Woody. In the which it ſeemeth that ever ſince the coming in of the *Engliſh* with *Dermot ni-Gall*, they have continued: Whether that their Countrey being ſo rude and Mountainous was of them deſpiſed, and thought unworthy the inhabiting, or that, that they were received to grace by them, and ſuffered to enjoy their Lands, as unfit for any other; yet it ſeemeth that in ſome places of the ſame they have put foot, and fortified with ſundry Caſtles, of which the ruines only do there now remain, ſince which time they are grown to that ſtrength, that they are able to lift up hand againſt all that ſtate; and now lately through the boldneſs and late good ſucceſs of this *Feagh Mac Hugh*, they are ſo far imboldned, that they threaten peril even to *Dublin*, over whoſe neck they continually hang. But touching your demand of this *Feaghs* right unto that Countrey which he claims, or the Seigniory therein, it is moſt vain and arrogant. For this you cannot be ignorant, that it was part of that which was given in inheritance by *Dermot Mac Morrough* King of *Leinſter*, unto *Strongbow* with his Daughter, and which *Strongbow* gave over unto the King and his Heirs, ſo as the right is abſolutely now in her Majeſty, and if it were not, yet could it not be in this *Feagh*, but in *O-Brin*, which is the ancient Lord of all that Countrey; for he and his anceſtors were but followers unto *O-Brin*, and his Grandfather *Shane Mac Terlagh*, was a man of meaneſt regard amongſt them, neither having wealth nor power. But his Son *Hugh Mac Shane*, the Father of this *Feagh*, firſt began to lift up his head, and through the ſtrength and great faſtneſs of *Glan-Malor*, which adjoyneth unto his houſe of *Ballinecor*, drew unto him many Thieves and Out-laws, which fled unto the ſuccour of that glynn, as to a Sanctuary, and brought unto him part of the ſpoyl of all the Countrey, through which he grew ſtrong, and in ſhort ſpace got unto himſelf a great name thereby amongſt the *Iriſh*: in whoſe footing this his Son continuing, hath through many unhappy occaſions increaſed his ſaid name, and the opinion of his greatneſs, inſomuch that now he is become a dangerous Enemy to deal withall.

Eudox. Surely I can commend him, that being of himſelf of ſo mean condition, hath through his own hardineſs lifted himſelf up to the height, that he dare now front Princes, and make tearms with great Potentates; the which as it is to him honourable, ſo it is to them moſt diſgraceful, to be bearded of ſuch a baſe Varlet, that being but of late grown out of the Dunghil, beginneth now to overcrow ſo high Mountains, and make himſelf great

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Protector of all Out-laws and Rebels that will repair unto him. But do you think he is now ſo dangerous an Enemy as he is counted, or that it is ſo hard to take him down as ſome ſuppoſe?

Iren. No verily, there is no great reckoning to be made of him, for had he ever been taken in hand, when the reſt of the Realm (or at leaſt the parts adjoyning) had been quiet, as the honourable Gent. that now governeth there, (I mean Sir *William Ruſſell*) gave a notable attempt thereunto, and had worthily performed it, if his courſe had not been croſſed unhappily, he could not have ſtood three months, nor ever have looked up againſt a very mean power: but now all the parts about him being up in a madding mood, as the *Moores* in *Leix*, the *Cavenaghes* in the County of *Wexford*, and ſome of the *Butlers* in the County of *Kilkenny*, they all flock unto him, and draw into his Countrey, as to a ſtrong hold where they think to be ſafe from all that proſecute them: And from thence they do at their pleaſures break out into all the borders adjoyning, which are well peopled Countreys, as the Counties of *Dublin*, of *Kildare*, of *Catherlagh*, of *Kilkenny*, of *Wexford*, with the ſpoyls whereof they victual and ſtrengthen themſelves, which otherwiſe ſhould in ſhort time be ſtarved, and ſore piped, ſo that what he is of himſelf, you may hereby perceive.

Eudox. Then by ſo much as I gather out of your ſpeech, the next way to end the Wars with him, and to rout him quite, ſhould be to keep him from invading of thoſe Countreys adjoyning; which (as I ſuppoſe) is to be done, either by drawing all the Inhabitants of thoſe next borders away, and leaving them utterly waſte, or by planting Garriſons upon all thoſe Frontiers about him, that when he ſhall break forth, may ſet upon him and ſhorten his return.

Iren. You conceive very rightly, *Eudoxus*, but for that the diſpeopling and driving away all the Inhabitants from the Countrey about him, which you ſpeak of, ſhould be a great confuſion and trouble, aſwell for the unwillingneſs of them, to leave their poſſeſſions; as alſo for placing and providing for them in other Countreys: (me-thinks) the better courſe ſhould be by planting of Garriſons about him, which whenſoever he ſhall look forth, or be drawn out with the deſire of the ſpoyl of thoſe borders, or for neceſſity of victual, ſhall be always ready to intercept his going or coming.

Eudox. Where then do you wiſh thoſe Garriſons to be planted, that they may ſerve beſt againſt him, and how many in every Garriſon?

Iren. I my ſelf, by reaſon that (as I told you) I am no martial man, will not take upon me to direct ſo dangerous affairs; but only as I underſtood by the purpoſes and plots, which the Lord *Grey*, who was well experienced in that ſervice, againſt him did lay down: To the performance whereof he only required 1000 Men to be laid in Six Garriſons, that is, at *Ballyneccor* 200 Footmen and 50 Horſemen, which ſhould ſhut him out of his great glynn, whereto he ſo much truſteth; at *Knecklough* 200 Footmen and 50 Horſemen, to anſwer the County of *Catherlagh*; at *Arclo* or *Wicklow* 200 Footmen and 50 Horſemen to defend all that ſide towards the Sea. In *Shillelagh* 100 Footmen which ſhould cut him from the *Cavanaghes*, and the County of *Wexford*; and about the three Caſtles 50 Horſemen, which ſhould defend all the County of *Dublin*; and 100 Footmen at *Talbots Town*, which ſhould keep him from breaking out into the County of *Kildare*, and be always on his neck on that ſide: The which Garriſons ſo laid, will ſo buſie him, that he ſhall never reſt at home, nor ſtir forth abroad, but he ſhall be had; as for his Creet they cannot be above ground, but they muſt needs fall into their hands or ſtarve, for he hath no faſtneſs nor refuge for them. And as for his partakers of the *Moores*, *Butlers*, and *Cavanaghes*, they will ſoon leave him, when they ſee his faſtneſs and ſtrong places thus taken from him.

Eudox. Surely this ſeemeth a plot of great reaſon, and ſmall difficulty, which promiſeth hope of a ſhort end: But what ſpecial directions will you ſet down for the ſervices and riſings out of theſe Garriſons.

Iren. None other than the preſent occaſions ſhall miniſter unto them, and as by good eſpials; whereof there they cannot want ſtore, they ſhall be drawn continually upon him, ſo as one of them ſhall be ſtill upon him, and ſometimes all at one inſtant baiting him. And this (I aſſure my ſelf) will demand no long time, but will be all finiſhed in the ſpace of one year, which how ſmall a thing it is, unto the eternal quietneſs which ſhall thereby be purchaſed to that Realm, and the great good which ſhould grow to her Majeſty, ſhould (me-thinks) readily draw on her Highneſs to the undertaking of the enterpriſe.

Eudox. You have very well (me-thinks) *Irenæus*, plotted a courſe for the atchieving of thoſe Wars now in *Ireland*, which ſeems to ask no long time, nor great charge, ſo as the effecting thereof be committed to men of ſure truſt, and ſound experience, aſwell in that Countrey, as in the manner of thoſe ſervices; for if it be left in the hands of ſuch raw Captains, as are uſually ſent out of *England*, being thereunto only preferred by friendſhip, and not choſen by ſufficiency, it will ſoon fall to the ground.

Iren. Therefore it were meet (me-thinks) that ſuch Captains only were thereunto employed, as have formerly ſerved in that Countrey, and been at leaſt Lieutenants unto other Captains there. For otherwiſe being brought and transferred from other ſervices abroad, as in *France*, in *Spain*, and in the *Low-Countreys*, though they be of good experience in thoſe, and have never ſo well deſerved; yet in theſe they will be new to ſeek, and before they have gathered experience, they ſhall buy it with great loſs to her Majeſty, either by hazarding of their Companies, through ignorance of the places, and manner of the *Iriſh* ſervices, or by loſing a great part of the time which is required hereunto, being but ſhort, in which it might be finiſhed, almoſt before they have taken out a new Leſſon, or can tell what is to be done.

Eudox.

Eudox. You are no good friend to new Captains, it ſeems, *Irenæus*, that you bar them from the credit of this Service: but (to ſay truth) me-thinks it were meet, that any one before he came to be a Captain, ſhould have been a Soldier; for, *Parere qui neſcit, neſcit imperare.* And beſides, there is a great wrong done to the old Soldier, from whom all means of advancement, which is due unto him, is cut off, by ſhuffling in theſe new cutting Captains into the place for which he hath long ſerved, and perhaps better deſerved. But now that you have thus (as I ſuppoſe) finiſhed all the War, and brought all things to that low ebbe which you ſpeak of, what courſe will you take for the bringing in of that Reformation which you intend, and recovering all things from this deſolate eſtate? in which (methinks) I behold them now left, unto that perfect eſtabliſhment and new Common-wealth which you have conceived of, by which ſo great good may redound unto her Majeſty, and an aſſured Peace be confirmed, for that is it whereunto we are now to look, and do greatly long for, being long ſithence made weary with the huge charge which you have laid upon us, and with the ſtrong indurance of ſo many complaints, ſo many delays, ſo many doubts and dangers, as will hereof (I know well) ariſe; unto the which, before we come, it were meet (me-thinks) that you ſhould take ſome order for the Soldier, which is now firſt to be diſcharged and diſpoſed of ſome way; the which if you do not well foreſee, may grow to as great inconvenience, as all this that I ſuppoſe you have quit us from, by the looſe leaving of ſo many thouſand Soldiers, which from thenceforth will be unfit for any Labour or other Trade, but muſt either ſeek ſervice and employment abroad, which may be dangerous, or elſe employ themſelves here at home, as may be diſcommodious.

Iren. You ſay very true, and it is a thing much miſliked in this our Common-wealth, that no better courſe is taken for ſuch as have been imployed in ſervice, but that returning, whether maimed, and ſo unable to labour, or otherwiſe whole and ſound, yet afterwards unwilling to work, or rather willing to ſet the Hang-man on work. But that needeth another conſideration; but to this which we have now in hand, it is far from my meaning to leave the Soldier ſo at randome, or to leave that waſte Realm ſo weak and deſtitute of ſtrength, which may both defend it againſt others that might ſeek then to ſet upon it, and alſo keep it from that relapſe which I before did fore-caſt. For it is one ſpecial good of this plot, which I would deviſe, that 6000 Soldiers of theſe whom I have now employed in this ſervice, and made throughly acquainted, both with the ſtate of the Countrey, and manners of the People, ſhould henceforth be ſtill continued, and for ever maintained of the Countrey, without any charge to her Majeſty; and the reſt, that are either old, and unable to ſerve any longer, or willing to fall to thrift, as I have ſeen many Soldiers, after the ſervice, to prove very good husbands, ſhould be placed in part of the Lands by them wone, at ſuch rate, or rather better than others, to whom the ſame ſhall be ſet out.

Eudox. Is it poſſible, *Irenæus*? can there be any ſuch means deviſed, that ſo many men ſhould be kept ſtill in her Majeſties ſervice, without any charge to her at all? Surely this were an exceeding great good, both to her Highneſs, to have ſo many old Soldiers always ready at call, to what purpoſe ſoever ſhe liſt to employ them; and alſo to have that Land thereby ſo ſtrengthned, that it ſhall neither fear any Foreign Invaſion, nor practiſe which the *Iriſh* ſhall ever attempt, but ſhall keep them under in continual awe, and firm obedience.

Iren. It is ſo indeed. And yet this truly I do not take to be any matter of great difficulty, as I think it will alſo ſoon appear unto you. And firſt, we will ſpeak of the North part, for that the ſame is of more weight and importance. So ſoon as it ſhall appear that the Enemy is brought down, and the ſtout Rebel either cut off, or driven to that wretchedneſs, that he is no longer able to hold up his head, but will come in to any conditions, which I aſſure my ſelf will be before the end of the ſecond Winter; I wiſh that there be a general Proclamation made, that whatſoever Out-laws will freely come in, and ſubmit themſelves to her Majeſties mercy, ſhall have liberty ſo to do, where they ſhall either find that grace they deſire, or have leave to return again in ſafety; upon which it is likely, that ſo many as ſurvive, will come in to ſue for grace; of which, who ſo are thought meet for ſubjection, and fit to be brought to good, may be received, or elſe all of them, (for I think that all will be but a very few) upon condition and aſſurance, that they will ſubmit themſelves abſolutely to her Majeſties Ordinance for them, by which they ſhall be aſſured of life and liberty, and be onely tied to ſuch conditions as ſhall be thought by her meet for containing them ever after in due obedience. To the which conditions I nothing doubt, but they will all moſt readily, and upon their knees, ſubmit themſelves, by the proof of that which I have ſeen in *Mounſter*. For upon the like Proclamation there, they all came in both tag and rag; and when as afterwards many of them were denied to be received, they bade them do with them what they would, for they would not by any means return again, nor go forth. For in that caſe, who will not accept almoſt of any conditions, rather than die of hunger and miſery?

Eudox. It is very likely ſo. But what then is the Ordinance, and what be the conditions which you will propoſe unto them, which ſhall reſerve unto them an aſſurance of life and liberty?

Iren. So ſoon then as they have given the beſt aſſurance of themſelves which may be required, which muſt be (I ſuppoſe) ſome of their principal men, to remain in Hoſtage one for another, and ſome other for the reſt; for other ſurety I reckon of none that may bind them, neither of wife, nor of children, ſince then perhaps they would gladly be rid of both from the famine; I would have them firſt unarmed utterly, and ſtripped quite of all their Warlike Weapons, and then theſe conditions ſet down and made known unto them, that they ſhall be placed in *Leinſter*, and have Land given them to occupy and to live upon, in ſuch ſort as ſhall become good Subjects, to

labour thenceforth for their living, and to apply themſelves to honeſt Trades of civility, as they ſhall every one be found meet and able for.

Eudox. Where then a Gods name will you place them in *Leinſter*? or will you find out any new Land there for them that is yet unknown?

Iren. No, I will place them all in the Countrey of the *Birnes* and *Tooles*, which *Pheagh Mac-Hugh* hath; and in all the Lands of the *Cavanaghes*, which are now in Rebellion; and all the Lands which will fall to her Majeſty thereabouts, which I know to be very ſpacious, and large enough to contain them, being very near twenty or thirty miles wide.

Eudox. But then what will you do with all the *Birnes*, the *Tooles*, and the *Cavanaghes*, and all thoſe that now are joyned with them.

Iren. At the ſame very time, and in the ſame very manner that I make that Proclamation to them of *Ulſter*, will I have it alſo made to theſe; and upon their ſubmiſſion thereunto, I will take like aſſurance of them as of the other. After which, I will tranſlate all that remain of them unto the places of the other in *Ulſter*, with all their Creete, and what elſe they have left them; the which I will cauſe to be divided amongſt them in ſome meet ſort, as each may thereby have ſomewhat to ſuſtain himſelf a while withall, until by his further travel and labour of the Earth, he ſhall be able to provide himſelf better.

Eudox. But will you give the Land then freely unto them, and make them Heirs of the former Rebels? ſo may you perhaps make them alſo heirs of all their former villanies and diſorders, or how elſe will you diſpoſe of them?

Iren. Not ſo: but all the Lands will I give unto *Engliſhmen*, whom I will have drawn thither, who ſhall have the ſame, with ſuch Eſtates as ſhall be thought meet, and for ſuch Rent as ſhall eft-ſoons be rated. Under every of thoſe *Engliſhmen* will I place ſome of thoſe *Iriſh* to be Tenants, for a certain Rent, according to the quantity of ſuch Land as every man ſhall have allotted unto him, and ſhall be found able to wield; wherein this ſpecial regard ſhall be had, that in no place under any Landlord, there ſhall be many of them placed together, but diſperſed wide from their acquaintance, and ſcattered far abroad through all the Countrey. For that is the evil which now I find in all *Ireland*, that the *Iriſh* dwell altogether by their Septs, and ſeveral Nations, ſo as they may practiſe or conſpire what they will: whereas if there were *Engliſh* well placed among them, they ſhould not be able once to ſtir or to murmur, but that it ſhould be known, and they ſhortned according to their demerits.

Eudox. You have good reaſon; but what rating of Rents mean you? to what end do you purpoſe the ſame?

Iren. My purpoſe is, to rate the Rent of all thoſe Lands of her Majeſty, in ſuch ſort unto thoſe *Engliſhmen* which ſhall take them, as they ſhall be well able to live thereupon, to yield her Majeſty reaſonable Chiefrie, and alſo give a competent maintenance unto the Garriſons which ſhall be there left amongſt them: For thoſe Soldiers (as I told you) remaining of the former Garriſons, I caſt to maintain upon the Rent of thoſe Lands which ſhall be Eſcheated, and to have them divided through all *Ireland*, in ſuch places as ſhall be thought moſt convenient, and occaſion may require. And this was the courſe which the *Romans* obſerved in the Conqueſt of *England*, for they planted ſome of their Legions in all places convenient, the which they cauſed the Countrey to maintain, cutting upon every portion of Land a reaſonable Rent, which they called *Romeſcot*, the which might not ſurcharge the Tenant or Free-holder, and might defray the Pay of the Garriſon: and this hath been always obſerved by all Princes, in all Countreys to them newly ſubdued, to ſet Garriſons amongſt them, to contain them in duty, whoſe burthen they made them to bear; and the want of this Ordinance in the firſt Conqueſt of *Ireland* by *Henry* the Second, was the cauſe of the ſo ſhort decay of that Government, and the quick recovery again of the *Iriſh*. Therefore by all means it is to be provided for. And this is that I would blame, if it ſhould not mis-become me, in the late planting of *Mounſter*, that no care was had of this Ordinance, nor any ſtrength of Garriſon provided for, by a certain allowance out of all the ſaid Lands, but onely the preſent profit looked into, and the ſafe continuance thereof for ever hereafter neglected.

Eudox. But there is a Band of Soldiers laid in *Mounſter*, to the maintenance of which, what odds is there whether the Queen, receiving the Rent of the Countrey, do give pay at her pleaſure, or that there be a ſetled allowance appointed unto them out of her Lands there?

Iren. There is great odds: for now that ſaid Rent of the Countrey is not appointed to the Pay of the Soldiers, but it is, by every other occaſion coming between, converted to other uſes, and the Soldiers, in time of Peace, diſcharged and neglected as unneceſſary: Whereas if the ſaid Rent were appointed and ordained by an eſtabliſhment to this end onely, it ſhould not be turned to any other, nor in troublous times, upon every occaſion, her Majeſty be ſo troubled with ſending over new Soldiers as ſhe is now, nor the Countrey ever ſhould dare to mutiny, having ſtill the Soldier in their neck, nor any Foreign Enemy dare to invade, knowing there ſo ſtrong and great a Garriſon, always ready to receive them.

Eudox. Sith then you think that this *Romeſcot* of the Pay of the Soldiers upon the Land, to be both the readieſt way to the Soldiers, and leaſt troubleſome to her Majeſty; tell us (I pray you) how would you have the ſaid Lands rated, that both a Rent may riſe thereout unto the Queen, and alſo the Soldiers receive Pay, which (me-thinks) will be hard.

Iren.

Iren. Firſt, we are to conſider, how much Land there is in all *Ulſter*, that according to the quantity thereof we may ceſs the ſaid Rent and allowance iſſuing thereout. *Ulſter* (as the ancient Records of that Realm do teſtifie) doth contain 9000 Plow-lands, every of which Plow-lands containeth 120 Acres, after the rate of 21 Foot to every Perch of the Acre; every of which Plow-lands I wll rate at 40 *s.* by the year; the which yearly Rent amounteth in the whole to 18000 *l.* beſides 6 *s.* 8 *d.* Chiefry out of every Plow-land. But becauſe the County of *Louth*, being a part of *Ulſter*, and containing in it 712 Plow-lands, is not wholly to Eſcheat to her Majeſty, as the reſt, they having in all their Wars continued, for the moſt part, dutiful, though otherwiſe a great part thereof is now under the Rebels, there is an abatement to be made thereout of 400 or 500 Plow-lands, as I eſtimate the ſame, the which are not to pay the whole yearly Rent of 40 *s.* out of every Plow-land, like as the Eſcheated Lands do, but yet ſhall pay for their compoſition of Ceſs towards the keeping of Soldiers, 20 *s.* out of every Plow-land; ſo as there is to be deducted out of the former ſum 200 or 300 *l.* yearly; the which may nevertheleſs be ſupplied by the Rent of the Fiſhings, which are exceeding great in *Ulſter*, and alſo by an increaſe of Rent in the beſt Lands, and thoſe that lie in the beſt places near the Sea-coaſt. The which 18000 *l.* will defray the entertainment of 1500 Soldiers, with ſome over-plus towards the pay of the Victuallers, which are to be imployed in the victualling of theſe Garriſons.

Eudox. So then belike you mean to leave 1500 Soldiers in Garriſon for *Ulſter*, to be paid principally out of the Rent of thoſe Lands, which ſhall be there Eſcheated unto her Majeſty. The which, where (I pray you) will you have them Garriſoned?

Iren. I will have them divided into three parts, that is, 500 in every Garriſon, the which I will have to remain in three of the ſame places where they were before appointed; to wit, 500 at *Strabane* and about *Longhfoile*, ſo as they may hold all the paſſages of that part of the Countrey; and ſome of them be put in Wards upon all the ſtraits thereabouts, which I know to be ſuch, as may ſtop all paſſages into the Countrey on that ſide; and ſome of them alſo upon the *Ban*, up towards *Lough-Sidney*, as I formerly directed. Alſo other 500 at the Fort upon *Lough-Earne*, and Wards taken out of them, which ſhall be laid at *Fermannagh*, at *Bealick*, at *Ballyſhannon*, and all the ſtraits towards *Connaght*, the which, I know, do ſo ſtrongly command all the paſſages that way, as that none can paſs from *Ulſter* into *Connaght* without their leave. The laſt 500 ſhall alſo remain in their Fort at *Monoghan*, and ſome of them be drawn into Wards, to keep the *Kaies* of all that Countrey, both downwards, and alſo towards *O-Relies* Countrey, and the Pale, and ſome at *Eniskillin*, ſome at *Belturbut*, ſome at the Black Fort, and ſo along that River, as I formerly ſhewed in the firſt planting of them. And moreover at every of theſe Forts, I would have the ſeat of a Town laid forth and encompaſſed, in the which I would wiſh, that there ſhould be inhabitants of all ſorts, as Merchants, Artificers, and Husbandmen, be placed, to whom there ſhould Charters and Franchiſes be granted to incorporate them. The which, as it will be no matter of difficulty to draw out of *England* perſons, which would very gladly be ſo placed, ſo would it in ſhort ſpace turn thoſe parts to great commodity, and bring ere long to her Majeſty much profit; for thoſe places are ſo fit for Trade and Traffick, having moſt convenient out-gates by divers to the Sea, and in-gates to the richeſt parts of the Land, that they would ſoon be enriched, and mightily enlarged, for the very ſeating of the Garriſons by them, beſides the ſafety and aſſurance which they ſhall work unto them, will alſo draw thither ſtore of People and Trade, as I have enſample at *Mariborogh* and *Phillipſtown* in *Leinſter*; where by reaſon of theſe two Forts, though there be but ſmall Wards left in them, there are two good Towns now grown, which are the greateſt ſtay of both thoſe two Countreys.

Eudox. Indeed (me-thinks) three ſuch Towns as you ſay, would do very well in thoſe places with the Garriſons, and in ſhort ſpace would be ſo augmented, as they would be able with little to in-wall themſelves ſtrongly. But for planting of all the reſt of the Countrey, what order would you take?

Iren. What other then (as I ſaid) to bring people out of *England*, which ſhould inhabit the ſame; whereunto though I doubt not but great troops would be ready to run, yet for that in ſuch caſes, the worſt and moſt decayed men are moſt ready to remove; I would wiſh them rather to be choſen out of all places of this Realm, either by diſcretion of wiſe men thereunto appointed, or by lot, or by the drum, as was the old uſe in ſending forth of *Colonies*, or ſuch other good means as ſhall in their wiſdom be thought meeteſt. Amongſt the chief of which, I would have the Land ſet into Seigniories, in ſuch ſort as it is now in *Mounſter*, and divided into Hundreds and Pariſhes, or Wards, as it is in *England*, and laid out into Shires, as it was anciently; *viz.* The County of *Down*, the County of *Antrim*, the County of *Louth*, the County of *Armagh*, the County of *Cavan*, the County of *Colerane*, the County of *Monoghan*, the County of *Tyrone*, the County of *Fermannagh*, the County of *Donnegall*, being in all Ten. Over all which I wiſh a Lord Preſident, and a Counſel to be placed, which may keep them afterwards in awe and obedience, and miniſter unto them Juſtice and Equity.

Eudox. Thus I ſee the whole purpoſe of your Plot for *Ulſter*; and now I deſire to hear your like opinion for *Connaght*.

Iren. By that which I have already ſaid of *Ulſter*, you may gather my opinion for *Connaght*, being very anſwerable to the former. But for that the Lands which ſhall therein eſcheat unto her Majeſty, are not ſo intirely together; as that they can be accompted in one ſum, it needeth that they be conſidered ſeverally. The Province of *Connaght* in the whole containeth (as appeareth by the Records of *Dublin*) 7200 Plow-lands of the former

meaſure, and is of late divided into Six Shires or Counties. The County of *Clare*, the County of *Leytrim*, the County of *Roſcoman*, the County of *Galway*, the County of *Maio*, and the County of *Sligo*. Of the which all the County of *Sligo*, all the County of *Maio*, the moſt part of the County of *Roſcoman*, the moſt part of the County of *Leytrim*, a great part of the County of *Galway*, and ſome of the County of *Clare*, is like to eſcheat to her Majeſty for the Rebellion of their preſent poſſeſſors. The which two Counties of *Sligo* and *Maio* are ſuppoſed to contain almoſt 3000 Plow-lands, the Rent whereof rateably to the former, I value almoſt at 6000 l. *per annum*. The County of *Roſcoman*, ſaving that which pertaineth to the houſe of *Roſcoman*, and ſome few other *Engliſh* there lately ſeated, is all one, and therefore it is wholly likewiſe to eſcheat to her Majeſty, ſaving thoſe portions of *Engliſh* Inhabitants; and even thoſe *Engliſh* do (as I underſtand by them) pay as much Rent to her Majeſty, as is ſet upon thoſe in *Ulſter*; counting their compoſition money therewithal, ſo as it may all run into one reckoning with the former two Counties: So that this County of *Roſcoman* containing 1200 Plow-lands, as it is accompted, amounteth to 2400 l. by the year, which with the former two Counties Rent, maketh about 8300 l. for the former wanted ſomewhat. But what the eſcheated Lands of the County of *Galway* and *Leytrim* will riſe unto, is yet uncertain to define, till ſurvey thereof be made; for that thoſe Lands are intermingled with the Earl of *Clanricardes*, and others Lands, but it is thought they be the one half of both thoſe Counties, ſo as they may be counted to the value of one whole County, which containeth above 1000 Plow-lands, for ſo many the leaſt County of them all comprehendeth, which maketh 2000 l. more, that is in all Ten or eleven thouſand pounds. The other two Counties muſt remain till their eſcheats appear, the which letting paſs yet, as unknown, yet this much is known to be accompted for certain, that the compoſition of theſe two Counties, being rated at 20 s. every Plow-land, will amount to above 2000 pounds more, all which being laid together to the former, may be reaſonably eſtimated to riſe unto 13000 pounds, the which ſum; together with the Rent of the eſcheated Lands in the two laſt Counties, which cannot yet be valued (being as I doubt not) no leſs than a thouſand pounds more, will yield pay largely unto 1000 men and their victuallers, and 1000 pounds over towards the Governour.

Eudox. You have (me-thinks) made but an eſtimate of thoſe Lands of *Connaght*, even at a very venture, ſo as it ſhould be hard to build any certainty of charge, to be raiſed upon the ſame.

Iren. Not altogether upon uncertainties, for this much may eaſily appear unto you to be certain, as the compoſition money of every Plow-land amounteth unto; for this I would have you principally to underſtand, that my purpoſe is to rate all the Lands in *Ireland* at 20 ſhillings every Plow-land, for their compoſition towards the Garriſon. The which I know in regard of being freed from all other charges whatſoever, will be readily and moſt gladly yielded unto. So that there being in all *Ireland* (as appeareth by their old Records) 43920 Plow-lands, the ſame ſhall amount to the ſum likewiſe of 43920 pounds, and the reſt to be reared of the eſcheated Lands which fall to her Majeſty in the ſaid Provinces of *Ulſter*, *Connaght*, and that part of *Leinſter* under the Rebels, for *Mounſter* we deal not yet withal.

Eudox. But tell me this by the way, do you then lay compoſition upon the eſcheated Lands, as you do upon the reſt? for ſo (me-thinks) you reckon altogether. And that ſure were too much to pay Seven Nobles out of every Plow-land, and compoſition money beſides, that is, 20 ſhillings out of every Plow-land.

Iren. No, you miſtake me, I do put only Seven Nobles Rent and compoſition both upon every Plow-land eſcheated, that is, 40 ſhillings for compoſition, and 6 ſhillings 8 pence for Chiefry to her Majeſty.

Eudox. I do now conceive you, proceed then (I pray you) to the appointing of your Garriſons in *Connaght*, and ſhew us both how many and where you would have them placed?

Iren. I would have 1000 laid in *Connaght*, in two Garriſons; namely, 500 in the County of *Maio*, about *Clan Mac Coſtilagh*, which ſhall keep all *Moio* and the *Bourkes* of *Mac William Eighter*: The other 500 in the County of *Galway*, about *Garrandough*, that they may contain the *Conhors* and the *Bourkes* there, the *Kellies* and *Murries*, with all them there-abouts; for that Garriſon which I formerly placed at *Loughearn* will ſerve for all occaſions in the County of *Sligo*, being near adjoyning thereunto; ſo as in one nights march, they may be almoſt in any place thereof, when need ſhall require them. And like as in the former places of Garriſons in *Ulſter*, I wiſhed three Corporate towns to be planted, which under the ſafeguard of that ſtrength ſhould dwell and trade ſafely with all the Countrey about them; ſo would I alſo wiſh to be in this of *Connaght*: and that beſides, there were another eſtabliſhed at *Athlone*, with a convenient Ward in the Caſtle there for their defence.

Iren. What ſhould that need, ſeeing the Governour of *Connaght* uſeth to lye there always, whoſe preſence will be a defence to all that Townſhip?

Iren. I know he doth ſo, but that is much to be diſliked, that the Governour ſhould lye ſo far off, in the remoteſt place of all the Province, whereas it were meeter that he ſhould be continually abiding in the middeſt of the charge; that he might both look out alike, unto all places of his Government, and alſo be ſoon at hand in any place, where occaſion ſhall demand him, for the preſence of the Governour is (as you ſaid) a greal ſtay and bridle unto thoſe that are ill diſpoſed: like as I ſee it is well obſerved in *Mounſter*, where the daily good thereof is continually apparant: and for this cauſe alſo, do I greatly miſlike the Lord Deputies ſeating at *Dublin*, being the outeſt corner of the Realm, and leaſt needing the awe of his preſence; whereas (me-thinks) it were fitter, ſince his proper care is of *Leinſter*, though he have care of all beſides generally, that he ſhould ſeat himſelf at *Athie*, or thereabouts, upon the skirt of that unquiet Countrey; ſo that he might ſit as it were at the very main maſt of his

Ship

Ship, whence he might eaſily over-look, and ſometimes over-reach the *Moores*, the *Dempſies*, the *Connors*, *O-Carroll*, *O-Molloy*, and all that heap of *Iriſh* Nations which there lie hudled together, without any to over-awe them, or contain them in duty. For the *Iriſh-man* (I aſſure you) fears the Government no longer, than he is within ſight or reach.

Eudox. Surely (me-thinks) herein you obſerve a matter of much importance, more than I have heard ever noted, but ſure that ſeems ſo expedient, as that I wonder that heretofore it hath been overſeen or omitted; but I ſuppoſe the inſtance of the Citizens of *Dublin* is the greateſt lett thereof.

Iren. Truly then it ought not ſo to be, for no cauſe have they to fear that it will be any hinderance to them; for *Dublin* will be ſtill as it is, the Key of all paſſages and tranſportations out of *England* thither, to no leſs profit of thoſe Citizens than it now is; and beſides, other places will hereby receive ſome benefit. But let us now (I pray you) come to *Leinſter*, in the which I would wiſh the ſame courſe to be obſerved, that was in *Ulſter*.

Eudox. You mean for the leaving of the Garriſons in their Forts, and for planting of *Engliſh* in all thoſe Countreys, between the County of *Dublin* and the County of *Wexford*; but thoſe waſte wild places, I think when they are won unto her Majeſty, that there is none which will be haſty to ſeek to inhabit.

Iren. Yes, enough, (I warrant you) for though the whole *Track* of the Countrey be Mountanous and Woody, yet there are many goodly Valleys amongſt them, fit for fair habitations; to which thoſe Mountains adjoyned will be a great increaſe of Paſturage; for that Countrey is a great ſoil of Cattle, and very fit for Breed. As for Corn, it is nothing natural, ſave onely for Barley and Oates, and ſome places for Rye; and therefore the larger peniworths may be allowed to them; though otherwiſe the wideneſs of the Mountain Paſturage do recompence the badneſs of the ſoil; ſo as I doubt not but it will find Inhabitants and Undertakers enough.

Eudox. How much do you think that all thoſe Lands, which *Feagh Mac-Hugh* holdeth under him, may amount unto, and what Rent may be reared thereout, to the maintenance of the Garriſons that ſhall be laid there?

Iren. Truly it is impoſſible by aim to tell it, and for experience and knowledge thereof, I do not think that there was ever any of the particulars thereof; but yet I will (if it pleaſe you) gheſs thereat, upon ground onely of their judgment, which have formerly divided all that Countrey into two Shires or Counties; namely, the County of *Wicklow*, and the County of *Fernes*. The which two I ſee no cauſe but that they ſhould wholly Eſcheat to her Majeſty, all ſave the Baronry *Arclo*, which is the Earl of *Ormonds* ancient Inheritance, and hath ever been in his poſſeſſion; for all the whole Land is the Queens, unleſs there be ſome grant of any part thereof, to be ſhewed from her Majeſty: as I think there is onely of *New Caſtle* to Sir *Henry Harrington*, and of the Caſtle of *Fernes* to Sir *Thomas Miſterſon*; the reſt, being almoſt thirty miles over, I do ſuppoſe can contain no leſs than 2000 Plow-lands, which I will eſtimate at 4000 *l.* Rent by the year. The reſt of *Leinſter*, being ſeven Counties, to wit, the County of *Dublin*, *Kildare*, *Catherlagh*, *Wexford*, *Kilkenny*, the *Kings* and the *Queens* County, do contain in them 7400 Plow-lands, which amounteth to ſo many pounds for compoſition to the Garriſon, that makes in the whole 11400 *l.* which ſum will yield pay unto 1000 Soldiers, little wanting, which may be ſupplied out of other Lands of the *Cavenaghes*, which are to be Eſcheated to her Majeſty, for the Rebellion of their poſſeſſors; though otherwiſe indeed they be of her own ancient Demeaſn.

Eudox. It it great reaſon. But tell us now where you will wiſh thoſe Garriſons to be laid, whether altogether, or to be diſperſed in ſundry places of the Countrey?

Iren. Marry in ſundry places, *viz.* in this ſort, or much the like as may be better adviſed; for 200 in a place I do think to be enough for the ſafeguard of that Countrey, and keeping under all ſudden upſtarts, that ſhall ſeek to trouble the peace thereof: Therefore I wiſh 200 to be laid at *Ballinecor*, for the keeping of all bad perſons from *Glan-malor*, and all the Faſtneſs thereabouts, and alſo to contain all that ſhall be planted in thoſe Lands thenceforth. Another 200 at *Knockelough* in their former place of Garriſon, to keep the *Bracknagh*, and all thoſe Mountains of the *Cavenaghes*. 200 more to lie at *Fernes*, and upwards, inward upon the *Slane*. 200 to be placed at the Fort of *Leix*, to reſtrain the *Moors*, *Upper-Oſſery*, and *O-Carrol*. Other 200 at the Fort of *Ofaly*, to curb the *O-Conners*, *O-Molloyes*, *Mac-Coghlan*, *Mageoghegan*, and all thoſe *Iriſh* Nations bordering thereabouts.

Eudox. Thus I ſee all your Men beſtow'd in *Leinſter*; what think you then of *Meath*?

Iren. *Meath*, which containeth both *Eaſt-Meath* and *Weſt-Meath*, and of late the *Annaly*, now called the County of *Longford*, is counted thereunto: But *Meath* it ſelf, according to the old Records, containeth 4320 Plow-lands, and the County of *Longford* 947, which in the whole makes 5267 Plow-lands; of which, the Compoſition-mony will amount likewiſe to 5267 *l.* to the maintenance of the Garriſon. But becauſe all *Meath*, lying in the boſome of that Kingdom, is always quiet enough, it is needleſs to put any Garriſon there, ſo as all that charge may be ſpared. But in the County of *Longford*, I wiſh 200 Footmen and 50 Horſemen to be placed in ſome convenient ſeat, between the *Annaly* and the *Breny*, as about *Lough Sillon*, or ſome like place of that River, ſo as they might keep both the *O-Relies*, and alſo the *O-Ferrals*, and all that out-skirt of *Meath*, in awe, the which uſe upon every light occaſion to be ſtirring, and having continual enmity amongſt themſelves, do thereby oftentimes trouble all thoſe parts; the charge whereof being 3400 and odd pounds, is to be cut out of that Compoſition-money for *Meath* and *Longford*, the over-plus being almoſt 2000 *l.* by the year, will come in clearly to her Majeſty.

Eudox.

Eudox. It is worth the hearkening unto. But now that you have done with *Meath*, proceed (I pray you) to *Mounſter*, that we may ſee how it will riſe there for the maintenance of the Garriſon.

Iren. Mounſter containeth, by Record at *Dublin* 16000 Plow-lands, the compoſition whereof, as the reſt, will make 16000 *l.* by the year, out of the which I would have 1000 Soldiers to be maintained for the defence of that Province, the charge whereof, with the Victuallers wages, will amount to 1200 *l.* by the years; the other 4000 *l.* will defray the charge of the Preſidency and the Council of that Province.

Eudox. The reckoning is eaſie; but in this account, by your leave, (me-thinks) you are deceived; for in this ſum of the Compoſition-money, you account the Lands of the Undertakers of that Province, who are, by their Grant from the Queen, to be freed from all ſuch Impoſitions whatſoever, excepting their onely Rent, which is ſurely enough.

Iren. You ſay true, I did ſo, but the ſame 20 *s.* for every Plow-land, I mean, to have deducted out of that Rent due upon them to her Majeſty, which is no hinderance nor charge at all more to her Majeſty than it now is; for all that Rent which ſhe receives of them, ſhe putteth forth again to the maintenance of the Preſidency there, the charge whereof it doth ſcarcely defray; whereas in this accompt, both that charge of the Preſidency, and alſo of 1000 Soldiers more, ſhall be maintained.

Eudox. It ſhould be well if it could be brought to that. But now, where will you have your 1000 men Garrſon'd?

Iren. I would have 100 of them placed at the *Bantry*, where is a moſt fit place, not onely to defend all that ſide of the Weſt part from Foreign Invaſion, but alſo to anſwer all occaſions of troubles, to which that Countrey, being ſo remote, is very ſubject. And ſurely there alſo would be planted a good Town, having both a good Haven, and a plentiful Fiſhing, and the Land being already Eſcheated to her Majeſty, but being forcibly kept from her by one that proclaims himſelf the Baſtard Son of the Earl of *Clancar*, being called *Donell Mac Carty*, whom it is meet to foreſee to: For whenſoever the Earl ſhall die, all thoſe Lands (after him) are to come unto her Majeſty, he is like to make a foul ſtir there, though of himſelf no power, yet through ſupportance of ſome others, who lie in the wind, and look after the fall of that Inheritance. Another 100 I would have placed at *Caſtle Mayne*, which ſhould keep all *Deſmond* and *Kerry*, for it anſwereth them both moſt conveniently. Alſo about *Kilmore*, in the County of *Cork*, would I have 200 placed, the which ſhould break that Neſt of Thieves there, and anſwer equally both to the County of *Limerick*, and alſo the County of *Cork*. Another 100 would I have lie at *Cork*, as well to command the Town, as alſo to be ready for any Forreign occaſion. Likewiſe at *Waterford* would I place 200, for the ſame reaſons, and alſo for other privy cauſes, that are no leſs important. Moreover on this ſide of *Arlo*, near to *Muskery Quirk*, which is the Countrey of the *Burkes*, about *Kill-Patrick*, I would have 200 more to be Garriſon'd, which ſhould ſcour both the *White Knights* Countrey, and *Arlo*, and *Muskery Quirk*, by which places all the paſſages of Thieves do lie, which convey their ſtealth from all *Mounſter* downwards towards *Tipperary*, and the *Engliſh Pale*; and from the *Engliſh Pale* alſo up unto *Mounſter*, whereof they uſe to make a common Trade. Beſides that, ere long I doubt that the County of *Tippery* it ſelf will need ſuch a ſtrength in it, which were good to be there ready before the evil fall, that is daily of ſome expected. And thus you ſee all your Garriſons placed.

Eudox. I ſee it right well. But let me (I pray you) by the way ask you the reaſon, why in thoſe Cities of *Mounſter*, namely, *Waterford* and *Cork*, you rather placed Garriſons, than in all others in *Ireland*? for they may think themſelves to have a great wrong to be ſo charged above all the reſt.

Iren. I will tell you, thoſe two Cities, above all the reſt, do offer an in-gate to the *Spaniard* moſt fitly: But yet, becauſe they ſhall not take exceptions to this, that they are charged above all the reſt, I will alſo lay a charge upon the others likewiſe; for indeed it is no reaſon that the Corporate Towns, enjoying great Franchiſes and Priviledges from her Majeſty, and living thereby not onely ſafe, but drawing to them the wealth of all the Land, ſhould live ſo free, as not to be partakers of the burthen of this Garriſon, for their own ſafety, eſpecially in this time of trouble, and ſeeing all the reſt burthened: (and therefore) I will charge them all thus ratably, according to their abilities, towards their maintenance; the which her Majeſty may (if ſhe pleaſe) ſpare out of the charge of the reſt, and reſerve towards her other coſts, or elſe add to the charge of the Preſidency in the North.

Waterford	C.	*Clonmell*	X.	*Dundalk*	X.
Cork	L.	*Caſhell*	X.	*Mellingare*	X.
Limerick	L.	*Fedard*	X.	*Newrie*	X.
Galway	L.	*Kilkenny*	XXV.	*Trim*	X.
Dinglecuſh	X.	*Wexford*	XXV.	*Ardee*	X.
Kinſale	X.	*Tredagh*	XXV.	*Kells*	X.
Yoghall	X.	*Roſs*	XXV.	*Dublin*	C.
Kilmallock	X.				

In all 580.

Eudox.

Eudox. It is eaſie *Irenæus* to lay a charge upon any Town, but to foreſee how the ſame may be anſwered and defrayed, is the chief part of good adviſement.

Iren. Surely this charge which I put upon them, I know to be ſo reaſonable, as that it will not much be felt; for the port Towns that have benefit of ſhipping, may cut it eaſily off their Trading; and in land Towns off their Corn and Cattle; neither do I ſee, but ſince to them eſpecially the benefit of peace doth redound, that they eſpecially ſhould bear the burthen of their ſafeguard and defence, as we ſee all the Towns of the Low-Countreys, do cut upon themſelves an exciſe of all things towards the maintenance of the War that is made in their behalf; to which, though theſe are not to be compared in Riches, yet are they to be charged according to their Poverty.

Eudox. But now that you have thus ſet up theſe forces of Soldiers, and provided well (as you ſuppoſe) for their pay, yet there remaineth to fore-caſt how they may be victualled, and where purveyance may thereof be made; for in *Ireland* it ſelf, I cannot ſee almoſt how any thing is to be had for them, being already ſo pitifully waſted, as it is with this ſhort time of War.

Iren. For the firſt two years, it is needful indeed, that they be victualled out of *England* thoroughly, from half year to half year, afore-hand. All which time the *Engliſh Pale* ſhall not be burdened at all, but ſhall have time to recover themſelves: and *Mounſter* alſo being reaſonably well ſtored, will by that time, (if God ſend ſeaſonable weather) be thoroughly well furniſhed to ſupply a great part of that charge, for I know there is great plenty of Corn ſent over Sea from thence, the which, if they might have ſale for at home, they would be glad to have money ſo near hand; ſpecially if they were ſtreightly reſtrained from tranſporting of it. Thereunto, alſo there will be a great help and furtherance given, in the putting forward of Husbandry, in all meet places, as hereafter ſhall in due place appear. But hereafter when things ſhall grow unto a better ſtrength, and the Countrey be repleniſhed with Corn, as in ſhort ſpace it will, if it be well followed, for the Countrey people themſelves are great Plowers, and ſmall ſpenders of Corn; then would I wiſh that there ſhould be good ſtore of Houſes and Magazins erected in all thoſe great places of Garriſon, and in all great Towns, as well for the victualling of Soldiers, and Ships; as for all occaſions of ſuddain ſervices; as alſo for preventing of all times of dearth and ſcarcity; and this want is much to be complained of in *England*, above all other Countreys, who truſting too much to the uſual bleſſing of the Earth, do never fore-caſt any ſuch hard ſeaſons, nor any ſuch ſuddain occaſions as theſe troublous times may every day bring forth, when it will be too late to gather proviſion from abroad, and to bring it perhaps from far; for the furniſhing of Ships or Soldiers, which peradventure may need to be preſently imployed, and whoſe want may (which God forbid) hap to hazard a Kingdom.

Eudox. Indeed the want of thoſe Magazins of victuals, I have oftentimes complained of in *England*, and wondered at in other Countreys; but that is nothing now to our purpoſe; but as for theſe Garriſons which you have now ſo ſtrongly planted throughout all *Ireland*, and every place ſwarming with Soldiers, ſhall there be no end of them? For now thus being (me-thinks) I do ſee rather a Countrey of War, than of peace and quiet; which you earſt pretended to work in *Ireland*, for if you bring all things to that quietneſs that you ſaid, what then needeth to maintain ſo great Forces, as you have charged upon it?

Iren. I will unto you, *Eudox.* in privity diſcover the drift of my purpoſe, I mean (as I told you) and do well hope thereby both to ſettle an eternal peace in that Countrey, and alſo to make it very profitable to her Majeſty; the which I ſee muſt be brought in with a ſtrong hand, and ſo continued, till it run in a ſteadfaſt courſe of Government, which in this ſort will neither be difficult nor dangerous, for the Souldier being once brought in for the ſervice into *Ulſter*, and having ſubdued it and *Connaght*, I will not have him to lay down his Arms any more, till he have effected that which I purpoſe; that is, firſt to have this general compoſition for maintenance of theſe thoroughout all the Realm, in regard of the troublous times, and daily danger which is threatned to this Realm by the King of *Spain*. And thereupon to beſtow all my Soldiers in ſuch ſort as I have done, that no part of all that Realm ſhall be able to dare to quinch: Then will I eftſoons bring in my Reformation, and thereupon eſtabliſh ſuch a form of Government, as I may think meeteſt for the good of that Realm, which being once ſettled, and all things put into a right way, I doubt not but they will run on fairly. And though they would ever ſeek to ſwerve aſide, yet ſhall they not be able without forraign violence, once to remove, as you your ſelf ſhall ſoon (I hope) in your own reaſon readily conceive, which if it ſhall ever appear, then may her Majeſty at pleaſure with-draw ſome of the Garriſons, and turn their pay into her Purſe; or if ſhe will never pleaſe ſo to do (which I would rather wiſh) then ſhall ſhe have a number of brave old Soldiers always ready for any occaſion that ſhe will imploy them unto, ſupplying their Garriſons with freſh ones in their ſteed. The maintenance of whom, ſhall be no more charge to her Majeſty, then now that Realm is, for all the Revenue thereof, and much more ſhe ſpendeth, even in the moſt peaceable times, that are there, as things now ſtand. And in time of War, which is now ſurely every ſeventh year, ſhe ſpendeth infinite Treaſure beſides, to ſmall purpoſe.

Eudox. I perceive your purpoſe, but now that you have thus ſtrongly made way unto your Reformation, and that I ſee the people ſo humbled and prepared, that they will and muſt yield to any Ordinance that ſhall be given them I do much deſire to underſtand the ſame; for in the beginning you promiſed to ſhew a means how to redreſs all thoſe inconveniences and abuſes, which you ſhewed to be in that ſtate of Government, which now ſtands there, as in the Laws, Cuſtoms, and Religion, wherein I would gladly know firſt, whether in ſteed of thoſe Laws, you would have new Laws made, for now for ought that I ſee, you may do what you pleaſe.

Iren.

Iren. I ſee, *Eudox.* that you well remember our firſt purpoſe, and do rightly continue the courſe thereof. Firſt therefore to ſpeak of Laws, ſince we firſt began with them; I do not think it now convenient, though it be in the power of the Prince, to change all the Laws, and make new; for that ſhould breed a great trouble and confuſion, aſwell in the *Engliſh* there dwelling, and to be planted, as alſo in the *Iriſh*. For the *Engliſh* having been always trained up in the *Engliſh* Government, will hardly be inured to any other, and the *Iriſh* will better be drawn to the *Engliſh*, than the *Engliſh* to the *Iriſh* Government. Therefore ſithence we cannot now apply Laws fit to the people, as in the firſt inſtitutions of Commonwealths it ought to be, we will apply the people, and fit them unto the Laws, as it moſt conveniently may be. The Laws therefore we reſolve ſhall abide in the ſame ſort that they do, both Common-law and Statutes, only ſuch defects in the Common-law, and inconveniences in the Statutes, as in the beginning we noted, and as men of deeper inſight ſhall adviſe, may be changed by ſome other new Acts and Ordinances to be by a Parliament there confirmed. As thoſe for tryals of Pleas of the Crown, and private rights between parties, colourable conveyances, and acceſſaries.

Eudox. But how will thoſe be redreſſed by Parliament, when as the *Iriſh* which ſway moſt in Parliament (as you ſaid) ſhall oppoſe themſelves againſt them?

Iren. That may well now be avoyded: For now that ſo many Free-holders of *Engliſh* ſhall be eſtabliſhed, they together with Burgeſſes of Towns, and ſuch other loyal *Iriſhmen*, as may be preferred to be Knights of the Shire, and ſuch like, will be able to beard, and to counterpoiſe the reſt; who alſo being now more brought in awe, will the more eaſily ſubmit to any ſuch Ordinances as ſhall be for the good of themſelves, and that Realm generally.

Eudox. You ſay well, for by the increaſe of Free-holder for their numbers hereby will be greatly augmented, but how ſhall it paſs thorough the higher houſe, which ſtill muſt conſiſt all of *Iriſh*?

Iren. Marry that alſo may be redreſſed by enſample of that which I have heard was done in the like caſe by King *Edward* the Third (as I remember) who being greatly bearded and croſſed by the Lords of the Clergy, they being there, by reaſon of the Lords Abbots, and others, too many and too ſtrong for him, ſo as he could not for their frowardneſs, order and reform things as he deſired, was adviſed to direct out his Writs to certain Gentlemen of the beſt Ability and Truſt; entituling them therein Barons, to ſerve, and ſit as Barons in the next Parliament. By which means he had ſo many Barons in his Parliament, as were able to weigh down the Clergy and their friends: The which Barons they ſay, were not afterwards Lords, but only Baronets, as ſundry of them do yet retain the name. And by the like device her Majeſty may now likewiſe curb and cut ſhort thoſe *Iriſh* and unruly Lords, that hinder all good proceedings.

Eudox. It ſeems no leſs than for reforming of all thoſe inconvenient Statutes that you noted in the beginning, and redreſſing of all thoſe evil cuſtoms; and laſtly, for ſettling of ſound Religion amongſt them, me-thinks you ſhall not need any more to over-goe thoſe particulars again, which you mentioned, nor any other which might beſides be remembred; but to leave all to the reformation of ſuch a Parliament, in which, by the good care of the Lord Deputy and Councel, they may all be amended. Therefore now you may come unto that general reformation which you ſpake of, and bringing in of that eſtabliſhment, by which you ſaid all men ſhould be contained in duty ever after, without the terror of war-like Forces, or violent wreſting of things by ſharp puniſhments.

Iren. I will ſo at your pleaſure, the which (me-thinks) can by no means be better plotted, than by enſample of ſuch other Realms as have been annoyed with like evils that *Ireland* now is, and uſeth ſtill to be. And firſt in this our Realm of *England*, it is manifeſt by report of the Chronicles, and ancient Writers, that it was greatly infeſted with Robbers and Out-laws, which lurking in Woods and faſt places, uſed often to break forth into the High-ways, and ſometimes into ſmall Villages to rob and ſpoyl. For redreſs whereof it is written, that King *Alured*, or *Aldred*, did divide the Realm into Shires, and the Shires into Hundreds, and the Hundreds into Lathes or Wapentacks, and the Wapentacks into Tythings: So that Ten Tythings make an Hundred, and five made a Lathe or Wapentake, of which Ten, each one was bound for another, and the eldeſt or beſt of them, whom they called the Tythingman or Borſolder, that is, the eldeſt pledge, became ſurety for all the reſt. So that if any one of them did ſtart into any undutiful action, the Borſolder was bound to bring him forth, when joyning eft-ſoons with all his Tything, would follow that looſe perſon thorough all places, till they brought him in. And if all that Tything failed, then all that Lathe was charged for that Tything, and if that Lathe failed, then all that Hundred was demanded for them; and if the Hundred, then the Shire, who joyning eft-ſoons together, would not reſt till they had found out and delivered in that undutiful fellow, which was not ameſnable to Law. And herein it ſeems, that that good *Saxon* King followed the Counſel of *Jethro* to *Moſes*, who adviſed him to divide the people into Hundreds, and to ſet Captains and wiſe men of truſt over them, who ſhould take the charge of them, and eaſe of that burthen. And ſo did *Romulus* (as you may read) divide the *Romans* into Tribes, and the Tribes into Centuries or Hundreds. By this ordinance, this King brought this Realm of *England*, (which before was moſt troubleſome) unto that quiet State, that no one bad perſon could ſtir, but he was ſtraight taken hold of by thoſe of his own Tything, and their Borſolder, who being his neighbor or next kinſman were privy to all his ways, and looked narrowly into his life. The which inſtitution (if it were obſerved in *Ireland*) would work that effect which it did in *England*, and keep all men within the compaſs of duty and obedience.

Eudox. This is contrary to that you ſaid before; for, as I remember, you ſaid, that there was a great diſpro-

portion

portion between *England* and *Ireland*, ſo as the Laws which were fitting for one, would not fit the other. How comes it now then, that you would transfer a principal inſtitution from *England* to *Ireland*?

Iren. This Law was not made by the *Norman Conqueror*, but by a *Saxon King*, at what time *England* was very like to *Ireland*, as now it ſtands: for it was (as I told you) annoyed greatly with Robbers and Out-laws, which troubled the whole ſtate of the Realm, every corner having a *Robin Hood* in it, that kept the Woods, that ſpoiled all paſſengers and inhabitants, as *Ireland* now hath: ſo as (me-thinks) this Ordinance would fit very well, and bring them all into awe.

Eudox. Then when you have thus tythed the Commonalty, as you ſay, and ſet Borſolders over them all, what would you do when you came to the Gentlemen? would you hold the ſame courſe?

Iren. Yea marry, moſt eſpecially; for this you muſt know, that all the *Iriſh* almoſt boaſt themſelves to be Gentlemen, no leſs than the *Welſh*; for if he can derive himſelf from the Head of any Sept, (as moſt of them can, they are ſo expert by their Bards) then he holdeth himſelf a Gentleman, and thereupon ſcorneth to work, or uſe any hard labour, which, he ſaith, is the life of a Peaſant or Churl; but thenceforth becometh either an Horſe-boy, or a *Stocah* to ſome Kern, enuring himſelf to his Weapon, and to the Gentlemanly Trade of ſtealing, (as they count it.) So that if a Gentleman, or any wealthy man Yeoman of them, have any Children, the eldeſt of them, perhaps, ſhall be kept in ſome order, but all the reſt ſhall ſhift for themſelves, and fall to this occupation. And moreover it is a common uſe amongſt ſome of their Gentlemens Sons, that ſo ſoon as they are able to uſe their Weapons, they ſtreight gather to themſelves three or four ſtraglers, or Kearn, with whom wandring a while up and down idly the Countrey, taking onely meat, he at laſt falleth unto ſome bad occaſion that ſhall be offered; which being once made known, he is thenceforth counted a man of worth, in whom there is courage: whereupon there draw to him many other like looſe young men, which ſtirring him up with encouragement, provoke him ſhortly to flat Rebellion. And this happens not onely ſometimes in the Sons of their Gentlemen, but alſo of their Noblemen, eſpecially of them who have baſe Sons. For they are not onely not aſhamed to acknowledge them, but alſo boaſt of them, and uſe them to ſuch ſecret ſervices, as they themſelves will not be ſeen in; as to plague their Enemies, to ſpoil their Neighbours, to oppreſs and cruſh ſome of their own too ſtubborn Free-holders, which are not tractable to their wills.

Eudox. Then it ſeemeth, that this Ordinance of Tithing them by the Pole, is not onely fit for the Gentlemen, but alſo for the Noblemen, whom I would have thought to be of ſo honourable a mind, as that they ſhould not need ſuch a kind of being bound to their Allegiance, who ſhould rather have held in, and ſtaid all the other from undutifulneſs, than need to be forced thereunto themſelves.

Iren. Yea ſo it is, *Eudoxus*; but becauſe that Noblemen cannot be Tythed, there being not many Tythings of them, and alſo becauſe a Borſolder over them ſhould be not onely a great indignity, but alſo a danger to add more power to them than they have, or to make one the Commander of Ten; I hold it meeter that there were onely Sureties taken of them, and one bound for another; whereby if any ſhall ſwerve, his Sureties ſhall, for ſafeguard of their Bonds, either bring him in, or ſeck to ſerve upon him. And beſides this, I would wiſh them all to be ſworn to her Majeſty, which they never yet were, but at the firſt Creation; and that Oath would ſure contain them greatly, or the breach of it bring them to ſhorter vengeance, for God uſeth to puniſh Perjury ſharply. So I read, that there was a corporal Oath taken in the Reigns of *Edward the Second*, and of *Henry the Seventh*, (when the times were very broken) of all the Lords and beſt Gentlemen, of Fealty to the Kings, which now is no leſs needful, becauſe many of them are ſuſpected to have taken another Oath privily to ſome bad purpoſes, and thereupon to have received the Sacrament, and been ſworn to a Prieſt, which they think bindeth them more, than their Allegiance to their Prince, or love of their Countrey.

Eudox. This Tything to the common people, and taking Sureties of Lords and Gentlemen, I like very well, but that it will be very troubleſome: ſhould it not be as well for to have them all booked, and the Lords and Gentlemen to take all the meaner ſort upon themſelves, for they are beſt able to bring them in, whenſoever any of them ſtarteth out.

Iren. This indeed (*Eudoxus*) hath been hitherto, and yet is a common order amongſt them, to have all the people booked by the Lords and Gentlemen; but yet the worſt order that ever was deviſed: for by this booking of men, all the inferiour ſort are brought under the command of their Lords, and forced to follow them into any action whatſoever. Now this you are to underſtand, that all the Rebellions which you ſee from time to time happen in *Ireland*, are not begun by the common people, but by the Lords and Captains of Countreys, upon pride or wilful obſtinacy againſt the Government, which whenſoever they will enter into, they draw with them all their people and followers, which think themſelves bound to go with them, becauſe they have booked them, and undertaken for them. And this is the reaſon that in *England* you have ſuch few bad occaſions, by reaſon that the Noblemen, however they ſhould happen to be evil diſpoſed, have no command at all over the Commonalty, though dwelling under them, becauſe that every man ſtandeth upon himſelf, and buildeth his fortunes upon his own faith and firm aſſurance. The which this manner of Tything the Poles will work alſo in *Ireland*; for by this, the people are broken into many ſmall parts, like little ſtreams, that they cannot eaſily come together into one head, which is the principal regard that is to be had in *Ireland*, to keep them from growing unto ſuch a head, and adhereing unto great men.

Eudox. But yet I cannot ſee how this can be well brought, without doing great wrong unto the Noblemen there; for at the firſt conqueſt of that Realm, thoſe great Seigniories and Lordſhips were given them by the King, that they ſhould be the ſtronger againſt the *Iriſh*, by the multitudes of Followers and Tenants under them: all which hold their Tenements of them by Fealty, and ſuch Services, whereby they are (by the firſt Grant of the King) made bounden unto them, and tied to riſe out with them into all occaſions of ſervice. And this I have often heard, that when the Lord *Deputy* hath raiſed any general Hoſtings, the Noblemen have claimed the leading of them, by grant from the Kings of *England*, under the Great Seal exhibited; ſo as the *Deputies* could not refuſe them to have the leading of them, or if they did, they would ſo work, as none of their followers ſhould riſe forth to the Hoſtage.

Iren. You ſay very true; but will you ſee the fruit of thoſe Grants? I have known when thoſe Lords have had the leading of their own Followers under them to the general Hoſtings, that they have for the ſame cut upon every Plowland within their Countrey fourty ſhillings or more; whereby ſome of them have gathered together above ſeven or eight hundred pounds, and others much more, into their purſe; in lieu whereof, they have gathered unto themſelves a number of looſe Kearn out of all parts, which they have carried forth with them, to whom they never gave any penny of entertainment, allowed by the Countrey, or forced by them, but let them feed upon the Countreys, and extort upon all men where they come: for that people will never ask better entertainment, than to have a colour of ſervice or employment given them, by which they will poll and ſpoil ſo outragiouſly, as the very Enemy cannot do much worſe: and they alſo ſometimes turn to the Enemy.

Eudox. It ſeems, the firſt intent of thoſe Grants was againſt the *Iriſh*, which now ſome of them uſe againſt the Queen her ſelf: But now, what remedy is there for this? or how can thoſe Grants of the Kings be avoided, without wronging of thoſe Lords, which had thoſe Lands and Lordſhips given them?

Iren. Surely they may be well enough, for moſt of thoſe Lords, ſince their firſt Grants from the Kings by which thoſe Lands were given them, have ſithence beſtowed the moſt part of them amongſt their Kinsfolk, as every Lord perhaps hath given in his time one or another of his principal Caſtles to his younger Son, and other to others, as largely and as amply as they were given to him, and others they have ſold, and others they have bought, which were not in their firſt Grant, which now nevertheleſs they bring within the compaſs thereof, and take and exact upon them, as upon their firſt Demeaſnes all thoſe kind of Services, yea, and the very wild exactions, *Coignie*, *Livery*, *Sorehon*, and ſuch like; by which they poll and utterly undo the poor Tenants and Free-holders under them, which either through ignorance know not their Tenures, or through greatneſs of their new Lords dare not challenge them: yea, and ſome Lords of Countreys alſo, as great ones as themſelves, are now by ſtrong hand brought under them, and made their Vaſſals. As for example, *Arundel* of the *Stronde*, in the County of *Cork*, who was antiently a great Lord, and was able to ſpend 3500 *l.* by the year, as appeareth by good Records, is now become the Lord *Barries* Man, and doth to him all thoſe Services which are due unto her Majeſty. For reformation of all which, I wiſh that there were a Commiſſion granted forth, under the Great Seal, as I have ſeen one recorded in the old Council-book of *Mounſter*, that was ſent forth in the time of Sir *William Drury*, unto perſons of ſpecial truſt and judgment, to inquire throughout all *Ireland*, beginning with one County firſt, and ſo reſting a while till the ſame were ſetled, by the verdict of a ſound and ſubſtantial Jury, how every man holdeth his Land, of whom, and by what Tenure; ſo that every one ſhould be admitted to ſhew and exhibit what right he hath, and by what Services he holdeth his Land, whether in Chief, or in Soccage, or by Knights Service, or how elſe ſoever. Thereupon would appear, firſt, how all thoſe great *Engliſh* Lords do claim thoſe great Services, what Seigniories they uſurp, what Wardſhips they take from the Queen, what Lands of hers they conceal. And then, how thoſe *Iriſh* Captains of Countreys have incroached upon the Queens Free-holders and Tenants, how they have tranſlated the Tenures of them from *Engliſh* holding, unto *Iriſh Taniſtry*, and defeated her Majeſty of all her Rights and Duties which are to accrue to her thereout, as Wardſhips, Liveries, Marriages, Fines of Alienations, and many other Commodities, which now are kept and concealed from her Majeſty, to the value of 40000 *l. per annum*, I dare undertake in all *Ireland*, by that which I know in one County.

Eudox. This, *Irenæus*, would ſeem a dangerous Commiſſion, and ready to ſtir up all the *Iriſh* in Rebellion, who knowing that they have nothing to ſhew for all thoſe Lands which they hold, but their Swords, would rather draw them, than ſuffer the Lands to be thus drawn away from them.

Iren. Neither ſhould their Lands be taken away from them, nor the utmoſt advantages enforced againſt them: But this, by diſcretion of the Commiſſioners, ſhould be made known unto them, that it is not her Majeſties meaning to uſe any ſuch extremity, but onely to reduce things into order of *Engliſh* Law, and make them hold their Lands of her, and to reſtore to her her due Services, which they detain out of thoſe Lands, which were anciently held of her. And that they ſhould not onely not be thruſt out, but alſo have Eſtates and Grants of their Lands new made to them from her Majeſty, ſo as they ſhould thenceforth hold them rightfully, which they now uſurp wrongfully. And yet withall I would wiſh, that in all thoſe *Iriſh* Countreys there were ſome Land reſerved to her Majeſties free diſpoſition, for the better containing of the reſt, and intermingling them with *Engliſh* Inhabitants and Cuſtoms, that knowledge might ſtill be had of them, and of all their doings, ſo as no manner of practiſe or conſpiracy ſhould be had in hand amongſt them, but notice ſhould be given thereof by one means or another, and their practiſes prevented.

Eudox.

Eudox. Truly neither can the *Iriſh*, nor yet the *Engliſh* Lords, think themſelves wronged, nor hardly dealt withall herein, to have that which is indeed none of their own at all, but her Majeſties abſolutely, given to them, with ſuch equal conditions, as that both they may be aſſured thereof better than they are, and alſo her Majeſty not defrauded of her right utterly: For it is a great grace in a Prince to take that with conditions, which is abſolutely her own. Thus ſhall the *Iriſh* be well ſatisfied. And as for the great men which had ſuch Grants made to them at firſt by the Kings of *England*, it was in regard that they ſhould keep forth the *Iriſh*, and defend the Kings right, and his Subjects: but now ſeeing that in ſtead of defending them, they rob and ſpoil them; and in ſtead of keeping out the *Iriſh*, they do not onely make the *Iriſh* their Tenants in thoſe Lands, and thruſt out the *Engliſh*, but alſo ſome of themſelves become meer *Iriſh*, with marrying with them, with foſtering with them, and combining with them againſt the Queen. What reaſon is there, but that thoſe Grants and Priviledges ſhould be either revoked, or at leaſt reduced to the firſt intention for which they were granted. For ſure, in mine opinion, they are more ſharply to be chaſtiſed and reformed, than the rude *Iriſh*, which being very wild at the firſt, are now become more civil; when as theſe, from civility, are grown to be wild and meer *Iriſh*.

Iren. Indeed, as you ſay, *Eudoxus*, theſe do need a ſharper reformation than the *Iriſh*; for they are more ſtubborn and diſobedient to Law and Government, than the *Iriſh* be.

Eudox. In truth, *Irenæus*, this is more than ever I heard, that any *Engliſh* there ſhould be worſe than the *Iriſh*: Lord, how quickly doth that Countrey alter mens natures? It is not for nothing (I perceive) which I have heard, that the Council of *England* think it no good policy to have that Realm reformed, or planted with *Engliſh*, leſt they ſhould grow ſo undutiful as the *Iriſh*, and become more dangerous. As appeareth by the examples of the *Lacies* in the time of *Edward the Second*, which you ſpake of, that ſhook off their Allegiance to their Natural Prince, and turned to *Edward le Bruce*, to make him King of *Ireland*.

Iren. No times have been without bad men: But as for that purpoſe of the Council of *England*, which you ſpake of, that they ſhould keep that Realm from Reformation, I think they are moſt lewdly abuſed; for their great carefulneſs, and earneſt endeavours do witneſs the contrary. Neither is it the nature of the Countrey to alter mens manners, but the bad minds of the men, who having been brought up at home under a ſtrait rule of duty and obedience, being always reſtrained by ſharp penalties from lewd behaviour, ſo ſoon as they come thither, where they ſee Laws more ſlackly tended, and the hard reſtraint which they were uſed unto, now ſlacked, they grow more looſe and careleſs of their duty: and as it is the nature of all men to love liberty, ſo they become flat Libertines, and fall to all licentiouſneſs, more boldly daring to diſobey the Law, through the preſumption of favour and friendſhip, than any *Iriſh* dareth.

Eudox. Then if that be ſo, (methinks) your late adviſement was very evil, whereby you wiſhed the *Iriſh* to be ſowed and ſprinkled with *Engliſh*, and in all the *Iriſh* Countreys to have *Engliſh* planted amongſt them, for to bring them to *Engliſh* faſhions, ſince the *Engliſh* ſooner draw to the *Iriſh*, than the *Iriſh* to the *Engliſh*: For, as you ſaid before, if they muſt run with the ſtream, the greater number will carry away the leſs. Therefore (methinks) by this reaſon it ſhould be better to part the *Iriſh* and *Engliſh*, than to mingle them together.

Iren. Not ſo, *Eudoxus*; but where there is no good ſtay of Government, and ſtrong Ordinances to hold them, there indeed the fewer follow the more; but where there is due order of diſcipline and good rule, there the better ſhall go foremoſt, and the worſt ſhall follow. And therefore now, ſince *Ireland* is full of her own Nation, that ought not to be rooted out, and ſomewhat ſtored with *Engliſh* already, and more to be, I think it beſt, by an union of manners, and conformity of minds, to bring them to be one people, and to put away the diſlikeful conceit both of the one and the other, which will be by no means better, than by this intermingling of them. For neither all the *Iriſh* may dwell together, nor all the *Engliſh*, but by tranſlating of them, and ſcattering them amongſt the *Engliſh*, not onely to bring them, by daily converſation, unto better liking of each other, but alſo to make both of them leſs able to hurt. And therefore when I come to the Tything of them, I will Tythe them one with another, and, for the moſt part, will make an *Iriſh-man* the Tything-man, whereby he ſhall take the leſs exception to partiality, and yet be the more tied thereby. But when I come to the *Head-Borough*, which is the Head of the Lathe, him will I make an *Engliſhman*, or an *Iriſh-man* of ſpecial aſſurance. As alſo when I come to appoint the *Alderman*, that is the Head of the Hundred, him will I ſurely chooſe to be an *Engliſh-man*, of ſpecial regard, that may be a ſtay and pillar of all the Burrough under him.

Eudox. What do you mean by your Hundred, and what by your Borough? By that that I have read in ancient Records of *England*, an Hundred did contain an Hundred Villages, or, as ſome ſay, an Hundred Ploughlands, being the ſame which the *Saxons* called *Cantred*; the which Cantred, as I find it recorded in the black Book of [*the Exchequer of*] *Ireland*, did contain *xxx. Villatas terræ*, which ſome call, Quarters of Land; and every *Villata* can maintain 400 Cows in Paſture, and the 400 Cows to be divided into four Herds, ſo as none of them ſhall come near other: every *Villata* containing 18 Plow-lands, as is there ſet down. And by that which I have read of a Borough, it ſignifieth a Free-town, which had a principal Officer, called a Head-borough, to become Ruler, and undertake for all the dwellers under him, having for the ſame, Franchiſes and Priviledges granted them by the King, whereof it was called a Free-Borough, and of the Lawyers *Franci plegium*.

Iren. Both that which you ſaid, *Eudoxus*, is true, and yet that which I ſay not untrue. For that which you ſpake of dividing the Countrey into Hundreds, was a diviſion of the Lands of the Realm; but this which I tell

was of the People, which were thus divided by the Pole: ſo that Hundred in this ſence ſignifieth a hundred Pledges, which were under the command and aſſurance of their Alderman; the which (as I ſuppoſe) was alſo called a Wapentake, ſo named of touching the Weapon or Spear of their Alderman, and ſwearing to follow him faithfully, and ſerve their Prince truly. But others think, that a Wapentake was ten Hundreds or Boroughs. Likewiſe a Borough, as I here uſe it, and as the old Laws ſtill uſe, is not a Borough Town, as they now call it, that is, a Franchiſed Town; but a main pledge of a Hundred free Perſons, therefore called a Free Borough, or (as you ſay) *Franci-plegium*. For *Borh* in old *Saxon*, ſignifieth a Pledge or Surety; and yet it is ſo uſed with us in ſome ſpeeches, (as *Chaucer* ſaith) *St. John to Boroh*, that is, for aſſurance and warranty.

Eudox. I conceive the difference. But now that you have thus divided the People into theſe Tythings and Hundreds, how will you have them ſo preſerved and continued? for people do often change their dwelling-places, and ſome muſt die, whilſt other ſome do grow up into ſtrength of years, and become men.

Iren. Theſe Hundreds I would wiſh to aſſemble themſelves once every year with their pledges, and to preſent themſelves before the Juſtices of the Peace, which ſhall be thereunto appointed, to be ſurveyed and numbred, to ſee what change hath hapned ſince the year before; and the defects to ſupply, of young Plants late grown up, the which are diligently to be over-looked, and viewed, of what condition and demeanour they be, ſo as pledges may be taken for them, and they put into order of ſome Tything. Of all which alterations, Notes are to be taken, and Books made thereof accordingly.

Eudox. Now (me-thinks) *Irenæus*, you are to be warned to take heed, leſt unawares you fall into that inconvenience which you formerly found fault with in others; namely, that by this Booking of them, you do not gather them into a new Head; and having broken their former ſtrength, do not unite them more ſtrongly again. For every *Alderman*, having all theſe Free Pledges of his Hundred under his command, may (me-thinks) if he be evil diſpoſed, draw all his company into an evil action. And likewiſe by this aſſembling of them once a year unto their Alderman by their Wapen-takes, take heed leſt you alſo give them occaſion and means to practiſe together in any conſpiracies.

Iren. Neither of both is to be doubted; for their Aldermen and Head-boroughs will not be ſuch men of power and countenance of themſelves, being to be choſen thereunto, as need to be feared: Neither if he were, is his Hundred at his command, further than his Princes ſervice; and alſo every Tything-man may control him in ſuch a caſe. And as for the aſſembling of the Hundred, much leſs is any danger thereof to be doubted, ſeeing it is before ſome Juſtice of Peace, or ſome High-Conſtable, to be thereunto appointed. So as of theſe Tythings, there can no peril enſue, but a certain aſſurance of peace and great good; for they are thereby withdrawn from their Lords, and ſubjected to the Prince. Moreover, for the better breaking of theſe Heads and Septs, which (I told you) was one of the greateſt ſtrengths of the *Iriſh*, me-thinks it ſhould be very well to renew that old Statute which was made in the Reign of *Edward* the Fourth in *Ireland*, by which it was commanded, that whereas all men then uſed to be called by the name of their Septs, according to the ſeveral Nations, and had no Surnames at all; that from thenceforth each one ſhould take upon himſelf a ſeveral Surname, either of his Trade and Faculty, or of ſome quality of his Body or Mind, or of the Place where he dwelt; ſo as every one ſhould be diſtinguiſhed from the other, or from the moſt part, whereby they ſhall not onely not depend upon the Head of their Sept, as now they do, but alſo in time learn quite to forget his *Iriſh* Nation. And herewithall would I alſo wiſh all the *O's* and the *Mac's*, which the Heads of Septs have taken to their Names, to be utterly forbidden and extinguiſhed. For that the ſame being an Ordinance (as ſome ſay) firſt made by *O Brien* for the ſtrengthning of the *Iriſh*, the abbrogating thereof will as much enfeeble them.

Eudox. I like this Ordinance very well. But now that you have thus divided and diſtinguiſhed them, what other order will you take for their manner of life?

Iren. The next thing that I will do, ſhall be, to appoint to every one that is not able to live of his Free-hold, a certain Trade of life; to which he ſhall find himſel fitteſt, and ſhall be thought ableſt; the which Trade he ſhall be bound to follow, and live onely thereupon. All Trades therefore are to be underſtood to be of three kinds, *Manual*, *Intellectual*, and *Mixed*. The firſt containeth all ſuch as needeth exerciſe of bodily labour, to the performance of their profeſſion. The ſecond conſiſting onely of the exerciſe of Wit and Reaſon. The third ſort, part of Bodily labour, and part of the Wit, but depending moſt of induſtry and carefulneſs. Of the firſt ſort be all Handicrafts and Husbandry labour. Of the ſecond be all Sciences, and thoſe which be called Liberal Arts. Of the third is Merchandiſe and Chaffery, that is, Buying and Selling. And without all theſe three there is no Common-wealth can almoſt conſiſt, or at the leaſt be perfect. But the Realm of *Ireland* wanteth the moſt principal of them, that is, the *Intellectual*; therefore in ſeeking to reform her ſtate, it is ſpecially to be looked unto. But becauſe by Husbandry, which ſupplieth unto us all things neceſſary for food, whereby we chiefly live; therefore it is firſt to be provided for. The firſt thing therefore that we are to draw theſe new Tythed men into, ought to be Husbandry: Firſt, becauſe it is the moſt eaſie to be learned, needing onely the labour of the Body. Next, becauſe it is moſt general, and moſt needful. Then, becauſe it is moſt natural. And laſtly, becauſe it is moſt enemy to War, and moſt hateth unquietneſs: As the Poet ſaith,

———*Bella execrata colonis.*

for husbandry being the nurſe of thrift, and the daughter of induſtry and labour, deteſteth all that may work her ſcathe, and deſtroy the travail of her hands, whoſe hope is all her lives comfort unto the Plough, therefore are thoſe Kearne, Stocaghes and Horſe-boys to be driven and made to imploy that ableneſs of Body which they were wont to uſe to Theft and Villainy, henceforth to labour and induſtry. In the which, by that time they have ſpent but a little pain, they will find ſuch ſweetneſs and happy contentment, that they will afterwards hardly be haled away from it, or drawn to their wonted lewd life in Thievery and Roguery. And being once thus inured thereinto, they are not onely to be countenanced and encouraged by all good means; but alſo provided that their children after them may be brought up likewiſe in the ſame, and ſucceed in the rooms of their Fathers. To which end there is a Statute in *Ireland* already well provided, which commandeth that all the Sons of Husbandmen ſhall be trained up in their Fathers Trades, but it is (God wot) very ſlenderly executed.

Eudox. But do you not count in this Trade of Husbandry, paſturing of Cattle, and keeping of their Cows, for that is reckoned as a part of Husbandry.

Iren. I know it is, and needfully to be uſed, but I do not mean to allow any of thoſe able bodies, which are able to uſe bodily labour, to follow a few Cows grazing. But ſuch impotent perſons, as being unable for ſtrong travail, are yet able to drive Cattle to and fro to their paſture; for this keeping of Cows, is of it ſelf a very idle life, and a fit nurſery for a Thief. For which cauſe (you remember) I diſliked the *Iriſh* manner of keeping *Boolies* in Summer upon the Mountains, and living after that ſavage ſort. But if they will algates feed many Cattle, or keep them on the Mountains, let them make ſome Towns near to the Mountains ſide, where they may dwell together with neighbours, and be converſant in the view of the world. And to ſay truth, though *Ireland* be by nature counted a great ſoyl of paſture, yet had I rather have fewer Cows kept, and men better mannered, than to have ſuch huge increaſe of Cattle, and no increaſe of good conditions. I would therefore wiſh that there were ſome Ordinances made amongſt them, that whoſoever keepeth twenty Kine, ſhould keep a Plough going, for otherwiſe all men would fall to Paſturage, and none to Husbandry, which is a great cauſe of this dearth now in *England*, and a cauſe of the uſual ſtealths in *Ireland*: For look into all Countreys that live in ſuch ſort by keeping of Cattle, and you ſhall find that they are both very barbarous and uncivil, and alſo greatly given to War. The *Tartarians*, the *Muſcovites*, the *Norwegians*, the *Gothes*, the *Armenians*, and many other do witneſs the ſame. And therefore ſince now we purpoſe to draw the *Iriſh* from deſire of War and Tumults, to the love of peace and civility, it is expedient to abridge their great cuſtome of hardning, and augment their trade of Tillage and Husbandry. As for other Occupations and Trades, they need not be inforced to, but every man to be bound only to follow one that he thinks himſelf apteſt for. For other Trades of Artificers will be occupied for very neceſſity, and conſtrained uſe of them; and ſo likewiſe will Merchandiſe for the gain thereof: But Learning and bringing up in Liberal Sciences will not come of it ſelf, but muſt be drawn on with ſtreight Laws and Ordinances. And therefore it were meet that ſuch an Act were ordained, that all the Sons of Lords, Gentlemen, and ſuch others as are able to bring them up in Learning, ſhould be trained up therein from their Child-hoods; and for that end, every Pariſh ſhould be forced to keep a Petty School-maſter, adjoyning unto the Pariſh Church, to be the more in view, which ſhould bring up their Children in the firſt Elements of Letters: and that in every Country or Baronry, they ſhould keep another able School-maſter, which ſhould inſtruct them in Grammar, and in the Principles of Sciences, to whom they ſhould be compelled to ſend their Youth to be diſciplined, whereby they will in ſhort ſpace grow up to that civil converſation, that both the Children will loath their former rudeneſs in which they were bred, and alſo their Parents will even by the enſample of their young Children, perceive the foulneſs of their own behaviour, compared to theirs. For Learning hath that wonderful power in it ſelf, that it can ſoften and temper the moſt ſtern and ſavage Nature.

Eudox. Surely I am of your mind, that nothing will bring them from their uncivil life ſooner than Learning and Diſcipline, next after the knowledge and fear of GOD. And therefore I do ſtill expect that you ſhould come thereunto, and ſet ſome order for reformation of Religion, which is firſt to be reſpected; according to the ſaying of *CHRIST*, *Seek firſt the kingdom of Heaven, and the righteouſneſs thereof.*

Iren. I have in mind ſo to do; but let me (I pray you) firſt finiſh that which I had in hand, whereby all the Ordinances which ſhall afterwards be ſet for Religion, may abide the more firmly, and be obſerved more diligently. Now that this People is thus Tythed and Ordered, and every one bound unto ſome honeſt Trade of life, which ſhall be particularly entred and ſet down in the Tything-Book; yet perhaps there will be ſome ſtraglers and runagates, which will not of themſelves come in, and yield themſelves to this Order, and yet after the well finiſhing of the preſent War, and eſtabliſhing of the Garriſons in all ſtrong places of the Country, where there wonted refuge was moſt, I ſuppoſe there will few ſtand out; or if they do, they will ſhortly be brought in by the ears. But yet afterwards, leſt any one of them ſhould ſwerve, or any that is tied to a Trade, ſhould afterwards not follow the ſame, according to this inſtitution, but ſhould ſtraggle up and down the Country, or mich in corners amongſt their Friends idlely, as *Carrowes*, *Bardes*, *Jeſters*, and ſuch like, I would wiſh

that

that a Provoſt-Marſhal ſhould be appointed in every Shire, which ſhould continually walk about the Countrey, with half a dozen, or half a ſcore Horſmen, to take up ſuch looſe perſons as they ſhould find thus wandering, whom he ſhould puniſh by his own authority, with ſuch pains as the perſon ſhall ſeem to deſerve; for if he be but once ſo taken idlely roguing, he may puniſh him more lightly, as with Stocks, or ſuch like; but if he be found again ſo loitering, he may ſcourge him with Whips, or Rods; after which, if he be again taken, let him have the bitterneſs of Marſhall Law. Likewiſe if any relicks of the old Rebellion be found by any, that either have not come in and ſubmitted themſelves to the Law, or that having once come in, do break forth again, and walk diſorderly, let them taſte of the ſame cup in Gods name, for it was due to them for their firſt guilt; and now being revived by their latter looſneſs, let them have their firſt deſert, as now being found unfit to live in the Common-wealth.

Eudox. This were a good Ordinance: but me-thinks it is an unneceſſary charge, and alſo unfit to continue the name or form of any Marſhal Law, when as there is a proper Officer already appointed for theſe turns, to wit, the Sheriff of the Shire, whoſe peculiar Office it is to walk up and down his Bayliwick; as you would have a Marſhal to ſnatch up all thoſe Runnagates and unprofitable Members, and to bring them to his Gaol to be puniſhed for the ſame. Therefore this may well be ſpared.

Iren. Not ſo (me-thinks) for though the Sheriff have this authority of himſelf to take up all ſuch ſtraglers, and impriſon them, yet ſhall he not do ſo much good, nor work that terrour in the hearts of them, that a Marſhal will, whom they ſhall know to have power of life and death in ſuch caſes, and eſpecially to be appointed for them. Neither doth it hinder that, but that though it pertain to the Sheriff, the Sheriff may do therein what he can, and yet the Marſhal may walk his courſe beſides; for both of them may do the more good, and more terrifie the idle Rogue; knowing, that though he have a watch upon the one, yet he may light upon the other. But this proviſo is needful to be had in this caſe, that the Sheriff may not have the like power of life as the Marſhal hath, and as heretofore they have been accuſtomed; for it is dangerous to give power of life into the hands of him which may have benefit by the parties death, as if any looſe liver have any goods of his own, the Sheriff is to ſeize thereupon; whereby it hath come to paſs, that ſome who have not deſerved judgment of death, though otherwiſe perhaps offending, have been for their goods ſake caught up, and carried ſtreight to the Bough; a thing indeed very pitiful and horrible. Therefore by no means I would have the Sheriff have ſuch authority, nor yet to impriſon that Lozel till the Seſſions; for ſo all Gaols might ſoon be filled: but to ſend him to the Marſhal, who eftſoons finding him faulty, ſhall give him meet correction, and ſend him away forthwith.

Eudox. I do now perceive your reaſon well. But come we now to that whereof we earſt ſpake; I mean, to Religion and Religious men; what order will you ſet amongſt them?

Iren. For Religion little have I to ſay, my ſelf being (as I ſaid) not profeſſed therein, and it ſelf being but one, ſo as there is but one way therein; for that which is true onely is, and the reſt is not at all. Yet in planting of Religion, thus much is needful to be obſerved, that it be not ſought forcibly to be impreſſed into them with terrour and ſharp penalties, as now is the manner; but rather delivered and intimated with mildneſs and gentleneſs, ſo as it may not be hated before it be underſtood, and their Profeſſors deſpiſed and rejected. And therefore it is expedient, that ſome diſcreet Miniſters of their own Countrey-men be firſt ſent over amongſt them, which by their meek perſwaſions and inſtructions, as alſo by their ſober lives and converſations, may draw them firſt to underſtand, and afterwards to embrace the Doctrine of their Salvation. For if that the ancient godly Fathers, which firſt converted them when they were Infidels, to the Faith, were able to pull them from Idolatry and Paganiſm, to the true belief in *CHRIST*, as St. *Patrick* and St. *Columb*, how much more eaſily ſhall godly Teachers bring them to the true underſtanding of that which they already profeſſed; wherein it is great wonder to ſee the odds which is between the zeal of Popiſh Prieſts, and the Miniſters of the Goſpel; for they ſpare not to come out of *Spain*, from *Rome*, and from *Remes*, by long toil, and dangerous travelling hither, where they know peril of death awaiteth them, and no reward or riches is to be found, onely to draw the people unto the Church of *Rome*; whereas ſome of our idle Miniſters, having a way for credit and eſtimation thereby opened unto them, and having the Livings of the Countrey offered unto them, without pains, and without peril, will neither for the ſame, nor any love of God, nor zeal of Religion, nor for all the good they may do, by winning Souls to God, be drawn forth from their warm Neſts, to look out into Gods Harveſt, which is even ready for the ſickle, and all the Fields yellow long ago. Doubtleſs thoſe good old godly Fathers will (I fear me) riſe up in the day of judgment to condemn them.

Eudox. Surely it is great pity, *Iren.* that there are none choſen out of the Miniſters of *England*, good, ſober, and diſcreet men, which might be ſent over thither to teach and inſtruct them; and that there is not as much care had of their Souls as of their Bodies; for the care of both lieth upon the Prince.

Iren. Were there never ſo many ſent over, they ſhould do ſmall good, till one enormity be taken from them; that is, that both they be reſtrained from ſending their young men abroad to other Univerſities beyond the Sea, as *Remes*, *Doway*, *Lovain*, and the like; and others from abroad be reſtrained for coming in to them: for they lurking ſecretly in their houſes, and in corners of the Countrey, do more hurt and hinderance to

Religion

Religion with their private perſwaſions, than all the others can do good with their publick inſtructions, and though for theſe latter there be a good Statute there ordained, yet the ſame is not executed; and as for the former, there is no Law, nor order for their reſtraint at all.

Eudox. I marvail it is no better looked unto, and not only this but that alſo which I remember you mentioned in your abuſes concerning the profits and revenues of the Lands of Fugitives in *Ireland*, which by pretence of certain colourable conveyances are ſent continually over unto them, to the comforting of them and others againſt her Majeſty, for which here in *England* there is good order taken, and why not then aſwell in *Ireland*? For though there be no Statute there yet enacted therefore, yet might her Majeſty by her only prerogative, ſeize the fruits and profits of thoſe Fugitives Lands into her hands, till they come over to teſtifie their true allegiance.

Iren. Indeed ſhe might ſo do, but the comberous times do perhaps hinder the regard thereof, and of many other good intentions.

Eudox. But why then did they not mend it in peaceable times?

Iren. Leave we that to their grave conſiderations; but proceed we forward. Next care in Religion is to build up and repair all the ruined Churches, whereof the moſt part lye even with the ground, and ſome that have been lately repaired, are ſo unhandſomely patched, and thatched, that men do even ſhun the places for the uncomelineſs thereof; therefore I would wiſh that there were order taken to have them built in ſome better form, according to the Churches of *England*; for the outward ſhew (aſſure your ſelf) doth greatly draw the rude people to the reverencing and frequenting thereof. Whatever ſome of our late too nice fools ſay, there is nothing in the ſeemly form, and comely order of the Church. And for the keeping and continuing them, there ſhould likewiſe Church-wardens of the graveſt men in the Pariſh be appointed, as they be here in *England*, which ſhould take the yearly charge both hereof, and alſo of the School-houſes which I wiſh to be built near the ſaid Churches, for maintenance of both which, it were meet that ſome ſmall portion of Lands were allotted, ſith no more Mortmains are to be looked for.

Eudox. Indeed (me-thinks) it would be ſo convenient; but when all is done, how will you have your Churches ſerved, and your Miniſters maintained? ſince the livings (as you ſay) are not ſufficient ſcarce to make them Gowns, much leſs to yield meet maintenance according to the dignity of their degree.

Iren. There is no way to help that, but to lay two or three of them together, until ſuch time as the Countrey grow more rich and better inhabited, at which time the Tythes, and other obventions will alſo be more augmented and better valued: But now that we have thus gone through all the three ſorts of Trades, and ſet a courſe for their good eſtabliſhment, let us (if it pleaſe you) go next to ſome other needful points of other publick matters no leſs concerning the good of the Commonwealth, though but accidentally depending on the former. And firſt, I wiſh that order were taken for the cutting and opening of all places through Woods, ſo that a wide way of the ſpace of 100 yards might be laid open in every of them, for the ſafety of Travellers, which uſe often in ſuch perillous places to be robbed, and ſometimes murdered. Next, that Bridges were built upon the Rivers, and all the fords marred and ſpilt, ſo as none might paſs any other way but by thoſe Bridges, and every Bridge to have a gate and a gate-houſe ſet thereon; whereof this good will come, that no night ſtealths, which are commonly driven in by-ways, and by blind fords unuſed of any, but ſuch like ſhall not be conveyed out of one Countrey into another, as they uſe, but they muſt paſs by thoſe Bridges, where they may either be haply encountred, or eaſily tracked, or not ſuffered to paſs at all, by means of thoſe gate-houſes thereon: Alſo that in all ſtraights and narrow paſſages, as between two bogs, or through any deep ford, or under any Mountain ſide, there ſhould be ſome little Fortilage, or wooden Caſtle ſet, which ſhould keep and command that ſtraight, whereby any Rebels that ſhould come into the Countrey, might be ſtopped that way, or paſs with great peril. Moreover that all High-ways ſhould be fenced and ſhut up on both ſides, leaving only 40 foot bredth for paſſage, ſo as none ſhould be able to paſs but through the high-ways; whereby Thieves and night-Robbers might be the more eaſily purſued and encountred, when there ſhall be no other way to drive their ſtoln Cattle, but therein, as I formerly declared. Further, that there ſhould be in ſundry convenient places by the high ways, Towns appointed to be built, the which ſhould be free Burgeſſes, and incorporate under Bayliffs, to be by their Inhabitants well and ſtrongly intrenched, or otherwiſe fenced with gates on each ſide thereof, to be ſhut nightly, like as there is in many places in the *Engliſh pale*, and all the ways about it to be ſtrongly ſhut up, ſo as none ſhould paſs but through thoſe Towns: To ſome of which it were good that the priviledge of a market were given, the rather to ſtrengthen and inable them to their defence; for there is nothing doth ſooner cauſe civility in any Countrey than many

Market Towns, by reaſon that people repairing often thither for their needs, will daily ſee and learn civil manners of the better ſort: Beſides, there is nothing doth more ſtay and ſtrengthen the Countrey, than ſuch Corporate Towns, as by proof in many Rebellions hath appeared, in which when all the Countreys have ſwerved, the Towns have ſtood faſt, and yielded good relief to the Soldiers in all occaſions, of ſervices. And laſtly, there is nothing doth more enrich any Countrey or Realm, than many Towns, for to them will all the people draw and bring the fruits of their Trades, aſwell to make money of them, as to ſupply their needful uſes, and the Countreymen will alſo be more induſtrious in Tillage, and rearing of all Husbandry commodities, knowing that they ſhall have ready ſale for them at thoſe Towns, and in all thoſe Towns ſhould there be convenient Inns, erecting for the lodging and harbouring of Travellers, which are now oftentimes ſpoyled by lodging abroad in weak thatched houſes, for want of ſuch ſafe places to ſhroud them in.

Eudox. But what profit ſhall your Market Towns reap of their Market? when as each one may ſell their Corn and Cattle abroad in the Countrey, and make their ſecret bargains amongſt themſelves, as now I underſtand they uſe.

Iren. Indeed *Eudoxus*, they do ſo, and thereby no ſmall inconvenience doth riſe to the Commonwealth, for now when any one hath ſtoln a Cow or a Garron, he may ſecretly ſell it in the Countrey without privity of any; whereas if he brought it to a Market Town, it would perhaps be known, and the Thief diſcovered. Therefore it were good that a ſtraight ordinace were made, that none ſhould buy or ſell any Cattle, but in ſome open Market, (there being now Market Towns every where at hand,) upon a great penalty; neither ſhould they likewiſe buy any Corn to ſell the ſame again, unleſs it were to make Malt thereof; for by ſuch ingroſing and regrating we ſee the dearth that now commonly raigneth here in *England*, to have been cauſed. Hereunto alſo is to be added that good ordinance, which I remember was once proclaimed throughout all *Ireland*. That all men ſhould mark their Cattle with an open ſeveral mark upon their Flancks or Buttocks, ſo as if they happened to be ſtoln, they might appear whoſe they were, and they which ſhould buy them, might thereby ſuſpect the Owner, and be warned to abſtain from buying them of a ſuſpected perſon, with ſuch an unknown mark.

Eudox. Surely theſe ordinances ſeem very expedient, but ſpecially, that of free Towns, of which I wonder there is ſo ſmall ſtore in *Ireland*, and that in the firſt peopling and planting thereof, they were neglected and omitted.

Iren. They were not omitted, for there were through all places of the Countrey convenient, many good Towns ſeated, which thorough that inundation of the *Iriſh*, which I firſt told you of, were utterly waſted and defaced, of, which the ruines are yet in many places to be ſeen, and of ſome no ſign at all remaining, ſave only their bare names, but their ſeats are not to be found.

Eudox. But how then cometh it to paſs, that they have never ſince been recovered, nor their habitations reedified, as of the reſt, which have been no leſs ſpoyled and waſted.

Iren. The cauſe thereof was, for that after their deſolation, they were begged by Gentlemen, of the Kings, under colour to repair them, and gather the poor reliques of the people again together, of whom having obtained them, they were ſo far from reedifying of them, as that by all means they have endeavoured to keep them waſte, leaſt that being repaired, their Charters might be renewed, and their Burgeſſes reſtored to their Lands, which they had now in their poſſeſſion; much like as in thoſe old Monuments of Abbeys, and Religious houſes, we ſee them likewiſe uſe to do: For which cauſe it is judged that King *Henry* the Eight, beſtowed them upon them, conceiving that thereby they ſhould never be able to riſe again. And even ſo do theſe Lords, in theſe poor old Corporate Towns, of which I could name divers, but for kindling of diſpleaſure. Therefore as I wiſhed many Corporate Towns to be erected; ſo would I again wiſh them to be free, not depending upon the ſervice, nor under the command of any but the Governour. And being ſo, they will both ſtrengthen all the Countrey round about them, which by their means will be the better repleniſhed and enriched, and alſo be as continual holds for her Majeſty, if the people ſhould revolt or break out again, for without ſuch it is eaſie to forrage and over-run the whole Land. Let be for enſample all thoſe Free-boroughs, in the Low-Countreys, which are now all the ſtrength thereof. Theſe and other like ordinances might

might be delivered for the good eſtabliſhment of the Realm; after it is once ſubdued and reformed, in which it might afterwards be very eaſily kept and maintained, with ſmall care of the Governours and Counſel there appointed, ſo as it ſhould in ſhort ſpace, yield a plentiful Revenue to the Crown of *England*, which now doth but ſuck and conſume the Treaſure thereof, through thoſe unſound plots and changeful orders, which are daily deviſed for her good; yet never effectually proſecuted or performed.

Eudox. But in all this your diſcourſe, I have not marked any thing by you ſpoken touching the appointment of the principal Officer, to whom you wiſh the charge and performance of all this to be committed: Only I obſerved ſome foul abuſes by you noted in ſome of the late Governours; the Reformation whereof you left of, for this preſent place.

Iren. I delight not to lay open the blames of great Magiſtrates to the rebuke of the World, and therefore their Reformation I will not meddle with, but leave unto the wiſdom of greater heads to be conſidered; only thus much I will ſpeak generally thereof, to ſatisfie your deſire, that the Government and chief Magiſtracy, I wiſh to continue as it doth; to wit, that it be ruled by a Lord Deputy or Juſtice, for that it is a very ſafe kind of rule; but there-withall I wiſh that over him there were placed alſo a Lord Lieutenant, of ſome of the greateſt perſonages in *England*: ſuch a one I could name, upon whom the eye of all *England* is fixed, and our laſt hopes now reſt; who being intituled with that Dignity, and being here always reſident, may back and defend the good courſe of that Government againſt all maligners, which elſe will through their cunning working under hand, deprave and pull back what ever thing ſhall be begun or intended there, as we commonly ſee by experience at this day, to the utter ruine and deſolation of that poor Realm, and this Lieutenancy ſhould be no diſcountenancing of the Lord Deputy; but rather a ſtrengthning of all his doings, for now the chief evil in that Government is, that no Governour is ſuffered to go on with any one courſe, but upon the leaſt information here, of this or that, he is either ſtopped and croſſed, or other courſes appointed him from hence which he ſhall run, which how inconvenient it is, is at this hour too well felt: And therefore this ſhould be one principal in the appointing of the Lord Deputies Authority, that it ſhould be more ample and abſolute than it is, and that he ſhould have uncontrouled power, to do any thing, that he with the adviſement of the Council ſhould think meet to be done: For it is not poſſible for the Council here, to direct a Government there, who ſhall be forced oftentimes to follow the neceſſity of preſent actions, and to take the ſuddain advantage of time, which being once loſt will not be recovered, whilſt through expecting direction from hence, the delayes whereof are oftentimes through other greater affairs moſt irkſome; the opportunities there in the mean time paſs away, and great danger often groweth, which by ſuch timely prevention might eaſily be ſtopped: And this (I remember) is worthily obſerved by *Machiavel* in his diſcourſes upon *Livie*, where he commendeth the manner of the *Romans* Government, in giving abſolute power to all their Councellors and Governours, which if they abuſed, they ſhould afterwards dearly anſwer: And the contrary thereof he reprehendeth in the States of *Venice*, of *Florence*, and many other principalities of *Italy*: who uſe to limit their chief Officers ſo ſtrictly, as that thereby they have oftentimes loſt ſuch happy occaſions, as they could never come unto again: The like whereof, who ſo hath been converſant in that Government of *Ireland*, hath too often ſeen to their great hinderance and hurt. Therefore this I could wiſh to be redreſſed; and yet not ſo, but that in particular things he ſhould be reſtrained, though not in the general Government; as namely, in this that no Offices ſhould be ſold by the Lord Deputy for money, nor no pardons, nor no protections bought for reward, nor no beoves taken for Captainries of Countries, nor no ſhares of Biſhopricks for nominating of Biſhops, nor no forfeitures, nor diſpenſations with pœnal Statutes given to their ſervants or friends, nor no ſelling of licences for tranſportation of prohibited wares; and ſpecially of Corn and Fleſh, with many the like; which need ſome manner of reſtraint, or elſe very great truſt in the honourable diſpoſition of the Lord Deputy.

Thus I have *Eudoxus*, as briefly as I could, and as my memory would ſerve me, run through the ſtate of that whole Countrey, both to let you ſee, what it now is, and alſo what it may be by good care and amendment: Not that I take upon me to change the policy of ſo great a Kingdom, or preſcribe rules to ſuch wiſe men, as have the handling thereof, but only to ſhew you the

evils, which in my ſmall experience I have obſerved, to be the chief hinderance of the Reformation, and by way of conference to declare my ſimple opinion for the redreſs thereof, and eſtabliſhing a good courſe for Government, which I do not deliver as a perfect plot of mine own invention to be only followed, but as I have learned and underſtood the ſame by the conſultations and actions of very wiſe Governours and Counſellors, whom I have (ſometimes) heard treat hereof: So have I thought good to ſet down a remembrance of them for my own good, and your ſatisfaction, that who ſo liſt to overlook them; although perhaps much wiſer than they which have thus adviſed of that State, yet at leſt by compariſon hereof, may perhaps better his own judgment, and by the light of others fore-going him, may follow after with more eaſe, and haply find a fairer way thereunto, than they which have gone before.

Eudox. I thank you *Irenæus*, for this your gentle pains, withall not forgetting now in the ſhutting up, to put you in mind of that which you have formerly half promiſed; that hereafter when we ſhall meet again, upon the like good occaſion, you will declare unto us, thoſe your obſervations which you have gathered of the antiquities of *Ireland.*

CALEN-

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The Common Intereſt of King and People: ſhewing the Original, Antiquity, and Excellency of Monarchy compared with Ariſtocracy and Democracy, and particularly of our Engliſh Monarchy: and that Abſolute Papal and Presbyterian Popular Supremacy, are utterly inconſiſtent with Prerogative, Property and Liberty.

The Project of Peace; or Unity of Faith and Government, the only Expedient to procure Peace, both Foreign and Domeſtique; and to Preſerve theſe Nations from the Danger of Popery, and Arbitrary Tyranny.

Fons Scarburgenſis: ſive, Tractatus de Omnis Aquarum generis Origine ac uſu. Particulariter de Fonte Minerali apud *Scarbrough* in Comitatu *Eboracenſi Angliæ*. Item Diſſertationes variæ tàm Philoſophicæ quàm Medicinales, quas cum Sectionum titulis Pagina Librum proximè præcedens exibet. Autore *Roberto Wittie*, M. D.

C. Julius Cæſar Nomiſmaticus, ſive Diſſertatio Hiſtorica, *Dionis Caſſii* Scriptoris Græci Selectiora Commata *C. J. Cæſaris* Ortum Dignitates Connubia Interitum Rogum & Apotheoſin Complexa Nomiſmatum demonſtratione illuſtrans. *J. Seobaldi Fabrici.* S. Theol. D. Academiæ Heidelbergenſis Profeſſoris, Comitis Palatini.

Calendarium Paſtorale,

Sive Æglogæ Duodecim, totidem Anni Menſibus accommodatæ. Anglice olim Scriptæ ab *Edmundo Spenſero* Anglorum Poetarum Principe: Nunc autem Eleganti Latino carmine donatæ a *Theodoro Bathurſt*, Aulæ Pembrokianæ apud Cantabrigienſes aliquando Socio.

Viro eximio, & vere generoſo *Franciſco Lane*, Armigero, Amico meo ſingulari, Salutem.

Plura ſunt (Præſtantiſſime Domine) quæ me tibi devinxerunt plurimùm; morum candor, omnegenus literatura, & prudentia tua ſingularis; hæ ſunt artes & præſtigiæ, quibus facilè te induis in aliorum pectora, quotquot virtutum tuarum teſtes admovit ſors fœlicior. Verùm, nè quid diſſimulem, ulteriore adhuc Catenâ me captivum ducis; enimverò ſuaviſſima tua conſuetudo dum hîc olim ſtudendi causâ commorarere, cum perpetua tua erga me voluntate, atq; indè tot enatis beneficiis haud vulgaribus, hæc illa ſunt quæ me vehementiùs rapiunt, & arctiori debendi nexu conſtrictum tenent. Quorum ego, quoniam nè minimam quidem partem aſſequi poſſum remunerando, id unum mihi relictum eſſe intelligo, ut quæ tibi ſolvendo non ſum, ea lubenter tibi debeam, & agnoſcam. Quod idem ego nunc amplum in modum factum cupio, & certè præſtarem quidem ſi aut voluntati meæ par facultas eſſet, aut merita erga me tua non adeo fuiſſent omnem modum ſupergreſſa. Quoniam autem etiam verba me deſtituunt, accipe (quæſo) haſce chartas, muta quædam gratitudinis meæ ſigna & indicia; accipe quâ me ſoles fronte, apertâ, placidâ, exporrectâ. Erat olim tibi Spenſerus *tuus in deliciis; quocirca nullus metuo nè ingratus hodie tibi ſit, indutus idem Romanâ togâ; quæ ità quidem illum decet, tamq; aptè illi convenit, ut aut non aliâ cute natus, aut in eam non tam tranſlatus, quàm reſtitutus eſſe videatur. Erat quidem hoc Poema Anglicè cum barbâ, (quod de Eſavo Judæi fabulantur) imò & canitie ſuâ natum; ac ſi Poeta non tam in* Parnaſſo *ſomniâſſet, quàm cum* Endymione *in* Latmo *ſtertuiſſet, atq; adeò poſt tertium indè ſeculum ad ſcribendum demum evigliâſſet. Ità quidem illi viſum eſt atavorum voces ab oblivione vindicare, eorumq; παλιγγενεσίαν accelerare; (ſiquidem*

Multa renaſcentur quæ jam cecidere, cadentq;
Quæ jam ſunt in honore vocabula.

inquit Horatius) *verùm inde tamen interea factum eſt ut nonnulli, quia non retrò ſibi vivendum eſſe conſtituerant, ejuſmodi dictiones tanquam* Evandri *matris carmina, aut palantia quædam ſpectra abhorruerint. At metu illos iſthoc dehinc porrò liberavit vir doctiſſimus* Theodorus Bathurſt, (*Poeta non minùs elegans, quàm gravis idem poſtea Theologus*) *qui in eodem Collegiò has Æglogas latinè vertit, quo* Spenſerus *ante aliquot annos poematia ſua concepiſſe dicitur; & quidem ità vertit, ut & obſcuris lucem, & facilitatem aſperis, atq; omnibus ferè nitorem ac elegantiam fœneraverit; ac ſi unus ejuſdem loci Genius idem carmen diverſis temporibus illi Anglicè, huic Latinè dictitaſſet. Hanc autem verſionem ſuam clàm ſibi & Muſis habuit, quoad in vivis erat autor modeſtiſſimus; poſtquam autem diem ſuum obiiſſet vir doctiſſimus, continuò factum eſt, ut, dum libraria ejus ſupellex quaquaverſum divenderetur, bina hujus operis exemplaria ad manus*

meas deferrentur, quæ propria ipſius manu frequenter interpolata, non parum eum in iis relambendis curæ poſuiſſe, teſtabantur; penitius autem introſpiciens, ejuſmodi opus eſſe facilè deprehendi, quale ad thus & ſcombros damnari minimè oportebat, ſed neq; blattis & tineis amandari. Quocirca operæ pretium me facturum arbitrabar, ſi quod non parvâ me affecerat voluptate, cum aliis etiam illud participarem, quibus non ingratum fore confido, cùm nec inutile certè, nec injucundum. Tibi verò imprimis (vir amice) dicandum exiſtimavi, tum quod ſciverim te ab hujuſmodi ſtudiis nullo unquam tempore abhorruiſſe, tum quò extaret aliquod amoris, gratitudinis, & obſervantiæ erga te meæ teſtimonium. Tu autem fave, & perge me amare, ut qui ſemper optimè tui causâ velim,

Coll. Emman.
Cantabrigiæ
Calendis Julij,
MDCLIII.

Ad omnia obſequij & amicitiæ munia præſtanda tibi paratiſſimus,

Guil. Dillingham.

In Ægloga

Primâ *Mæret neglectus Amator.*

Secundâ *Haud impunè ſpreta Senectus.*

Tertiâ *Amoris effigies.*

Quartâ *Elizabethæ Reginæ laudes.*

Quintâ *Romana Vulpes & Paſtor Evangelicus.*

Sextâ *Plorat deſertus Amator.*

Septimâ *Paſtoris munus & merces.*

Octavâ *Certamen Poeticum.*

Nonâ *Peregrinationis incommoda, & Paſtorum Romanenſium vita peſſima.*

Decimâ *Alget neglecta Poeſis.*

Undecimâ *Elegium.*

Duodecimâ *Infœlix Amor.*

Authoris ad Librum ſuum.

I To Liber, te ſiſtito
Natum patris vix cogniti,
Coram viro, qui præminet
Re bellica, & natalibus.
Si livor allatraverit,
(Quod mox futurum eſt) illico
Hujus ſub alas confuge.
Et ſi rogeris, quo ſatus,
Dic, quod rudis paſtorculus
Paſcens gregem te enixus eſt.
Cumq; ille te perlegerit,
Fac deprecere audaciam.
Nomen tuum ſi quis velit,
Reſpondeas te ſpurium;
Nomen rubori illinc tibi.
Et cum periclum evaſeris,
De me refer quid dixerint,
Pluresq; mox emiſero.

Ægloga

JANUARIUS.

Ægloga Prima.

Alexis.

UPilio (nec enim titulo potiore miſellus
Dignandus) jam nunc brumâ laxante rigorem,
Æthere ſub ſudo, (ſudus fortè obtigit æther)
Eduxit feſſas diuturno carcere caulæ
Strigoſas pecudes, macie brumâq; rigentes,
Ut vix ſucciduo ſuſtentent poplite greſſus.

Iſq; ſtatus pecoris paſtoris concolor Ori,
Lurida quod macies pallenti tabe colorat;
Æger curâ forſan, & æger forſan amore;
Scit tamen & calamos inflare, & dicere verſus:
Tum pecora ad montem languentia languidus egit,
Effuditq; iſtas, dum paſcunt illa, querelas.

O Superi, curas ô qui miſeratis amantûm,
(Si tamen è Superis quiſquam miſeretur amantes)
Deſpicite è cælis ubi lætum ducitis ævum,
Luctiſoniſq;, precor, ſubmittite cantibus aures.
Tu quoq; paſtorum Deus, olim fixus Amoris
Cuſpide Pan, *priùs expertos miſerere dolores.*

Effœta ô tellus, brumalis præda furoris,
Viva meæ vitæ occaſum ſpectantis imago,
Te modò millecuplo florum diſcrimine pinxit
Ver, tuaq; aſphodelis ſtellata ſuperbiit æſtas;
At jam nimboſæ ſævit violentia brumæ,
Quæq; triumphabat modò, jam tua purpura ſordet.

Pectore ſub noſtro rabies furit æmula brumæ,
Nam ſtupet in venis immiti frigore ſanguis:
Sævit & in noſtrum tempeſtas tanta carinam,
Tanquam jam tremulos ſpectaret vita Decembres.
Vix tamen (ah miſerum) floreſcere cœperat annus,
Et tamen (ah miſerum) mihi jam defloruit annus.

O vos umbroſo nudatæ tegmine quercus,
Quâ volucres vernos gaudebant texere nidos;
Nunc muſco indutæ, canæq; horrore pruinæ,
En, ubi veſtra novo turgebant germina fœtu,
Brachia conſpicio lachrymis rorantia crebris,
Pendulaq; aſtrictis glaciatur ſtiria guttis.

Sic quoq; ſic noſtræ folia inconcuſſa juventæ
Nunc flaccent, nimiis curarum exercita ventis;
En, emarceſcit fœlix flos puberis ævi,
Uſtulat & canum mihi præcoqua germina frigus:
Sic vitreis rigui lachrymis rorantur ocelli,
Pendet ut à veſtris glacialis ſtiria ramis.

Languide grex, lacero implicitam qui vellere lanam
Geſtas, cui victu jejunia crebra maligno
Hauſerunt vires, macie teſtare, probaſq;
Obruta ſollicitis paſtoris pectora curis.
Debilis ille, & tu: Macer es, macreſcit & ille:
Languendo luges, lugendo languet & ille.

Damno millenis tempus lachrymabile diris,
Urbs vicina oculis quo primùm erat obvia noſtris.
Et tamen illam horam votis bis mille beavi,
Quâ vidi noſtram (ſpectacula tanta) puellam;
Sed fruſtrà; noſtræ primus gradus ille ruinæ:
Proh Superi! mellis fœcundi, & fellis amores?
Non importunum queritur mea fiſtula Mopſum,
Ambiat ille meum licèt indefeſſus amorem.
Agreſtis ſperno tam ruſtica munera Mopſi;
Hœdos, involucres nidos, & præcoqua poma.
Inſipiens fruſtrà mittis tua munera Mopſi,
Quæ tuus ille ſuæ mox Phillidi *mittit* Alexis.

Phillis *amata mihi eſt (heu cur mihi* Phillis *amata?)*
Deſpectúſq; ab ea ſum, (cur deſpectus ab illa?)
Reſpuit uſq; meos & dedignatur amores,
Faſtiditq; audire rudem ſufflata cicutam.
Quin paſtorales velut anguem exhorret avenas,
Subſannatq; elata, ſuus quæ cantat Alexis.

Ergo places licèt agreſti mea fiſtula Pani,
Cùm tamen haud placeas ubi vellem ſola placeres;
Et tu Muſa meos ſopire aſſueta dolores,
Nunc oblita tamen, cum res efflagitat, artis,
Solvetis meritas & Muſa, & fiſtula pœnas:
Tum calamos frangit, fuſuſq; recumbit in herbam.

Jam ſol emeritos devexo tramite currus
Urgebat præceps, glaciatoq; horrida rore
Nox involvebat furvo velamine terram:
Ut videt, arrodens cæcis præcordia curis
Surgit, apricatas pecudes ad ovila cogens
Upilio, vultu referentes fata Magiſtri.

FEBRUARIUS.

Ægloga Secunda.

Damon, Thyrſis.

AH Superi, nunquàmne hyemis deſæviet ira?
Nunquàmne immites ponent ſua flamina venti?
Squamoſam findit frigus penetrabile pellem,
Oſſa mihi rigidis ut credam pervia ventis.
Strigoſiq; boves vibrantur frigore corpus,
Summæ ut ſuccuſſo nutant fundamine turres:
Aſſuetique ſuæ ſinuare volumina caudæ,
Perque auras agitare, en, ut ſub ventre remulcent.

Thyrſis.

Improbe, cur rigidæ fundis convicia brumæ,
Obvia quod ſolito tua terga rigore laceſſat?
Nonne ſuis celeres decurrunt legibus anni?
Succedunt inviſa bonis, pejoràq; pravis:
Pejora excipiunt tandem deterrima, & inde
In ſe tranſacti celerus rota volvitur ævi.
Qui non hybernat patietur frigoris iras,
Quò ſe proripiet, redeant dum veris honores?
Ipſe ego (qui effœtus jam ter ſex luſtra peregi,
Nunc riſu effuſus, nunc fletu abſorptus amaro;
Nunquam æſtus, nunquam torpentia frigora queſtus,
Brumaleſve minas, aut ſummi tædia ſolis;
Nec torvam rabidâ fortunam voce laceſſi,
Mente ferens æquâ quæ ſors inflixit iniqua;
Cura pecus ſemper mihi noſtræ credita curæ,
Æſtate ut ſaturent hanc paſcua, pabula brumâ.

Damon.

Non equidem miror, ſi tu (rigidiſſime Thyrſi)
Inſanos brumæ fers æquâ mente rigores:
Nam tremulæ tremula eſt affinis bruma ſenectæ,
Hæc friget, riget illa, hæc canet, canet & illa.

Utque æther terris iratus luce malignâ
Contristat pluviis cœlum, sic torva tuetur
Nubila frons; tua sic ætas obnubilat ora,
Morosa ut tristem caperant jejunia vultum.
Ætas nostra virens canæ est inimica pruinæ,
Nec mea brumales ratis est experta procellas.

Thyrsis.

Nequicquam incusat Neptunia *numina demens,*
Qui credit tumido jam naufraga carbasa ponto.
Sic, sic ignavi, pastoria turba, puelli
Pascitis auricomis balantum armenta genistis.
Quod si sol forsan vultu meliore renidet,
Ver rediisse statim brumâ cedente putatis.
Indè juvat victos hyemis ridere furores,
Et stipulâ argutas interstridere cicadas,
Vósq; anni dominos malè credula turba putatis;
Sæpe tamen cum vos defunctos esse periclo,
Speratis, subitò rugoso pallida vultu
Bruma venit, sulcis perarata senilibus ora,
Quáq; procellosas tremulè jaculata sagittas;
Cor stupet hinc, rigidus coit in præcordia sanguis:
Tum demum cadet inconsulta ferocia vobis,
Et pecudes brumâ recrudescente rigescunt,
Commeritas pendit tum vestra superbia pœnas
Planctuq; & gemitu, glomeratòq; agmine cladum.

Damon.

Non hujus facio monitus (delire) seniles;
Ætatis vernans brumæ me exponere germen
Velles? exhaustum puto defeciisse cerebrum,
Exedit exuccæ tibi quod rubigo senectæ.
Utq; caput quassum malè justo pondere nutat,
Sic & gibbosâ obstipum cervice recumbit:
Quùmq; tibi toto periit cum germine truncus,
Vis nostram parili florem marcescere fato.
Quòd si æquæva meæ tibi jam floresceret ætas,
Mox aliò sensus deflexeret alma voluptas;
Tum tua formosam resonaret Phillida *canna,*
Æternúm nostro devotam Phillida *amori.*
Hanc mihi demerui quando aurea cingula misi,
Cingula queis bullis stellatur baltheus aureis.
Talia Pastores lætos, vultúsq; serenos
Efficerent, vitæq; tuæ revirescere florem.

Thyrsis.

Desipis, ingratos jactando insanus amores;
His quæcunq; dabis, rapidis dabis irrita ventis.

Damon.

En: Viden'? ille meus, subrufâ fronte juvencus,
Quàm bellè arrectas crispat petulantiùs aures!
Iridos ut lunata imitantur cornua flexum,
Cantiacas vincunt palearia mollia nymphas.
Aspicis elatis auras ut naribus haurit?
Non illum dulces meditari credis amores?
Credo tuas pecudes mentem callere magistri;
Corpore sic languent omnes, animóq; fatiscunt,
Tergoráq; horrentes brumâ, canæq; pruinâ.
Dux gregis obtuso, fractóq; vigore relanguet:
Quæ modò turgidulæ tendebant ubera matres,
Ut viduæ prono tellurem lumine figunt:
Primigenas agnos brumalis concutit horror:
Quippe regit Vetulus defectus viribus illos.

Thyrsis.

Non operæ frugí ve bonæ te censeo, (Damon)
Qui tumidè vanas sic tollis ad æthera cristas.
Nam satis inflato est instar turgescere bullæ,
Cui mens est amens; cui mors est debita merces;
Cui via desertum; cui diversoria pœna,
Inflatiq; ætas domitrix, solita hospita curis.
Sed vin' fabellam tibi me pertexere, quondam
Quam pubescenti dixit mihi Tityrus *ævo,*
Quà pandit lætos celeberrima Cantia *Colles?*

Damon.

Nil æquè vellem, nil est optatius illis,
Quæ senis ex hujus lepido fluxere cerebro:
Tanta in facundis lucet sapientia dictis,
Doctiloquo quæcunq; senex deprompsit ab ore.

Thyrsis.

Hic cecinit Venerem, Martem, effrænemq; juventam,
Verùm sub ficti velo sermonis obumbrans;
E queis præ reliquis in nos hæc fabula quadrat.
Nunc aures adhibe, & quò se feret exitus, audi.
Annosa en puri stetit arbor in æquore campi,
Quæ quondam quercus, nunc truncus, inutile lignum:
Latáq; jam modicâ sua brachia porrigit umbrâ,
Brachia, quæ frondis nudârat honore senecta:
Ingenti trunco, demissa in viscera terræ,
Tendat ut in cœlos vertex, in Tartara radix.
Altior hæc sylvam quondam despexerat omnem,
Et gratum domino fuerat vectigal agresti,
Innumeros porcos numerosâ glande saginans;
Glaucâ at nunc musci squalet putredine cortex,
Nunc pulsant rigidæ ramalia nuda procellæ,
Calvóq; informes pascuntur vertice vermes,
Defloresçit honos, & brachia nuda putrescunt.
Ad latus huic surgens spinis paliurus acutis,
Armatas hamis extollit in æthera frondes,
Inq; altum jactat ramos, cœlóq; minatur,
Formoso florum vernabat honore superbus.
Semper & agrestes huc adventare solebant
Pastorum natæ, paliuri & carpere flores,
Quos sunt floricomis solitæ intertexere sertis.
Sæpiùs istius ramis innixa sedebat
Prata volubilibus mulcens Philomela susurris:
Hinc tanta insano crevit fiducia vepri,
Ausit ut annosa convitia fundere trunco,
Atq; infœcundam multùm exprobrare senectam.
Quid stas vernanti jam stipes inutilis agro,
Cum tua nec fructu moles, nec proficit umbra?
Aspicis ut nostris laxant nova germina flores,
Lilia qui candore, rubore rosaria vincant,
Ut vivo vernant folia hæc induta virore,
Qui color innuptam potuit decuisse Dianam?
Vestra ingens læto moles incommoda campo,
Nostris invisas offundit frondibus umbras:
Quiq; tuo canus dependet cortice muscus
Insecit nostros spirantes Cinnama flores.
Ergo (en! præmoneo) procul hinc annosa facesse,
Ne nostri silvas pretium non vile furoris.
Dixerat hæc vepres voce indignatus acerbâ,
At nil è contrà quercus longæva locuta,
Cedebat, tristi & perculsa pudore dolebat,

Pro-

Probrosis vili dictis à vepre lacessi.
Inde die quodam (sic fors & fata volebant)
Intulit huc gressus ejusdem cultor agelli,
Dum de more suos invisit sedulus agros,
Condendisque notat quæ trabs accommoda tectis.
Hunc simulac vidit læto paliurus in arvo,
(Ut jam sopitos litis male suscitet ignes)
Ultrò conqueritur, magnâque ità voce profatur.
O Domine, ô à quo pendet mea vita, salusque,
Sollicitos æquo dignare examine questus,
Quos nunc extorsit violenta injuriâ, quali
Vestrum ego mancipium (rec spes super ulla) laboro:
Et tua nî lapsis succurrat dextera rebus,
Me mittet Stygiis dolor insuperabilis umbris,
Hostis eò crevit funesta potentia nostri.
Attonitus multùm miserandâ voce colonus,
Gramineo viridis consedit cespite campi,
Atque rubum jussit scelerato pergere questu;
Inde audax cæpit phaleratis herbula dictis,
(Ambitiosorum mos hic solennis agendi)
Artis pigmentis fucatum obtexere crimen.
O cui cum cunctis famulatur sylva viretis,
Qui seris immanes quercus, humilesque myricas,
Non tua me teneram defixit dextera plantam,
Prima ut sylvestris lucerem gloria campi,
Illustrans vernos formosis floribus agros,
Æstatemque rubris possem ditare racemis?
Hoc ergo unde venit? cur annis obsita quercus,
Exuccus cujus truncus, ramalia fracta,
Nuda in vicinos quæ brachia porrigit ignes,
In nos exercet regnum imperiosius æquo,
Obnubens umbrâ nostrum malè grata nitorem,
Solaremque mihi discludens invida lucem?
En carioſa meum pertundunt brachia corpus,
Manet ut obtrito viridis de cortice sanguis;
Hinc immaturo dejecti tempore flores,
Quæ prima esse solent capiti gestamina vestro;
Sæpe etiam turpes, exeso è stipite, bruchos
Dejicit in ramos, pars nè qua illæsa maneret.
Sæpeque canentes calvo de vertice cyrrhi
Delapsi vivum florum obfuscâre nitorem.
Contra hæc, atque alia in nostram tentata salutem,
Auxilium supplex posco, ut tua, scilicet, hostis
Latè grassantem refrænet dextra furorem.
Unum hoc, nè primâ cogar decedere sorte,
Sic hæc judicio vestro pensanda relinquens,
Oro vicinum perituro arcere periclum.
His mota, ad causam quercus se accingit agendam,
Diluat ut fictum crimen; sed prævius hostis
Irarum tantas exciverat antè procellas,
Ut decernendæ non sit data copia litis.
Hic sua tecta petens, ultrici fervidus irâ,
Volvebat sub corde minas, acuitque furorem.
Et jam funestâ dextra est armata securi,
(Hei mihi, tam promptè occurrit scelerata securis!)
Jamque relegit iter, solus repetivit agellum.
(Quantillâ ah opus est ope cui sunt vota nocendi!)
Quò minùs appellet quercum, gravis obstitit ira,
Mollescens sensim nè fors langueſceret ardor;
Atqui in radicem libratos destinat ictus,
Ingeminans tremulo creberrima vulnera trunco;
At sæpe inflictæ est acies replicata securi,
Et jussa invitum penetrabat corpora ferrum.
Detrectâsse operam videatur adacta securis,
Aut timidè abstinuisse sacram violare senectam.
Nam longæva trabes multos jam vixerat annos,
Culta metu patrumque, & religione nepotûm:
Transversoque crucis signo, quam sæpe rotatam
Illam lustrali festus circumtulit undâ
Sacrificus; sed cura superstitiosa colentûm
Vana fuit, miseram nequiens arcere senectam;
Aut jam vicinum trepidanti avertere casum.
Nam dominus ferrum totâ cervice reductum
Vibrat, ut inflicto tremeret sub verbere truncus,
Vicinamque videns gemeret properare ruinam.
Cúmq; chalybs mediam penetrârat aduſq; medullam,
Corruit, & duxit de nubibus acta ruinam;
Quassavit lassatam immani pondere terram,
Cedit & ipsa oneri, latè & succussa tremiscit;
Ecce cadit quercus, nullo miserante cadentem.
Nunc vacuo in[illegible]tus regnat paliurus in agro,
Vanaque ventoso turgescunt pectora fastu;
Sed viget ad tempus non duratura voluptas,
Nam tumidis irrumpit hyems armata procellis,
Et rigidus gelido Boreas bacchatur ab axe,
Pulsans dejecto viduatam robore veprem;
(Nullâ etenim stabat munitus parte misellus)
Nunc igitur serâ damnat sua vota querelâ:
Namque quod assueto nudatus tegmine stabat,
Torpentem glacies mordebat frigore caulem,
In terram nutans madido caput imbre grævatur,
Et jam lassa nimis subsidunt pondere terga,
Amplius ut nequeant surrecto stipite stare;
Tum prostratus humi, & submersus vertice, cæno
Obteritur pedibus, carpunt & brachia tauri.
En talem vepris sortita superbia finem,
Quod senium sprevit.

Damon.

Ohe; jam satis est, jam finem abrumpe loquelæ,
Siste gradum, ad nihilum tantis ambagibus itur;
Lassas arrexi lentis sermonibus aures,
Dum miseri clunes hærent tellure refixi;
Quinetiam in venis stupidum riguisse cruorem
Sentio, & en! calci concrevit pera gelato:
Non facit ad tales hæc improba fabula casus:
Ito domum, pastor, prope jam lux occidit, ito.

MARTIUS.

Ægloga Tertia.

Lampsus, Alsus.

ALse, cur mæsti residemus unà,
Pectora ut curis domiti inquietis,
Dum novis Phœbus radiis serenus
Purpurat agros?
Obvia en votis venit hora nostris,
Quæ coercebit Boreæ furores,
Quæ graves Brumæ malè sævientis
Leniet iras.

Als.

Alf. *Euge, quàm bellè monuiſti! (amice)*
Namque miteſcunt hyemis rigores,
Appetit jam ver roſeis revinctum
Tempora ſertis;
Jámq; lacteſcens revireſcit herba,
Spectat è nidis vigilax hirundo,
Et repurgato fugiunt citata
Nubila cœlo.
Lamp. *Ut frutex illo tener in rubeto*
Trudit è rupta cute germen actum,
Et caput vernum temerè in remiſſas
Exerit auras!
Evocat vernos nova Flora fœtus,
Nectit & gratam Maïæ coronam,
Quæ modo & terræ gremio ſolutæ
Orta refulſit.
Nunc monet ludos agitare tempus,
Et leves noſmet jubet eſſe Naïs,
Deviâ obliquos acie retorquens
In latus orbes.
Nunc & alatum puerum excitemus,
(Dormit hic propter vada nigra Lethes,
Præſit ut noſtris agilis choreis
Ductor amicus.
Alſus. *Falleris vero nimiùm remotus,*
Non capit ſomnos puer ales unquam,
Semper alternis animis amantûm
Ludit, & errat.
Lampus. *Quomodo nôſti vigilare Amorem?*
An quieſcentem puerum excitâſti?
An quieſcentem tibi qui excitavit
Dixerit alter?
Alſus. *Neutiquam, at caſu duce conſpicabar,*
Dum ſub arbuſto viridi latebat,
Cærulas inter radiata pennas
Purpura tinxit.
Et niſi errarent pecudes protervæ
Jam notas eſſem tibi proditurus,
Fortè queis natum modo deprehendi
Cypridis eſſe.
Lampus. *Hoc onus noſtris humeris recumbat,*
Excubent viſus in utrumque noſtri,
Et gregem noſtrum pariterque veſtrum
Semper abibunt.
Ah! domi nobis pater eſt ſeverus,
Acrior flammis etiam noverca,
Hi, domum quando pecudes reduco,
Ambo recenſent.
Alſus. *Non ſatis caulis tua cura utriſque;*
Fortè aget noſtras pecudes per arva,
Proprio accerſens capiti periclum,
Devius error.
Vix abhinc Titan abiit ſecundus,
Cum mihi indulſi modicam quietem,
Poſtea exſomnis graviore ſtringor
Corda flagello.
Interim infœlix ovis illa, cujus
Faſciis, vulnus docet, involuta
Tibia, in cæcam foveam ſupina
Præcipitatur.
Indè compages utriuſque nodi
Luxat, ô nervis utinam ſolutis
Vertebræ illiſam premeret medulla
Saucia cervix!
Non magos rurſum exigeret ſuſurros,
Eſſet aut contra mala munienda
Voce, cùm tuto pecudes ovili
Claudo repoſtas.
Tam procax nuper, petulans, proterva,
(Spero nunc frugi melioris eſſe)
Nollet ut noſtro grege miſta notum
Carpere gramen.
Lampus. *Ut tulit caſus, maneant peracta,*
Excubes curis vigil in futura;
Quæque ſint veſtris oculis per agros
Obvia pande.
Alſus. *Feſta lux, albis celebris lapillis,*
Ferias lætis pueris ferebat,
Alites cùm me calamis ferire
Impetus egit.
Dum diu lætis ſpatiatus agris,
Dexteram armatus levibus ſagittis,
Quæro per nanas volucres myricas
Dulcè ſtrepentes.
Tandem in arbuſtis hederâ revinctis
Ales abſtruſus puer hic latebat:
Audio quendam ſtrepitum trementes
Edere ramos.
Dirigo in ſepem attonitus ſagittam,
Aure ſolerti ſtrepitum aucupatus,
Nullus arrectas fragor hinc laceſſit
Obvius aures.
Lumine arbuſtum penetrans ſagaci,
Corpus hîc vivum video moveri,
Nulla at occurrit facies latentis
Corporis inde.
Incubus ſeu ſit, lemures, vel anguis,
Sive quid monſtri, libet excitare,
Ergo lunato jaculatus arcu
Spicula torſi.
Troſſulus nudo micat indè tergo,
Fimbriis pavi aſſimilatus alas,
Proxima aſcendens agili citatus
Robora ſaltu.
Aurea â tergo ſonuit pharetra,
Lentus argento radiabat arcus,
Hunc adaptatâ ſinuans ſagittâ.
Dirigit in me.
Hoc videns tenſo furioſus arcu
Impigrè fuſas glomero ſagittas,
Ut ruit cœlo crepitans ab alto
Grandinis imber.
Tam diu torſi volucres ſagittas,
Donec effuſis calamis inermis
Dexterâ arreptos lapides vibrarem
Irritus auſi.
Tam levi niſu librat ille corpus,
Mutet, ut ſaltu ſuperante, ramos:
Saxa mox in ſe medio rotata in-
tercipit ictu.

Ter-

Territus greſſu hinc fugio citato,
At puer viſus modè qui jocari,
Seriò promit gravidâ ſonora
Tela pharetrâ.
Et ferit calcem calamo fugacem,
Nec dolor crudum comitatur ictum,
Auxit at tempus breve ſævientis
Tædia peſtis.
Serpit en carnis graviore ſtrage,
En ſinu laxo ſanie vorago
Stagnat, & peſtis populatur artus
Neſcia ſiſti.

Lampus.

Defleo multùm tua fata, paſtor,
Inſcius telo petiiſti Amorem,
En mihi ſignum modò prodidiſti
Indubitatum.
Hoc mihi patrem memini locutum,
Quomodo imprudens capiebat illum,
(Hei vices patri miſero reponet
Aliger olim.)
Retium nexu temerè involutum,
Illa ſuſpendit pater implicandis
Improbis corvis, ſolitus ſedere
Arbore noſtrâ.
Alitem dixit puerum fuiſſe,
Nullus huic arcus, calamíve præſtò;
Si forent, qualis tremor occupâſſet
Membra parentis?
Sed (viden?) nimbis glomeratur æther,
Solque declivis pelago appropinquat,
Jam monet tempus pecudes redactas
Condere caulis.

APRILIS.

Ægloga Quarta.

Thyrſis.

Dic mihi Mopſe, precor, lachrymas quæ cauſa dolenti
Elicuit? lupus anne tuum populatus ovile eſt?
Sciſſáne mellifluos defecit fiſtula cantus?
An dilecta tuos faſtidit amica furores?

Imbriferos quæ cura oculos attemperat anno,
Qui pluviâ, fiſſos terræ committis hiatus?
Quam ſimilis guttis diſtillat lacryma vernis;
Per rigua ora, graves ut ſedet pectoris æſtus?

Mopſus.

Non hoc, non illud tanti mihi cauſa doloris,
Sed quoniam juvenis, quem tanto amplector amore,
Deſpectus tumidæ macreſcit amore puellæ:
Immerſuſque malis lacerat rabido ungue capillos:

Ruſtica Paſtorum proſcribit gaudia, curis
Indulgens; ſuavem (noſtrum ſolamen) avenam
Fregit, & à ſolitis nunc abſtinet ora Camænis,
Quarum laude alios ſub ſe premit altior omnes.

Thyrſis.

Quis quæſo fuerit tibi ſic defletus ephebus?
Tantis alma Venus flammis incendit amantes?
Tantúmne hic muſis & amicâ Pallade pollet,
Nec potis inſanos Veneris cohibere furores?

Mopſus.

Auſtralis noſtin' puerum paſtoris Alexin?
Hunc transfixit amor funeſto cuſpidis ictu.
Dudum in eo curas defixi & gaudia ſolo,
Oppugnans variis juvenilia pectora donis:

At nunc â nobis furiato corde receſſit,
Et viduæ natam vicinæ uxorius ambit.
Sic, ſic angoris procudit Phyllis Alexi,
Sic pro non notâ mutatur amicus amicâ.

Thyrſis.

Quòd ſi tanta Venus juvenili in carmine videt,
Unam nè pigeat mihi te recitâſſe Poeſin,
Dum ſub conſpectu pecus utraque vellicat herbas,
Nóſq; hàc abſtruſi umbroſam recubamus ad ulmum.

Mopſus.

Convenit: Ergo ejus de magna carmen Eliſa
Cantando recolam, (paſtorum ea maxima præſes.)
Quod panxit propter labentis murmura rivi,
Et ſtringens modulos ad lapſum attemperat undæ.

NYmphæ, lacteolæ Nymphæ, quæ flumine puro
Pectora lucidiora lavatis;
Pauliſper vitreis, vos oro, emergite tectis,
Me querogante, reflectite viſus.
Túque innupta cohors Parnaſſia templa frequentans,
Defluit unde Helicon, ſanctis pia cura poetis;
Laudes doceto ebuccinare
Sydereæ celebres Eliſæ,
Fæminei ſexús quæ longè antè eminet omnes.

Candida in æternum vobis ſit carmen Eliſa,
Illa per omnia virgo beata.
Virginei flos illa chori ſine fine vireſcat,
Sceptrigeroque decore coruſcet.
Immaculata etenim Syringis filia fertur,
Quam Pani enixa eſt Thameſini ad littoris undam.
Indè orta Majeſtas reluxit,
Ætherea indè propago fulſit;
Cujus nè minimâ ſordeſcit gloria labe.

En! viden'? ô oculis ſpectacula grata tuentis!
Ut viridantibus aſſidet herbis.
Ut viridi vernat velamine regia virgo,
Pallia tincta virore refulgent.
Multicolor lambit regalia tempora ſertum,
Pupureo aſphodelis interlucente roſeto.
Has Daphnis interſerpit herbas,
Primula veris eam ſecuta,
Lucida luteolo pinxit violaria tactu.

Dicite, divinos vultûs vidiſtis honores?
Cynthia ut orbe micante renidet;
Regales habitus, Majeſtatemque venuſtam
Anne quod æquet in orbe repertum?
Alternæq; roſis interflua candida rubris
Vivo animans utraſque genas inſpirat honore.
En quale ſignum celſitatis
Ore oculoque micat pudico!
Obvia ubi veſtris ſpectacula talia ocellis?

Auricomo (vidi) Phœbus caput extulit orbe,
Ut faciem tueatur Eliſæ;

Sed

Sed poſtquam vidit radiantia virginis ora,
Attonitus, ſtupiduſque receſſit;
Erubuitque alium ſubter ſe ſurgere ſolem,
Igniferumque iterum caput exeruiſſe timebat:
Lumen ſuum componat ergò
Auricomæ radiis Eliſæ,
Scilicet ut victus caput atrâ in nube recondat.

Eja, age, pande modò radios argentea Phœbe,
Si potes abſque rubore, micantes.
Quòd ſi tum formæ radios fortè explicet illa,
Ut ſubito inficis ora rubore!
Sed Latonigenæ non fas contendere proli
Iſtam, ſic Niobe numeroſâ morte cadebat;
Nunc ſaxea ſqualleſcit arvis,
Aſſiduo liquefacta fletu;
Exemploque alios iſtis à litibus arcet.

Fœlix, ô nimium fœlix Pan jure triumphet,
Quòd celebris pater audit Eliſæ.
Fortunata etiam ter & ampliùs aurea Syrinx,
Quòd cluet aucta progagine tanta.
Et ſimulac noſtri depulſi à matribus agni
Balabunt, ſtatuam huic villo candente bidentem.
Numen mihi ſemper colendum:
Huic ego mancipium perenne,
Calloſus licèt, & torrenti decolor æſtu.

En! ut Calliope feſtinat præpete curſu,
Quà radians dea noſtra coruſcat,
Agmine Pieridum circumſtipata ſororum,
Quæque vibrantia nablia geſtat!
Nonne triumphales victricia germina laurus,
Debita Eliſææ portant geſtamina dextræ?
Sic murmurant dulci ſuſurro
Fila trementia, itérque mulcent,
Ut videar fœlix mediis diſcumbere in aſtris.

Quam dextrè niſus accommodat alite talo
Ad modulamina Gratia triplex!
Aſpice quantâ agiles ineunt levitate choreas,
Ut modulatibus æthera mulcent.
An non una Charis deeſt, partibus angulus æquis
Ut coeat? Diæ ſedes hæc cedat Eliſæ;
Fiat Charis, nam ſic meretur,
Quartáque Gratia claudat orbem.
Atque olim rutilum, ſed ſerò, aſcendat Olympum.

Nympharum quónam iſta cohors ruit incita, tantæ
Ordine continuata Catervæ?
Agnoſco natas Thameſino in litore Nymphas:
Ad mea numina tendit Eliſam,
Quæque omnes formâ ſupereminet aurea Chloris,
Palladiâ texam præfert de fronde coronam:
Pacem decent frondes olivæ,
Cum ferus exulat orbe Mavors;
Unica Reginæ debetur Palladis arbor.

Vicini ô proles paſtoria ruris alumnæ,
Eja agite approperate frequentes.
Sed nulla accedat, niſi caſtæ operata Dianæ,
Quæ nitidam comitetur Eliſam.
Et coràm innuptam cùm convenietis Eliſam,
Ruſticitas vobis nè quà ſit veſtra pudori,
Certâ comas nodate vittâ,
Faſciolâ cohibite pectus
Purpureâ, Tyrium quod murice tinxit ahenum.
Huc agite, huc plenis vaccinia ferte quaſillis,
Huc caſiæ cumuletis odores.
Ferte roſas feſtinæ, anemones germina ferte,
Germina Cypridi grata doloſæ:
Pulverulenta viæ flaventia lilia ſternant,
Aſphodeluſque ſolum verbaſco mixtus obumbret,
Huic bellis adnaſcatur, illi
Caltha metallum imitata fulvum.
Ultima nubigenas Iris mentita colores.

Surge virago potens nativis fulgida gemmis,
Sceptrigero radiata decore.
Quinetiam comptæ (monet hora) redite puellæ,
Semita quà ſua quamque reducet.
Ah veror nè vos nimiùm laſſavero, at ipſa
Imputet hoc vobis, quodcunque eſt, carmen Eliſa.
Et ſi obvias vos fecerit ſors,
Cùm mihi pruna reponet arbor,
Arboreos fœtus inter vos partiar omnes.

Thyrſis.

Hoccine ſuaviloquus carmen pangebat Alexis?
Ah excors juvenis nimio excæcatus amore!
Ut piget hue cecidiſſe illum, nam ſcilicet omnes
Nil penſi ducunt, qui caſtra ſequuntur amoris.

Mopſus.

Atque hoc delirare magìs mihi viſus Alexis,
Non reſponſuros quòd fervidus ambit amores.
Sed retrò relegamus iter, nox appetit atra,
Occiduamque fugant vibrantia ſydera lucem.

MAIUS.

Ægloga Quinta.

Dorilas.

Dic mihi, dic ſodes, hic ne anni gloria Maius?
Quando Dionæus renovata inſigna tyro
Induit & viridi vultus geſtamine inumbrat.
Cur non nos lætâ laxamus gaudia fronte,
Ut reliqui vernâ præcincti tempora fronde?
En canum nobis pubenti ut diſcolor anno
Gauſape? quándo omnis profitetur gaudia vultus,
Cum frondes ſylvas, & terram gramen opacat,
Et tenero herſuti pubeſcunt germine vepres.
Nunc paſſim ad ſylvas glomeratur conflua pubes,
Ut verni primos ruris prædetur honores,
Mox regreſſa novo poſtes umbramine veſtit,
Anteque lucanis hilarat nova templa Corollis,
Congrege quas ſpinâ violaria lucida texunt,
Alterneque roſis interſita candida bellis.
Talia Sylvano frontem Satyriſque ſerenant,
Nos conſopiti ſtupido torpore ſedemus.

Lycidas.

Hæc (Doryla) teneris infantia covenit annis,
Altìus at ſaperet noſtra hæc maturior ætas.

Dorylas.

Hac equidem aurorâ (nuper tranſacta renarro)
Egreſſos vidi denſo agmine ruris alumnos,

Solenni

Solenni ſtreperos plauſu, feſtiſque choreis ;
Cornicen his etiam buccoſus prævius ibat,
Qui tremulum raucis diverberat aera bombis :
Dum (latus unicuique ſuâ ſtipante puellâ)
Hi peronato gaudent pede plaudere terram.
Hanc dum lætitiam ſtupui, fremituſque ſecundos,
Æmula ſubſultant parili præcordia geſtu.
Inde petunt virides glomerato examine ſylvas,
Ut primùm verni carpant libamina Maij.
Tum Faunum ſolio fultum, cinctumque corollis
Arboreum geſtant ; huic conjux aſſidet unà
Flora novopeplo ſolito conſpectior ; illam
Stipant denſato famulantes agmine Nymphæ.
(O hujus partem eſſe chori, ſi fata dediſſent,
Cum Nymphis Floram ut ſociâ cervice ſubirem !)
O Lycida, potis es non intabeſcere, tantas
Delicias recolens nullo conamine partas ?

Lycidas.

His ut ego invideam ? (Doryla) quin ſemper eorum
Et miror miſerorque imo deliria corde :
Infræenes quòd nullâ obeant ſua munia curâ,
Sed pecudes paſſi paſſim ſinè lege vagari,
Decurrunt vitam parcè cautéque terendam
Ebria turba jocis, laſcivo diffluа riſu.
Tartareum genus hoc paſtorum emerſit ab orco,
Qui ludunt dum grex agros jejunus oberrat ;
Apparet liquidò gregis hos tantùm eſſe magiſtros,
Non Dominos, quòd non prohibent errare vagantes :
Nempe hos conduxit levior mercedula, qualem
Indulgent alii, pretium quos majus opimat ;
Commiſſæ pecudis ſed par incuria damnat,
Dum raſo ad vivum ſe involvunt vellere pigri,
Et totum nacti dant de Centuſſe deuncem.
Sed quamnam poterunt rationem reddere, miror,
Quando paſtorum Pan maximus arbiter, olim
Æquo ſubducet rationes cuique lapillo :
Alter mercedis quòd tantum acceperit, alter
Poſt habuit proprio domini quòd ſeria ludo.

Dorylas.

Hæc equidem credo motum livore locutum,
Nempe tibi deeſt horum aliquâ de parte voluptas ;
Aſt ego quæ ſors cunque ferat, livoris iniqui
Malo peti morſu, quàm ſic miſerabilis eſſe :
Malo tamen clades, malo miſerandus haberi,
Quàm me viderent toto vicinia pago.
Nempe ſolent miſerari ægrè reparabile damnum,
Nos riſu dignos facit imprudentia : verùm
Quid majus ſaperet paſtorum ruſtica pubes,
Cùm facilis largâ Pan auxerit omnia dextrâ,
Munere quàm livûm conceſſos carpere fructus,
Securè placidum permenſi molliter ævum ?
Nam vitâ caſſi evanuit alma voluptas
Cum flatu ſummo, at multis cum millibus inde
Illi indormiſcunt placidæ ſine fine quieti.
Quod decoxerunt vivi comitatur euntes,
Æternùm perit quicquid poſt fata relinquunt.
Non bona ſunt ubi fructus abeſt, ubi tollitur uſus :
Non alium Deus ob finem bona commodat ulli.

Lycidas.

Euge voluptatis Doryla enervate ſatelles ;
Attigerit quicunque picem hac temeratus abibit.
Verùm paſtores (cecinit ſic Tityrus olim)
Non decet ad mores nummoſæ vivere plebis ;
Scilicet hanc par eſt hæredis cura fatiget,
Nè poſt hac vacuâ decreſcat filius arcâ ;
Utque etiam parili decurrat vita tenore
Conſuluiſſe decet, nè deficiente crumenâ
Parta apud inſtabilem vileſcat gratia plebem.
Aſt alio vitam decurrat limite paſtor,
Hunc ſibi terrenas decet interdicere curas.
Quorſum indulgeret proprio de corpore natis,
Divitiis, ut eos, queis parſerat ipſe, bearet ?
Amon ille Deus, qui tanta indulſerat illi,
Et natis etiam ſimili ſua dona tenore
Transfundet, ſi trita prement veſtigia patris ?
Quòd ſi tranſverſum rapit ambitus atque libido,
Fruſtrà divitiæ, patris fiducia fruſtrà
Suſtentant, mox cuncta nepos hæc decoquet hæres.
Sæpè in munificos hæc diffidentia divos
Fecit, ut accerſant votis ſibi damna nocivis ;
Divitiarum undas miſerè ſinè fine cientes
Seſe abſorpturas : horum deliria tanta
Nil meliùs referet, quàm impensè ſedula mater
Simia, inexpletùm quæ ſic indulget amori
In natos, (nec cauſa apparet amoris) ut illos
Implicitis arctè dum ſtringit colla lacertis,
Suffocent avidis maternæ amplexibus ulnæ.
Sic quandoque bonum cùm mens concepit amica,
Errans dextra malum infauſto producit abortu.
Tempus erat quondam, quod & olim fortè redibit,
(Nam poterit rurſum quicquid fuit antè reverti)
Cùm nuſquam patrij reditus, nec cenſus avitus
Paſtori ceſſit, nec junctis prædia campis :
Quicquid at humanos ipſo ex grege ſurgit in uſus
(Pluſve minúſve) fuit paſtoris ſumma peculî.
Fœlices illo paſtores jugiter ævo,
Perdere nil unquam, quòd nil habuere, timebant.
Nempe illis Pan ipſe in ſortem ceſſit, & inde
Contenti parvo peragebant ſæcla paratu.
Namque hos munifici Panos ſic cura fovebat,
Ut nil deficeret, ſemper nova maſſa butyri
Suppeteret, nec mel deeſſet, nec copia lactis ;
Sufficerentque gregum ad texendas vellera veſtes.
Temporis at tractus, diuturnáque copia rerum,
Hic vitij ſator, illa gravis nutricula faſtûs,
Paſtorum turbam utramvis ſopivit in aurem ;
Indè oblita ſui, parere oblita priori,
Infidos miſeranda ambire incepit honores.
Hinc ſe in amicitiam magnatum immergere ſueta,
Turbatrixque ſtatus, aucepſque evaſit honorum ;
Tum peronatus ſuſtollere cornua paſtor,
Frugalem vitam penitus dediſcere, plumâ,
Aſſuetum quondam dio latus abdere cæpit ;
Indè lupus falsâ paſtoris imagine tectus
Irrepſit, fœtúſque dolis, fraudumque peritus ;
Qui non tondet oves, verùm deglubit, & unà
Deglutit rabidè miſeras, laniátque magiſtros.
Tantorum fons hinc ebullijt ille malorum
Paſtorum turbæ, nullâ ſiſtendus ab arte.

Dorylas.

Hæc tria ſuſtinuiſſe æquâ cervice moleſtum;
At quartum (mihi crede) ipſâ eſt oneroſius Ætnâ:
Fœmina inexpleto pruritu accenſa juventæ,
Non æſtus ſedat, ſi non potiatur amato.
Sic quoties ſubito bilis ſcintillat ab irâ
Ferveſcens ægrè, deſit vindicta, reſidet.
Quis ſuadebit ei, quem jam ſitis aſpera torret,
Ut ſibi ab oblatis patienter temperet undis?
Sed nil tam miſerum quàm ſtulti audire loquelam,
Intempeſtivâ glomerantis plurima linguâ.
Vix oneris tantum reor incubuiſſe Giganti,
Stelliferum rigidus qui ſuccollabat Olympum.
Quid maculam tentas niveis affundere? quorſum
Extruis è fragili tantam fundamine molem?
Jus æquum nullâ motus ratione laceſſis,
Reprendiſque, ubi nec crimen, nec criminis umbra.
Dic age, quam velles (quoniam tibi diſplicet iſta)
Paſtorum vitam? vis hos tabeſcere curis?
Non ità per nobis communia numina Pana:
Nunquam me curæ, ſeries ve immenſa laborum
Torquebunt, proprii mea dum ſunt otia juris:
Non opus eſt abſentem accerſiviſſe dolorem,
Excubat ante fores, non invitatus adibit:
Quin igitur læti, dum pax beat aurea terras,
Deliciis fruimur, quas indulgentia cæli
Affudit nobis, fuerint ſed nubila poſtquam
Tempora, ſunt diris capita objectanda periclis.
Crede mihi, laudi multùm lis derogat iſta
Paſtorum, alterius vitam quod quiſque reprendit;
Inque vicem ſua dum denudant crimina vulgo,
Alterna adverſæ fiunt ludibria parti.
Nemo igitur poſt hac quicquam immedicable carpat,
Sic cito peſtiferam dirimet concordia litem.

Lycidas.

Non ego paſtori jungam commercia cuiquam,
A recto flexos qui torquet ad avia greſſus:
Et ſi quando mihi tali datur optio, malim
Infeſtum fieri, certo quàm fœdere junctum.
Quænam cum tenebris eſſet concordia lucis?
Quæ pax immiti eſt agnum junctura leoni?
Hi vafri ficto mentiti pectora vultu
Omnibus imponent, ut vulpes luſerat hœdum.

Dorylas.

Euge age, (mi Lycida) rogo per communia noſtri
Jura ſodalitii, dictum hoc detexe ſodali:
En utrique gregi ſataget puer iſte tuendo.

Lycidas.

ILle equidem (memini ſatis, & memorare juvabit)
Imprudens nimiùm fuit, atque improvidus hœdus,
Nam caſu quodam, (tum fervida canduit æſtas)
Capra hujus mater, paulò ſapientior hœdo,
Exivit ſeptis, ſylvaſque petivit opacas,
Seu ſalices libuit tondere, aut ludere in umbra:
Et quòd maternas fovit ſub pectore curas
De nato, ingeniumque ſagax caviſſe tenello,
Pro genibus poſuit petulantis pectora nati;
Qui multùm vegetus, teneris & amabilis annis,
Inter laſcivos nullus præſtantior hœdos:
Lanugo capitis molli juveneſcere pelle
Cœperat, è lætáque erumpere cornua fronte:
Germina naſcentis cœpêre libidinis illi
Subter ſetoſum lætè pubeſcere mentum.
Nate, inquit, (lachrymæ ſimul erupêre frequentes,
Nam materna acres urebant pectora curæ)
Dii faveant orbóque tibi, viduæque parenti,
Lætitiâque tuam vegetant florente juventam:
Ah pater (hoc multo verbum eluctata labore,
Nam propè ruperunt miſeras ſuſpiria fibras)
Ah pater, ah lucem tibi ſi ſupereſſet in iſtam,
Corporis ille ſui ut ſic luxuriantia cernat
Germina, ut afficerent lætam hæc ſpectacula mentem?
Gaudia at hæc illi fortuna invidit iniqua,
Intempeſtivis præcidens cladibus annos,
Inſidiatoris quem prodidit artibus hoſtis.
Nunc ego crudeli vidua uſque exeſa dolore,
Hæc habeo miſeræ ſolatia ſola ſenectæ,
In patris vidiſſe locum ſuccedere natum,
Vernantis vegeto pubentem flore juventæ;
Nempe caput ſic erectum pater antè gerebat,
Et procera pari librabat cornua geſtu.
Indè notans oculis multùm rorantibus illum,
Ingentes imo gemitus de pectore traxit,
Singultis medias interrumpente querelas;
Nam rediviva acuit ſopitos cura dolores.
Forſan pubenti fœtûs in fronte tenelli
Expreſſè vultûs eluxit imago paterni.
Tandem jamdudum ſuſpenſa ſilentia rumpit,
Et cœpit mulcere olidæ nova germina barbæ.
Hœdule chare, (inquit) nôſti quàm me anxia ſemper
Sollicitat veſtræ metuentem cura ſaluti;
Namque tibi inſidias multæ poſuere ferarum,
Præque aliis tectas callens vulpecula fraudes
Extremas clades vovet, exitiumque minatur;
Ergò maternis monitis te trade regendum,
Fucatiſque dolis hujus nè crede ſalutem.
Dúmque domi non ſum, ſi fortè advenerit iſthuc,
Munitas occlude fores, fraudemque timeto.
Nec de promiſſis inducat vafra, minísve,
Oſtia utì ignoto cuiquam reſerata pateſcant.
Laſcivum his monitis inſtruxit ſedula natum;
Qui ſe facturum ſpondet mandata parentis.
Tum demum ſeptis egreſſa eſt anxia mater,
Primo ſucciduos offendens limite greſſus.
Incuſſit quendam greßûs offenſa ſtuporem;
(Scilicet infamis funeſto eſt omine ſortis)
Sed terrent licèt attonitam præſagia, pergit.
Protinus indè fores juſſi memor obſerat hœdus;
Interea egreſſam parvo poſt tempore capram,
Fœta dolis venit ad clauſas vulpecula caulas;
Non vulpem confeſſa palàm, nè noſceret hœlus,
Sed quaſi vicatim ſolitus divendere merces
Emporus: à tergo nugarum ſarcina pendet,
Pupæ, tinnitus nolæ, ſpeculique nitores.
Circumfuſa caput redimibat faſcia, nempe
Æſtuat affectum febris fervore cerebrum.
Panno poſterior pes circumeunte latebat
Implicitus, tulerat frigus brumale podagram.
Illîc ſarcinulas dejecit ad oſtia vulpes,
Decubuitque ſolo, gemituſque eduxit ab alto.

O Deus!

O Deus! O quotcunque tenetis Numina cœlo,
Respicite huc oro, tandem & misereſcite noſtri.
Iſtos incautus queſtus perceperat hœdus,
Atque audire cupit, quæ tantæ cauſa querelæ.
Hinc ſe ſubducens poſt oſtia clauſa latebat,
Et clam per rimam cupidos tranſmiſit ocellos:
Nec ſic occultè, quin vulpes vafra videret.
(Vafricies utrinque oculos gerit æmula Jani)
Ut vidit, clamare inceperat, ô here, Divi
Frontis, quam video, lætos tueantur honores,
Ulceribuſque intacta iſtis tua corpora præſtent,
Quæ mihi per totum manant diffuſa cadaver.
Imo hœdus tantos miſerans è corde dolores,
Scitatur tantos moveat quæ cauſa dolores,
Et quisnam ſiet, unde ſatus, quò tenderet inde?
Tandem hæc jampridem ſat reſpondere parata,
Crebris fallacem lachrymis rorata loquelam;
Eheu! ægra nimis, nimis ægra, ereboque propinqua,
Mox tua ſubveniat niſi munificentia lapſæ:
En ovis, iſte color quàm vis obſcurior æquo,
Nempe alias peragrantem òras me torruit æſtas.
Et, modò ſit verum quod dixit avunculus olim,
Sum tibi vicinâ conſanguinitate propinqua:
(Si tua Nobilitas tantis natalibus orta,
Non tam degeneris contagia ſanguinis horret)
Affinis miſerere tuæ, miſerere miſellæ,
Auxilioque tuo inſtantem præverte ruinam.
Sic ait, & ſpeculi fulgentis ſuſtulit orbem.
Hunc improviſò temerarius inſpicit hœdus,
Inſidioſa nimis novitas quem mercis ineſcat,
Ut nil, nè fulvum carum contrà æſtimet aurum.
Indè fores aperit feſtinus, vafraque vulpes
Ingreſſa alterno cunctatur poplite greſſus,
In morem claudi, caudem ſub ventre recondens,
Nè villoſa nimis ſpectanti proderet hœdo.
Ingreſſam ignarus lætâ fronte excipit hoſpes,
Spe nitidi ductus ſpeculi, quod viderat antè:
Poſt epulas fallax fabellas Emporus orſus,
Plurima de variis texit mendacia rebus,
Mirandaſque crepat nugas, tum evolvere cœpit
Sarcinulas, hœdoque ſuas exponere merces,
Evacuátque arcam, ſed nolam liquit in illa,
Hœdus ut inveniat; quam cùm conſpexerat ille,
Senſim demittens ſe inflexo corpore, captat.
Ut vidit vulpes, citò præcipitavit in arcam,
Occluſitque ſerâ; mora nulla, haud ſepta laborat
Claudere, ſublatâ feſtinat ad antra rapinâ.
Poſtea quando domum remeaverat anxia mater,
Aſpicit & patulos nudato limine poſtes,
Altâ voce ſuum ſtupefacta inclamitat hœdum,
Hœdum iterat, natúmque iterat, vox nulla redibat.
Indè lares intrà digeſtas ordine merces
Conſpexit, magnô nimiùm quas emerat ille.
Quid faceret? periiſſe ſuum jam comperit hœdum.
Ergo multa gemens queſtu vicina fatigat.
Hæc hœdi clades, quòd non vitaverat artes,
Mentitæ velum quas ſimplicitatis obumbrat.
Et certè reliquos idem manet exitus omnes,
Qui cum tam vafris commercia jungere gaudent.

Dorylas.

Jam reor emotam ceſſiſſe à cardine mentem,
Nam metam fixiſſe ratus modò, longius erras.
Nunc me quæſo ſinas fabellam hanc mutuò ſumam,
Noſter cras ſacrâ quam detonet æde Joannes,
(Feſta ea nempe dies) faciet cum verba popello.
Nam benè cùm ſentit, vix paucula dicere novit.
At tot fallendi vulpes ſi calleat artes,
Paſtorum exploret cæcas ſollertia technas.

Lycidas.

Plurima de vulpis poteram recitare doloſis
Artibus: at nunc Phœbus equûm fumantia ſolvit
Colla jugo, properat madidis nox roſcida pennis.
Retrò maturemus iter, caſuláſque petamus.

JUNIUS.

Ægloga Sexta.

Mopſus.

EN locus, en cujus poſitus peramœnus (Alexi)
Jam reliquos fecit præſe ſordeſcere campos!
Ecquid dulce uſquam quod quis deſideret iſtîc?
Aer quàm liquidus! quàm lene aſſibilat aura!
Quàm gelida! anne ullo tam mitis ſpirat ab axe?
Ut ridet vario diſtinctus gramine campus!
Ut dumeta virent, avibus domus hoſpita blandis,
Labenti modulos quà quæque accommodat undæ.

Alexis.

O fœlix, nate ô fauſto ſub ſydere, Mopſe,
Tu multùm quæſita tenes fœlicia Tempe:
Hîc matutinæ, ſero hîc ſub veſpere veſtræ
Errabunt pecudes omni à diſcrimine tutæ,
Viciniſque tuos ſylvis reſonabis amores.
Aſt ego, quem ſemper non exorabile fatum
Factat, & irati nimia inclementia cœli,
Non reperi, infauſtum caput in qua ſede recondam.

Mopſus.

Ergo ſi monitus non aſpernabere noſtros,
Illicò linque illum, qui te malè faſcinat, agrum;
Linque illos colles, ubi rarior umbra, coronant
Quos nulli frutices, nec amicæ vitibus ulmi.
Te recipe ad valles, ubi mille opuleſcere cernes
Paſtores, multóque greges ſuccreſcere fœtu.
Nulla hic nycticorax lætis pernoctat in agris,
Nec torvi lemures, nec ferali omine bubo.

At laribus blandis occurſat Gratia triplex,
Et Nymphæ alipedes chorea plaudente fatigant
Tardigradam noctem, concinnóque ordine preſſa
Dîa ſolum certo ſignant veſtigia ductu:
Et Parnaſſiaci doctus chorus accola montis
Stridula ad artifices attemperat organa greſſus:
Pan quoque marmoreis affigat ut oſcula labris,
Ad Lunam calamoſque inflat, ducítque choreas.
Tanta iſtîc oritur nuſquam æquiparanda voluptas.

Alexis.

Immò ego dum juvenis, dum me ſecurior ætas
Nexibus inſani nondum implicuiſſet amoris,
Æquævos inter gaudebam luſibus iiſdem,
Quos jam proſcripſit paulò maturior ætas,
Noſtráque ab aſſuetis alienans pectora nugis,

Dirigit in melius gressus : nam labilis ætas
Deteritur, vestis velut inveteraſcit habendo,
Deliciàsque novas ſecum trahit alba ſenectus.

Tum mihi carmen amor lugubre ſonante cicutâ,
Moroſâ dulces tum fermentare querelâ
Aſſuevi cantus, & nondum mitia poma
Avulſi invitis (ut ferrem Phyllidi) ramis.
Æſtivâque novos umbrâ decerpere flores
Cura fuit, capiti gratum geſtamen amato.
Sed mea nunc annis paulò maturior ætas,
Et præcerta mihi præ vitâ chara puella
Ægra hæc pertæſâ pepulerunt gaudia mente.

Mopſus.

Gratius eſt multò veſtrum mihi carmen (Alexi)
Ludere quod montis dorſo ſqualente ſolebas,
Blandus quàm æſtivâ garritus acanthidis horâ.
Nam tua vicinæ referunt modulamina ſylvæ,
Quæ volucres propter labentis murmura rivi,
Tectas frondoſâ à radiis ſolaribus umbrâ
Invitant veſtris cantando alludere cannis,
Aut cogunt tanto ſtupidas muteſcere cantu.

Vidi ego Calliopen turbâ comitante ſororum,
Cùm tua dulciſonos exorſa eſt fiſtula cantus,
Neglectis citharis, & eburni verbere plectri
Fonteque deſerto, modò quem cinxere coronâ,
Ad tua præcipiti ferri modulamina curſu:
Tandem progreſſi, quà tu modulatus avenâ
Artem oſtentabas, ſtupefacta hinc quæque retrorſum
Reflexit greſſus, ſubito ſuffuſa pudore,
Paſtorem cernens cantu prævertere Muſas.

Alexis.

Muſarum nec gnarus ego, nec notus ab illis:
Iſtas nempe ferunt ortas Jove patre ſorores;
Hinc dedignari graciles paſtoris avenas,
Panaque Phœbæo calamos componeri plectro
Auſum, perpetuam famæ attraxiſſe lituram.
Hinc Parnaſſiaci deſperans ardua montis,
Hìc humiles inter tutâ ſub valle Myricas
Ad libitum, tenuem (rudius licèt) inflo cicutam.

Nec morſus unquam ſtulti, aut præconia vulgi
Adverto, aut laudem ſitio, palmamve canendi
Ambio ſollicitus: blandos captare ſuſurros
Famæ paſtorem nequaquam Mopſe decebit;
Sed paviſſe gregem quà læti paſcua campi.
Aſperiora ſcio, limâ rudiore polita
Carmina noſtra, at eò magè ſorti accommoda noſtræ;
Explicuiſſe meos furiati pectoris æſtus
Sat mihi, lugubrique animum exonerâſſe querelâ.

Tityrus ille, Deus paſtorum, Tityrus ille
Occidit, edocuit qui pangere primus Alexin
Quomodocunque licet, dum vixit ſignifer ille
Paſtorum, inſano quotquot capiuntur amore.
Hic caſus planxiſſe ſuos, moderarier æſtum
Calluit, immiti quem incenderat igne Cupido,
Fabelliſque mihi obrepentem avertere ſomnum,
Pinguia dum pecudes carpebant paſcua tutæ.

Nunc obiit, gelidoque infutus corpora plumbo
Preſſit humum (tanta ah rabies cur mortis in illum?)
Et cum vate ſuo periit divina canendi
Ars, cujus totum jam creſcit fama per orbem.
Quòd ſi in me flueret de tanto paucula fonte
Guttula, qui vatis divino ebulliit ore:
Illicò ego has ſylvas noſtras lugere docerem
Clades, atque iſtas lachrymis rorarier ulmos.

Tunc & crebra meæ feritate expreſſa puellæ,
Ingrata infauſti querimonia nuncia caſûs,
In gremium noſtræ, quocunque ſit illa ſub axe,
Confugeret Dominæ, peccati pectora morſu
Suffodiens: de me ſic ſcilicet illa meretur.
Tu quoque qui variis noſtræ (malefide Menalca)
Oppugnas technis ventoſum pectus amicæ,
Expoſitus toti fieres mox fabula mundo.

Verùm cùm non ſum, qualem mea vota capeſſunt,
Vos, ô paſtores, mitiſſima turba, rogamus,
Quotquot ubique jugis pecudes, aut vallibus imis
Paſcitis, atrocis teſtes aſſiſtite facti:
Dicite vos Dominæ; cujus flos, nobilis olim,
Mortiferum eſt (ſucco jam degenerante) venenum:
Cujus & inculpata fides nunc perfida culpa eſt;
Dicite, paſtoris fidiſſima ſauciat illa
Pectora, quæque illam ſitiunt, ſuper omnia chara.

Mopſus.

Indignas, ô Alexi, tuas deploro ruinas;
Poſſe tuis lachrymis, duram tabeſcere credo
In guttas ſilicem, O infida, ingratáque Phyllis!
Impia tam diri radix fœcunda doloris.
Sed monet elapſum, nos hinc abſcedere tempus.
Surge igitur, repetáſque tuum feſtinus ovile
Fœlix grex; nè nox tacitis allapſa quadrigis
Anticipet lentum, laterique hærentia matrum
Corpora natorum frigenti rore madeſcant.

JULIUS.

Ægloga Septima.

Thyrſis.

AN non faſtoſus ſaxo qui ſeſſitat illo
Caprarum eſt cuſtos, cujus malè credita curæ
Delitet hamatis pecus errabunda rubetis?

Mœris.

Heus, heus, huc ad me, paſtor lepidiſſime, montem
Aſcendas, potes hac mecum conſidere rupe.
Commodior valle eſt pecori, pecoríſque magiſtro.

Thyrſis.

Avertat Deus omen! ego jam ſcandere diſcam?
Spectabóque altum? Vulgi percrebuit ore,
Affligi gravior ſcandentes ardua caſus.

Imâ valle gradus ſtabilis, veſtigia rarò
Infida; impinget ſiquà properatio cæco
Inconſulta gradu; minùs, aut nihil indè pericli.

Nunc etiam ignipides alto temone quadrigas
Evexit Titan, æquo diſcrimine certum
Urget iter, cratera means, intérque coronam:

Inſequitúrque ferum cane triſtè latrante Leonem;
Cujus peſtifero ructatus anhelitus ore
Languores ciet, & crebro cum funere peſtem.

Contra torrentem flammati ſyderis æſtum
Quod munimen habes? En nuda ſine arbore ſaxa
Phœbæo produnt ora indefenſa furori:

Quò ſi fortè tibi alternæ commercia vocis
Cum paſtore placent, deſcende à vertice montis,
Et nôris, poterit quantillum dicere Thyrſis.

Mœris.

Hem pigrum clamant tua verba! Iſthocne laboris
Sit tanti, diverticula ut tibi inania quæras;
Occæcéſque oculos vanâ caligine noſtros?

Abſtineas probris, adverſo tempore montes
Aggrederis culpare iſtos, pia cura bonorum
Stant ſacri divis, & ſumunt nomen ab illis.

Nam Michaëlæi quis neſciit ardua montis,
Ingens qui occiduis munimen prominet oris?
Sic Brigidæ fœlix umbracula Cantia jactat.

Et nôrunt doctas qui ter tria numina muſas,
Montanum dicunt has incoluiſſe cacumen,
Limpidulum juxta fontem, ut queis cura caprarum.

Nonne frequentavit glaucis juga conſita olivis
Magnus Pan? pavitque gregem (grex ille beatus)
Iſraeliticum, propriâ quem morte redemit?

Thyrſis.

Felix térque quatérque pecus, ter maxime paſtor,
Tam magno mercate gregem, ſudore cruento
Infeſti qui à fauce lupi tutatus ovile es.

Mœris.

Præterea (Sancti retulerunt hæc quóque patres)
Relligione ſacer locus eſt, quà Phœbus ab undis
Emicat, ut curſús peragat ſtata penſa diurni.

In cujus ſummo figuntur vertice ſtellæ,
Cúmque ſuis ſtellis innititur arduus æther:
Illîc & ſpecus eſt in quo Latonia proles
Paſtoris domuit longævo tempora ſomno.

Olim hîç paſtores læti per gramina campi
Egerunt pecudes, donec deliquerat unus,
Delictóque locum reliquis occluſerat illum.

Indè quòd Elyſiis Pan nos excluſerit agris
Relligio eſt montem pede te calcare profano.

Poſſem etiam memorare hic Aſpro confraga colle
Teſqua piæ Dominæ hic viridi juga conſita lauro;
Avia dein Sinai: ſed quid de divite promam
Plura penu, nobis cum mons ſuffecerit iſte?

Hîc petulans crebrò ludit per prata recurſu
Faunus, Sylvaníque leves, Nymphíſque notatus
Medweagus leni perlabitur agmine campos;

Medweagus, qui Cantiacas criſpantibus undis
Decurrit valles, dum major frater adoptet,
Excipiens ſalſas Thameſinis fluctibus undas.

Ecce Melampodium, capris en utilis ægris;
His injuſſa jugis Terebinthus multa vireſcit;
Adrabiem facit hæc, ad gutturis altera morbos.

Præterea mons hic cœlo vicinior ipſi
Eminet, hoc etenim (perrarò in valle reperti)
Monte cadunt crebrò rutilantes fulminis ignes.

Thyrſis.

Quid blatero mihi fabellas obtrudis aniles?
Ad cœlos has rere vias? Ego ruris alumnus
Ad ſuperas breviora arces compendia novi.

Longiùs à ſuperis ſæpe eſt vicinior aris;
Hoc verbum vetus, & caput inſeruiſſe laborans
Aſtris, offendit titubanti ad ſtramina greſſu.

Tam citò ſtelliferos paſtor conſcenderit axes
Valle imâ ducens, quàm celſo monte ſuperbus
Caprarum cuſtos, nitidis conterminus aſtris.

Noſtra miſella pecus gaudet convallibus imis;
Non herbis opus huic medicis, viget integra ſano
Corpore, convallis paſtu contenta ſalubri.

Quòd ſi cum capris communem ſcandere montem
Suſciperet, ſubitâ correpta à tabe periret,
Aut faſtidiret muſcoſi pabula ſaxi,
Aut attonderet viroſi gramina ſucci.

Sacrâ ego ſanctorum vitâ celebrata virorum
Suſpicio juga, non tam quòd juga, ſed quòd in illis
Sancti degerunt, omni ferrugine puri.

Nunc iſti ad ſedes nos præceſſere beatas,
Cúmque illis probitas, & tantùm exempla ſuperſunt,
Ad quæ nos noſtros par eſt componere mores.

Flos hic paſtorum, paſtorum hic optimus ordo,
Contentus paviſſe gregem per vallis opaca:
Cúmque quieverunt placidâ jam pace potiti,
Quorſum turbamus vano ſermone quietem?

Talis, talis erat (meminit mihi Tityrus olim)
Paſtorum primus, parvi mercede lucelli
Contentus, primùm qui cuſtodivit ovile.

Mitis erat, ſi quiſquam mitis, neſcius omnis
Fraudis, at inſtar ovis, pecudique per omnia molli
Par, geminúſque, humiliſque pecus, pecudíſque magiſter.

Plurima de plenis exivit victima ſeptis,
Nunc ove, nunc teneris lactentis carnibus hœdi
Imbuit hic ſanctas Pani gratiſſimus aras;

Quem ſic aſſiduis cumulans altaria donis
Demeruit ſacris, ex illo ut tempore nunquam
Reſpuerit vilem tenuis paſtoris acerram.

Nobilium talem fratrum reor eſſe cohortem,
Fratrum, bis ſeni Cananææ, qui ubere glebæ
Panis oves pavêre Iſraëlitide terrâ.

Nequaquam talis, Phrygia nutritus in Ida,
Paſtor erat; qui liquit oves, petiitque puellam,
Illicitos cujus nimio licitatur amores.

Hic tumidus, (talem paſtorem haud convenit eſſe)
Affluit at nemeſis, rabidáque libidine captus,
Dignas neglecti pœnas expendit ovilis.
(Noſtra etenim curis mens eſt anguſta duabus)

Paſtor ſit mitíſque, humilíſque, oculatior Argo,
Undique proſpiciens, nullâque libidine tactus,
Inſtar habens chalybis non expugnabile pectus.

Talis erat Moſes, (retulit ſic Tityrus ante)
Numinis hic ſummi cernebat comminùs ora;
Cryſtallo longè magè lucida numinis ora;
Reddiderátque vices ſermonis comminùs aſtans. Hu-

Huic & frater erat, primus nempe ordinis hujus,
(Excidit at nomen) verus, paſtórque fidelis,
Verùm fratre ſuo minor hic natúque, fidéque.

Iſti omnes humiles contenti ſimplice victu
Gaudebant grege paſcendo, nunquámque preeſſe
Ambibant, tritâ induti plerúmque lacernâ.

Sed nunc (munifico ſit debita gratia Pani)
Emicat in melius ruditas paſtoria; veſtis
Non tam trita illis, nam nunc foret illa rubori.

Purpureo latè jam fulgent murice (largus
Hæc Deus indulſit) rerum potiuntur habenis
Pro libitu, & cunctas dominantur ubique per oras.

Fulgidus hos ambit rutilanti balteus auro,
(Det Deus eſſe probos paſtores) vendidit illis
Panſuus ipſe gregem, oculato à teſte renarro.

Námque Idmon nuper (ſiquid tibi cognitus Idmon)
Viſendi ſtudio ignotas provectus in oras
Advenit Romam (ſiquà tam fœta furoris
Urbs ſit) ubi vidit tales crebreſcere ritus.

Nempe pedum hîc, quantùm reliquis dominatur in oris
Sceptrum; námque miſella pecus præſegmina, panem
Pactor habet, grex relliquias, ſed fercula paſtor.

Vellera paſtoris, paſtoris præmia carnes;
(O miſeræ interea pecudes) ſeret alter, & alter,
Hic metet, ad reliquos non eſt manus apta labores.

Copia plena illis, pecudes per paſcua lætæ,
Denſus amicorum cœtus, nec muſſitat hoſtis:
Quorſum hi proſpicerent gregibus? puer hoſce tuetur.

Fortunæ aureolis hi luxuriantur in undis,
Inque voluptatum pingui ſe gurgite opimant.
Upilio macer his, (ſed pinguis turba clientûm)
Impaſtas ſervans pecudes, vix paſtus & ipſe.

Iſti omnes recto deflectunt tramite greſſus,
Exacuúntque iram Panis; ſed limite juſſo
Decurrunt noſtri, nec faſtus pectora ſufflat.

Mœris.

Ut tua dicendi ſegetem facundia largam
Deſtituit! verùm quoniam ſic obſtrepis, audi;
Alterius rerum ſat agenti præſtò periclum.

Vicinis en ingratum malè ſedulus ultrò
Inſeris arbitrium, paſtoris proſpera damnans:
Pingueſcitne? Et rebus luxuriatur opimis
Plebs? ô fælicis ſigna indubitata ſalutis.

Verùm, Thyrſi, precor, mihi dic quis Tityrus ille,
Tityrus ille, tuo tam multus Tityrus ore?

Thyrſis.

Paſtores inter magni meritique, locique,
Jamdudum caſulâ abſtruſus; qui tempore quodam
Monti inſidebat (ſic me conſidere velles
Mœri jugis; tantâ doctum quem Tityre clade,
Hortaris tutæ ſemper ſe credere valli.)

Dúmque apricatur nudato vertice canus
Alto monte ſenex, ſummis Jovis ales oberrans
Nubibus, ecce putans canentia tempora cretam,
Dejecit duram ſublimi ex æthere concham,
Sperans ſe æquoreæ fracturam tegmina prædæ.
Illiſit cerebro ſenis, aſt hic verbere conchæ
Attonitus, ſenſim lento mœrore liqueſcit.

Mœris.

Ah miſerande ſenex, quàm dura es Tityre ſorte?
Quæ mox forſan erit melior: tu verò valeto,
Cùm tantùm dubitas montem hunc conſcendere, Paſtor.

AUGUSTUS.

Ægloga Octava.

Daphnis.

Dic mihi, Dic, Alcon, quod vis deponere pignus
Pro quo auſis veſtros calamis componere noſtris?
An tua laxatis diſſuta eſt fiſtula ceris?
Torpenti an digitos ſtupefecerit frigore ſpaſmus?

Alcon.

Heu quando ægreſcunt præcordia ſaucia, Daphni,
Quî, quæſo, digiti poterunt, vel canna valere?

Daphnis.

Quæ tua corda (malum!) peſtis núnc occupat Alcon?
Qui nuper ſummis æqualis honore canendi,
Paſtorúmque tuis mulcebas verſibus aures;
Et choreis, caxnâque alios anteire ſolebas?

Alcon.

Ah, alias didici infœlix agitare choreas,
Et ſtupefacta novo obmuteſcit Muſica caſu.

Daphnis.

Dii perdant illum, te ſemper ſoſpite, caſum,
Quiſquis ſic miſeris invidit gaudia nobis:
Verùm age, pande, coquit tua quæ præcordia cura?
Nunquid amas? fœtúſve tibi periêre tenelli?

Alcon.

Perdidit unus Amor pecudem, pecudiſque magiſtrum,
Curâ ego langueſco, tabeſcit & illa videndo.

Daphnis.

Diſpereat per Pana pecus, pecudiſque magiſter,
Fortunatum unquam quis novit amantis ovile?
Quòd ſi fortè libet mecum certare canendo,
Inſano has fatuas diſpellam pectore curas.

Alcon.

Hoc facerem, licèt & gravior mihi pectoris æſtus;
Alconem vivum nemo unquam impune laceſſit.

Daphnis.

En igitur tecum libeat quod ponere pignus,
Cantharus eſt, trunco ſcitè fabricatus acerno;
En inſculpta vides facili quàm plurima cælo,
Pugnantéſque urſos, tygridéſque in tela ruentes:
Hos labruſca ſuper ſinuoſis flexibus errat
Laſcivis hederæ paſſim intertexta corymbis:

Juxta hæc ecce lupi mediis in faucibus agnus:
Sed viden' ut volucri raptim pede paſtor anhelus
Advolat, inſontem media ut de morte reducat?
Hic fera fixa pedo jacet, amittítque rapinam.
Dic mihi num talis viſus tibi cantharus unquam?
Hoc poterit ferri Galateæ, aut Phillidi donum.

Alcon.

Huic ego tam mirè maculoſum oppigneror agnum,
Illum ipſum, qualem in toto grege cernere non eſt,

Quem

Quem mox à partu ſurreptum à matre fovebam
In tectis, ſed fratre hujus jam gaudet Alexis.
Hunc mihi præripuit cantùs certamine victor;
Nam, licèt invitus, cogebar reddere pignus.

Daphnis.

Nè dubites, eadem fortuna expectat utróſque;
Sed quis erit nobis certaminis arbiter hujus?

Alcon.

Ille erit Upilio certaminis arbiter, ille,
Ad nos qui greſſu fertur per piſa citato.

Daphnis.

Sed cum Sol ſummus radiis ſic torret anhelos,
Annon præſtiterit rapidos vitare calores?

Alcon.

Convenit, hoc igitur conſidas gramine, paſtor,
Nil tale audiſti, niſi quod cantavit Alexis.

Damon.

Cum libet, incipias lepidos, par nobile, cantus;
Ultrò certarent tali ſub judice reges.

Alcon. *EVenit caſu quondam mihi luce profeſtâ:*
Dap. *Io vix feſta profeſta!*
Alc. *Cùm ſancti vivo luſtrant ſe flumine patres,*
Dap. *Fauſto incipit omine carmen.*
Alc. *Sole ſub aprico celsâ dum rupe ſedebam,*
Dap *Io nimis ardua rupes!*
Alc. *Dum pecus interea viridantia gramina carpit,*
Dap. *Pecudis perit ipſe magiſter.*
Alc. *Auricomam vidi vulturadiante puellam,*
Dap. *Io radioſa puella!*
Alc. *Sola tulit greſſus per vallis amœna citatos,*
Dap. *Bello ciet impete greſſus.*
Alc. *Canenti niveos artus circundata pallâ,*
Dap. *Io lachrymoſus amictus!*
Alc. *Sic viride obduxit canentia pallia peplum,*
Dap. *Caſtæ color ille puellæ.*
Alc. *Textilis huic formoſa umbraverat ora corolla,*
Dap. *Io gravis umbra corollæ!*
Alc. *Suavibus hæc violis pulcrè intertexta nitebat,*
Dap. *Violis ea ſuavior ipſis.*
Alc. *En grex aſſuetum faſtidiit illicò gramen,*
Dap. *Io grex ille miſellus!*
Alc. *Atque inſtar rabidi vultus defigit in illa,*
Dap. *Rabidi inſtar nempe magiſtri.*
Alc. *Tranſiit ut pecudes virgo pulcherrima noſtras,*
Dap. *Io pulcherrima virgo!*
Alc. *Obliquus quàm vafrè in me vibratur ocellus!*
Dap. *Cryſtallo purior ipſo.*
Alc. *Scilicet ut radius rutila de lampade ſolis,*
Dap. *Io Phœbeius ignis!*
Alc. *Emicat, & recto jaculatus limite currit,*
Dap. *Sic veſtrum in pectus amores.*
Alc. *Denſáſque ut tonitru rumpit penetrabile nubes.*
Dap. *Io cave tela triſulca!*
Alc. *Queis involvuntur rutilantes fulminis ignes,*
Dap. *Sic, ſic mens veſtra fatiſcit.*
Alc. *Ac veluti formoſæ argentea lumina Phœbes,*
Dap. *Io Titanidos ignes!*
Alc. *Læta laceſſitis ludens criſpatur in undis,*
Dap. *Sed luſus Amoris amarus.*
Alc. *Ille meum pectus fixit conjectus ocelli!*
Dap. *Io conjectus ocelli!*
Alc. *Trajiciénſq; animam penetravit adúſq; medullas;*
Dap. *Latè hæc citò vulnera ſerpunt.*
Alc. *Eruere hinc properans imo de vulnere telum,*
Dap. *Io inſanabilis Alcon!*
Alc. *Infixum penitùs ferrum ſub corde reliqui;*
Dap. *Nimium penetrabile ferrum.*
Alc. *Sic magìs, & magìs intactos irrepit in artus;*
Dap. *Io viroſa ſagitta!*
Alc. *Nec morbus medicâ noſter ſuperandus ab arte:*
Dap. *Amor inſuperabile monſtrum.*
Alc. *Has quóque morte meâ quamvis mox emero curas,*
Dap. *In corda anxia curis!*
Alc. *Illo meo nunquam labetur pectore virgo,*
Dap. *Magnò ſic emeris aurum.*
Alc. *Sive dolorifero tabeſcam exeſus Amore,*
Dap. *Io malè morbus acutus!*
Alc. *Diteſcámve, iſthæc mea tempus in omne futura eſt,*
Dap. *Sed ſi tamen annuat illa.*
Alc. *Quòd ſi me ſtygius mittat dolor improbus undis,*
Dap. *Io dolor improbus ille!*
Alc. *Teſtêre occiſum radiis illius ocelli;*
Dap. *Rabies tua ſit tibi teſtis.*
Alc. *Quæque hos ſpectâſti fraudis pecus inſcia caſus,*
Dap. *Io pecus inſcia fraudis!*
Alc. *Ut teſtis facti domini non funera plangas,*
Dap. *Crebro exagitanda cachinno.*
Alc. *Sic, ſic illaqueatus Amore ego luce profeſtâ,*
Dap. *Io vix fauſta profeſta!*
Alc. *Semper adhuc rabidis gero pectora ſaucia curis,*
Dap. *Modulos ſic termino noſtros.*

Damon.

Tale meas nunquam pervenit carmen ad aures;
Pauxillum à ſummis noſter prævertitur Alcon,
Nec Daphnis multum concedit honore canendi;
Tam lepidè ſocias inter modulatur avenas!

Daphnis.

Ah! vereor nè ſis diſtorto lumine judex,
Hem cedò judicium, maneat quem palma canendi?

Damon.

Ambo pares, ambo ſummi, pol vincitis ambo.
Qui pecus Alconis fuerat, ſit Daphnidis, agnus;
Quódque modò tales modulos contexuit Alcon,
Cantharus Alconi cedat qui Daphnidis antè.

Alcon.

Alconi arridet ſententia judicis æqua,
Nec potis eſt illam meritò reprehendere Daphnis.

Daphnis.

Non magìs æqua Phrygis ſententia judicis olim,
Inter formoſas dederat quum Cypridi palmam.

Damon.

Dicite paſtores, teretes non raderet aures,
Poſt molles numeros lugubre & flebile carmen,
Phyllida quod queritur (cui non ſat cognita Phillis?)
Nobile Alexis opus, memori quod pectore promam?

Alcon.

Dic igitur, Damon, ſic ſemper læta juventus
Sit tibi, triſte aliquid juvat intertexere lætis.

Daphnis.

Daphnis.

Herclê ſi nobis carmen recitaveris illud,
Mox lauro cingêre, vicémque ſubibis Alexis.
Nil etenim noſtras ſic unquam mulſerit aures,
Quàm modulûm artificis vox viva, aut carmen Alexis.

Damon.

Cedat utérque igitur patulas lugubribus aures
Planctibus, & noſtris calamos attemperet odis.

O Vaſtæ, ô noſtro planctu lugubre ſonoræ
Sylvæ, vos noſtræ teſtes eſtote ruinæ.
Tu volucrum ſecura cohors es conſcia noſtri
Clamoris, toties querulæ admodulata cicutæ.
Limpide fons, lachrymis à me ſtillantibus aucte,
Somnifero vigiles domuiſti murmure curas:
Accendit rabidos mihi confluа turba dolores,
Ferveſcúntque magìs populoſis urbibus æſtus,
Planctibus & noſtris magìs eſt accommoda ſylva,
Sylva repercuſſas docilis geminare querelas.
Horreo tectum ipſum, poſtquam hinc mea vita receſſit;
A cujus diſceſſu oculis ſopor exulat iſte,
Inque locum pulſi ſuccedit lachryma ſomni.
Omnia amæna procul ſint, quodque augere dolores
Inſanos valet, accedat; magìs hoſpita grata
Sylva, reſultantes reboet quæ conſona planctus,
Quàm lectus, quámque umbra domùs: hæc irrigo fletu
Cùm nuda intueor, penitúſque prioribus orba
Delicius; ergo hac habitabo ſede remotus,
Ferali luco abſtruſus, dum claudat ocellos
Summa quies feſſos; ſic non augebo meorum
Aſpectu infelix carituros fine dolores.
Infauſtæ volucres, quarum vox ſtridula cantus
Feralis mortis funeſtum creditur omen,
Ter lugubre præite mihi melos, utque querelæ
(Quas minimam luctûs nequeuntes promere partem
Per noctes auditis in ipſo tempore ſomni)
Creſcunt, inviſos ſic ingeminate ululatus.
Sic lentos mœrore dies, noctéſque querelis
Stat laſſare meis, dum ſalva, illæſáque nobis
Illa domum redeat, cujus vox aurea lætis
Mutabit modulis hoc illætabile carmen.
Hinc noſtra alterno certabit fiſtula flatu
Carminibus Philomela tuis; tu fauſta volucrum
Somniferas querulis quæ impendis cantibus horas,
Tereos ut memorem celebrentur fata per orbem.
Vóſque mali immunes iſtius, quando ſeorſim
Noſtros auditis clamores noctis in umbrâ,
Altus rumpatur ſopor, & miſereſcite noſtri.

Alcon.

Doctiſone ô meritò paſtorum gaudia Alexi,
Concinnam ut veſtro ſtructuram in carmine miror!
Túque puer pueris præ cunctis vivide Damon,
Lugubri ut triſtes animâſti voce querelas!

Damon.

Quin igitur calamis reditum celebrate canoris,
Humida nox properat, monet hinc nos hora reverti.

SEPTEMBER.

Ægloga Nona.

Mopſus.

EUge laboriferum jubeo ſalvere Lycormam.
An ludunt oculi me, an verus es ipſe Lycormas?

Lycormas.

Ipſe fui, dum noſtra dies illuxit ab alto,
Heu brevis illa! at nunc infæliciſſimus erro;
Námque improviſo miſero lux occidit omnis,
Inque ſimul greſſu nox ingruit atra citato.

Mopſus.

Dic mihi, dic quis te ſtatuit caſúſve, deúſve
Tam miſerum? nunquam extremæ ſic ſortis egenum
Te memini, quo grex te olim ductore ſuperbus.
Abſorptúſne lue? an paſſim venalis abivit?

Lycormas.

Per quicquid ſummè charum, per quicquid amicum
Obductum nè, Mopſe precor, refricaveris ulcus.
Nàmque hæc ſcitando rupta eſt recutita cicatrix,
Explicat & ſeriem clades hæc prodita longam.

Mopſus.

Sed ſuppuratum tabentis pectoris ulcus
Æſtuat, & cæcâ carpit præcordia flammâ.
Sarcina ſit levior ſociâ cervice recepta,
Luridáque egeſto clareſcunt nubila rore.
Nunc etiam ter tres Phœbe recrevit in orbes,
Ex quo veſtra meis facies occurrit ocellis;
Dum multum terræ permenſus mobilis hoſpes
Penè peragrâſti totum circumvagus orbem,
Ut jam de variis ſermones texere rebus
Poſſis: at pecudum fortunam pande tuarum.

Lycormas.

Diſperiit pecus, ah miſerabilis indè Lycormas,
Quíque gregis lætus modò dicerer eſſe magiſter,
Non lætus, pecoris non ampliùs ipſe magiſter:
Externis oris pleniſſima copia vulgo
Creditur eſſe: liquet, pleniſſima copia cladum.
Sperabam tenuis mihi ſummam augere peculî,
Auctio at hæc auxit furiato in corde dolores.
His oris, quas nuper ego perigrinus adivi,
Simplicibus non eſt & apertis commoda ſedes.
At ſiqui occultâ callent opuleſcere fraude,
Nulla patet totum felicior ora per orbem.
Proſtituunt venalem (ô tempora dira) pudorem,
Vilis fama probi parvo mercabilis ære.
Et latrocinia hîc exercet mutua paſtor,
Clam ſatagens cæcas vicino nectere fraudes.
Aut emet è ſociis paſtor magalibus agnos,
Aut jugulum incauti ſtricto mucrone reſolvet.
Nec tu paſtorem poteris dignoſcere Plebi
Immiſtum, niſi quòd ſit paulo elatior illis;
Utq; boves latratu agitati, torva tuetur,
Et rigidâ ſemper cervice incedere gaudet,
Ut gallus greſſu terram libante ſupinus.

Mopſus.

En ego ſic rigeo, ſic torpeo, fide Lycorma,
Ut glaciе ſtupidis vix poſſum inſiſtere plantis,
Tam rigidum Auſtrali Corus bacchatur ab axe,

Per tempus sibi concessâ dominatus in æthrâ,
Flaccida dum folia exuccis deverberat ulmis.
Quin age, dumoso abstrusi sub colle sedemus,
Fallere lentigradas variis sermonibus horas
Possumus hîc, ventíq; minas ridere furentis.
Age, siquid habes, ausculto, fare Lycorma.

Lycormas.

Eheu! Mopse illam diris atrocibus horam
Devoveo, statui quâ primùm hos linquere colles.
Eheu! quæ mentem implicuit vecordia nostram
Pressâ clausa manu, qui commoda certa reliqui
Ignoti demens lucri spe pastus inani?
Sic canis amisit carnem, captaret ut umbram.
Nostra misella pecus, pecus (eheu) nostra misella,
Quam juxta hàc illácque modò pavisse solebam,
Læta licèt nuper (nôsti satìs ipse) vigebat,
Deficiente cibo jam concidit omnis ad unam.
Vix & ego reliquus tantâ de clade supersum,
Summâ paupertate retrò dare vela coactus.

Mopsus.

Ah demens propriis nunc tandem edocte periclis,
Quàm fert rarò ullum sortis mutatio lucrum!
Contentus quicúnque statu vixisse probato
Non rerum timet ille vices, sortémve minantem:
Quisquis at ignotum gestit captare lucellum,
Facturis conflictatur, victúsque fatiscit.

Lycormas.

Quæ me intemperies, quæve exagitavit Erynnis,
Cùm spe præsumpsi lucrum, totóque caduco?
Sic, sic evenit: stellæ sic aurea lampas
Apparet, quanto fuerit magè dissita, major.
Illâ sperabam subitò ditescere terrâ,
Sed nil (dura nimis docet experientia) tale est:
Est etenim pastor socors, nimiúmque supinus,
Et pecoris ductum sequitur quocúnque vocârit,
Vel vafer, insano vel amore incensus habendi,
Illicitásque imo molitur pectore fraudes,
Omnigenis fœtúsque dolis, odiique veneno
Turgescens nunquam generoso gaudet honesto:
Sed litísque, iræque faces malè sedulus usquam
Ventilat & per totum incendia concitat orbem;
Quæ rursus quando restinguere nititur (orsi
Vanus) circumfert fatuè lustralibus undis.
Quódque etiam ad superos nôrit compendia cœlos
Ventosus jactat, (tamen attestarier ausim,
Hunc nunquam fixisse illo vestigia clivo,
Ast errabundum ferri per trita viarum)
Imperióque suo quod subdita Tartara parent
Jactat, sed quidnam (scitêre) oppignerat illis?
Scilicet, id quod Pan tanto sudore paravit,
Liberet ut rabidis immitis faucibus Orci,
Pastorum malefida cohors hoc vendidit ipsum
Jampridem, quæritque aliis commercia culpæ
Jungere, sed sinite ut nulli comitabilis erret,
Et quæ miscuerit feralia pocula siccet.

Mopsus.

Nè, quæso, nè tam tenebrosa loquare Lycorma,
Abstrusa involvis nimiâ caligine dicta.

Lycormas.

Ergo, sublato ut dicam quod sentio velo,
Illic quísque malus pastor, vel qui optimus audit;
Nam quòd se malè quísque gerit sat præbuit ansæ
Plerísque, infamem ut vitam monitúsque reprendant;
Exclamant omnes in pejus serpere cuncta,
Pastore in pecudem jam degenerante supinam;
Affirmant alii, sed non hoc assero verum,
Quod cæpit puduisse pedi, tritæque lacernæ.
Hic dixisse audet (pereat radicitùs illa
Lingua precor) mala pastores grassarier inter,
Quòd nimium vili torquent sua pectora curâ,
Cultior ut sit sponsa æquo, locupletior hæres.
Hinc est ut raros (si fortè acceseris illuc)
Spirantes videas fumo exiliente caminos;
Bósque saginatus stabulo requiescere suetus
Æternum fixus loculo stabulatur herili.
Garrit sic de illis inter se futile vulgus,
Futile tercentum capitum fera bellua vulgus.
Inque scopum meliùs qui collimaverat hujus
Eripuisse bolos alium de faucibus, inquit;
Nàmque saginato circumstant agmine tauri
Immanes, cornùque petunt graviore potentes,
Et pedibus pressos ingenti mole minores
Elidunt, frustráque mali medicina petetur;
Nempe magìs promptis plus extorquere querenti
Quàm quicquam rapte rursus dimittere prædæ.
Stagnat limicolâ ut cœnosa vorago sub ulvâ,
Cujus fortè luto si illisus calceus hæret
Implicitus, quanto magìs explicuisse laboras,
Tanto pressa magìs sorbet vestigia gurges.
Ergo cum parvo satius desistere damno,
Quàm nimis obnixè luctando perdere totum.

Mopsus.

Perspicuè nimiùm, nimiùm reprehendis apertè;
Dextrè dissimulasse reor consultius, arte
Obvolvisse malum, quod non medicabile ab arte.
Æquâ mente feras, quicquid te ferre necesse est:
At sôdes, ut habet talis se cura magistri?

Lycormas.

Qualis ei pastor, totus grex talis ad unguem;
Pastoris vocem docili non percipit aure;
Cùm sibi collibitum non sit, si fortè vocârit,
Liber ad arbitrium manet hîc, hîc liber oberrat,
Pro libitúque suo repetit securis ovile.
At sibi consuleret meliùs, si ad jussa magistræ
Vocis se regeret: nunc summa pericula præceps
Incurrit, rabiémque lupi, pastoris amicas
Quòd voces surdâ præfractus respuit aure.

Mopsus.

Ocyùs hinc tecum & mendacia vana facessant;
Post sceptrum Edgari, sat fama innotuit orbi,
Nullam ululâsse lupum, quà dives Cantia vernat,
Nec quà Christicolûm floret gens læta piorum.
Sed (verum ut dicam) nostris quo rarior oris
Vis rabiosa lupi, vulpina frequentior est fraus.

Lycormas.

Estque etiam lupus his, quamvìs sit tectior, oris,
Velleréque agnino passim tunicatus oberrat;
Non jam luce palàm, sic mos increbuit olim;
Grassatur metuenda illi venatica turba:
Sed clandestino nocturnus obambulat agros
Gressu, nè luci fallax persona notescat.

Mopſus.

Quòd ſi larvatus, nudúſque appareat uſquam,
Sunt nobis acres lanient qui terga moloſſi.

Lycormas.

Pœnenis ille tuus canis eſt animoſus, & audax,
Latáque qui foderet villoſo vulnera tergo.
Sed non tantum opus eſt raucùm latrante moloſſo,
Quàm cauto paſtore, ut dignoſcatur ab illo,
Mentito nam tota latet fallacia vultu;
Vultu inquam torvâ ſic majeſtate verendo.
Sed me víſne tibi (facti ſum conſcius ipſe)
Diſſerere, evenit noſtro quid nuper Iolæ.

Mopſus.

Pergas, nè dubites, quodcúnque ſit, ede Lycorma,
Nil in eum ſorti credo licuiſſe ſiniſtræ,
Sic ſapiens eſt, ſic mitis, ſic uſque benignus,
Largaque veridicæ conſpirat dextera linguæ.
Ejus & upilio fertur facundus Alexis,
(Deliciæ ah dudum noſtræ facundus Alexis)
Complures pecorum dederit Pan (oro) magiſtros,
Qui tali vigiles tueantur ovilia curâ.

Lycormas.

Huic fidus canis eſt (aures adverte, docebo)
Ille lupis morſu metuendus, & ille latratu,
Tam vigilax cuſtos nulli è paſtoribus uſquam.
Nam vibrata levi ſi frons tremat obvia vento,
Excuſſus ſtrepitum leviſomnus janitor audit.
Crudivorus nuper lupus huc accedere ſuetus,
Ingluviem multo tumidam ſaturaverat agno:
Hic caulas primo ſub limine noctis adibat,
Occiduo dubium dum fulget lumine cœlum,
Exuvias indutus ovis, velamine falſo
Tectus, dum ſenior modico dat lumina ſomno.
Tunc importunus multâ ſub nocte latraret
(Námque uſu nôrat vocem ſimulare caninam)
Támquam ſollicitum lupus oppugnaret ovile:
Hinc experrectus, (ſomnum rumpente latratu)
Hylæum emittit (ſic nempe vocatur) Iolas,
Rauco vicinos ut gutture perſonet agros,
At cum Hylæus erat longo provectus in agros:
Excurſu, prædam fera diſſimulata petebat,
Agnum, molliculúmve hœdum, vitulúmve tenellum;
Arreptáque citò repetit nemora avia greſſu.
Sæpius hâc paſtorem eluſerat arte frementem,
Nec retuliſſe vices eluſus nôrat Iolas.
Tandem fallaces paulò vigilantior artes
Deprêndit (námque eſt oculatus ut Argus, Iolas)
Cúmque intra tutum pecudes cogebat ovile
Sedulus oppoſito firmat magalia veſte,
Inventúmque lupum falſo velamine cinctum
Educit, miſſóque feræ per guttura ferro
Hauſtum emittebat proprii gregis inde cruorem.

Mopſus.

Ecquis enim terror prohiberet, quò minùs ultrò
Res proprias ubicúnque ſient ſibi vindice dextrâ
Aſſerat? huic etenim ſi paulò latior eſſet
Rictus, jamdudum totum exhauſiſſet ovile.

Lycormas.

Viſcera corvus edax, dirus trahat ilia vultur,
Nec meritum æquâſſet ſors, ſi graviora dediſſet.
Nempe hæc cunctarum teterrima ſola ferarum;
Nam paſtoralis (fraus dira!) imitamina vocis
Abſonus edidicit, tum crebro nocte ſilenti
Accedens caulas tam rauceſcente vocabat
Voce canem, vocem ut jurares eſſe ſenilem;
Hylæúſque etiam juſſum credebat herile:
Sed dubitabundus tamen oſtia cardine movit,
Exiliénſque foras ſolito pro more ruebat.
Ut primum exierat, nil ſuſpicionis habentis
Villoſo dentes in tergore bellua fixit;
Et ſi non motus ſtrepitu accurriſſet Iolas,
Hylæo vitæ nox hæc ſuprema fuiſſet.

Mopſus.

Ah vetet, oro, Deus res ſic malè cedere cuiquam,
Sedulus officium qui, ſed malè cautus, obivit.
Sed ſi tantà lupi vis, ſi verſutia tanta,
Quomodo ab his tutum præſtemus ovile, Lycorma?

Lycorma.

Cauta, ſagax, ſolers vigilantia noſtra latentes
Diſcingat ratione dolos, prævertat & artes:
Paſtorem vano ſua prodigere otia luſu
Non decet, aut ſomno (mos ut pleríſque) diurno.
Invigilet pernox, & per dius excubet úſque,
Improviſa ſuis nequà vis ingruat agnis.

Mopſus.

Ah rigida eſt nimium lex hæc, nimiúmque ſevera,
Totos (quàm longi ſunt) evigilare Decembres.
Carnea maſſa ſumus, quâ cætera turba creati;
Cur tali nobis vivendum ſorte miſellis?
Laxari alternæ vicibus quodcúnque quietis
Non ſolet, in primo marceſcat flore neceſſe eſt.

Lycormas.

Ah mi Mopſe, nihil tam longi fabula fili
Attenuat curam, quæ jam mea pectora rodit.
Quid faciam? miſer inſiſtam quo tramite tandem?
Quo reparem mea damna modo, rurſúſque reſurgam?
Ah bone Mopſe, licet precibus contendere tecum,
Sive ope, conſilióve meam fulcire ruinam?

Mopſus.

Per vitámque, oculóſque meos deploro Lycorma
Infauſtos tua qui merſerunt carbaſa fluctus:
Scis tamen ut vicina humili lego littora velo,
Contrahit hoc etiam ſemper fortuna novercans.
Quòd ſi reſpicerent placido me numina vultu,
Præſens curarum, dammíque levamen haberes.
Si verò noſtris libeat ſuccedere tectis,
Solabor, tenuis quantum fert noſtra facultas:
Illîc ſtramineo poteris requieſcere lecto,
Candida dum facili tibi ſors arriſerit ore.

Lycormas.

Ah tibi placati præcor hæc dii Mopſe rependant!
Invenit rarò tam pectora fida Lycormas.

OCTOBER.

Ægloga Decima.

Fauſtus.

LAſſo demiſſum collo caput erige Daphni,
Et meditare quibus ducamus luſibus horas,
Quóve joco lentæ fallamus tædia lucis.

Præ-

Prævius ipse modò pastoribus ire solebas,
Ducebásque chorum doctè involvendo latentes
Cryphos, & rhythmis, & cursu præpete: sed jam
Illa sepulta intè, dum tu torpore sepultus.

Daphnis.

Usque miser miserum cannâ stridente labellum
Attrivi, dum canna labris mollita fatiscat,
Exhausítque penu paupercula musa, nec ullo
Aucta est proventu, tenuíque beata lucello.
Deliciæ hæ pigram faciunt languere cicadam,
Quando cassa penu brumali vapulat irâ.

Quæ festiva modo procudo carmina mentes
Ut juvenum nobísque examina conflua pascam,
Multùm titillant animos, quid ego auctior indè?
Sunt his deliciæ, sed merces nulla poetæ.
Exagito nemus ipse, in eorum concita casses
Præda volat, quidnam inde boni jam Daphnidi surgit?

Faustus.

Laus tua, Daphni, omni melior mercede, vigétque
Duratura, brevi potior tibi gloria lucro.
O quis honoris apex, monitu hortatúque salubri
Effrænûm rabidas juvenum compescere mentes!
Accensísque tuæ mirâ mulcedine venæ
Possessum quocúnque libet deducere pectus!
Quam primúm aggrederis lepidos compingere rhythmos,
Ut tibi ruricolæ latus applicuere juvenci!
Illorum sensus mihi consopire videris;
Ut pastor, dominam stygiâ qui è sede peremptam
Ad superas auras facili Plutone reduxit,
Cujus custodem domuit lyra blanda trifaucem.

Daphnis.

Sic, sic infantes picti spectacula pavi
Mirantur, laudántque oculata flabella rotantem:
Sed quis laudatam dignatus munere caudam,
Aut picti grano ventrem quis juverit uno?
Laus talis liquido diffusus in aere fumus,
Aura levis, verba hæc, oculique evanida nictu.

Faustus.

Mitte igitur Corydonem, & rustica nomina, Mopsos,
Rura tace, surgásque è pulvere remige pennâ:
Tu Martem, tu bella sones, simulachráque belli,
Doctáque sceptrigeros celebret tua buccina Reges,
Invictósque Duces, queis nullis pervia telis
Arma jacent, squallét scabrâ rubigine cassis.

Hic tua musa potest plausas extendere pennas,
Et passis utrósque axes amplectier alis,
Laudis Elisææ seu tu præconia panges,
Seu flatu majore tuas animabis avenas,
Ore premens illum, divinæ charus Elisæ,
Affixum palo primus qui annexuit ursum.

Et cum strenuiore sonori pectinis ictu
Cœperunt rigidæ sensim mollescere chordæ,
Deducto lepidos versu moduleris amores,
Argutúmque sones: choreas tum prævius ipse
Ducas, ipsa licèt pars adsit Elisa choreæ;
Sic poterit cunctas Daphnis volitare per oras.

Daphnis.

Certè Romanus (sic fama est) Tityrus olim,
Mecænate suam mandante abjecit avenam,
Quâ docuit pecudes fœcundas carpere valles,
Et tempestivis arvum canescere aristis;
Illico & intonuit Mavortia celsiùs acta,
Ut tremulum audito nutaret carmine cœlum.

Sed jam Mecænas fulvâ tumulatur arenâ,
Nec non Augustum terræ sinus invidus hausit,
Magnanimique Duces insuti corpora plumbo
Putrescunt, doctis quondam seges ampla poëtis.
Scilicet egregiis quo quísque illustrior ausis,
Hoc magis altiloquos amplectitur úsque poetas.

At postquam senuit penè intermortua virtus,
Ingentésque ætas laxavit in otia mentes;
Nil vati occurrit sublimi carmine dignum,
Quod sèclis ausus sit commendare futuris.
Illicò destituit solitos Heliconia fluxus
Vena, honor angusto detrusus carcere marcet.

Et veteri è trunco strips siqua poëseos usquam
Emicat in florem, certâ spe nobile germen:
Præsentes opus est ævi simulare furores,
Scalpentísque uri obscæna prurigine versus;
Aut velut exortum est, sic deflorere necessum!
Tibicen streperâ magè nos capit arte Tigellus.

Faustus.

Quis locus ergo tibi? quæ sedes dia poësis?
Si non Aula lares, palatia summa penates
Dent, (tamen Aula tibi certè est aptissima sedes)
Infima nec plebes ulnis te stringit amicis.
Alitis ingenii tollet te Dædala penna,
Et cœlum propero pete, cœlitùs orta, volatu.

Daphnis.

Ah! non sunt nobis tales, mi Faustule, vires,
Ardua queis tranem sublimi sydera cursu.
Tantum cæratis non ausim credere pennis:
Istud Alexis opus, tales tentare volatus;
Hic, nisi quòd rabido sic illaqueatur amore,
Cygænum æquaret surgens ad sydera carmen.

Faustus.

Ah miserum! edocuit sic hunc scandisse Cupido,
Erectúmque imæ plebis de fæce levavit:
Forma immortalis, quam pascitur ille secundo,
Erigeret vegetam super aurea sydera mentem;
Degener & pectus sibi quid promittere magnum
Cogeret: ipsa humiles odit sufflata Dione.

Daphnis.

Omnino naturam aliam sortita poësis;
Imperiosus amor, truculentus ubique tyrannus,
Quáque regit, vires alias exterminat inde;
Grandisonum at carmen vacuam sibi vendicat aulam,
Nec cum sollicitis socios fixere penates
Pierides curis: insciè texere credis,
Uno qui binas orditur tempore telas.

Quicúnque egregios animum prælibrat in ausus,
Verbáque ventoso meditatur turgida flatu,
Fœcundos siccet calices, sed fercula tantùm
Parca famem sedent, gaudet nam Phœbus Iaccho;
Et cum sudârit Baccho spumante cerebrum,
Carmina sponte fluunt, ut fons ebullit in altum.

Nescis, ut sacro lymphata furore poësis
Bacchatur; mihi si generoso tincta falerno

Tempora ferverent, tremulis incincta corymbis,
Quantus, io! poteram spirantem prælia musam
Erigere in scenam sublimi ut nixa cothurno
Ardua Bellonam furiosis passibus æquet!
At vix intepuit, meus & restinguitur ardor;
Quin igitur contenti istâ requiescimus umbrâ,
Quâ nunquam nosmet tempestas talis adorta est:
Possumus hîc tuti tenues inflare cicutas.

Faustus.

Et cùm ventris onus fœtæ posuêre capellæ,
Daphnidi lactentem dabimus pro cantibus hœdum.

NOVEMBER.

Ægloga Undecima.

Thyrsis.

ECquando pro more tuo (mi dulcis Alexi)
Festivum lepidâ modulabere carmen avenâ?
Ah nimis indulget tacito tua Musa dolori,
Musa cupidineæ jactu sopita sagittæ.
Nunc aliquid cantu quod posterа prædicet ætas,
Æternúmque hilaris memoret pastoria pubes.
Seu tibi dilectam placeat celebrare puellam,
Seu majore sono Panos stet pangere laudes.

Alexis.

Non hæc tempestas ludo est accommoda, Thyrsi,
Panáve concelebrare hymnis, rhythmísve puellam.
Vendicat herbicomus soli hæc sibi gaudia Maius,
Aut patulam ad fagum, sicci aut sub mergite fœni:
At nunc tristis hyems arctatas contrahit horas,
Et fessus longæque viæ, nimiíque laboris
Phœbus equos imo tandem stabulatus Olympo,
Ultima fiscellam sibi diversoria fecit.
Mœstum igitur magìs hoc, magìs illætabile tempus
Exigit, atque iocos paulò morosiùs odit.
Nec jam lugubri arridենt sua gaudia Musæ,
Æstate ut pridem, vernæque in flore juventæ.
Quod si molliculos sitiant tua pectora versus,
Lascivósque cupis Cythereæ incendia rhythmos,
Quis tibi Thyrsi parem tulit hoc certamine palmam?
Quin repares calamos longo torpore solutos.

Thyrsis.

Silvestris regina chori celebratur Aëdon;
Coram hac argutas compescat hirundo querelas:
Indignúsque ego me doctæ ingessisse catervæ,
Stultitiæ facerem testem malè sanus Alexin?
Absit, quin potiùs doceat me doctior ille,
Et quem Musarum largo fons irrigat haustu.
Nam qui procerâ fœcundus ab arbore stillat
Ros, subnascentes vegetat sub stipite plantas.
Quòd si brumalis rigor, atque immitior aura
Lascivæ numeris vix sint sat congrua musæ,
Flebiliore potes singultu rumpere cannam,
Funeráque irriguâ gravè suspirare querelâ.
Nam periit Dido, ah! jam mortua, jámque sepulta;
Dido pastoris magni nitidissima pròles,
Una puellares inter pulcherrima cœtus,
Illa, nec æqualem liquit defuncta puellam.
Si verò mihi lugubres tua canna dolores
Planxerit, ille tibi cedet modò corniger agnus.
Quòd si tam lugubre tibi, tam flebile carmen,
Quàm quod de ingratâ fudisti Phyllide nuper,
Multò major Alexi manet tua carmina merces,
Quàm quæ promisi, vitulúsve, agnúsve tenellus.
Ergo age, surge modò, flos ô pastorie, surge;
Nec tumidè me rejicias tam parva petentem.

Alexis.

Ultrò quòd statui suades mihi Thyrsi volenti:
Novi at quàm tenui currunt mihi carmina venâ;
Quàm incompti nobis rhythmi sint, ínque politi;
Ars mea quid poterit, faciam tamen ipse periclum.

INter ter trinas mœstissima surge sorores
Melpomene, nunquam tanti tibi causa doloris;
Huc torvi Lemures, ades huc lachrymabile carmen,
Nil lepidum tractabis, nil lætabile post hæc:
Nam defuncta, iocos tibi quæ suffecerat olim,
Ah, concidit dilecta Dido,
Concidit, & tumulata dudum est.
O nimiùm lugubria justa!
Fœcundo lachrymæ rorantes flumine stillent.
O nimiùm lachrymabile carmen!

Vos qui Cantiacas per valles ducitis agnos
Pastores, diram naturæ flete ruinam:
Deploremus eam, modò quâ præsente superbi;
Deploremus eam, quâ nunc absente dolemus.
Totius mundi Sol obtenebrescit opacus,
Suetâ caret jam luce tellus,
Nósque graves habitamus umbras.
O nimiùm lugubria justa!
Cassitis stridore pares frangamus avenas.
O nimiùm lachrymabile carmen!

Cur vita (heu) supereſt? ah, cur huc viximus úsque,
Queis ævi potior pars luctu sordida tabet?
En serti flores inter pulcherrimus omnes
Marcuit, & simul in cineres dilapsus abivit.
Post hæc ruricolæ nunquam cantate puellæ,
Queis hanc Alexis laudat odas,
Sed lachrymis moduli obruantur.
O nimium lugubria justa!
Hora mori nunc est, ah pridem ea transiit hora.
O nimium lachrymabile carmen!

Unde est, herbicomi expiret quòd flosculus horti,
Et dum sævit hyems, torpet tellure sepultus;
At cum ver varium pandit genitabile peplum,
Nunquam ut casurus redivivo flore superbit?
Quando aliud fluido multo magè nobile flore,
(Virtutis ut stirps, flósque formæ)
Non iterum revirescit unquam.
O nimiùm lugubria justa!
Mortua si stirps sit, florem marcere necessum.
O nimiùm lachrymabile carmen!

Illa (ah!) dum fuit, illa (fuit, quàm flebile verbum?)
Non habuit formâve parem, morúmve lepore.
Sic nempe excepit pastores comiter almi
Deliciis ruris, prunis, libísque, favísque;
Nec fastidivit pannosos ruris alumnos,
Ast his domum crebrò vocatis
Mel, pyra, lácque daret coactum:
O nimium lugubria justa!

Nec

Nec peronatum dedignaretur Alexim.
O nimiùm lachrymabile carmen!

Nunc has delicias casus vitiavit amarus,
Exulat illa recenti expulsa dolore voluptas:
Nam quacúnque choros agitat mors, musica dormit,
Pastorum pereunt solatia grata, colórque
In canum viridis mutatur, cærulus atrum;
Pictæ coronæ umbrant sepulchrum,
Languidáque herba legit cadaver.
O nimium lugubria justa!
Nunc, ô nunc plangas lachrymarum prodiga musa.
O nimiùm lachrymabile carmen!

Maxime pastorum Theron, quis te æstus adurit?
Florum ubi fasciculi, pro te quos legerat olim?
Mulicoloris ubi viridantia texta corollæ?
Annulus & creber nodato junceus orbe?
Nil (charum licèt) invidit tibi prodiga Dido.
Hæc cuncta nunc evanuerunt,
Omnia dispulit unus Auster,
O nimiùm lngubria justa.
Horum nil superest, nisi quod sub pectore grato.
O nimiùm lachrymabile carmen!

Hei mihi, quod mortis sic est penetrabile telum,
Naturæ leges ut vulnere ruperit uno.
Marcentes quercus crines exucca refundit,
Flumen agit rimas, fons primo deficit alveo,
Inque loco lachrymæ decurrunt fluminis instar.
Vestita & herbis prata mærent,
Et nitor emoriens hebescit.
O nimium lugubria justa!
In fletum assiduum liquefacta resolvitur æthra.
O nimium lachrymabile carmen!

En infirma pecus jam pabula nota refugit,
Dimittens caput, humani tanquam æmula fletus:
Quæque fera in sylvis luget correpta furore,
Ni lupus, erranti fortè insidiatus ovili;
Námque ea desperiit, quæ tutum præstitit illud.
Turtúrque nudis æsculetis
Vulnera lethifera ùsque plangit.
O nimiùm lugubria justa!
Fletiferáque rigat lachrymis Philomela querelas.
O nimiùm lachrymabile carmen!

Communes suetæ cantus injisse, chorósque
Nymphæ, è Palladia gestantes fronde coronam
Funereæ tendunt vimen feralc cupressi:
Musæ olim viridis cristatæ germine lauri,
Arida sambuci ramalia flebilè quassant.
Et pœnitet duras sorores
Tam citò desivisse fusos.
O nimiùm lugubria justa!
Nunc, ah! nunc plangat mea musa absorpta dolore:
O nimiùm lachrymabile carmen!

Occiduis status infidus, spes lubrica rebus,
Mortalis frustra in sudans quibus úsque laborat,
Et longè à metâ modo quem sibi destinat, errat!
Nunc dicidi (ah documenta nimis constantia magno)
Quòd non terrenis datur unquàm fidere rebus.
De fæce terrena ecquid usquam
Quod faciem radiantem adæquet?
O nimiùm lugubria justa!
Hanc tamen impositam mæsto vidi ipse feretro,
O nimiùm lachrymabile carmen!

Sed morte invitâ, parcarum lege solutâ,
Refragante Erebo, furiisque furentibus, illa,
Illa inquam æternæ disrupit vincula noctis;
Mens mole exonerata volat compage refractâ.
Ergo quid indulget Theron sinè fine dolori?
Dispendium nè plange Theron,
Non periit, sed in astra fugit,
O nimiùm fælicia justa!
Siste ergo, mea musa, tuos, age, siste dolores.
O multùm lætabile carmen!

Cur ideo flemus? questúque lacessimus astra,
Tanquam adversi aliquid fælici obvenerat illi?
Nunc fælix regnat sancta inter numina numen,
(Quæ solis fuerat numen pastoribus antè)
Et divûm cœlis inscripta refertur in album;
Ecce ô beatum numen; ecce
Elysiis ut oberrat agris!
O meritò fælicia justa!
O si conveniam te! ô utinam per fata liceret.
O meritò lætabile carmen!

Quâm miserè, proprio dum res examine pensat,
Cæcus homo est, sceleris dum mortem præmia credit!
Quòd si nôrimus quò nos abducit adactos,
Assiduè moreremur ut experiamur eandem.
Illîc à tergo discrimina nulla timentur;
Campi nitentes, umbra suavis,
Herba virens, rediviva prata.
O mereritò fælicia justa!
Huc, huc pastores, huc, huc properate reverti.
O meritò lætabile carmen!

En præiit Dido (cuinam sors proxima cedet?)
Illic diis socium ter fælix transigit ævum;
Diluta ambrosiæ nam pocula nectaris haurit,
Gaudia præcerpens nostræ non cognita vitæ.
Nunc cœli decus, atque Dei stat gloria summi,
Quondam decus pastorum,
Dum fuit hic, coluítque terras.
O meritò fælicia justa!
Jam cessate modi cura attenuata resedit,
O meritò lætabile carmen!

Thyrsis.

Dulciflue ô pastor, quàm bellè carmen amarum
Fletiferâ dulcedine diluis? Hæsito mente
Anxius incertâ, gaudere an flere deceret.
En tuus est, meruit tua næenia flebilis, agnus.
Surge igitur, satìs, ô satìs es lachrymatus Alexi.
Retrò præcipitemus iter, sensim ingruit imber.

DECEMBER.

Ægloga Duodecima.

Alexis.

SEdit humi pastor muscosam fontis ad oram,
Quem sylvescentis dumeti umbracula opacant:
Nomen Alexis erat, camnæ, cantúsque peritus;
Illi nempe suam tradebat Tityrus artem;

Usque ibi secretâ jacuit prostratus in umbrâ,
Hoc questu miseros miser execratur amoros.

Pastorum ô numen, nobis sinè fine colende
Pan, ô qui teneros tutò mihi protegis agnos,
Cumque ultrò malè cauta pecus discrimen adiret,
Arces vicinum palanti sponte periclum:
Nec minor in miseros pecudis tua cura magistros,
Quàm gregis ipsius, quem nocte, diéque tueris.

Te precor (attentas modò tu dignaberis aures
Præbere incomptis modulis pastoris avenæ;
Vel sitam liquidâ cecini modulamine voce,
Ut possent vestros aliquantùm pascere sensus)
Paulùm de viridi mox auscultare cubili,
Flebilibus numeris curâ tabentis Alexis.

Olim vernantis læto sub flore juventæ,
Huc, illúcque vagabar, uti Pandionis ales;
Sic instigavit male cautum insana cupido,
Ut nunquam impendens possem timuisse periclum;
Sponte peragrabam sylvas, saltúsque profundos,
Nec diri formido lupi revocabat euntem.

Nunc labyrinthæis miserum caput implico dumis,
Dum nudo corylos in saturnalia lætos:
Nunc tremit in cassus me urgente cuniculus actus,
Et timido lepori donec mansueverit insto.
Quæ me venturi tenuit tum cura Decembris?
Æternùm vernos speravi improvidus annos.

Ah quoties juvit nodosam scandere quercum,
Cornici ut profugos demoliar indè penates?
Lassavi quoties juglandem verbere fœtam
Impiger, interea dum cætera turba coibat
In pugnam, alternam dum captat quísque rapinam?
Unica nempe mihi libertas, vita, voluptas.

Quódque etiam fueram tum liberiore sub ævo,
(Seu Musa à teneris me sic affixerat annis,
Credulus æquævæ an gaudebam fidere turbæ)
Promior in molles cantus, cannæque sororem,
Longævus pastor, cui nomen Tityrus, artem
Edocuit, fecitque aliquâ de parte peritum.

Hinc tenues ausus calamos componere cuivis
Pastorum, pecudes quicúnque eduxit in arva;
Sique etiam non falsa fuit sententia Mopsi,
Non calamos blando submittere debeo Pani.
Nam si Nympharum stipabant Pana catervæ,
Musæ doctiloquum circumglomorantur Alexin.

Sed tandem ah! Nemesis fastum malè vindicat istum,
Pastorum Deus ille (sed herclê non Deus ille)
Innocuas has delicias invidit Alexi,
Libertate jubens raptâ me plangere vitam.
Inscia plebs vocat hunc, qui sic me afflixit, Amorem;
Ast Odii nomen magè moribus assonat istis!

Indè valedicit genialis gracia veris,
Et nimiùm festiva faces eventilat æstas;
(Nempe Amor æstiferi tenuit tunc antra leonis,)
Quas radio nimiùm torrente accendere sueta est.
Immites flammas exciverat ante protervæ,
Regnans in veneris (sic fertur) sede, Cometes.

Ducebar, gressus solito non more movebam,
Cum passim errabam quo pes, animúsque ferebant,
Sed quà sors, effrænati vel Amoris habena
Egerat, ut pascant vigilantia somnia mentem.
Lectus erant frutices, surgens umbracula dumus,
Altàque testantur tacitæ suspiria sylvæ.

Artificem mellis modò quà quæsisse solebam,
Texta cavernosis fingentem quadrua ceris;
Illic ferali surgentes pumice fungos
Vidi, bufonésque etiam dominarier illîc:
Quáque invitabant aviaria garrula somnos,
Illîc ominibus pernoctat bubo sinistris.

Indè ut ver geniale premente æstate refugit,
Et dedit æstivos tellus jam prodiga flores;
Nostra etiam transit florem festiva juventus,
Et ratione incocta simul maturuit ætas.
Materiâ hinc leviore mihi magalia feci,
Quæ probra arcerent pecori, pecorísque magistro.

Dædala cura fuit Philomelæ fingere claustra,
Et lento fragilem fiscellam texere junco.
Quis labyrinthæâ pisces involvere nassâ
Doctior, aut agitare feras solertior usquam?
Astrorumque vias didici discernere, certos
Lunæ defectus, & certos Cypridis ortus.

Et docuit majora usu maturior ætas,
Undarum subitos æstu turgente tumores;
Garritus volucrum, plaudentis & omina pennæ;
Herbarum vires, quæ noxia, quæve salubris;
Quam caulem mitis pecus insaniret edendo,
Et quisnam æternâ damnaret lumina nocte.

Ah verò imprudens, excors, ignarus Alexis,
Radicum vires scrutare, artemque medendi;
At nullam nôsti quæ saucia pectora curet,
Quorum suppurata etiam nunc ulcera manant.
Quorsum vivis adhuc læthali vulnere fixus?
Cur semper moriare, superstes semper, Alexi?

Sic, sic præproperè fugitiva evanuit æstas,
Sic & præmatura seges lactavit inanem.
Pulchrè prægnantes æstu torrentur aristæ,
Vanáque speratum hauserunt dispendia lucrum.
Et de totius cassâ semente juventæ
Nil supereſt, præter silicésque rubósque, metendum.

Gemmas prolifico & radiantia germina flore,
Maturum fructus mihi promittentia fœnus,
Flore exuta suo tandem sterilescere vidi;
Spémque abblanditus jam concidit arbore fructus,
Nec dum mitescens festinâ tabe putrescit;
Sic messe exustâ nobis spes occidit omnis.

Suaveolens nostro qui flos adoleverat horto,
Ut carptus jampridem à stirpe exaruit imâ;
Deficiente etiam radix emortua rore,
Roranti humectam crebro tamen irrigo fletu.
Ah nostram quis tanto affecit Phyllida damno?
Quis florem obtrivit, qui spes fuit una corollæ?

Atque ego qui nuper stridentem inflare solebam
Ad rigidi motum alternum peronis avenam,

Ex-

Excuſſi hæc nimis ut maturos ludicra fructus,
Ejecique foràs ingrati ut putrida odoris.
Laſcivis nulla eſt mihi cura placere puellis;
Uni ſi placeam ſatìs eſt, nil demoror ultrà.

Sic vanus voti fero nil de meſſe laborum,
Curarum pleni niſi quod cecidere manipli;
Dein granum tumidis tentanti extundere ſpicis
Frumentum paleas, atque hordea lolia mittunt:
Cúmque Euri arbitrio paleas ſecernere conor,
Evertit turbo tremulis ludibria ventis.

Sic meus ad metam declivis volvitur annus,
Jam ver defecit, mihi jam deferbuit æſtas,
Sedénſque Autumnus brumales ſuſcitat iras,
Inſanóque rigore jubet ſua jura tueri.
Jamque omni tumidis bacchatur ab axe procellis,
Jamque omnes oras furioſo flamine verrit.

En ſquarroſa cutis mordaci frigore fiſſa;
En ſenium ſulcis peraravit anilibus ora;
En candent canæ nive tempora ſparſa ſenectæ;
Juxta oculos corvini unguis veſtigia cernas.

Arguti ſiluêre joci, fugítque voluptas,
Nullus ſol lucet, nebulis obtexitur æther.

Linque igitur lepidos pubes paſtoria luſus,
Rauceſcit mea muſa, jocos faſtidit & iſtos:
Hac ſuſpenſa mihi requieſcat fiſtula fago;
Fiſtula quâ nuſquam melior garribat arundo.
Nempe advenit hyems flatu metuenda minaci,
Poſtquê hyemem ſequitur paſſu mors dira citato.

Huc, huc agglomera, ſimul huc grex parve coìto;
Parvule grex, ô qui ſuper omnia charus Alexi:
Ah, ſinite ah ſinite occluſis in ovilibus abdam,
Dum nondum immitis brumæ vos frigus adurat:
Ecce immitis adeſt funeſto flamine bruma,
Et brumæ adventum mors tempeſtiva ſequetur.

Luſus amice vale, quo conſopitus Alexis;
Tu quóque cujus amor magno conſtabat Alexi;
Vóſque valete, agníque, & oves, grex charus Alexi;
Et tu ſylva vale, toties quæ teſtis Alexi.
Mopſe vale, miſero tam fidum pectus Alexi;
Phyllidi dic, valeas, jam Phillidi dicit Alexis.

Peroratio operis.

EN opus exegi, cunctos quod duret in annos,
Temporis intactum morſu, diuturnius ære;
Et, ſi ſpectantem non fallant aſtra, manebit,
Donec totius ſolvatur fabrica mundi:
Paſtorem ut âoceam tutum quî paſcat ovile,
Quomodo ab inſidiis clauſos cuſtodiat agnos:
Ito libelle, tibi patet exitus, ito; ſed (audi,)
Plebeios humili ſemper comitabere greſſu.
Tu nè paſtorem ſtipulâ ſtridente laceſſe,
Andinum, aut Siculo calamos compone poëtæ:
Sed longè ſequere, & veſtigia pronus adora,
Sperne malos, placeáſque bonis; nil amplìus opto.

READER,

BE pleaſed to take notice, That in the later Editions of Spencer's Poems in Folio (which we now followed) there is wanting one whole Stanza in the Month of June, which out of the firſt Edition of the Shepherds Calendar in Quarto may be thus ſupplied, and is to come in at Page 25. Col. 2. after the 28th Line.

Now dead he is, and lieth wrapt in led,
(O why ſhould death on him ſuch outrage ſhow!)
And all his paſſing skill with him is fled,
The fame whereof doth daily greater grow.
But if on me ſome little drops would flow
Of that the Spring was in his learned head,
I ſoon would learn theſe woods to wail my woe,
And teach the trees their trickling tears to ſhed.

A GLOSSARY: or, An Alphabetical Index of unuſual Words Explained, which may be of uſe for the underſtanding not only of this Poem, but of the *Fairy Queen* alſo, and others of this Author.

A

Abie; ſuffer, abide.
Accloyeth; overchargeth.
Accoyed; pluck'd down.
Adawed; daunted.
Allbee; although, albeit.
Alegge; to leſſen or aſſwage.
Algrind; an Anagram of Biſhop *Grindall.*
Als; alaſs.
Appall; trouble, vex.
Areed; judge, pronounce.
Askaunce; aſquint.
Aſtert; ſtartle.
Avail; bring down.
Aye; always.

B

Bale; grief, miſery.
Belte; a girdle.
Bellibone; or bonnibell, a fair Maid.
Belive; quickly.
Behight; called.
Benempt; named.
Bett; better.
Beſpren; beſprinkled.
Beſtad; diſpoſed, ordered.
Bevie; a company, properly of Larks.
Betight; hapned.
Blonket liveries, gray coats.
Borrow; a pledge, or ſurety.
Borrell; a plain, rude fellow, a boor.
Breme; chill, bitter, raging.
Brade; broad.
Brace; embrace.
Busket; little buſh.
But; is ſometimes put for unleſs, *niſi.*
Buxome; plyable.

C

Chaplet; a Garland like a Crown.
Chaffred; ſould.
Chamfred; chapt, wrinkled.
Clinke; key-hole.
Con; can, know.
Conne; learn.
Contecke; conteſt, ſtrife.
Corbe; crooked, curvus.
Coronall; garland.
Colluſion; deceit.
Couth; could, knew.
Coſſet; a Lamb brought up by hand.
Crumenall; purſe.
Cragg; neck.

Dell;

D

Dell; a pit
Deffly; nimbly, neatly
Dempt; deemed
Derring; daring
Dight; covered, adorned
Dole; sorrow
Drent; drowned
Dreriment; sadness

E

Earned; longed earnestly
Eld; old age
Embellisht; beautified
Embrave; adorn
Enaunter; least that
Encheason; cause, or occasion
Enchased; engraven
Engrained; died in grain
Entrailed; wrought between
Emprise; enterprise
Ethe; easie
Ever among; ever and anon

F

Fay; faith
Faine; glad desirous
Faitours; vagabonds
Flourets; little flowers
Foeman; a foe
Fon; a fool
For thy; therefore, for this
Forlorn; forsaken
Forswonk; overlaboured
Forswat; overswet, sunburnt
Forestall; prevent
Forewent; gone before
Forehaile; to drag, distress
Foresaid; forbidden
For; is oft put for (*because*)
Frowy; musty, mossy

G

Gan; began
Galage; shooe
Gars thee greet; makes thee weep and complain
Gang; go
Gate; goat
Gin; begin
Glee; cheer, jollity
Glitterand; glittering
Goodlyhead; goodness
Gree; degree
Gride; pierced
Greet; weeping and complaint
Guerdon; reward

H

Hale; hoale
Han; have
Hask; a fishers ped, or basket
Heame; home
Hem; them
Hent; caught
Haidegives; a Countrey-dance
Her; their
Herie; worship
Hidder and shidder; he and she
Hoont; hunt
Hote; named from *hight*

I

Ilk; the same
Inly; intirely, intimately
Jovisaunce; joy, sporting

K

Ken; know
Keep; a charge, a thing to be kept
Kern; a churle, or farmer
Kidst; knowest
Kirk; Church

L

Latched; catched
Leefe; dear
Lere; lesson, to learn
Levin lightning
Lever; rather
Ligge so laid; lye so faint and unlusty
Lorel; devourer, crafty fellow
Lorne; left, lost
Lore; learning
Louted; bowed

M

Make; to *make*, ποιεῖν to make a verse
Mazer; a cup
May; a maid
Meddled; mingled
Meiny; the many, the multitude
Meint; minkled
Melling; meddling
Merriment; mirth
Miscreance; misbelief, dispraise
Miswent; gone astray
Mister; a kind, manner
Mirke; obscure
Mirrour; lookingglass
Mochel; much, mickle
Morel; an anagram of Bishop *Elmor*
Mote; might

N

Nas; has not
Narre; nearer
Newell; a newalty
Ne; nor, not
Nis; is not
Nigheth; draweth nigh
Note; wot not, know not
Nould; would not

O

Overhaile; draw over
Overwent; overgone
Overgast; overgrown with grass
Overture; an opening, aparture

P

Pardie, *Perdie* } Verily.
Pent, ypent; shut up
Peregall; equal
Pert; openly, aperte
Pight; pitched, settled
Point of worthy wit; sting of deserved blame
Pousse; pease
Priese; proof

Q

Queint; strange, fine
Quell; abate
Queme; please

R

Raft; bereft, deprived
Rathe; quickly, also, to chuse
Rather; earlyer, sooner
Reck; to reckon, to care
Relive; live again
Rede; warn, tell
Read; saying
Rife; usual, frequent
Ronts; young bullocks
Roundell, *Roundelay* } a song, a verse

S

Sale; swallow-wood
Sam; together
Shend; blame, marre
Sheild; defend
Shole; a multitude, properly of fish
Sheen; fair, shining
Scathe; loss, hindrance
Sere; withered
Sithe; time, *manysithes*, often
Siker; surely
Sib; a kin, of kind
Sike; such
Sithence; since, after
Snebb; check, reprove
Soote, sweet
Souvenance; remembrance
Source; spring
Somedeal; somewhat in part
State; stature, bulk, stoutly
Stank; weary faint
Stern; fell, sturdy
Steven, noise
Stounds; fits
Stoure; a fit, an assault
Surquedrie; presumption, pride
Swain; a boy
Swink; labour

T

Teene; sorrow
Thilk; this
Thewed; instructed with moral wisdom
Tho; then
Thrilling; piercing
Throb; sigh
Tinct; died, or coloured
Todd; a bush, a thicket
Tooting, prying, peeping, searching narrowly
Tottie; wavering, tottering
Timburins; an old kind of instrument, some think a clarion
Tressed locks; withered, curled
Trode; path
Twitten; blame

V

Venteth; snuffeth up the wind
Vetchy; of vetches, or peasestraw
Virelays; a light song
Undersong; deceive by false suggestion
Uncouth; unknown
Unkempt; unkembed
Unnethes; scarcely

W

Wae; woe
Warke; work
Warre; worse
Weene; think
Welkin; morning
Welked; shortned, impaired
Welter; wallow
Weanell wast; a weaned youngling
Wend; goe
Wightly; quickly, suddenly
Wite; to blame
Witeless; blameless
Wight; quick
Wimble; nimble
Whilome; once, heretofore
Wisards; great learned heads
Wonne; to wonne, to haunt, use, hence wont used
Wrack, ruine, or violence
Wroken; revenged, of *wreake*

Y

Y'A poetical affixe, often put at the beginning of a word before a consonant, especially participles of the time past: as,
Yblent, blinded
Yclad; clad, clothed
Ybrent; burned, burnt
Yshend; hurt, marr, blame &c.
Yede; goe
Yode; went
Yfere; together
Yore; of *yore*, long agoe
Yeven; given
Ylike; like
Ywis; I suppose
Yconne; to learn
Ygoe; since, agoe

FINIS.

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